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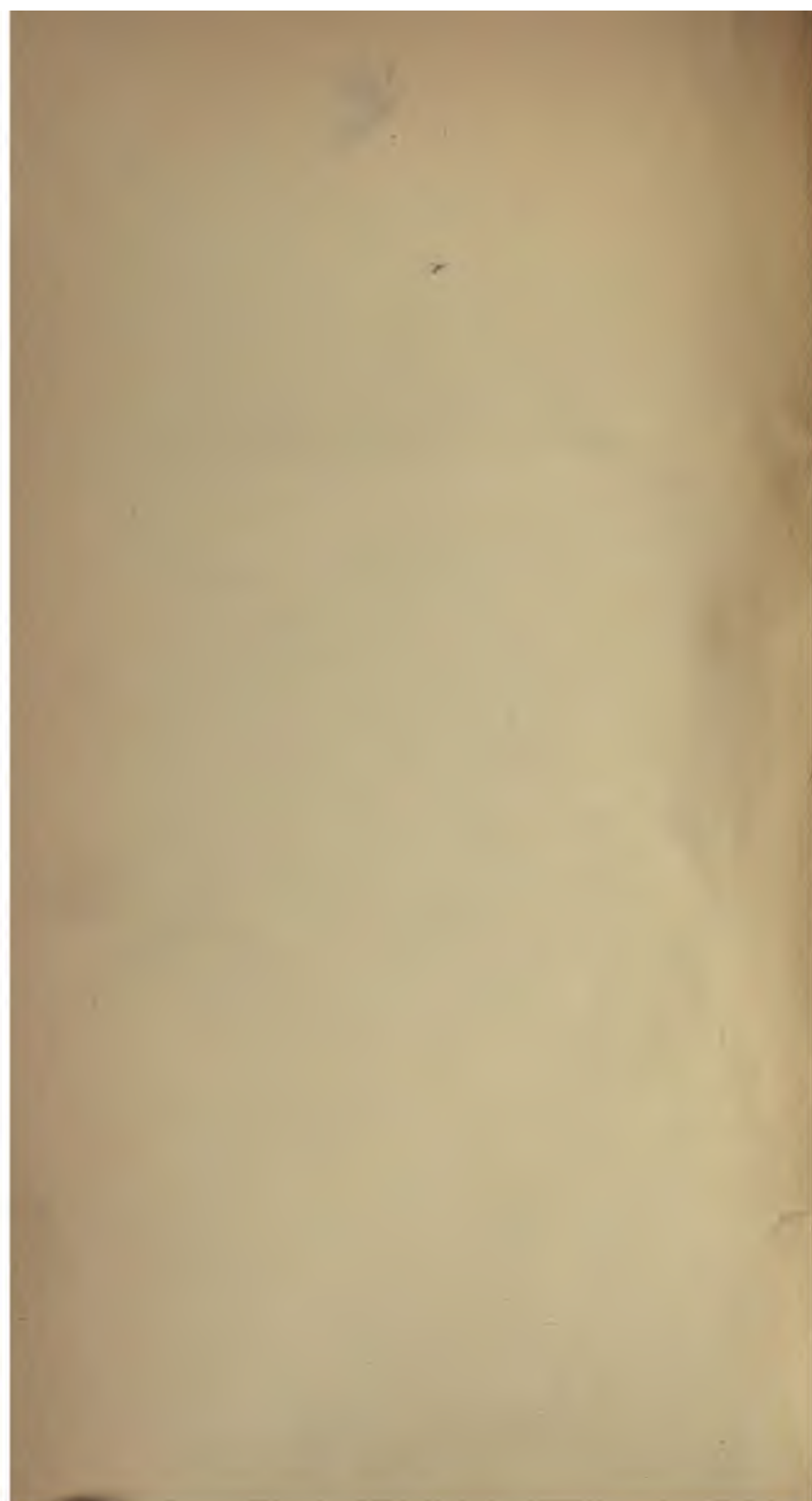
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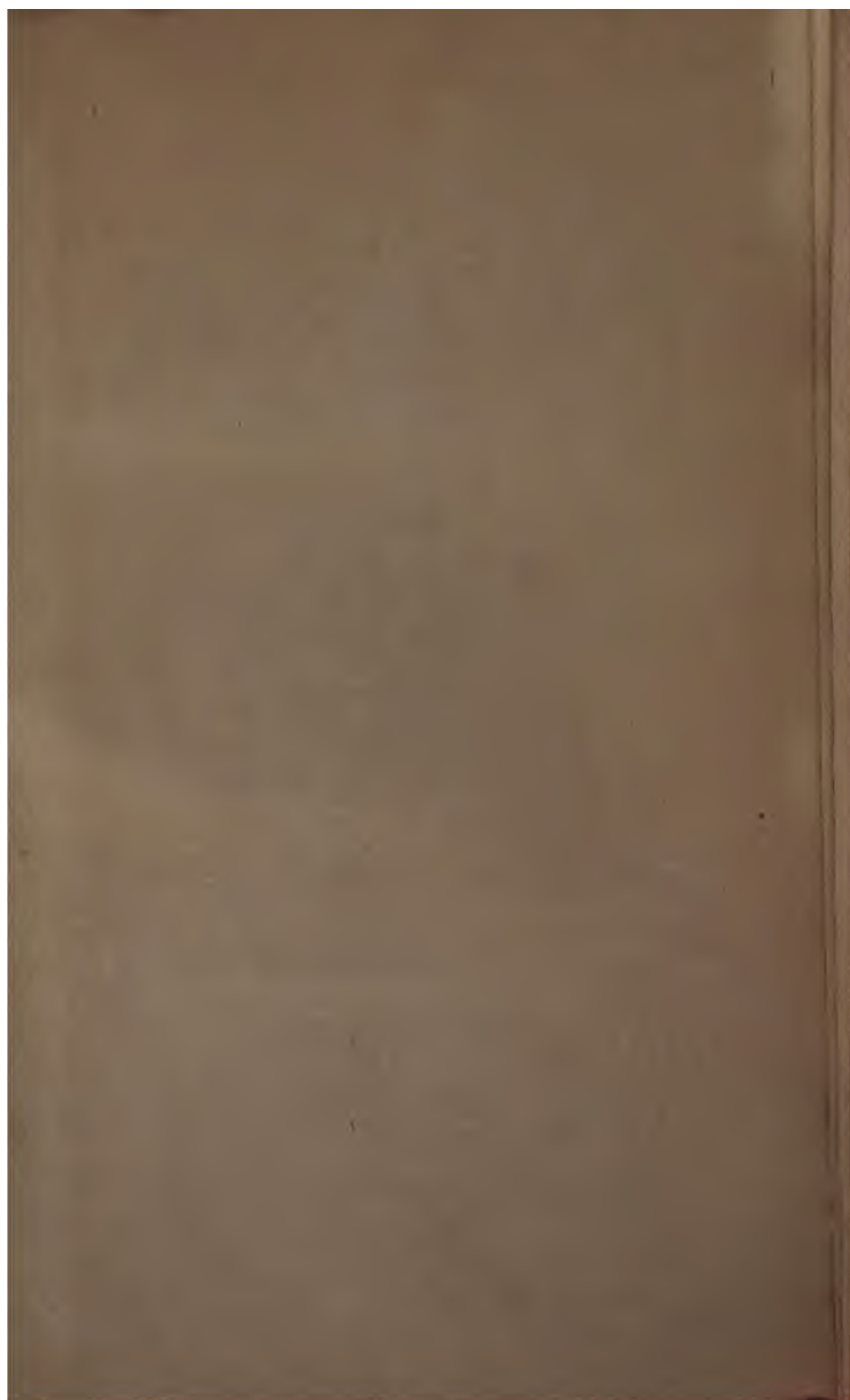
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VOL. XXIX.      JANUARY, 1847.      No. 1.

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## GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

BY THE DOCTOR.

EVERY man makes a good resolution on New-Year's day; if he do n't, he ought to. Mr. EDITOR will assure you, kind reader, that he means to make the KNICKERBOCKER better this year than ever; and that he will try to do so, no one doubts. Mr. MANN will make a new onset at the evils of common schools, and determine *this year* to do more than ever for the republic. All men will begin on this day to take new heart in their several callings. The defeated politician of last year will try it again, and the successful partisan will think of double victory. The new year will put a new face upon every thing, for the world *will see* a new face, even if it be the very 'old man' of Eighteen Hundred and Forty Six. The trees in the country, the houses in the city, all will seem to be rearing themselves in a new atmosphere; and the little boys will look out of the window, expecting to see Eighteen Hundred and Forty Seven come in. The school-boys will write it all over their slates and copy-books, to see how it looks; and the master will come with smiling face not unwillingly to school; for the New Year will make bright and cheerful the most tedious pursuits.

And a New Year *has* a new expression. The stones and brick, the sun and stars, seem the same, but they are not. The former have been worn by the wind and discolored by the storm, and the latter have, some of them, disappeared and new ones taken their places. The astronomer reads a new page in the heavens with the New Year; indeed with every returning night; and, to the observant eye there is 'a new heaven and a new earth' with every revolving sun. But every body feels it on the New Year. It is the general feeling; Nature is beginning anew, and we must also begin anew.

But is it not a fact that we live in a new moral atmosphere; in

more light of mind, in more benevolence of heart, with every New-Year? It must be so, or philanthropy is a jest. Unless the world is growing better, the philanthropists are committing great errors in their well-meaning zeal; for they have undertaken to do the work of Christianity. Here we meet an honest but bustling, self-important, narrow-minded, one-idea reformer, who takes the world upon his shoulders. 'Stand out of the way; let me speak!' he says to the diligent, patient workers, who know that Truth is hidden, like gold, and only to be gathered slowly. 'Reform goes by steam, by fetters and force, by law and stripes. Imprison the vicious; man is utterly depraved; there is nothing good in his heart; he is only good by force.'

The reformer means well, but he is impatient. He forgets that as our earth, so society moves as a whole. The northern abolitionist forgets that the Southerner is his christian brother and countryman, and he is angry with him because he cannot see things with his eyes; and he demands of him a virtue, a self-denial, a sacrifice, he is wholly incapable of himself. He stirs up a rebellion in a state where he has no pecuniary interest. He damns the master to save the slave, as if philanthropy did not embrace all men, white and black.

A pretty piece of work these self-elected censors are making of it in some places, these keepers of the public virtue! We are coming back to the spirit of Connecticut Blue Laws, and the days of Salem Witchcraft; expending our principal, not content to live upon our interest. Impatient of that slow progress which is the order of nature and also of society, the reformer gets out of the sphere of human sympathy; becomes a law-breaker in making laws; a disorganizer in his love of order; contentious for peace and clamorous for quiet. One is reminded of the French revolution by certain men of our day. It was liberty then; it is morality now; that is all the difference. There is the same extravagance, rancorous malice toward opposition, the same ready vocabulary of low-lived insult that adorned that period. They seem to have all the will of despots without the power.

And yet we ought to bear it all patiently, and not grow passionate ourselves in our lamentation. There is a foundation of good in all this evil and discord. It is the result of the growing mind and thought of our age, as yet undisciplined and rude. Our systems of public education have waked up the slumbering powers of man. This infant Hercules must be fed; must have exercise. Not more suddenly was Minerva born from the brain of Jupiter, all armed and full grown for action, than free institutions and public education have given birth to Thought. This mind will not be quiet. It cannot be flattered into silence. It will speak.

Let our Southern brother then know, that although we abhor the principle of slavery, and will not permit it in our borders, yet we mean to take true and calm views of his dilemma; to sympathize with him in his trouble. We know he regrets the system in which

he lives; that he would gladly escape from it, could he see the way. We feel that we have sacred battle-grounds of freedom in his region that are a constant appeal to his heart; that he cannot be insensible to this appeal. We are anxiously looking for the time when the South herself shall come forth, her native chivalry of character brightened and burnished by love for all men; wearing the Christian armor; for every individual and state and country must free itself. Let our Southern brother know that we lament the violence and rudeness of this new-born thought among us, playing with serpents and sleeping on kegs of gunpowder, trying its strength with deadly weapons. It sweeps over the country like a tornado or a freshet, and carries destruction in its course, not like the calm and even-flowing river, fertilizing the lands, and carrying round the wheels of commerce. By and by it will wear channels for itself or expend its force, having learned wisdom by dearly-bought experience.

We have been led out of our topic — good resolutions for the New Year. What one will you make, my reader? We will tell you ours. Perhaps you will see the origin of the foregoing remarks when you read it. We would seek the best remedy for all this confusion and wild spirit of reform; we would do what we can to turn the waters into well-worn channels, where it may flow safely. What is it that will most surely calm the tempest and allay the animosities of party and sectional pride, and bring peace and good will to take their place? It is in our view the proper training of the young children — the very young ones. We hazard your sneer or your laugh, reader, but we do n't care for either. Hear us through.

We plead guilty of neglect to the young children. They receive next to no moral culture. They are turned off to ignorant servants, or little close school-rooms, as soon as they can toddle to school. What they learn, the impulses they imbibe, we gather from the state of society about us. These men and women, making all this fuss, running mad with party hatred or wild philanthropy, get their education in a bad way. Not the common school did it all, not the college, but the nursery tale and the careless word by the fireside of home.

Nobody can morally educate the young child but its parent, or one that assumes this place in heart, toward it. As surely as the infant cuddles to its mother's breast for nourishment, by a beautiful instinct of its nature, so does its infant soul look to the mother for its first lessons in virtue. It is taught gentleness and sweetness by gentleness, not by words. As none but the parent can feel that deep interest in its fate which bears its puny blows, and kisses away its tears, no one but its mother can teach it love and forgiveness.

We send away these little fledgelings too young. God gave them to *us* to guard and fit for heaven, and we delegate this high office to the latest emigration from Ireland. It is a great wrong that the American mother, rich though she be, does not nurse her own child.



Let her offspring drink that milk which has been warmed by the blood that flows through a heart beating for freedom and human rights; and let her not suffer her child to be contaminated by mingling in its veins blood that has been curdled by fear or chilled by oppression and wrong. How much has the physical nature to do with the moral nature! Whence comes this hot blood and violent passion? Is it not a matter partly of temperament? And does not the early training and nourishment of the child in a great degree determine its temperament? We say it has this from nature; and so we speak of this or that soil, as adapted *by nature* to certain kinds of production. But as we learn in agriculture to make the soil, so we may change the temperament, or at least modify it.

A step farther back, if you please, Mr. MANN! You are doing a good work for the common school, but have you learned the sub-soiling? Who will write a good work upon infant education? We do not mean a book about cordials and anodynes, to stop babies from crying, while mamma goes to the theatre or a party. We do not mean a book to teach parents how to neglect their children in the safest way, but a book which shall deal with the sprouting mind, the tendril shoots of infancy, and show how to train them; what trellis-work to build; what shape and form to give it; that the tender plant shall not snap for want of support, or draggle on the cold ground among the rank weeds.

We make a solemn resolution then, on this New-Year's day, to give more heed to our young children; to look to them to do a work for our country which no one but God can do through them; to abolish slavery; to dam up the tides of intemperance; to speak peace, and turn the swords into ploughshares and the spears into pruning-hooks. We look to the children to do these great works, by a blessing from Heaven on their infant heads. Take then your children in your arms, ye American mothers, and carry them to the altars, and there devote them to these great objects; not to swear perpetual hatred to your foes, but to know that principle of love which is the lever that moves the world.

---

#### THE DIVINE BOUNTY.

---

'ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.'

---

Oh! why, my fainting soul, despair!  
 That Bounty which hath pour'd  
 Unnumbered mercies o'er my life  
 With endless good is stored:  
 When blessings cease, their Source divine  
 Oh! let me still implore,  
 Lest little I receive, because  
 I fail to ask for more.

## W O M A N ' S T R U E G L O R Y .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

## I.

I AM no more a child ; the days are gone,  
 The lovely days, which distance brightens now,  
 When fondness clustered round my being's dawn,  
 And read the future on my smoother brow,  
 And shielded me from harm, I knew and recked not how.

## II.

None stand between me and the cold, cold world !  
 I've launched me out upon a treacherous sea,  
 Beside the one I love, and closely furled  
 Our little span of snowy sail must be,  
 To meet the bitter blasts of rude adversity.

## III.

He whom I love stands ever at the helm,  
 Erect and firm, far looking to descry  
 If mountain wave be rolling on to whelm  
 Our fragile bark, where softly cradled lie  
 His dearest ones, this little boy and I.

## IV.

So when the skies are blue, the water calm,  
 We gently sail, beneath his watchful care,  
 Delighted with the breeze that breathes like balm,  
 And togeth with the soft and curling hair  
 Around thy brow, my darling bold and fair !

## V.

But when the storm arises, and the spray  
 Of this most vexed and billowy sea of life  
 Filleth the air, I may not turn away,  
 And hide me from the fury and the strife,  
 For I am standing forth, a Mother and a Wife !

## VI.

And I must fold my baby to my breast,  
 And shelter him as others sheltered me ;  
 And at my husband's side unshaken rest,  
 To bear our lot, whate'er that lot may be,  
 With patient hope and high serenity.

## VII.

Such is a woman's duty ; and her aim  
 Should be to find in this her joy and pride.  
 She may not ask the uncertain breath of Fame  
 To scatter her poor deeds afar and wide ;  
 A queen within the circle of her home,  
 There let her reign, and never *wish* to roam !

## W I D O W S :

OR RANDOM THOUGHTS ON HUMAN NATURE IN GENERAL.

---

‘Why should I make a man my trust?’—WARRE.

---

If there is one class of beings placed in a more enviable position than another, it is that of widows!

‘But are you serious?’

How literal! Yes, *sufficiently* serious. There is nothing so trying to an imaginative temperament as to be asked in the midst of your highest flights if you are serious. I am not upon oath, recollect; and take notice, if I am to be so uncourteously interrupted in every step of my progress, I know not what I may be left to say. I conceive that I have a right to utter my sentiments freely, and I intend to exercise it; for I am a sort of female Logan, owing allegiance to no one, and not sunk to the earth by the ever-present consciousness that one imprudent word or act may compromise the peace and reputation of another. Yes, I avow it boldly and unhesitatingly, that I am a spinster by compulsion; and viewing myself as an injured, a highly injured individual, am not to be censured if I ‘cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war!’

There *was* a time when my bosom was susceptible of the ‘soft impeachment,’ and tenderness and pity would not have permitted even the shadow of a frown. I have seen the time when I was good as ever I was; but years and disappointments have done their work; for no son of Adam has ever come to me, and with a sort of ‘hang-dog’ look, besought me to ‘crown his passion.’ What I might have been under other circumstances, it is useless to speculate; what I am, is but too evident. Let the guilt rest where it belongs. If any therefore, by a sense of ill-desert, and careless if by implication I seem to bear hard upon one part of the human family, I again distinctly affirm, that if one class of beings are more privileged than another, it is that of widows. Not that I would speak of the *process* by which they become so as either pleasant or desirable, or that I would recommend any steps to produce such a result. Certainly not, for there is danger attending it; danger that it may not succeed, and infinite danger if it does. It would therefore be far better could we be *born* widows; but since that cannot be, we must view matters as they are, and take things as they come.

In speaking of this favored class, I would observe that I refer not to poor tearful creatures sinking under the weight of a ‘numerous small family’ and the responsibilities of a boarding-house, but to young, sprightly relicts, with handsome persons and handsome fortunes. Why, just think of it! Escaped from the reproach of spinsterhood, entitled to all the respect which matrimony can confer, and

yet free; free to say what they please, do what they please, and *buy* what they please. Can any thing be wanting?

There is a vast deal said and written of the susceptibility of the female bosom, and the readiness with which they yield to the fascinations of the sterner sex. Love, *love*, LOVE is supposed to have the entire possession of their hearts; but I say it without fear of contradiction, that this same reproach of celibacy leads more women to assume the chains of wedlock than all other circumstances beside. Other things doubtless have their influence. Credulity, 'thy name is woman!' Living beneath the paternal roof, and sharing with others an affection strong but always tranquil, our whole soul is in tears as we listen to those words of passion which men know so well how to utter, and which women are so ready to believe. Oh! these are woman's triumphs! Look at man when he has attained the summit of earthly greatness. Can his situation compare in sublimity with that of the woman he loves, when he lays all his honors at her feet, and tells her they are worthless and less than worthless unless she will share them! But in dwelling on my sex's triumphs I forget my individual wrongs; and with additional ferocity I return to the Nero-like feeling, 'Would that all the lords of the creation could be resolved into one great hand, that so I might refuse it!'

But my subject is widows. Let me give you the history of one. It was the misfortune of ALICE DERVILLE to lose her parents at an early age, and with an infant brother to be consigned to the care of a maternal uncle, who though he was of a peaceful and enduring spirit himself, had a wife with a nose as sharp as a needle, and a temper conformable. But before we place them in their future home, it may not be amiss to give some hints respecting their new relations. Mr. BENSON's lot was a common one. He had narrow means, but it had been compensated by other blessings in the shape of—boys. He had borne up without flinching till he could enumerate seven olive-branches round his table; but when the astounding fact was forwarded to him that two more links were added to the family chain, he yielded for a moment to an acerbity of feeling and intemperance of expression equally unwonted and effective. In vain did his friends hint to him 'of accidents by flood and field;' in vain did his spiritual adviser endeavor to excite his pride by naming him the successful rival of the ancient patriarchs; he was not to be moved by uncertain or by abstract considerations. Nor were there wanting sources of disquiet from without. A childless individual had given utterance to the sentiment, that 'as but a given number could be annually added to the human family, if certain selfish ones monopolized two, others must go without them!' This piece of logic malevolence was not slow in bringing to his ears; and although anxious to repair his error, he made a solemn tender of the unconscious innocents upon the spot; yet it was indignantly rejected, and it needed but this last drop to fill his cup to overflowing.

It was while staggering, as it were, under this back-load of mortality, that this fresh consignment of youthful relatives reached him:

and though the cry 'Pour on, I will endure!' burst from his meek lips, yet burdened as he was, it might well be feared that he would be fairly prostrated. Gentle hope and patient endurance could do much; still, as is conclusively urged in the fervent language of poetry,

'A MAN's a man, and a can's a can,  
And no man can do more than he can;'

but as he looked on the faces of the orphans, and thought of his solemn engagement to provide for them as his own, (no very magnificent promise,) he nerved himself to the task, and redoubled his exertions. His stronger, if not better half, participated little with him in these emotions. Neither the beauty of Alice, and a sweetness of temper never surpassed, had any permanent effect upon her feelings; and the poor orphan's childhood was passed in the performance of distasteful tasks, or in the midst of turbulence and confusion. It was no slight addition to her misfortunes that she retained vivid recollections of a quiet and elegant home, where affection, not riot, was the presiding genius of the place, and where there was ever a kind hand to soothe her infant sorrows; but there was one bright spot in her life. In looking upon her brother Charles, and in sympathizing with his sanguine aspirations, she forgot her own misery, and their years rolled away and brought her to the confines of womanhood.

Determined no longer to eat the bitter bread of dependence, the most indigestible, it is said, of all mortal compounds, Alice resolved to gain a subsistence by her own exertions; and a school was with difficulty obtained. It is an easy thing to prate of the delight of teaching 'the young idea how to shoot,' but we very much doubt whether any one ever truly loved this species of archery. Alice's experience differed in no respect from that of others. She had no cherub children, of beauty so transcendent and tempers so angelic that she was tortured with the apprehension that they were 'too good to live.' No; on the contrary, those who clustered round her table were no fancy children, but substantial flesh and blood, daubed with molasses-candy, and redolent of bread-and-butter. Poor Alice! she was unfitted for her task. She loathed the tedious routine, the drawling tone, the little dirty hands; (ah! would they ever be fit to be offered or solicited in marriage?) the dull intellect. Her soul died within her at the distressing announcements of 'pinching' and 'punching,' and all the thousand painful casualties so constantly occurring in the 'flowery paths of knowledge;' and above all, she deprecated in herself that school-ma'am look and school-ma'am tone; and wearied and disheartened with her lot, her health sank under it.

It was while recovering from the tedious illness to which we have alluded, that an incident occurred of deep and general interest in the village. A childless widower had come to pass the winter months with a married sister; and report had not failed to add that he was the possessor of unbounded wealth. Fraternal affection was the ostensible cause of this visit to Mrs. Simmons, but Malice

had whispered that it was for the removal of a genteel malady, called in common parlance 'the gout;' and of which he had so long been in possession that he might fairly be said to *own* it; and when others had it, they had borrowed it.

The first appearance of Mr. LINTOT in public was not highly imposing. He was short and thick-set, and his countenance was entirely concealed by the voluminous folds of a red woollen comforter. His outer garment reached nearly to the ground, and left nothing visible but a pair of large worsted socks, which as they ambled slowly and gingerly along, gave plausibility to the report to which I have alluded. He had a gold-headed cane in his hand, and though he carried it in rather a *degagée* style in level places, yet the conclusion forced itself irresistibly upon the mind that it was employed as much for service as for show.

Never had Mrs. Simmons been so popular! What throngs of visitors, and what urgent entreaties that her guest should be 'sociable!' But the good lady had her own plans, and the first bright morning saw her and her brother moving slowly over to see the Bensons. Nor had Mrs. Benson ever appeared so engaging. Her usual vinegar aspect was softened down to a little pleasant lemonade, an agreeable acid just thrown in to temper the cloying sweetness; and 'dear Alice' was called; and one glance did its work, for from that hour the socks walked regularly in the same direction, and always stopped in for a rest at the Bensons. And then his tastes were *so* simple, *so* easily satisfied! None of your foreign nick-nacks, your olives, your sardines, for *him*; nothing but the simple produce of the orchard for *his* money! Ah! Mrs. BENSON, control your feelings!

Things began to look rather suspicious touching their visitor; and though poor dear Mr. Benson insisted that his cupidity was excited by a certain corner-lot of which he was the owner, and that he would soon be in treaty for it, his more discriminating partner saw all how it was, as round as a ring. Nor was it long before she gave him an opportunity to reveal his feelings, and the result showed the correctness of her conclusions. In language characteristic, and without circumlocution, he intimated his admiration of her niece and his wish to instal her as future mistress of his establishment. But Mrs. Benson was too good a diplomatist to yield at the outset. She felt her power, and made the most searching inquiries; but he answered without flinching, and up to the mark. In the matter of age, he called himself fifty; but when he hastily added the saving clause that he was worth twice as many thousands as he had years, her only regret was that he had not reached the grand climacteric. She enlarged upon the beauty of Alice and the number and importance of her admirers, and so worked upon his fears that in the generosity of his heart he offered to settle upon her half his fortune. This was the point to which she had been constantly aiming; and bidding him on his departure be of good courage, sought the presence of her niece.

If the offer of Mr. Lintot was made without any great outlay of

sentiment, it lost none of its directness in passing through the lips of his agent; and hard must have been the heart that could have witnessed without emotion the cold shudder and compressed lips of Alice as she listened to her relative. Indifferent to the pain she caused, so she but gained her point, she urged her acceptance of the proposal in the most unqualified terms; and as she saw the agitation of her victim, hesitated not to intimate that if she wilfully threw away ease and independence, she should consider herself absolved from farther care of her; and that henceforth Charles, in despite of his delicate health, must earn his bread as an artisan.

Alice had listened with a tearless eye and bursting heart; but when she thought of this darling brother, with all his noble aspirations and high imaginings, chained to the work-shop, her resolve was shaken, and bitter thoughts flashed wildly through her brain. What should she do? There it stood, and it met her at every turn: *school-keeping, matrimony, or starvation!* The first she had tried, and the other two could scarcely be worse. To whom could she go? Alas! there were none in the wide, wide world to aid her; and bewildered and perplexed, it can be no matter of surprise that she so far listened to the importunities of her aunt as to consent to see the sister of her wooer.

This interview was far less painful than the preceding one. Mrs. Simmons dwelt with all a sister's pride upon the many noble and ingenuous traits of her brother's character; his unbounded liberality, his goodness of temper, (not a word of his malady;) and though she touched lightly and with a woman's tact upon the disparity of their years, yet it was so shaded and mingled in with the advantages that she could bestow upon her youthful brother, that Alice was persuaded into a tacit acquiescence. But it was not without a conflict. It was true she was 'fancy-free,' for no serious preference had ever been awakened in her bosom; still there had been a bright dream of some young and gifted spirit, upon whom she would gladly lavish the rich treasure of her affections. And this she must forego; and not daring to trust herself with her own thoughts, she prepared to meet her wealthy suitor.

The evening set in cold and stormy on which Mr. Lintot was to hear his sentence from her own lips. Like others similarly circumstanced, she had often sought her mirror; but it was only to see if her tell-tale eyes too plainly revealed the tumult within. By a liberal distribution of threats and promises, the more noisy members of the family were constrained to a temporary absence; and it was a proud moment for Mrs. Benson when she found every thing in train and her guest fairly seated at her own hearth-stone. Twice was Alice called before she answered to the summons; and well was it that the failing vision of Mr. Lintot spared him the start which his appearance occasioned. It could not be said even by the most lenient to be particularly engaging. Fearful of making a change in his mortal habiliments on such an inclement night, he had turned out in his usual pepper-and-salt toggerly; and as he sat, his giant limbs affectionately crossing each other, it was suggestive



of any thing but youthful grace and lightness. Wistfully had he surveyed his pedal extremities, and fain would he have endued them in more fitting guise ; but human suffering was not to be trifled with, and with a sigh he plunged them into their usual roomy receptacles. Above them lay the rolls of a pied yarn stocking, as if they had slipped from their moorings to secure a good look-out on an occasion so tenderly interesting to their wearer. That this last-named habiliment is highly necessary for propriety, not to say comfort, far be it from me to deny ; still it is not poetic, and I would defy the most sentimental to 'invest,' as one may say, a *real blue yarn-stock*, and retain any very romantic associations connected with the owner. But a truce with such untimely remarks, so little in unison with the scene ; but I dare proceed no farther with the interview, for ignorant as I am of such affairs, and brimful of envy, I might unwittingly shock the feelings of the amiable reader.

The report is soon rife in the land that the portionless orphan has secured the hand of the rich widower, coupled with the epithets of selfishness and successful artifice. Let us enter her little chamber. Does that look like triumph and gratified ambition, as with clasped hands and blanched cheek she surveys her wedding paraphernalia ? And the bridal hour arrived ; and pale and fair as a young Diana, she was placed by the side of her venerable betrothed ; and though the hand that rested in his was of the hue and feeling of marble, the fitting words were spoken and the sacrifice completed.

A distinguished writer, whose works, to the disgrace of the present generation, are now seldom looked into, very truly remarks : 'There is nothing so interesting as an *old man*, unless it may be a *young one*.' Doubtless our heroine found it so ; and never was there a more devoted or forbearing partner. She listened with exemplary patience and fortitude to his 'twice-told tales,' never *knowingly* trod on his gouty extremities, (*I would, and have driven the disease to a more central position ;*) and never, never *once* jogged his elbow as, standing braced up and Colossus-like before the glass, he was engaged in that most delicate and ticklish operation of shaving. A modern writer, in descanting upon the pleasures of courtship and wooing, intimates that it is one of the privileges of the lady to 'play with the tangles of her lover's hair !' If such a custom is prevalent, I have nothing to say, being a spinster ; but I am free to confess that in reflecting upon the crops of the sex in general, the temptation does not strike me as one that with ordinary strength of mind could not be resisted ; but I may be mistaken. If it *is* a privilege, Alice had it in perfection ; for it was her daily task to cue up the sparse silver locks of her liege lord, and fasten them upon his crown with a comb ; and though occasionally his face lost some of its placidity while under her hands, and the startling interjection, '*By George !*' was wrung from his reluctant lips, yet we trust that 'the recording angel who flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath,' dealt as kindly by him as he did by 'My Uncle Toby,' when similarly overtaken.

But these pious duties were of short duration ; for not all the as-

sidiuities of a nurse so tender and true could long ward off the fatal blow. His old complaint (every body has some 'old complaint,') returned with redoubled violence; and though medical talent and skill were earnestly invoked, it was all vain.

And now behold her a young and blooming widow, the cynosure of all eyes, the 'observed of all observers.' She was no longer that unhappy creature, a *neglected female*. Proposals of marriage came in every form, from the plain man of business, who unequivocally expressed his willingness to place himself at the head of her affairs, to the refined and elegant scholar, who in more fitting language 'indicated his views;' and surprised and grieved at her contumacy, wept salt, salt tears because he could not finger her property. If the father of a family had sustained a touching bereavement it was foolish to lament it, for here was one younger and fairer, who would doubtless rejoice at the opportunity to enter upon the maternal duties. And for the young and gentle youth, unable 'to meet his liabilities,' and unwilling to labor, here was a resource! Walk up, gentlemen—walk up!

But gracefully and firmly she declined them all. Not that she had any objection to man in the abstract; on the contrary, she thought him a most useful and respectable part of the human family, and wished him well; but she was sufficient of herself for herself, and would fain be left in quiet.

And she was happy; happy in the unrestrained freedom of her own will, and in the unfettered power of doing good. Endowed with an ample fortune, and unincumbered with the ordinary cares of her sex, it was her delight to gather about her all that is elegant and refined in life, and in contributing to the happiness of others.

Thus occupied in the active duties of life, and filled with goodwill to her fellow beings, she felt no loneliness of heart, and had little sympathy with unreal troubles. Nor was she without a legitimate object of interest; for in the training and education of her youthful brother she found a never-failing solace. And well did he repay it; for though years brought to him, as to others, other ties and pursuits, yet the sacrifices and affection of a sister so devoted were never forgotten.

My tale is finished and my case made out. From it may be learned that happiness is not confined solely to the wedded, but that a woman may be reasonably happy without possessing that inestimable treasure—a husband.

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TO THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

AN EPIGRAM.

If you are wise, just use your friend  
Like a cigar, I say;  
Suck him as long as you can draw,  
Then throw the wretch away!

J. M. S.

## A S T O R M - S O N G .

## I.

Would thou wert near me, ELLA !

The night is grand and gloomy, no stars are in the sky,  
But the giant storm is passing, in might and majesty ;  
No pale moonlight beams through the night, but the giant storm is there,  
And his black steed's mane is dripping rain, as he paws the upper air ;  
And all his train are dripping rain that follow through the air :  
Would thou wert near !

## II.

Would thou wert near me, ELLA !

The tall oaks bending stately, accept the gauntlet cast ;  
The shock is past ; and naked all they stand before the blast !  
Their helms and greaves of autumn leaves around disjointed lie,  
And heard are groans and bitter moans, with the victor storm's rude cry ;  
And naught but groans and bitter moans are heard with the storm's rude cry ;  
Would thou wert near !

## III.

Would thou wert near me, ELLA !

In gazing from my casement into the wild black night,  
By the fitful and uncertain gleam of my dim chamber light,  
I hear wild voices near me, as of demons in the air,  
And there I see each naked tree, float round me every where ;  
But dimly see the forest tree upsurging every where :  
Would thou wert near !

## IV.

Would thou wert near me, ELLA !

'Tis like the angry ocean contending with the storms ;  
I hear the thundering billows, I see their mighty forms ;  
With rudest shocks upon the rocks they dash in fierce array,  
And I hear the toll of fog-bells roll, that warn from far away ;  
The mournful knell which the fog-bells tell of the breakers far away :  
Would thou wert near !

## V.

Would thou wert near me, ELLA !

For Life is such a tempest, as giant-like and drear,  
Of ever-changing passions which strive against us here ;  
Of doubts and tears, and trembling fears, that bow the proud heart low ;  
Oft the beacon-light is dimmed by night ; we see not where we go ;  
The guiding lamp, quenched by the damp of storms that round us flow :  
Would thou wert near !

## VI.

Would thou wert near me, ELLA !

Then thou should'st tell me sweetly of gentle love and ruth,  
And of the magic needle, that ever points at truth ;  
Of the beacon-light that burns by night with never lessened ray,  
Fog-bells that roll to the storm-tossed soul their warning far away ;  
Of bell-notes clear that whisper near of the breakers far away :  
Would thou wert near !

S. A. S.

## THE LATE JUDGE HITCHCOCK.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE PRINCIPAL OF THE YALE LAW SCHOOL.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

PROBABLY there is no study which makes so permanent and deep impressions on the memory and feelings as the life of a great man. It is almost impossible for one who reads books to rid himself of a spirit which haunts him, urging him to profitable action or merely bewildering his fancy, in the shape of some departed hero. The form with which youthful ambition invests its ideal object of pursuit is not so often an original creation of the imagination, a compound of such and such virtues, the victor in such and such struggles, or the receiver of such and such particular honors; as it is a breathing image of some great or good man who has lived in another age or adorns our own.

'I would like to be a WASHINGTON, a NAPOLEON, an ADDISON, a FRANKLIN, a WORDSWORTH, a WASHINGTON IRVING, a ROBERT PEEL, a MACAULAY,' is a wish often felt by youth, if rarely expressed. And when in the study of biography, the young man learns how greatness has been in nearly every instance the result of a *self-making energy*, the lesson which it teaches and the wish which it inspires are in the highest degree profitable. Seldom have men found distinction by following luxurious paths, or when wafted along by the zephyr-like breath of powerful friendship and patronage. Those seem to have succeeded best who have felt their way to be paved with difficulties, and with a spirit of adventure almost chivalrous, have thrown themselves into the war of circumstances, and disputed every inch of their march to fame. When we contemplate the career of such men, our prayer ceases to be for showers of extraneous advantages, for the bolstering care of friends, for wealth, (which pays the toll on the turnpike to distinction, but cannot set our limbs in motion,) or for the good fortune of being *born* to station. We supplicate rather in our silent hearts with some such petition as this: 'Let my lot, if it be the will of Heaven, be cast among the rugged scenes of life; let me pant and sweat in the race of my ambition, and step painfully over a rocky road; let me be compelled to acquire my *means*, before I commence to win my *end*; but give me the unconquerable will, contempt of ease, self-reliance, the grasp of restless energy which never stops to congratulate itself on its former progress, or to fall asleep in order to dream out the gorgeous future. Give me cloud and storm, and the strength to bear them; danger and difficulty, and the courage to meet them like a man.'

The subject of our present notice was one of those individuals, whose career in life awakens in the mind of him who studies it a

desire for independent success. He built his own fortune with his own materials.

SAMUEL JOHNSON HITCHCOCK was born at Bethlehem in the State of Connecticut, in the month of February, of the year 1786. His father was a man in humble circumstances, and was one of the sufferers in the American Revolution. Having a large family, he needed the aid of his son, who was his oldest child, in carrying on the business by which the family was supported. His father professionally plied the trade of a weaver, at the hand-loom, in his own poor cottage, and the son served an apprenticeship at the same trade. Mr. Hitchcock's birth-place was in a remote part of the township, where the incitements to study were few, and where the means of acquiring knowledge were very limited. He was early distinguished for his industry, and imbued with a love of knowledge. His father, being a very poor man, could not afford the expense of furnishing him a light to read by in the evening as late as he sometimes desired. After plying the shuttle through the day, to gain a subsistence for the family, he is said to have been accustomed to seat himself in front of the fire-place with book in hand, and there gratify his insatiable love of knowledge in studying out the words and sentences by the dim and flickering light afforded by the dying embers. Thus did young Hitchcock continue, weaving by day and studying by night until he was fourteen years of age. At that early age, owing to his proficiency in the branches of a common English education, and to his maturity and manliness of character, his services were sought as the instructor of a common school in one of the neighboring towns. He took charge of the school during the winter, but with the return of summer his assistance was again needed in the support of his father's family. It was about this period that he conceived the idea of 'going to college;' accordingly he commenced the preparatory course of study, under the instruction of the late Rev. DR. AZEL BACKUS, first President of Hamilton College. The Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, who was at that time living with DR. BACKUS as an assistant instructor in preparing a number of young gentlemen for college, in a letter to the writer states, that 'Johnson' used to work at his father's trade while not actually engaged upon his books, and by this toil at the hand-loom, without any other aid from his father than the use of his loom, and that perhaps rather grudgingly given, as the parent thought this '*going to college*' was 'not the thing that it had been cracked up to be,' he contributed to the necessary expense of his preparatory studies. 'In these I occasionally heard him in his recitations. He was studious, laboriously so; and exceedingly *thorough* in his lessons; showing a disposition to go to the bottom of his subject. I saw that he had the determination and the ability to distinguish himself as a scholar, and my augury was, that the web of his life, if protracted, would be woven after a very different pattern toward the end of the piece, from what it was at the beginning.'

Thus did he continue to labor and study until he was twenty-one years of age, at which period he entered the Sophomore class

in Yale College. It is needless to say, that an industrious young man, burning with such noble aspirations as glowed in his bosom, was diligent and persevering in the prosecution of his studies in college. 'I well remember,' says one of his classmates, 'the first recitation of my division during our Sophomore year. At my right hand sat a newcomer, in a plain rustic garb, with nothing prepossessing in his appearance except a manly countenance, bespeaking at once honesty, perseverance and intelligence. His very first recitation indicated that he would take a high stand as a scholar, and made the candidates for intellectual superiority feel that in him they would find a generous competitor.' He was known as the most diligent student in college; and considering the course of study as wisely marked out by the proper authority, and admirably adapted to discipline and strengthen the intellectual faculties, he was faithful, to a proverb, in the discharge of every duty assigned him. He was distinguished for his accurate and successful investigation, for his methodical habits, for his good judgment, for his keen sagacity, for his generous regard for his fellow-students, and for his respectful deference to his superiors in age and learning. By his wise course he commanded the respect and secured the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. He was one of the few who could receive praise without being grudged, who could be honored without being envied, and who could regard himself with proper self-respect without indulging self-conceit. Of him it may be truly said, that he left college without an enemy. He graduated in the year 1809, with the highest honors of his class, being nearly twenty-four years of age. His valedictory oration, 'On the Wisdom of Aiming at High Attainments,' was an able defence of the maxims that 'What man *has* done, man *can* do,' and that 'Every man is the architect of his own fortune,' which were practically demonstrated and beautifully illustrated in his own life.

After graduating, Mr. HITCHCOCK found it necessary to seek some employment which would enable him to procure the means to liquidate the debts he had incurred while in college. He accordingly took the charge of a flourishing Academy in Fairfield, Connecticut. As a teacher he was faithful and successful. He spent his time, while not engaged in the duties of his school, as is stated in his private journal, 'in treasuring up a store of knowledge, which he trusted would one day crown his hopes with as full success as the imperfection of our natures and of our world would allow.' His thirst for knowledge was insatiable; and it was his 'fervent prayer that he might daily make valuable acquisitions.' None but a hard student would have penned the following sentence, which we extract from his journal: 'Indeed the scholar's life is a calm and sober existence; he fights no battles; lays waste no fields, but those of paper; experiences no 'hair-breadth' scapes;' sheds more ink than blood; reads more than he thinks; thinks more than he speaks, speaks more than he writes, and does, in the farmer's sense of the word, about nothing at all.'

He continued to give instruction in the Academy at Fairfield two

years, at the expiration of which time he accepted a tutorship in Yale College. While in this office, he exhibited in an eminent degree those generous, noble qualities of heart and superior intellectual abilities, which were so happily developed in his subsequent life, and which secured for him a name that posterity will not 'willingly let die.' His thorough scholarship, his sound logic, his pleasing manner of imparting instruction, his comprehensive views, his refined taste, his elevated integrity, his extreme modesty, and his kind and conciliating manners, are remembered with affection by many still living. It was his principle to *encourage* his pupils; and if it was necessary to administer reproof, he never flinched from the task; but he had the rare and happy faculty of doing it in such a manner as to make the offender feel that it was prompted by disinterested kindness, and that it was even a favor to him. Instructors of the present day would do well to remember and practice upon this same principle. He filled the office of tutor four years, and retired, enjoying the entire confidence of the Guardians and Faculty of the College, the esteem and admiration of the students, and the respect and best wishes of all who knew him.

During his tutorship, having chosen the legal profession as the employment of his life, by devoting to the study of the law as much of his time as was consistent with the duties of a laborious and faithful instructor, he prepared himself to enter upon the business of his profession; and accordingly, in the summer of the year 1815, he settled himself in New-Haven as a practising lawyer. He was then nearly thirty years old. Of the variety of his attainments and his extraordinary qualifications for the labors of the profession of his choice, we shall speak in another place. Suffice it for the present to say, that he soon rose to the first rank in his profession, and exhibited such decided proofs of his superiority in the extent, variety and accuracy of legal knowledge, and also in the happy faculty of communicating his knowledge to others, that he was employed in the Yale law-school as an associate instructor with Mr. SETH P. STAPLES, its founder. His connection with the law-school continued until his death. For several years he was mayor of the city of New-Haven, and consented to serve for a short time as judge of the county court for the county of New-Haven. He was also judge of the city court one or two years; and if he had been willing to accept a seat on the bench of the supreme court of the state, he would have received the office by an almost unanimous vote. But he declined being a candidate for this honor, because he deemed its acceptance incompatible with other and more imperative duties. He received the appointment to the presidency of the Hartford and New-Haven rail-road company. He was one of the first and firmest friends of this enterprise, and next to his law-school, he cherished its prosperity. Probably this flourishing corporation is indebted to no individual for its present standing so much as to Judge Hitchcock.

He entertained the highest views of the dignity and usefulness of his profession, and instead of entering the arena of public life,



preferred his situation in the law-school, where he might impart to others something of his own enthusiasm and energy in the prosecution of their studies. On the retirement of Mr. Staples from the law-school, Judge HITCHCOCK became its principal, and the reputation of the school was given and sustained almost entirely by him. It was ever an object of his deep solicitude. He delighted to instruct his successive classes of young gentlemen in the principles of that science which he understood and loved so well; and had reason to anticipate a long life of usefulness in his quiet employment. But the DISPOSER of all things determined otherwise. In the summer of 1845 he was attacked by the typhus fever. But little alarm however for his safety was felt until the very day of his death. The progress of the slow and insidious disease was such that he was unconscious of his approaching end. After an illness of three weeks, he died on the evening of the thirty-first of August, breathing his last without a struggle or a groan, aged fifty-nine years and seven months. 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!'

Such was the life and such the death of one whose existence was consecrated to high and noble ends, and whose memory will ever remain dear to his native State, and whose example and lessons have left a shining track in the success of those whose ambition they have nerved and whose minds they have stored. The termination of a useful life always strikes us with a shock, as if it were not to be expected. We act as if it ought not to be, and lament bitterly over the void made by the loss of such a man. The death of this distinguished citizen cast a deep gloom over the community of which he had long been the ornament and the pride. His life was a public blessing, his death a public calamity. He needs no eulogy, except the simple narrative of his life; and *that* is above all eulogy.

The chief value of a memoir, as the subject of this sketch once observed, 'consists in the development of the character of the person described.' We shall, therefore, proceed to notice the striking traits of Judge HITCHCOCK's mind and character, which will be better developed by considering him in the various spheres of life in which he moved. The most characteristic features of his mind were logical penetration, perspicuity and strength. It was solid rather than brilliant; acute in comparing rather than fertile in invention; close rather than rapid in thinking; sagacious rather than quick; searching rather than eager; steady and firm; comprehensive and cautious; patient in inquiry, clear in conception, and exact and forcible in reasoning. His power of intense and protracted application, a quality so essential to the scholar, for success and eminence, was indeed wonderful. Another very prominent trait of his mind was his power of analyzing an intricate question, sifting it of its unimportant ingredients, arranging its essential points in a close, logical order, developing them with an irresistible force, and fortifying the conclusions with an impregnable rampart of reason. This was the basis from which his mind derived its masterly strength and activity. It threaded the mazes of sophistry, and

seized upon truth almost by intuition. His arguments partook of the nature of mathematical demonstration, in respect to their certainty and palpable conclusiveness. This trait preëminently fitted him to master the perplexing subtleties and nice distinctions involved in the science to which he devoted his life. It is difficult, on account of the legal turn of his mind, to represent its features without portraying his character as a JURIST. We shall, therefore, pass at once to speak of him as a LAWYER.

He was well prepared, by the thorough course of discipline and preparation to which he had subjected himself, to shine in any situation whatever. But his natural and acquired abilities were not his chief recommendation. He was a man of perfect integrity. By integrity we mean not only that principle which prevents the practice of fraud in the common business of life, but also that deeper and more vital principle which extends to all matters above the reach of the law, and comprehends not only every thing which is known to be injurious to the rights of others, but also that which may chance to be injurious, and impels its possessor to render unto every man his due. A religious regard for *justice* was his ruling passion, and the master-spring of all his actions. And while he made it a matter of conscience to discharge every known duty with scrupulous fidelity, his power to unravel abstruse questions, to deduce important principles from a heterogeneous mass of materials; his progressive expansion of the train of argument, fortifying itself at every step by a series of incontrovertible positions; and his ability to detect the slightest weakness in the argument of his opponent, combined with his great fairness, made him at once an illustrious ornament and a formidable antagonist at the bar. He had nothing of that meteoric brilliancy, unnatural display and spasmodic energy which are apt to set the rabble agog; he used no poetical imagery or rhetorical flourishes in painting the passions, and rousing them into action. Without being deficient in imagination, he rarely drew upon it for aid in making an argument. His object was not to astonish, not to captivate, not to excite the feelings of men, but by stating some admitted premise, by severe logical reasoning, and by a clear demonstration of the truth of what he was advocating, to convince their judgment. He was a matter-of-fact, common-sense advocate. Possessing a feeling of confidence, amounting almost to enthusiasm, in the truth of what he asserted, and conscious of his power to render that truth apparent to others, he was a bold, earnest and impressive speaker. If eloquence consists in commanding the attention, or in persuading and convincing the understanding of men, he was truly eloquent. He persuaded without resorting to the arts of persuasion; he convinced without soliciting conviction. At the bar, his personal appearance was commanding and dignified; his conduct conciliatory and respectful; his arguments were lucid, strong and exact; his style simple and chaste; his language plain, but well selected and pointed, his enunciation slow, distinct and musical; and his manner fervent. These qualities, added to his zeal for the success of the cause of his client, gave a charm and a force to his speeches which chained the attention and

commanded the assent of his hearers. One needed only to see him to know that he was a man of great abilities. His countenance was peculiarly striking, and yet did not indicate the precise cast of his mind; his features relaxed into a repose which but partially betrayed the power of his intellect, or the sublimity of his reasoning. Yet one might read in his face evidences of a thoughtful mind, sometimes lost in day-dreams, sometimes absorbed in studying out the most abstruse questions of the law; but when aroused, his features assumed a new aspect, and every muscle spoke. He scorned the dirty tricks of those who disgrace the law by 'stealing the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in,' and by attempting to 'convert the profession of the advocate into a mere school of refined knavery.' To attempt to mislead a jury or brow-beat a judge, was in his opinion surrendering the integrity as well as the honor of the bar. It was his rule never to encourage a groundless suit or a groundless defence. In integrity of character; in fidelity to his clients and to his conscience; in the dignity and suavity of his manners; in his respectful deportment to the Court, his professional brethren, the jury, and to the witnesses; in short, in every particular his was an excellent model for young counsellors, and one which they would do well to strive to imitate; and though they may not be able to equal the great original, still they may drink from the same fountains from which he drank, and, like the little Julius by the side of his father Æneas, they may tread the same path that he trod, though it be '*non passibus æquis*.'

Such was the reputation, and such the qualifications which Mr. Hitchcock brought with him to the bench. He discharged his duties as judge with increasing reputation and dignity. Few men exhibited more fairness, or showed more thought, more caution, more research and legal knowledge in their decisions than he did. Few men possessed higher qualifications, natural and acquired, for the judicial bench than he did. Fewer men have left in their judicial career deeper traces of wisdom, honesty, impartiality and justice. His wisdom was the wisdom of the law, guided by experience and enriched by a scrutinizing investigation of principles; his honesty was a deep, vital principle, pervading the whole man; his impartiality and his love of justice were a part of his nature. He was a learned judge; but his learning did not consist merely in a knowledge of books and precedents. He read not only to learn, but also to digest and to master. He was 'wise above that which is written.' He relied not wholly on the decisions of other judges, nor did he indulge the desire to overrule their opinions, and fashion the law to his own private views. He was actuated by a higher and nobler principle of action; he was actuated by an earnest desire to follow out its precepts in good faith and simplicity. There was in his mind an almost intuitive perception of abstract right and justice, and the best mode of administering them in the exigencies of any particular case. He had the rare power to grasp a cause, and develop its merits and demerits almost as soon as it was proposed. In his charges to the jury he was exact and full, and dis-

posed of the questions of law under consideration freely and fearlessly. In short, as a judge, he was eminent for his wisdom and accuracy; for his dignified deportment; (his deportment was dignified without partaking of that owl-like gravity with which gentlemen of the bench are sometimes afflicted;) for his firmness in preserving order in the court-room, and maintaining the rights of the bench without giving offence; and for his happy faculty of despatching business rapidly without being in a hurry. In his judicial capacity, too, he was a proper model for emulation and ambition — elevated, solid, pure.

As a *TEACHER* of law, we hazard nothing in saying that he was without a superior. Being deeply sensible of the paramount importance of legal learning in the United States, he brought the energies of his early manhood to the law-school, of which he was the most ardent friend and supporter, and devoted his time and talents to it during the remainder of his life. To his well-known and acknowledged eminence among the gentlemen of the profession; to his unrivalled attainments in the various departments of legal science; to his long experience in giving instruction; to his talents, judgment and skill in teaching, the law-school owes a large share of its present reputation. His instruction was severe, thorough and profound. It compelled the student to think; it aroused, disciplined, and strengthened the mind, while it brought with it the conscious rewards of labor. In his oral instructions he expounded the principles of the law with felicity, being clear in his statements, striking in his illustrations, and forcible in his expositions. Entertaining the highest views of the usefulness and the dignity of the law, he endeavored to impress the minds of his pupils with a just sense of the importance and responsibility of the station for which they were fitting themselves. To impress upon them, by precept and by example, the beauty of a virtuous life; to show that professional triumphs are useless unless honorably obtained; to show that to be a great lawyer it is necessary to be a good man; to inculcate respect for the law and its constituted authorities; to unfold the principles of his favorite science; to hold up a high standard of professional virtue and morality; to animate his pupils with zeal in their country's welfare; to do this, was an object sufficient to engage his attention and fill the measure of his life. He would have his pupils imbued with sound principles of law, with exalted views of the utility of their profession and of the responsibility of their offices as ministers of the temple of justice, with a realizing sense of their duty to the cause of learning, to society, and to God. He held in utter contempt and denounced the conduct of men who practice law as a trade, and not as a science; men

—— 'that can speak  
To every cause, and things mere contraries,  
Till they are hoarse again, yet all be law.'

He would not however have a lawyer withhold his assistance from the accused, but at the same time he would not have him presume for a moment that conducting an appeal at law was his only

duty ; he would have him remember that he is a citizen. In short, he would have the lawyer scorn to do any mean thing ; he would have him virtuous, a man of inflexible integrity, of unsullied honor, of spotless reputation, of high and noble aspirations, of enlightened benevolence and pure patriotism ; he would have him a minister of justice, a peace-maker. He would have him feel that he is responsible not only to his client but also to his own conscience, to the court and the cause of justice, and that it is impious to pervert the precepts of the law in order to aid in the triumphs of injustice. His intercourse with his pupils was always of the most friendly character, and he inspired those who approached him with something of his own ardor in the pursuit of their studies. With melancholy pleasure do those who were so fortunate as to enjoy his instructions remember his kindness, his words of encouragement, and his untiring patience in listening to the inquiries and solving the difficulties of the young student. They always speak of him in terms of the highest praise, and consider it one of their greatest privileges that they were permitted to learn from him lessons of wisdom ; lessons

'PERFECT and much to be desired, and giving joy with riches,  
Which Diligence loveth to gather, and hang round the neck of Memory ;  
Thought carefully tendeth, in the kindly garden of the heart.'

A student of his writes us as follows : ' As you well know, Judge Hitchcock's lectures were for the most part extemporaneous. He had a system and a course, from which he did not materially deviate during successive years. But he preferred to trust to the subject and the occasion to suggest the form of expression in which he should convey his instructions. This was entirely in accordance with a maxim of his own, that a good lawyer should trust to his head rather than to his note-book. His most remarkable qualification as an instructor was one which the peculiar discipline of a well-educated lawyer is apt to produce — perspicuity. I do not think that the dullest student on the benches ever failed to understand exactly what the Professor meant. I never knew an explanation asked of a point which he had once elucidated. He was full of illustration, new and old ; and I even recollect one day, when although he was suffering from an agonizing tooth-ache, he kept the class in a humor very nearly approaching to merriment by a succession of witty coruscations. He was always lost in his subject, and bodily pain never probably impeded his mental activity. His various and *accurate* knowledge — I never knew his equal in the latter respect ; what he knew, he knew *for certain* — qualified him to make law lectures exceedingly entertaining. In the treasures of history, which are intertwined so thoroughly with legal knowledge, he was absolutely rich, and there was no subject upon which he was more earnest than in urging the necessity of historical learning to a sound lawyer. ' While lecturing, his eyes were usually fixed upon the table before him, and rarely turned toward his students. Occasionally however, an ingenious inquiry from some one of them would induce him to raise for a moment as lustrous a pair of expressive black orbs as

ever adorned a human face. He was approachable in his office at all times; and although his studious and thoughtful air often led one to fear interrupting him, I do not think that he ever allowed one to suppose him interrupted. I have spoken of his wit. It was as keen as a sword. His humorous remarks were always dry, and never uttered *with an air*. In fact, it was impossible sometimes to tell, with such exceeding gravity and such truthfulness of manner were his 'flings' made, whether he intended a mere barren statement of a fact or a most delicate stroke of wit. He was admirably versed in the political history of our country, and was probably as competent to give a history of American law as any person in our country. I once heard him state that it was very far from being a pecuniary object of any moment for him to continue the law-school.'

Though not a strenuous partisan in politics he was an old-fashioned federalist, and a fit specimen of the excellence of the school of the patriots and statesmen of the days of WASHINGTON. He regarded the union of the States as the palladium of our liberty. An inflexible advocate of republican institutions, he was a firm friend of the Constitution, and had confidence in its redeeming power to allay the perturbations of party spirit. He was a patriot and a statesman, in the purest sense of the words.

We should not do justice to the subject of this sketch were we not to speak of his Christian character. 'Of his religious character it may be said that it was like his character in other respects, retiring. In his religious affections and emotions, as in all the affections and emotions of his nature, he depended very little upon sympathy with others; and he sometimes may have seemed to repel such sympathy rather than to seek it. But the most striking feature of his religious character was, that notwithstanding his retired and almost unsocial habits, he never shrunk from what he recognized as duty. Show him any way in which he could do good, without interfering with some duty already clearly incumbent, and he was always ready to undertake the service. It was near the close of his career as tutor in college, that he became a Christian; during 'the revival of 1815.' Soon after that period he united with the Centre church, and was the superintendent of the Sabbath school when first a Sabbath school was attempted in New-Haven. He gave instruction from Sabbath to Sabbath, for several years, to a large class of young men, who counted their membership in his Bible-class one of their highest privileges. In 1833 he was chosen and ordained to the office of a deacon in his church, which he held until his death.'\*

His uniform and steadfast adherence to Christian truth, the even tenor of his exemplary life, his profound and extensive scriptural and theological knowledge, combined with an earnest desire for the spread of the blessings of the gospel, gave him a standing and an influence in the church, which seldom fall to the lot of a man engaged in a secular profession. Though a sincere and hearty Con-

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\* FROM DR. BACON'S DISCOURSE AT THE FUNERAL OF JUDGE HITCHCOCK.

gregationalist, he was free from all bigotry and narrow-mindedness. His standard in religious matters, as in every thing else, was high and severe. There was a beauty in his daily walk which all loved. The same consistency and conscientious adherence to what he professed characterized him in every sphere of life in which he moved. He was fixed in his principles, and neither honor nor emolument could move him. Not that he was without ambition; he had ambition; but it was a sanctified, Christian ambition; ambition for wisdom, and not for power, that he might receive its ordinary rewards and attract the public gaze. His was a higher aim and a more enduring object.

But after all, interesting as it is to contemplate such an one in his public functions, it is as *a man* that those who knew Mr. Hitchcock best will most delight to contemplate him. He was one of the few great men whose greatness was not diminished in the estimate of those who approached him. The virtues of his private character endeared him to those who saw him in the retired scenes of life, and to all with whom he was associated. A natural reserve and diffidence, which accompanied him from his earliest youth, conveyed to the casual observer an idea of sternness, and occasioned the unmerited imputation, among those who knew him not, of pride. His retiring and modest habits might have seemed at first to some to be indicative of an unfeeling heart, having but little love for the social scenes and pleasures of life. But nothing could be farther from the truth. He was of a social disposition, and often indulged in playful humor and familiar conversation with his friends. He was a man of extreme sensibility; and this, combined with the pressure of his professional duties, prevented him from mingling to any great extent in general society. The impression of austerity or coldness was always removed by an intimate acquaintance with him. He was warm in his friendships; he was hospitable, unobtrusive, frank, kind, affectionate; a charitable benefactor to the poor; possessed of generosity without affectation, and in his domestic relations a model; a union of virtues which fancy may portray but which is rarely met with in real life.

Such then is a sketch of the life and character of JUDGE HITCHCOCK. In them we find much that commands our respect, much that excites our admiration, much that engages our affection. Few men have left a character of such untarnished virtue. Such men are not the gift of every age. They appear only at distant intervals. They are beings of a superior order, sent into the world to enlighten and elevate the human race. His example should not be lost to the world.

The Rev. Mr. PIERPONT, after recounting some of the difficulties and rough realities with which Judge Hitchcock had to grapple in early life, and alluding to the eminence to which he slowly but steadily ascended, proceeds: 'This I know is exceedingly jejune, but I think that these facts are instructive and encouraging, especially to the young. They show not only *that* obstacles to one's progress and destination in life may be overcome by a determined will, but

also *how* they may be overcome. 'JOHNSON HITCHCOCK,' while thumping and sweating away at the hand-loom, driving the shuttle and tramping upon the treadles thereof, although in some of his dreams he might have created a 'chateau in Spain' big enough to hold him as a village lawyer, or peradventure a justice of the peace, somewhere among his native hills; hardly dreamed, I will venture to say, of ever sitting on a judicial bench in New-Haven, or of reading lectures on law as professor in Yale College. Yet it was at that loom that the brightest part of his destiny was woven:

'WHAT streams, what floods see'er athwart him fall,  
Who crossed the *Rubicon*, would cross them all.'

Whatever obstacles might interpose in his progress afterward, he who had fitted himself for college by toiling at his father's hand-loom, in a mean crazy old cottage situated on Carmel Hill, the highest of the range of highlands, about three miles west of the village of Bethlehem, would fit himself for any thing.' The eminent talents, the untiring industry, the exalted virtues, both in public and private life, and the fervent piety of this truly 'great and good man' have won for him a name as imperishable as his own deeds, and a garland of glory which shall grow brighter and brighter as the world grows older.

Our country mourns the departure of one of its worthies; Connecticut laments the loss of one of her brightest ornaments, and her tribunals a distinguished judge; the Yale Law School its chief pillar and head; the community a liberal supporter of every enterprise for the public good; the friends of the institution with which he was connected grieve over the absence of a most valuable member, a votary of science and letters; the Church of CHRIST weeps over the extinction of a burning and shining light, that spread its genial rays far and wide; bereaved relatives bewail the death of a tender husband and an affectionate father; afflicted friends bemoan the death of one who knew not what it was to be wanting to a friend; in short, all are deeply afflicted with a sense of bereavement by the removal of so much excellence from earth:

'THOUSANDS bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king,  
But the whole universe bemoaneth the loss of a man of prayer.'

Yet we mourn not for him, but for our country and for ourselves.  
He is gone; but our loss is his infinite gain.

*New-Haven, (Conn.)*

FAITHLESS WIVES: AN EXTRACT.

FROM 'RHYMES ON THE ROAD.'

If faithless in wedlock, in gallantry gross,  
Without honor to guard, or reserve to restrain,  
What have they a husband can mourn as a loss?  
What have they a lover can prize as a gain?



## W I N T E R .

GONE are the long bright summer days, and gone  
 Are flowers and fruit, the green leaves and the birds ;  
 All have departed ! WINTER reigns supreme,  
 Chilling all nature by his icy touch,  
 And freezing up the very soul of life  
 With his fierce breath.

It seems but as a day  
 Since SPRING was here, with sunshine and with cloud,  
 Tearful but smiling: Spring ! beneath whose step  
 The violet and spring-beauty wake to life :  
 Prophetic Spring ! telling of future days,  
 When harvests shall reward man's hopeful toil,  
 And Joy shall reap the field which Faith has sown.  
 Then came the glowing SUMMER, whose warm breath  
 Aroused to life and beauty earth and air,  
 Opened the swelling buds, and called to light  
 The dancing foliage and the blushing flowers.  
 Then AUTUMN came, laden with choicest fruits,  
 Yielding to industry a rich reward,  
 And giving to pale Want a full supply.  
 At her approach the glaring sun restrains  
 His fiery glances ; and the graceful clouds  
 Fold up their silvery wings, or slowly sail  
 With quiet motion through the hazy sky :  
 The winds are hushed to rest, or only sigh,  
 With fitful breath, their soft and soul-like sounds ;  
 The landscape sleeps, bathed in a mellow light ;  
 And the green vesture of the solemn woods  
 Now gains new tints, now glows with gorgeous dyes,  
 As though the colors of heaven's arching bow,  
 Leaving the clouds, had come to deck the trees  
 As for a festival. Alas ! This glow  
 Is but the hectic flush foretelling death :  
 For soon this scene must change ; even now, behold  
 The Ice-King cometh ! From the frozen North,  
 Leaving his icy throne, he marcheth forth  
 To make his annual and dreaded tour  
 Through his domains. The howling winds proclaim  
 His swift advance. All nature owns his sway :  
 The threatening clouds no longer melt to tears,  
 But, gathering around his mighty form,  
 Scatter the drifting snow and rattling hail :  
 The ancient forests reverently stand  
 Uncovered in his presence : the moist earth  
 Hardens beneath his footsteps ; and the streams,  
 Obedient to his voice, stop in their course,  
 And build the crystal bridge from shore to shore.

Heaven be praised ! this will not last forever :  
 For other days will come ; Spring shall return  
 With its reviving showers and genial warmth :  
 Earth 'is not dead but sleepeth.' In due time  
 She shall awake, and break these icy chains,  
 And cast aside this snowy winding-sheet,  
 And look once more up to the smiling sky,  
 And bloom again in primal beauty.

## The Egyptian Letters.

NUMBER THREE.

LETTER NINTH.

FROM ABD' ALLAH OMAR, TO SEYD AHMED EL HAJI, CHIEF SECRETARY OF THE GRADES AT CAIRO.

MARRIAGES are contracted in this country while the parties are very young. At the age of sixteen or seventeen a maiden may receive a lover and be married. This period of life corresponds with the age when females may marry at Cairo, which is at twelve or thirteen; for the difference of climate renders our youth more precocious. The manner however by which marriages are brought about is much less simple than with us, or with the French, both of which countries might serve as models to this people, notwithstanding they imagine they have improved the system of the old world, and found a better and shorter method of making two persons happy.

I cannot, as you know, speak from personal knowledge, but I have learned from my good uncle Aboo Zeyd, that with us the usual method is for the mother of the youth who desires to obtain a wife to address herself to some one who has access to a *Hhareem*, such as a *Della' leh*, or female broker, who is admitted to sell female ornaments; or he may himself employ a *Kat'beh*, or female match-maker, whose regular business is to assist men in such cases. She may be accompanied by the mother or some other near female relation, who after visiting several Hhareems, make their report, wherein the charms or riches of the girl are set forth. When a young female is found having the necessary personal qualifications, the proposal is formally made and the matter discussed. During the settlement of these preliminaries the couple most interested have no chance of seeing or speaking to each other, and the bridegroom's first acquaintance with his bride is when she is in his absolute possession. Now I think this method has many advantages to recommend it. Each party is spared the pain of being obliged to bear many personal caprices of the other; they avoid the trouble of using artificial means of winning each other's affections, and escape from a thousand perplexities that often strew thorns in the path of love. The girl, now become a woman, goes from a place where she held an inferior station to become mistress of a Hhareem. Her condition is at once improved, and she exhibits a new-born affection by delicate attention to her husband's comforts. She is mindful that he be well supplied with coffee, his pipe filled when he requires it, and when he is fatigued, with her own fair hands rubs the soles of his feet with the *Hhagar-el-hhammam*, (foot-rasps.)

The French method differs from ours in a slight degree, yet is equally simple. Here too it is the mother of the young man who is the principal agent. She makes known her wishes to the priest, whose duty as confessor carries him to female seminaries, but more commonly addresses herself to the physician of the establishment. In the course of his visits, near the close of the classical year, he demands of the head instructress which of her pupils is to come out, what are her personal qualifications, and who are her parents. When his report is made, the respective parents are brought together, provided the information obtained from the physician is so far favorable as to warrant the expectation that the match would be eligible as to rank, fortune, or mutual disposition. This last is not however dwelt upon if the two former leave nothing to desire. The young people are then told of the happiness that awaits them, are allowed to see each other, but invariably in the presence of the parents or some third person, a near relative of the parties.

The forms of French society do not impose much restraint upon the actions of the husband, so that after marriage, if he is not pleased with the choice that has been made for him, he is not censured if he seek elsewhere the domestic enjoyment he fails to find at home. The young lady, on her part, being brought up under the strict watch of her parents and teachers, has passed her life in seclusion, partaking only in a limited degree of the amusements which charm the season of youth. She is glad to be married on almost any terms, for when she becomes a wife then is she mistress of her own actions; she is freed from her thralldom, and provided she is discreet, may indulge herself in a thousand freedoms, which she may have dreamed of, but never could have learned from books or the conversation of those under whose care she was placed.

The people of this country being descended from the English, have preserved almost all the domestic habits of their ancestors. They marry and give in marriage much after the same manner, with only such slight variation as would naturally be produced by the state of society of a country rising from a simple condition to one of opulence and luxury. The frequent domestic and public reunions which I have already mentioned bring the young often into intercourse with each other. They are there allowed to converse with entire freedom, without the presence of their parents or guardians; the young men speak without reserve, and the damsels, whose natural modesty checks the full flow of speech, make known their thoughts by nods or smiles or frowns, which pass current as language, being as well understood.

After the young people have continued this commerce a certain length of time, they then (to use the language of the country,) are *smitten*, and get up what is called a *flirtation*; when tired of this they then do what is called *fall in love*. The two first operations are very simple; the last is a little more complicated. It is performed by each of the parties becoming suddenly very reserved, especially toward each other; and this is greatest when the infatuation is most deeply seated. When they meet, instead of looking at each other

in the face, the lady casts her eyes down, while the gentleman puts his right hand to the left side of his waistcoat and shows his teeth. The motion is very pretty when gracefully done, and seldom fails of bringing a little color into the lady's face. After this, if perchance (their meetings are purely accidental,) they meet in the street, the gentleman walks by the young lady's side, being scrupulous not to touch even the hem of her garment, much less her person, and generally talks about the weather. These steps being taken, which are merely preliminaries to a crisis, the parties are heard to sigh whenever the name of either is pronounced; then the complaint has reached its height, and the friends consider it necessary to appear and take charge of the two sufferers.

The lovers, however, for fear of any improper interference, make matters secure by engaging themselves very soon after the sighing symptoms show themselves; so that when the friends come forth to aid by their counsel, they find the parties have got the start and have lightened the burden that pressed upon their hearts by joining hands and vowing to live and die together, let the parents, guardians or friends do what they will to prevent. After this, to display a reverential respect for their parents, their consent is asked to the union. This consent is seldom or never refused when they learn what has passed, and the marriage takes place as soon as the young man is in a condition to provide for a family; not unfrequently a little sooner. This is the common method in America of uniting young people, or rather of permitting them to act as their inclinations dictate; yet this very regularity creates displeasure with those of a lively disposition, and they sometimes complain that it is monotonous. Indeed this was my own impression, when a friend described to me the 'smiting,' the 'flirtation,' and the 'falling in love' operations, and I candidly confess I should not like to be a victim to all these ceremonies. In certain cases they resort to an expedient to avoid all this inconvenience, and it is a singular one. It is to get up a quarrel between the lovers, which is brought about by the interposition of kind friends.

When the young people have made progress in the preliminary measures, and the crisis seems still not near at hand, the nearest friends, with the most benevolent intentions, immediately begin to talk about the parties and make sinister remarks, which are thrown out in a manner so secret and confidential that they are sure to reach the ears of the couple in question in a short space of time. The effect is soon made visible by little fits of coolness; by giving to each other brief answers to questions, to which are added a few slight indications of jealousy if either of the party should pay marked attention to any other person. As the two become animated, the friends keep up the excitement by observations of a more pointed character, till at last the pair who once believed they lived only for each other are now upon the eve of an open rupture. The moment matters are brought to this juncture the wedding clothes are bespoken, for it is well understood by the knowing ones that a trifling explanation will remove all ill-feeling, and that they will be wanted

forthwith. It is a settled notion in this country that people in love are more fond of each other after they have tried their affection by the stimulating effect of a dainty little quarrel, skilfully managed by bosom friends.

In this way people become man and wife, and I must say, notwithstanding the singularity of the method by which the end is accomplished, the result is generally happy. The women are affectionate and amiable. They make good wives, and are devoted mothers, while the men are domestic in their habits and indulgent.

It does not become a wanderer, like myself, in search after truth, to condemn the usages of a country where he may chance to sojourn, but rather is it a duty to observe all things with candor, and make just allowance for the influence of local causes and the force of long-established habits.

*New-York, third day of the moon Ramadan, } —  
Year of the Hegira, 1260.*

#### Letter Tenth.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

SECLUDED though you are from the world, my dear Ahbmada, as well by studious habits as by the duties of your profession, it appears that the light of science has penetrated into your retreat, and that your mind is awakened from its repose to meditate on the discoveries which have been recently made by European astronomers. Your demand upon me for information shall be met with all the promptitude our mutual friendship inspires; yet I cannot avoid lamenting for your sake, that the task has not fallen upon one who to ardent zeal in the cause of science could add a more intimate acquaintance with its mysteries.

Astronomy is but partially taught among the Americans, and they are beholden to Europeans, not only for a knowledge of new discoveries, but for astronomical works wherein these discoveries are described; and what is equally serviceable, wherein speculation is set at work and deductions drawn which go far to enlarge our views of the CREATOR and the works of his hand. The communication between the two continents is now so very easy and regular that a few weeks only elapse before the public is in possession of all that is known abroad, and no time is ever lost in disseminating this knowledge throughout the whole extent of the land. What I am therefore about to convey to you is of course solely the result of reading, according to my opportunities; merely the transmission to you of the thoughts of others, even at times their own words; for of myself I know no form of language sufficiently elevated by which I can bring before you the thoughts that almost oppress my mind while contemplating these wonderful discoveries. There are timid persons who would discourage these speculations as unbecoming such feeble creatures as we are. So far from feeling littleness while I dwell on this exalted theme, I feel myself raised to a proud eminence at reflecting that I too make a part of this stupendous whole; and

nothing has a more powerful effect to raise my thoughts above sub-lunary things than the belief that I am found worthy of the place I fill, with permission humbly to hope that I may become qualified to move hereafter in a higher sphere.

By improvements in the construction of telescopes, the penetrating power is increased to twenty-eight and a half, which means that by the instrument one may descry a star twenty-eight and a half times farther off than it can be seen by the naked eye. This has enabled astronomers to discover a matter or rather modification of matter wholly distinct from stars; a thin filmy substance diffused through the stellar intervals, and spreading over regions so immense that its magnitude, or the space it fills, is absolutely inconceivable. This filmy substance is called *nebulæ*. These masses in an amorphous state give strong indications of condensation and of taking upon themselves form, and that form nearly round. A tendency is perceived in these masses to detach themselves and reunite in central bodies with increased light toward the centre, and these bodies give early indications of moving in elliptical paths; at last they do move in elliptical orbits. This change cannot be marked in the progress of any one particular object, but by the disposition of isolated masses to proceed onward to a certain known structure. This structure is round, and the discovery of the ultimate condition is made by viewing detached parts which go to form a circle. The lines of a curve may be presented to us in separate parts; by a union of these parts a circle is complete. In like manner a portion of *nebulæ* may form itself into a line having a certain curve, another portion may form itself into a curve of the same dimensions, so as to be adapted to the continuation of a circle, and so of other portions, all isolated till the whole is finished. In this way astronomers are founded in asserting that the whole of a circle is in the progress of formation, when they see the separate parts which are to be adapted to each other to make the whole.

These detached parts, seemingly of no use, are not made in vain. Every thing is made for an end. No part of creation exists merely as a *means*; every thing is an *end* to itself; and even in shapeless masses there is a systematic relationship which will draw together each particle of matter and adjust it to its neighbor. This amorphous substance may bear within it, laid up in its dark bosom, the germs, the producing power of life, which will bud forth in coming ages. And we must not be incredulous, by reason of our inability to witness the progress of *nebulæ* through all its changes, till stars are formed; for the life of man, ay, even countless ages, are not sufficient to make us see the regular progress and ultimate result. There is a creature called the *ephemeron* which lives and dies in one short hour; yet this creature is in the presence of all the phenomena of vegetable growth; it may see trees and flowers, but how could it or its generation actually observe their progress of development? In relation to the *nebulæ*, man is only an *ephemeron*. How many of the beings which are born, breathe and die, can learn the progress of the

majestic pine? Can man expect to learn of the changes of the *nebulæ*?

You and I may well be startled, and be slow in believing these wonderful truths; yet supposing the phenomena mentioned did unfold the long growth of worlds, where is the difference between that growth and the progress of the humblest leaf, from its seed to its organization. The thought that one single law of attraction operating upon diffused matter may have produced all those stars which gild the heavens, great as it is, is not different from the growth of an evanescent plant. The growth of a world does not show a more astonishing process or a mightier power than in the formation of a plant. We are not rendered credulous by the *nature*, but overwhelmed by the *magnitude* of the work.

From the preceding remarks it will appear that our sun has had its origin in a vague nebulous mass; and from the discoveries of modern times, it is shown that *it has not yet quite escaped its original nebulous character*, but is still rather in the condition of a nebulous body, notwithstanding its great effulgence. The very act of the condensation of the gaseous matter before noticed, as it flows toward a central district, necessitates the commencement of a process which is rotatory, like the *dimple* or whirlpool caused by the meeting of two streams. An excess of the centrifugal force over that of the power of central attraction has an effect to create an outer ring, and to throw off particles. A grindstone may be made to revolve with a rapidity sufficient to cause splinters to fly from its rim and even the whole rim to break in pieces. Now if the rim instead of being formed of brittle stone, had consisted of an elastic belt, say of caoutchouc, what would result in such a case? Clearly a separation of the ring from the mass of the rotating body; it would expand somewhat, just as the orbit of a planet in a similar position; and if other circumstances permitted, it would revolve round the stone as a separate ring at a distance where the balance or equilibrium of the forces would be restored. As the ring continues in motion its velocity increases whenever any of its parts become detached, which they do, and ultimately form distinct planets, like those which revolve round the sun of our firmament.

Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, are now single globes, broken off from revolving rings. And our sun too is formed from the dim *nebulæ* we have spoken of; order grows within him by the effect of law, and he illumines and sustains the worlds which gradually spring into being. Some have uneasy feelings at the idea of a process by which *progress* is substituted for *creation*, law for *providence*; let them know their fears are groundless. Law is of itself not a substantive or independent power; is never separated from connection with an *arranger*, a first cause, an unorigina ed, upheld order.

You will have perceived that the *nebulæ* hypothesis is the true key to the mystery of the origin and destiny of things. In the heavens, as every where else, all things are in a state of change and

*progress*, and if they dissolve, it is only that they may be renewed under new forms.

I have thus, my dear Ahhmad, given as concisely as possible an outline of the marvellous discoveries that have recently been made by the labor of astronomers. I am sure you will agree with me that no one can hear of them without having his thoughts enlarged and elevated by the grandeur of the subject. There may be some plausibility in imagining that the substances which compose the earth are made and fashioned by the sole agency of chemical combination, for we see the operations of Nature going on before us; but it requires an effort of the mind to conceive a system of things beyond our vision; that we can have knowledge of, only by means of one of the senses; a mass of matter whose immeasurable distance forbids an approach, and even if we were within reach of, would elude our grasp; all slowly and by an invisible power moulding itself into forms and bearing on it the germs of life. Yet here the understanding is brought to yield its correction by the force of evidence. Neither mineralogy, chemistry, nor geology, wonderful as they are, nor all the operations of physical science put together, have the effect to produce ideas so exalted of Omnipotence as these discoveries of astronomy. Nothing in earthly wisdom can tend more to raise our thoughts to a *Great First Cause, a mighty Arranger, a wonderful Power, the Author of law and order, the Originator, Up-holder and Mover.*

While I write these lines, intelligence comes to me of other and more wonderful discoveries being made by a newly-invented telescope of most extraordinary magnifying power. It goes farther than any other yet made in sounding the depths of ether and the extensive fields of sidereal matter out of which worlds and systems of worlds are forming and to be formed. The discoveries made by this telescope do not destroy the hypothesis of the gradual condensation of nebulous matter into suns and planets, but leaves farther research to reduce to a greater degree of certainty the mode by which this is accomplished. Much of the nebulous matter formerly discovered, and which was supposed to be the substance from which worlds were formed by rotary motion, are by this improved telescope proved to be distinct stars. Yet while, by the power of this instrument, that which was called nebulous matter is found to be composed of distinct parts or stars, by the same power new nebulae are discovered, which are subjected to the same process in the formation of new systems of suns and planets with their satellites; universes in the progress of arrangement! And so far from invalidating entirely the rotary system of matter, as some persons suppose, this instrument aids in strengthening the belief that in strictness there is no one fixed star in the heavens: all the starry systems are in motion.

In the solar system are seen fragments of planets, asteroids as they are called, occupying the place of a larger body; and in the direction of their annual and diurnal motions is recognised the



result of a grand creative movement by which the sun with its revolving atmosphere has cast off, as it were by successive throes, the various bodies of the system subsequently contracted into planets and a sun.

These new discoveries give increased force to the desire to find the central point of attraction ; some single body of great magnitude, or the clustering of a great number of stars uniting into one condensed group, which has the power of moving with regularity the various bodies that fill the universe. This wished-for result has not yet been produced by this instrument, the most powerful that has as yet been contrived ; still it leads farther than man has hitherto advanced ; and while its discoveries fill the mind with new wonder, will without doubt stimulate human ingenuity to make farther exertions to arrive at the desired knowledge.

It is impossible to read these accounts of the formation of suns and planets from a seemingly inert mass, without acknowledging a superintending Spirit, a benevolent and wise DEITY. No one can think of this constantly operating power, without seeing that his own existence and destiny are upheld and guided by laws which conduce to happiness. Here presents itself the true object of adoration and worship. The BEING whom we see has made and is still making all things, who upholds us in the place he has assigned to us on earth, who shows us the means to endow our minds with useful knowledge, and who gives us laws to direct us in the way to happiness, is the CREATOR and DISPOSER, who should receive our humble reverence and the outpouring of our hearts.

There was a time when it was believed the world started into existence by the sole fiat of the ALMIGHTY, out of nothing, and it was considered impious to cast a doubt on the fact. We now see good men not only discard this belief, but prove that the world was formed from preëxisting matter, and has reached its present condition by an extremely slow but regular process ; that in its progress toward its present state it has undergone many changes, and the parts of which it is composed have more than once been entirely deranged, modified and afterward reëstablished into order. All this has happened, men's opinions have changed, yet they are not less pious than they were before.

May not the day arrive, O Ahhmad ! when we may permit ourselves to consider the method of our *own* creation ; when, without the fear of being thought presumptuous, we may attempt to discover how human beings are made and how the vital principle is put into them ? It is no more irreverent to scan the ways of the DEITY on one subject than on another. We ransack the bowels of the earth in search of Nature's mysteries, and we range infinite space to seek the CREATOR there. We know the substances that compose our bodies ; are acquainted with the workings of the organs and faculties within us ; but the life-giving power, the vital principle which sets all in motion, is yet beyond our ken. Shall we ever find it ?

*New-York, 5th day of the Moon Ramadan, }  
Year of the Hegira, 1260. }*

**Letter Eleventh.**

FROM ABD' ALLAH OMAR, TO SEYD AHMED EL HAJI, CHIEF SECRETARY OF THE CADEE AT CAIRO.

IN the course of our correspondence, dear Ahhmad, I have taken occasion to remark to you that the inhabitants of this city, indeed I may say of the whole country, are naturally of a serious turn of mind; in fact I am not sure that I have not represented them as being rather dull. This is not strictly true, for on subjects relating to their private concerns they are remarkably quick-witted, and perceive whatever is for their advantage in the twinkling of an eye. You must therefore understand me to mean that they are calm in demeanor and deliberate in their conclusions. If they have ships to fit out, or merchandise to dispose of, they arrange their bargains with the greatest skill; estimate the profits or chance of loss in the most exact manner; pull their turbans over their eyes and scratch their heads with all the earnestness men usually show when they are absorbed in thought; their conversation too has little or no gayety in it; within doors or without, they are a sedate people, whom you would at once say it was very difficult to excite. With all these external signs of sobriety, you will be perfectly astonished to learn they are the most hot-headed, fiery race of beings you ever read of. Certain things set them in a blaze, and then they want to fight all mankind. Often too they are most violent upon subjects that no way concern them, and seem most bent on interfering where their meddling will do most harm.

It happened a few years since that the inhabitants of a neighboring territory were discontented with their rulers and broke out into open rebellion. The dispute was purely local. The people of this country had no precise knowledge of the cause, and were not called upon by either party to take sides in the contest; yet no sooner did it come to their ears that civil discord had commenced, than they held meetings, made violent speeches against the rulers, and passed votes that the inhabitants were right and their governors wrong. And to show their sympathy with a people who did not ask their assistance, flocked in crowds with arms in their hands to fight against those who had never done them the slightest harm. What is still quite wonderful, a large number of these foreign subjects, for whose benefit the Americans were about to risk their lives, were of a different religion, language and manners, and hated the Americans with a cordial hatred.

The rebellion was quelled after several battles, in which many of the sympathizers were killed and many were taken prisoners; the survivors came back, resumed their usual quiet occupations, waiting the return of another belligerent fit. The Holy Prophet strengthen us! if this people have much gravity of character, they have an odd way of showing it. Several adventurers of the United States, whose health required change of air, or for some other motive, wandered once into a foreign state on the southern border, and there made settlements. Their number greatly increased, as the

climate was healthy and the soil fertile; so much so, that they became powerful; while at the same time the sovereign of their new abode being quite weak, they considered it very proper to take possession of a large quantity of his land, calling it their own by what they termed 'the right of occupancy;' which means that it was theirs because they happened to live upon it. The foreign sovereign made a few slight attempts to recover his possessions, but without success; when the Americans lost no time in declaring themselves independent, began forthwith to exercise the usual rights of sovereignty, such as seizing upon every thing that lay in their way, beside claiming a great deal that lay out of their way, and did what rulers are fond of doing, borrowed large sums of money, leaving the lenders to be paid by Posterity; a personage who seldom or never remembers the promises of his predecessors. They continued in this condition several years, their numbers increasing by the accession of new adventurers, in the same state of health, who wanted land on the same terms, and who, having gone from the old country in debt, were very willing to run in debt again in the new. This state of things was however too prosperous to last; the original inhabitants had been robbed of their land so effectually that nothing was left to rob, and no persons could be found willing to lend more money to those who referred them for payment to one unknown to the oldest inhabitant. In short, the adventurers found they could no longer continue as an independent state. All this time the people of the United States were looking with a wishful eye upon this vast territory. They did not pretend to have any right to it, yet as they already owned much more land than they knew what to do with, it was thought wise to take still more, for the laudable purpose of '*developing moral energy*,' '*carrying out great principles*,' and such like reasons as should convince others that they were not rapacious.

The first step toward producing the desired end was made by putting themselves into a violent passion, and showing a readiness to quarrel. The original owner of the territory in question could only bluster, so he was bullied. Other powers across the Atlantic were threatened with war if they presumed to interfere, although by the way they had an equal right so to do, and the whole of the American nation was thrown into a most blood-thirsty attitude, waiting for some power against which they might direct their attacks. Unfortunately for their valor, no such power appeared; none wanted the territory in question, to be burdened with its debts and the motley train which constituted the inhabitants; and the whole affair now rests in suspense, waiting the action of the government of this country to decide what they shall do with the territory after it comes into their possession. You will say there was no necessity of flying into a passion about this, but I must answer that the people of America believe it to be the best way of beginning their negotiations.

I must mention another occurrence, which shows the predominate spirit of this nation, and which arose in the conduct of a ne-

gotiation about certain boundaries between it and a friendly power. The two governments understood the subject perfectly well, and proceeded in a cool manner to discuss their respective claims, with an avowed determination to bring the matter to an amicable conclusion as soon as possible. As soon as the negotiation commenced, indeed some time before, this people gave evident signs of impatience; and without stopping to enter into the full merit of the question, or giving time to the two negotiators to explain themselves, called out loudly for war, although at the time the government had not an army large enough to man all the forts, or a dollar in the treasury. Such was their desire for fight, that they were willing to begin a friendly discussion by giving battle; expecting that afterward they should feel in a peaceful humor, and be able to resume the negotiation with more calmness. During the continuance of this threatening aspect, the other party gave no just ground of offence.

The controversy was at last terminated in as quiet a way as the negotiation was commenced, and this belligerent spirit evaporated in a way so singular that I must enter into its description; this I am able to do by knowledge obtained from a friend who was permitted to witness the proceedings. They took the foreign negotiator, who by the way was a great lord in his own country, and put him into a room in a large house in the middle of the city; then they allowed the inhabitants to enter this room one by one, and each person as he passed the ambassador gave him a hearty shake. When they thought the good man was sufficiently shaken, the next operation was to carry him to another house, where he was fed with all the delicacies the land could produce. At intervals one of the company would rise and praise him for his skill in conducting his part of the negotiation, and by way of giving him a signal mark of their respect, they cast a marked indignity on the name of their own chief ruler. ALLAH akbar! (God is most great!) this is a wonderful people! Peaceably-disposed persons imagined, after this excitement, the nation would be glad to rest; and so it would, if another subject had not lately arisen, which though of moderate import, may be made a bone of contention.

At an immense distance toward the west, beyond what till now was regarded as the true limits of the United States, lies a territory hundreds of thousands of square miles in extent, inhabited entirely by savages and wild animals. The Americans claim all this region, chiefly on the ground that it makes part of the continent, and partly because they have a great desire to possess it. The English also lay claim to a certain portion, based upon a treaty they made with Spain before the United States had any pretension to the territory in question. They do not insist upon the right of sovereignty, but for the purposes of trade desire to exercise a right of joint occupancy, which they believe they are justified in asking by a variety of reasons which they set forth. The Americans have never an idea of taking less than the whole of any thing; of course they decline admitting the English on any terms, while at the same time

they claim still more land which joins, and which they did not think of before the discussion arose.

Now the whole matter can be settled without a quarrel, and negotiations are going on between persons well qualified for the purpose ; so that if they are left in quietness the affair can be arranged to mutual satisfaction, and each party have millions of acres of land beyond what they will ever know what to do with. For fear however that the negotiators will not be active, and for the laudable purpose of stimulating them, the usual cry of 'War!' is raised, and the rulers are called upon to assume a very warlike attitude, although it is well known they have not means to carry on war six months.

By these and other methods the people of these United States contrive to keep themselves under great agitation, notwithstanding that in the daily routine of common life they exhibit a deal of gravity. When extraordinary occasions arise, they think it becoming to lay aside their habitual way of acting, get up a high steam of fury first, and decide afterward. They imagine that a gust of passion clears the intellect, and that the greater the rage the cooler the reason.

I know not how to account for these sudden outbreaks of passion, which are perceptible in persons who are habitually calm, without supposing that even with an amiable character one may possess ill feelings, which are held in reserve for special purposes. My reflection on this point receives a happy illustration from a tale of the Arabian poet Antar, which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing.

When God finished creating the earth, which Satan regarded in the hope of possessing it for himself, he determined to give creation a master. He therefore formed man in his own image, transmitted to him the breath of life by touching his forehead with his finger, showed him the garden of Eden, which he was to inhabit, named the animals which were to be subject to him, made known the fruits he was to nourish himself with, and then passed away to sow those thousands of worlds which fill infinite space. God had hardly departed when Satan entered, to have a nearer view of man, who, fatigued with his creation, had fallen into a profound sleep. He examined man in all his details with malignant attention, which was augmented by beholding the perfection of his form and the matchless harmony of all the parts ; still he could do him no physical harm, for the Spirit of God watched over him. He was about to go away in despair, seeing he was not able to possess the body and destroy the soul, when he bethought him to touch man lightly with the end of his finger. Having felt some time, he came to the breast, which on touching gave forth a hollow sound. 'Ah!' said he with exultation, 'here is an empty space. I will fill it with passions.'

*New-York, eighteenth day of the Moon Ramadan, }  
Year of the Hegira, 1260.*

## S T A N Z A S : N E V E R F E A R .

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

## I.

In the journey of life never falter nor fear,  
Though danger may threaten an ambush of woes ;  
If plainly the pathway of duty appear,  
Right on ! though it lead through a forest of foes.

## II.

The clouds that loom up in the distance so cold,  
Are blessings there falling in silvery showers ;  
And the vales far away, now so drear to behold,  
Will change as you near them to vistas of flowers.

## III.

Yet should welkin and landscape but deepen the gloom  
They wore at the first, as the distant you win ;  
Why then let gay Hope, like the fire-fly, illumine  
The gloom of the outward with beams from within.

## IV.

And ponder not solely of Self as you go,  
For thousands, your brothers, move on by your side ;  
Have a smile for their gladness, a tear for their wo,  
A shame in their weakness, a pride in their pride.

## V.

Lend a hand to the feeble that totters to fall,  
Speak cheer to the weary, o'erburthened with care,  
From youth's eager lip snatch the chalice of gall,  
From beauty's charmed footfall the myrtle-wreathed snare.

## VI.

Let us strive, though of dust unto dust to return,  
As the flower to the sod whence it sprang to the day,  
That all yet to traverse life's desert may learn  
Our course by the roses we left on the way.

## VII.

Though rugged the pathway and darkened the goal,  
With Hope for the future and Conscience the past,  
Never fear, never doubt in the depths of the soul,  
That spite of fate all will be well at the last !

## THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF 1688.

BY A STUDENT OF HISTORY.

THERE can be no more worthy undertaking than the defence of good men who have passed from the earth and can no longer defend themselves. There is a liability that as freedom of opinion becomes prevalent, it should be perverted to captious censures of comparatively trivial faults in noble characters. We have lately heard some of the noblest leaders in our own Revolution publicly assailed; and if these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? If while their forms are hardly mingled with their mother earth; while we can almost see their venerable countenances among us, the voice of disparagement begins to be heard, what must we expect when the fresh remembrance of their noble deeds shall have somewhat faded from the minds of men? It is becoming the duty of every man who loves his country and the memory of her departed worthies, to maintain inviolate the fame of the latter in which is so deeply concerned the honor of the former. With the hope of casting some reflex influence in favor of the founders of our own liberties, we have attempted the defence of a Revolution based upon the same great principles with that which delivered our country from an ignominious oppression. We are not unaware that far abler pens have been employed upon this topic; but our feeble effort may possibly act the part of the ancient *pædagogus* in conducting the reader to an investigation of higher authorities. Our aim will have been attained if we shall succeed in exciting a new interest in one of the most important eras of English history.

The prime end of government is defined by the best living essayist to be the protection of the persons and property of men. If this be so; if kings do not rule by divine right; if the final cause of all government be not the greatest happiness of those in authority, then is there a certain degree of peril to the public rights and liberties, which will justify a revolution.

This principle will hold good with respect to every possible obligation of obedience, social as well as civil. It is the duty of a child in general to obey his parents. But circumstances may justify him in opposing, nay even taking the life of that parent. It is the duty of a sailor or soldier to obey his captain. But cruelty may, and often does justify resistance. In ecclesiastical affairs, it is probably the duty of suffragans and laymen to obey their primate. Yet some very good churchmen have lately proceeded to the frightful extremity of deposition. Indeed, not the most bigoted stickler for the *jure divinum* prerogative and passive obedience, can fail to perceive that by certain excesses of tyranny society is virtually resolved into its original elements, and may proceed, on the strength of first principles, to the modification or erection of a government.

The question before us then must depend mainly on this inquiry: Had James so far perilled the liberties of England, as to justify the invitation extended to William and Mary?

It should be remembered at the outset, that the English people had been so shamed and chagrined by the follies and vices of the court of the Second Charles, that in their exultation at delivery from that contemptible libertine, they were ready to endure much from James. 'It is probable,' says Hume, concerning James, 'that had he used his dispensing power without declaring it, no inquiries would have been made, and time would have reconciled the nation to this dangerous exercise of his prerogative.' Again, he says, 'The nation seemed disposed of themselves to resign their liberties, had he not at the same time made an attempt upon their religion; and he might even have succeeded in surmounting at once both their liberties and their religion, had he proceeded with common prudence and discretion.' It was a nation so drunk with loyalty, and debased into such slavish sentiments of passive obedience, that the tyranny of James in four short years succeeded in rousing to madness.

The simple fact of his known religious faith, when we consider the amazingly proselyting spirit of that faith, might well have been considered strong *prima-facie* evidence of his designs. 'Among all the paradoxes in politics which have been advanced by some among us,' says one of Addison's Freeholders, thirty years later, 'there is none so absurd and shocking to the most ordinary understanding, as that it is possible for Great-Britain to be quietly governed by a Popish sovereign.' Again, among the ridiculous *credenda* which he has put into the mouths of the Tories, is this: 'That we may safely rely upon the promises of one whose religion allows him to make them, and at the same time allows him to break them.' The second of the two resolutions transmitted by the Commons to the Lords, just after the departure of James to France, expresses their anxiety for the Protestant faith, which every Englishman considered part and parcel of his liberties. The Commons resolve 'that experience had shown it to be inconsistent with the safety and welfare of the Protestant religion to be governed by a Popish prince.' Experience was their only guide. 'But,' says De Lingard, (whose bigotted Catholicism enhances the value of his unwilling testimony,) 'his (James') was a mind on which the lessons of experience were thrown away.'

The undissembled and violent efforts of James for the establishment of Papacy were so numerous that we are at a loss where to begin the list. It shall however be arranged nearly chronologically. There is no necessity here for Cicero's admonition, '*Memento quodam dispensare.*' Every outrage would claim the precedence in such an arrangement. First however His Majesty contrived to reap a share of infamy from purely secular matters.

The first object of the king on his accession was money. He thought fit to leave the souls of his heretical subjects in quiet peril, without the pale of the church, until he had bestowed due care upon their worldly goods. The Parliament grant to Charles the Second, of half the excise and the entire customs, had expired at his death.



But James, though dissuaded by his most prudent advisers, chose to take the advice of that imbecile, cowardly savage, George Lord Jeffries, and ordered the levy of the usual duties, till the sitting of the next parliament. 'That such a measure was illegal,' says Lingard, 'did not admit of doubt.' 'The grant was now expired,' says Hume, 'nor had the successor any right to levy these branches of revenue.' Lingard's Catholicism often biassed his judgment in favor of James. Hume's tory prejudices were such as could lead him to find an apology for Charles' part in the infamous execution of Sidney. Such testimony from such witnesses, Whately tells us, is the strongest that can be offered. We pass by the open and insolent procession of James to the Mass. This transaction, even had it not been a flagrant violation of the laws of England, might still, when his motives for temporizing were considered, have well raised suspicions of the obstinate determination of the king. But he did not long content himself with mere insults.

As if to fill up the measure of these, however, before advancing farther, an ambassador was despatched to Rome to make humble submission to the Pope, and implicitly to offer His Holiness the services of the English people. So fool-hardy did this appear, that Innocent, who had just shown his spirit and courage by an obstinate contest with the most powerful sovereign in Europe, shrank from encouraging James, and 'prudently advised him,' says Hume, 'not to be too precipitate in his measures, nor rashly attempt what repeated experience might convince him was impracticable.'

His Majesty now turned his attention, despite of admonition, to the favorite scheme of his whole life. The Test Act was in the way. But suddenly the torturing, burning spirit of Popery appeared in the strange garb of toleration. James thought it oppressive that any of his dear people should be excluded from office for so small a matter as their religious belief. He wished for universal liberty of conscience. He had no desire that the Catholic faith should be exalted above that of the National Church; not the least, but only that they might be allowed toleration.

And he proceeded to illustrate his principles, and to prove his sincerity, by introducing four Catholic lords into the privy-council; by taking the privy-seal from Halifax and giving it to one of those lords; by giving to Bellasis Rochester's place in the treasury; Rochester, against whom his Majesty declared he had no objection but his faith; by forcing Sunderland to choose between his religion and his office; by dismissing Clarendon, the best friend he ever had; by sending a second solemn embassy to the Pope, and receiving His Holiness' nuncio at Windsor, although by act of Parliament all communication with the court of Rome was declared treason; by the public consecration of four Catholic bishops; by committing the entire government of Ireland to the most bigoted Catholics; 'by transferring,' to use Hume's words, 'every great office in England, civil and military, from the hands of the Protestants;' by reëstablishing the High Commission Court, a monument of the shame of England, even when used in defence of the national faith; by prosecuting

before that court the Bishop of London for refusing to violate his ordination vows; by attempting to force the University of Cambridge to confer degrees on a Benedictine; by violently imposing a Catholic president upon Magdalen College at Oxford; and to cap the climax in this long array of proofs, by the prosecution of the seven bishops.

The superlative insolence as well as the injustice of this last transaction renders it worthy of a particular notice. 'When the changes in the secret councils of the king,' says Sir James Mackintosh, in the introduction to his vivid account of this affair, 'had rendered them most irreconcilable to the national sentiments, and the general discontent produced by progressive encroachment had quietly grown into disaffection, nothing was wanting to the most unfortunate result of such an alienation, but that an infatuated government should exhibit to the public thus disposed, one of those tragic spectacles of justice violated, of religion menaced, of innocence oppressed, of unarmed dignity outraged, with all the conspicuous solemnities of abused law, in the persons of men of exalted rank and venerated functions, who encounter wrongs and indignities with mild intrepidity.' Sir James is not horror-struck without good cause. It was quite enough that a statute, which had been held inviolate till it seemed sacred in the eyes of Englishmen, should be wantonly set aside. It was quite enough, that, after a year's intermission, the obnoxious declaration should be obstinately republished. But, when not content with insult, the king proceeded to injury; when an imperious order was issued for reading the humiliation of the National Church from her own sacred desks; when the venerable primate and six of his suffragans were sent to ignominious confinement in the Tower; the tide of commotion swelled to the breaking, and the king found reason to rejoice that he might, by the mercy of English vengeance, end his days at St. Germaine, and not like his father, on a scaffold, in front of Whitehall.

Indeed, His Majesty seems to have been possessed with a strange infatuation touching the attachment of the English people to their church. He could remember how, when released from the tyranny of his father, they had quietly compromised the interests of the establishment, under the vigorous but glorious reign of the Protector. He had seen how, when released from that iron rule, they had hooted all of the church but its outward forms from their midst in a national debauch; and he fondly hoped that a people who had quietly surrendered their faith, once to the Roundheads and again to the strumpets, might, by the change of a few articles of belief, and a very few external forms, return to the communion of the venerable Mother Church. But he forgot that transient freaks of caprice, or even of impiety, are no better tests for the character of a nation than for that of an individual; and above all, that men will often willingly grant what they never will surrender to violence. It was to no purpose that the king asseverated his simple design of toleration. The rabble in the streets could not be so imposed upon. All trifling differences lost their interest, and the stern spirit of the yeomen, and

the liberal heart of the tradesmen, and the blunt patriotism of the fox-hunting gentry, who had long stood faithful to the family of the king, and the obstinacy of Cambridge with even the obsequiousness of Oxford, and the loyalty of the Commons, and the pride of the Lords, combined to inform the king in an audible voice that all other ties are gossamer to that of a common peril. 'This,' says Lingard, (and it little matters whether in earnest or in irony,) 'filled up the measure of his offences.' Had Mr. Fox lived to complete his thrilling Fragment, the eloquence which was warmed by the judicial murder of Sidney should have glowed to an intense flame. The indignation of the amiable Mackintosh was, as we have seen, wrought to its pitch. But no historian has yet done justice to the conduct of James. The patience of even patient Englishmen could endure no longer. Patience was becoming perfidy to themselves and their children. The king had been filling the vials of wrath from his very accession.

We have heard of the inexorable tyranny of the Conqueror. We have read of the iron despotism of Henry the Second and Henry the Eighth, and the imperious rule of Elizabeth, and the fool-hardy aggressions of Charles the First. But never, we believe, has the utmost ingenuity of English kingcraft contrived to pack so many point-blank insults to their constitution into the brief space of forty-five months.

The heir apparent to the throne had been educated, after the strictest sect of his religion, a Papist. James was known to be on terms of the most suspicious intimacy with Louis of France, a monarch whose practice was first the church, then the people. The English nation knew the temper of Catholic princes. They had heard of the devotedness of Philip the Second; of Maximilian of Bavaria, whose Jesuit teachers swayed his sceptre as they did their own crosiers; of Ferdinand the Second, perilling his crown for his faith; of Sigismund, renouncing his crown for his faith. With such examples staring them in the face, it had been worse than madness to delay. After having, in a crisis which would have justified a radical change in the line of succession, contented themselves with simply passing along that line to the first worthy man in it, it is too much that the authors of the Revolution should be now arraigned for not obviating the most appalling dangers without infringing upon a single feature of the government.

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HOPE: A FRAGMENT.

As the bright sun with cheerful light  
Breaks forth upon the glade,  
And makes the dew-drops sparkle bright,  
Along the shining blade;  
Let Hope vouchsafe a sweet reprieve  
To all thy bosom's fears,  
Add lustre to thy light of eve,  
And sunshine to its tears.

F. W. S.

## THE GHOST-PLAYER: A BALLAD.

BY JOHN O. SART.

I.

Tom Goodwin was an actor man,  
 'Old Drury's' pride and boast  
 In all the light and sprite-ly parts,  
 Especially the Ghost.

II.

Now Tom was very fond of drink,  
 Of almost every sort,  
 Comparative and positive,  
 From porter up to port.

III.

But grog, like 'grief,' is fatal stuff  
 For any man to sup;  
 For when it fails to pull him down,  
 It's sure to 'blow him up.'

IV.

And so it fared with ghostly Tom,  
 Who day by day was seen  
 A-swellin', 'till (as lawyers say)  
 He fairly 'lost his lean.'

V.

At length the manager observed  
 'He'd better leave his post,'  
 And said, 'he played the very dense  
 Whene'er he played the Ghost.'

VI.

'T was only 't other night he saw  
 A 'loafer' swing his hat,  
 And heard him cry, 'By all the gods!  
 The Ghost is getting fat!'

VII.

'T would never do, the case was plain;  
 His eyes he could n't shut:  
 Ghosts should n't make the people laugh,  
 And Tom was quite a butt.'

VIII.

Tom's actor-friends said ne'er a word  
 To cheer his drooping heart;  
 Though more than one was burning up  
 With zeal to 'take his part.'

IX.

Tom argued very plausibly;  
 He said he did n't doubt  
 That HAMLET's father drank and grew,  
 In years, a little 'stout.'

X.

'And so, 't was natural,' he said,  
 'And quite a proper plan,  
 To have his spirit represent  
 A portly sort of man.'

XI.

'T was all in vain; the manager  
 Said he was not in sport,  
 And, like a gen'ral, bade poor Tom  
 Surrender up his forte.

XII.

'He'd do perhaps, in 'heavy parts';  
 Might answer for a Monk,  
 Or porter to the Elephant,  
 To carry round his trunk:

XIII.

'But in the Ghost, his day was past —  
 He'd never do for that;  
 A Ghost might just as well be dead  
 As plethoric and fat!'

XIV.

Alas! next day poor Tom was found  
 As stiff as any post;  
 For when he lost 'his character,'  
 He soon 'gave up the Ghost!'

## THE REIGN OF THE PEOPLE.

## NUMBER TWO.

HENRI Graubner was a native of Lyons. His father was a member of that anomalous body, the Parliament of Paris, in the year 1756. On the day when Louis the Fifteenth came down to the Hall of Assembly, and 'in a bed of justice' commanded them to register his arbitrary edicts against the Jansenists, he resigned his place. He thus incurred the displeasure of the sovereign, and speedily suffered in the confiscation of his estates. With the little which he contrived to rescue from the general wreck of his patrimony, he retired to Lyons, and sought occupation and support in trade. He never returned to public life, but in his last days he found a rare delight in infusing into the mind of his son his own principles, and striving to implant in his breast a personal and vindictive hatred of the royal family.

The exclusiveness of the Great had already at this time been compelled to relax; and it was not surprising therefore that the youth descended from a family originally noble should have been received on familiar terms at the chateau of the Count de Chabotte. In his boyhood he was the play-mate of Auguste, and his rival in every manly exercise. When they were separated by the departure of Auguste to study in a German University, Henri found in the daughter of the baron a companion. They were nearly of the same age, and in the innocence of youth they frolicked and chatted together without restraint. But as their understandings developed, a vague suspicion simultaneously entered their minds, at first to mar and then to interrupt their frank intercourse; and so it was not long before Emilie discovered that her feelings were fast becoming enlisted too warmly in her handsome and manly associate. This discovery gave her infinite pain, both on her own account and on his. Carefully trained, and being much loved by her father, she had imperceptibly imbibed his intensely loyal spirit, and felt all his reverence for high lineal descent. Being possessed of self-respect in an eminent degree by nature, its union with the family pride of education rendered her haughty and sometimes even supercilious. It may readily be conceived then that she could regard with little complacency a suitor whose house in its palmy days had never been on an equality with hers, and now could hardly resent the title of plebeian. She endeavored therefore to stifle the rising sentiment in her bosom, and the change in her deportment which followed awoke Henri to his attachment and its hopelessness. Nature had bestowed on him all that ardor of passion which usually accompanies a generous spirit, while no early discipline had given him its control.

Mingled wrath and sorrow now agitated his impetuous bosom,

but his ire was directed chiefly against the monarch whose grandfather had ruined his house. Amid this storm of contending emotions, with no purpose but escape from the scenes of his unhappiness, he had come up to Paris. The unsettled state of the capital was ill-calculated to restore his mental equilibrium, but his excited feelings found some relief in exhausting his energy against the government. He soon became influential in some of the affiliated clubs of the Jacobins, and in the year 1791 he ventured to raise his voice in the parent society. At the time we encounter him on the eve of the tenth of August, in his garret, awaiting the rising of the communes, his long-continued and morbid excitement was at its height, and threatened, if not diverted or checked, to eventuate in permanent derangement.

We have heard his voice in the Jacobins, crying for the death of the king. Nerved by the fell purpose of regicide, he was among the foremost in the attack on the palace, and performed exploits to which in his calmer mood he had been utterly incompetent. In the confusion of the struggle, having struck down with his own hand one of the most intrepid of the Swiss guards, whose heroism on that day will never be forgotten, he forced his way into the Tuilleries, and found himself in that long and elegant suite of chambers, where the luxurious gayeties of the court had so often been displayed. It led directly to the private apartments of the queen. The last military defenders of the doors had fallen, but there still remained some of the faithful royalists, who early in the day had gathered around the king, and who had lingered in the palace after his departure to the Assembly.

While Henri was bursting into every apartment, with the determination of killing the king, though he sacrificed himself upon the swords of his attendants, a side-door from an ante-chamber opened, and an old noble passed out. Without a moment's deliberation or inquiry, the insurgent, enraged by his ineffectual search for his destined victim, struck at him with his pike. Thus attacked, the veteran drew his sword, and they clashed arms at once. The skill and energy of the noble was impaired by age, but the rashness with which the younger assailant exposed himself rendered the contest for a long time doubtful. It was at the moment when Henri, who had received a cut in his sword-arm, had collected himself for a decisive attack, and the baron's failing strength had begun to yield to the onset, that the door by which he had entered was violently thrown back, and a fair girl rushed in. It was Emille, the daughter of the baron. Her quick ear had caught the sharp clang of weapons, and in an agony of apprehension she had ventured to follow him. As she saw at a glance his faltering condition, she threw herself between the combatants, and falling before the foe, she besought him to spare her parent. But what!—could it be? In the begrimed and bloody desperado whom she supplicated did she behold him whose features pride and time and absence had in vain striven to efface from her soul! He saw her; he staggered back; the pallor

of death overspread his face ; his arm dropped nerveless, and with a faint cry, ' Emilie ! ' he sank apparently lifeless on the floor.

When he recovered his consciousness he found himself still lying on the marble pavement, but there were now corpses around him, and it was evident that a sanguinary struggle had taken place over his body, and that he had been regarded as dead by both parties. Bound lightly about his clotted forehead was a lady's handkerchief. He took it off ; as he did so, a paper dropped from the folds. He took it up. It simply said : ' They have broken down the gates. I must leave you. God have mercy on you ! ' He rose and tottered to the window. It looked out on the broad court of the Carousel. The signs of carnage were recent : here a confused heap of bodies showed where the mob had first been checked by the steady fire of the Swiss ; there the long line of corpses marked the spot of their own martyrdom. A few hours before, he would have contemplated the sad tokens with fiendish exultation ; but now he felt other sentiments rising within him. The man of blood was become humane. And what had worked this wondrous transformation ? It was the secret and mysterious influence of woman. *Her* tone, her look, her words of interest. The outcast felt that the ban of society was not on him, for the heart of another far above him, and whom he had deemed indifferent, if not scornful, beat in unison with his own : he had read it in her earnest gaze of recognition ; he was assured of it by her brief message. The declarations of affection have a language of their own. With this delightful consciousness came also a perception of his inhumanity. Rage had made him see things through a distorted medium, and had congealed all his tender feelings. He discovered at the same moment the groundlessness of his despair, and the horrible conclusion to which it was tending. Even had he felt no love for Emilie, yet the intimate presence of a fair high-minded woman, the companion of his boyhood, would have had a mollifying effect on him. An involuntary comparison would have forced itself into his mind, and he would have realized at once the distance he had wandered, not only from the paths of propriety, but of humanity.

When the judgment of a man whom hasty impulses naturally guide is overborne by passion, all his evil promptings have unchecked sway. If we look at this man at such a time, we shall vote him the most wicked of his race. We shall err, however ; for when circumstances raise Reason a little from her subjection, the transition to her former ascendancy is rapid. No lingering struggle is gone through with, but at once, like a rightful lord, judgment presides. But a due balance of mind is not gained at once, for there is frequently an error in the very opposite direction, from the former lapse ; and thus it was that as Henri emerged from the palace he felt a rising repugnance, not only to the excesses of the revolution, but to the revolution itself. Joy and sorrow, hope and fear, now alternately elevated and depressed him ; and unconsciously he suffered himself to be borne along by a crowd which issued from a street which is now the Rue-Royale. Throwing on high their brawny

arms, and brandishing their rude weapons, yet dripping with gore, they sang the 'Ca Ira' and shouted 'Death to the king!' The shout roused Henri. He trembled as he thought that such had been his own watch-word only the night before, and he endeavored to extricate himself from the mass. But his efforts were unsuccessful, and he was carried with them toward the Assembly: there it was said the king was. As they approached the place, the very crowd verified the rumor, and with difficulty the first of this new column, among whom was Henri, gained entrance to the galleries.

It was the twilight of evening. As he entered a faint light was glimmering through the glass in the high dome. It grew more clear and intense. Then the broad sashes were flung open, and the great chandelier descended. Its glare flashed into every corner of the gloomy building, and revealed a scene altogether unique in history. Opposite to him, on the long and rising benches, sat the representatives of that renowned party, so often traduced, so little understood, the Girondists. But they were at this time a splendid company, for they were apparently in the zenith of their fame and success. Joy diffused itself among them as they heard of the great victory. Hope brightened their anxious countenances.

There were the intellectual heads of those philosophers who had started the revolution; whose writings had wrung and urged to madness the hearts of millions; whose speculations, modified and corrected by nothing but classic experience, contemplated with rapture a pure democracy as a model republic, and whose philanthropy would embrace under its beneficent influence all the world. Sad indeed was it that their ignorance of practical detail not only made the country a sufferer, but themselves martyrs. And there too was that fair array of orators whose eloquence, lingered over even now with mournful admiration, adorned and illustrated a philosophy so humane, so mistaken.

Glowing with no generous emotions, but darkly lowering like the legions of the lost, the ranks of the Jacobins frowned down from their lofty seats on all below. The success of republicanism brought but little satisfaction to them. The triumph of all was not the victory of a party. Already the insatiable craving for sole domination was gnawing within; already the fierce thirst for *blood*, which, as in beasts, grows by indulgence, was consuming them. Their whole being was engrossed by one absorbing contemplation; their eyes gleamed with an unnatural fire. The firm compression of the lip, the knitted brow, every lineament, bespoke that resolute determination, so awful, so invincible, and which, in an hour of unexampled confusion, a reign of terror, was to make them supreme.

Prominent among them stood Robespierre. Emerging from his concealment when the dropping fire of the musketry told that the heat of conflict was over, he came to claim the credit of the day. His melancholy face exhibited no trace of feeling; hard, passionless, like a statue, his very smile froze as the smile of death. No conjuncture bewildered his clear sagacity, no adversity appalled his steady will. Around this solemn man the dread cohorts gathered.



He was their unswerving champion; the chosen chief; the incorruptible.

Between these two factions was the body of neutrals. The motley throng shrank from the sinister glances of the Jacobins, but were not uniformly allured by the benevolent aspect of the Girondists. High over all appeared the illustrious Vergniaud, the pride of the Gironde; the most accomplished orator of the Assembly; destined to be a martyr to true liberty. Through all that troubled day he had maintained his equanimity. Serene amid the tumult, he calmed their rage and governed their course.

In a temporary enclosure on his right was a group which excited the attention of all, and the commiseration of many. There were the representatives of those imperial and royal houses which had survived centuries, and for two hundred years had been foes. But when at length their proud eminence seemed secure and confirmed by the union of Austria and France, in the persons of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette; behold the issue! It was a sublime lesson upon the instability of human grandeur.

In that little narrow seat, which they were happy to be permitted to occupy alone, exposed to contumely and the object of pity, was Maria Theresa's daughter and the grandson of the Grand Monarque. She held in her arms the infant Dauphin. Unconscious of the horrors around him, the boy slept. Tears dropped fast upon his innocent face from his mother's eyes. She thought of the home of her ancestors, of her own shining court; she looked forward to the dark dungeon. She shuddered with strange forebodings. The mild and excellent Louis beheld his people with a benignant eye, for he felt that he had striven to be their father; and secure in the possession of a good conscience, he endured their ignominies with dignity. The demon phalanx of Jacobins laughed as they looked on him. He confronted them with calm and indignant severity. The majesty of his mien indicated his august lineage.

Such was the varied assembly which met Henri's view. When he entered, the house was comparatively quiet. There was a momentary lull in the storm.

The session, during the time that the result of the Battle of the People was doubtful, was indescribable. At the first discharge of musketry a profound silence prevailed; but when the stunning reverberations of the cannon, peal upon peal, shook the building to its foundations, consternation aroused them from their stupor. Some, in a paroxysm of fear, rose to flee; others awaited the conclusion with Roman firmness; while the greater part sought to reassure their shaken spirits by indulging in frantic declamations. The mob soon burst the doors of the galleries, and came roaring in like the hoarse breakers of the sea. At intervals, deputations from the municipality, accompanied by squads of rough and brutal men, fresh from the strife, and grim with blood, crowded to the bar, demanding, with savage gestures toward him, the death of the king. Suddenly the firing grew louder and more sustained. All paused; it was the crisis of their fate. There was a sharp volley, and then

the firing ceased. Then came a rush at the gallery doors, and then the deafening voice of the people drowned all other noises, and proclaimed the fate of the monarchy. An hour had now elapsed since the determination of the strife, and as we have said, deputies had recovered their natural appearance, and the house was calm.

For a time, as if exhausted by the alarms of the day, they continued talking to each other, and seemed hesitating to act. But soon the distant and growing clamor of the rabble, who choked every avenue to the house, announced the approach of some new element of disorder. Reluctantly as Henri had entered, he had hardly done so, and looked around, before he became deeply interested. He now bent over the gallery and watched the proceedings with intense eagerness. Presently he saw the doors next the Jacobin side open, and preceded by a large concourse, fierce-looking, but less outrageous in their dress and deportment than their predecessors, appeared the monarch of the day. His form, gigantic in stature, athletic, gross, but commanding, loomed up amid the surrounding multitude, and provoked a rapturous welcome from the galleries, in which many on the floor joined. He came with the air and the words of a conqueror, to command the dethronement of the king and the calling of a national convention. A member rose to speak. It was the Girondist, Brissot. Danton raised his arm; in the name of the sovereign people he hurled forth the most audacious menaces against traitors; and even while the swell of his thundering voice yet smote upon their ears, the deputies dissolved the assembly.

Henri lingered behind the departing mob to avoid the crush. While watching the retiring Girondists, for he now felt a predominant sympathy with them, his attention was arrested by a familiar face, and he recognized his old companion Auguste. His first impulse was to call out to him, but then bitter reflections crowded on his mind. He remembered all that had intervened during the years of their separation, and he would have left without addressing him. But Auguste, struck by noticing a man so intently observing him, on that day of suspicion, turned full upon him. In a moment he saw who it was. A smile of gratification passed over his features, and coming toward him in the warmest manner, he saluted Henri, and requested him to meet him in the base court. There in a few moments the friends met. They embraced, and as they walked slowly toward Auguste's hotel, the happiness of their meeting dispelled their cares and anxieties.

E. G. F.

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CONSOLATION IN AGE: FROM THE SCOTTISH.

O WHEN we leave this habitation,  
We'll depart with a good commendation;  
We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,  
To a better home than this,  
To make room for the next generation.

## T O A C I T Y P U M P .

B Y A . P E N N .

‘WHAT a commodious pump! The handle within reach of the smallest child!’—T. HOOD.

I.

O Pump! that workest with an iron will,  
 (Thy well-forged handle justifies the phrase,)  
 I’ve known thee long, and come to try my skill,  
 Though late, in weaving stanzas to thy praise.  
 The neighboring housemaids know thee too, full well,  
 And oft have fondled thy familiar spout,  
 While jaunty aprons swiftly rose and fell,  
 In unison with arms, red, bare and stout.

II.

The prim, spruce maid who lives at number four,  
 The slattern wench who hails from number six,  
 The Irish slouch, with followers half a score,  
 And the pert lad who stops with Mrs. Mix;  
 The purry black, so lordly and so late,  
 The seedy hostler and the grocer’s boy,  
 And the strange man that has the shambling gait,  
 In turn thy daily services employ.

III.

The beggar flings his wallet at thy base,  
 Nor humbly asks, but straight demandeth he,  
 That thou should’st minister unto his case,  
 And grasps thine arm as freemen grasp the free!  
 Yon bloated wretch, against thee staggering plump,  
 In dreary hat and unregenerate coat,  
 Evokes the gurgling spirit of the pump,  
 And straightway sends it hissing down his throat.

IV.

And now, O Pump! thou’rt robed as Winter is,  
 Ice-ribbed, and crowned with a tiara of snows;  
 The frost, grotesque, illumines thy sober phiz,  
 And tips with pendent icicle thy nose.  
 The overflowing and abundant tide,  
 Frozen in dangerous hillocks at thy foot,  
 Gives careless comers an unlucky slide,  
 When bruised heads untender kerb-stones meet.

V.

The vigorous plying of incessant hands  
 Hath worn thy handle till it shines amain,  
 And thy poor nozzle, clasped by iron bands,  
 Will soon be sought by wondering maids in vain.  
 Thy blessings have been bounteously poured out,  
 Morn, noon and night, through many a weary day,  
 Till time and use have quite destroyed thy spout,  
 And left thee now an emblem of decay.

## VI.

Ye Nalad votaries of this frail machine,  
 Pause, and reflect upon its fallen state !  
 Time's warning finger on the pump is seen,  
 Which points no less to your impending fate.  
 Bethink you, alpheod nymphs ! and thinking, pray  
 That when life's sorrowing troubles all are o'er,  
 You may awake to hail a brighter day,  
 Where toil shall cease and pumps be worked no more.

## VII.

Decay strides onward with resistless power ;  
 Man trembles at the dread destroyer's name,  
 And at the last inevitable hour,  
 Sinks in dismay, and owns its awful claim.  
 Kings, empires, worlds obey the great behest,  
 And disappear beneath the stream of time,  
 Submerged, in one incongruous mass to rest  
 With thee, O PUMP ! and this elegiac rhyme.

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 THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH ACTRESS.
 

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 IN A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHMAN TO A FRIEND.
 

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You ask me for my opinion of the new American actress. I have had a good opportunity during the last two weeks of gathering the means of fulfilling your request. I have been in Boston while the boards of the two principal theatres have been occupied with the performances of Mrs. MOWATT, and our old acquaintance, Mrs. CHARLES KEAN. I have seen them both repeatedly, and have watched the effect of the acting of each upon their audiences. Both have been playing to what is technically termed a 'good business.' Both have had staunch friends and advocates among the leaders of fashion ; (yes, do not smile ; there are such characters even in Yankee-land ;) and both have terminated their engagements with *éclat*. Mrs. Kean has been supported by her husband, who, although he holds a higher histrionic position at home than she has ever attained, is looked upon as a very secondary personage in this country. Mrs. Mowatt has been associated with a young actor named DAVENPORT, who has his reputation yet to make.

I had frequently heard Mrs. Mowatt spoken of, in the emphatic phraseology of her western admirers, as a 'tall actress,' a 'screamer,' one who could do 'nothing else' but act. I set all this down as a specimen of American gasconade and exaggeration ; for the same journals that praised her performances imparted the information that she had been only sixteen months upon the stage ; during all which time she had played 'star engagements' only. It is true that all this while she had sustained herself with brilliant success against the Keans in the same line of plays ; but I had learned to distrust

a public who could receive Mr. — as a 'great actor,' Heaven save the mark! I did not know how far a native American feeling might have operated in her favor; for Mrs. Mowatt is a full-blooded native, being a great grand-daughter of one of those old 'rebels' who signed the Declaration of Independence; one Lewis, of New-York. I supposed therefore that there might be some national pride mingled with an affected admiration of her qualities as an actress; although, as a general rule, the Americans disdain every thing in the way of acting that has not had a foreign stamp.

It was with these vague presentiments that I took my seat in the parquette of the Howard Theatre, or as it is absurdly called, *Athenæum*, to witness the first appearance of Mrs. Mowatt in Juliet. The house, which is a remarkably elegant one, was crowded in every part. What was my surprise, when the representative of Juliet came on, to see, instead of a 'tall actress,' a young, delicate, fair-haired creature, just the height of the Medicean Venus, slim, but well proportioned, and with a face which many would call 'strangely beautiful,' while others would admit the strangeness but dispute the beauty. Her features are of a cast admirably fitted for the stage. The face forms a beautiful oval; the eyes are blue, but capable of great animation; the mouth and teeth are faultless; complexion clear and radiant; the nose Wellingtonian and prominent, but feminine, and in good keeping with the rest of her countenance. As she moved across the boards I was struck with the exquisite ease and grace of her carriage. You at once see the *lady*, and are prepossessed in her favor.

So far so good. But her voice — with a form so light and ethereal, can the vocal powers be such as to qualify her for a tragic actress? 'Madam, I am here! — what is your will?' are her words on entering. Yes, it is a sweet voice; full-toned, clear and melodious; but will it be adequate to the terrible trials to which, as the tragic pathos of the scene proceeds, it must be subjected?

'Go ask his name; if he be married  
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed'

This was exquisitely rendered; and the utterance of the first four words showed abundant power; the fear now was that it would not be economically hoarded. The balcony scene showed Mrs. Mowatt to great advantage. The language here, though passionate and poetical, requires a level intonation:

'Tis not know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me?

Her elocution was most admirable throughout this speech. There was an expressive mingling of archness and tenderness in her tones; of diffidence and boldness, wonderfully significant of maiden bashfulness overpowered by maiden love. 'This must be a woman of genius,' I began to say to myself.

'My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee  
The more I have, for both are infinite.'

Here the enthusiasm of the sentiment raised her voice to the higher tones, and I no longer had any apprehension of its deficiency in volume and effect. It is in truth one of the richest and most musical of voices, capable of all those transitions and variations so essential in giving point to fluctuations of passion. It is remarkable for its power and solidity, and possesses an audible quality in its lowest tones, which is a great advantage. In its exercise Mrs. Mowatt does not sufficiently spare herself sometimes. She gives it free rein when it should be kept in check. An old actress would make a quarter part of the vocal expenditure she frequently lavishes answer the same effect. But to return to Juliet. I trembled for Mrs. Mowatt as she approached the great scene where the impassioned girl hesitates about taking the sleeping potion which Friar Lawrence has placed in her hands. Here the highest tragic genius is tasked to steer safely between the 'over-done' and the 'come tardy off;' here, if any where in the whole range of the drama, mediocrity must peep forth, or genuine talent make itself felt; and here Mrs. Mowatt's triumph was most unequivocal and complete;

'WHAT if this mixture do not work at all?  
Shall I of force be married to the Count?  
What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored?  
How, if when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!  
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there die *strangled* ere my Romeo comes?'

The imaginative power and intensity of passionate conception which she displayed in the delivery of this passage amazed me. The word *strangled* was uttered in just such a tone as you might imagine a person to give forth in the agony of strangulation:

'O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears,  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains!'

Here Mrs. Mowatt, striking her fist against her head, as if the phantasm had become a fact, fell prostrate, apparently overcome by the crowd of appalling images. The audience broke forth into one loud, prolonged peal of applause. And well did she deserve such a tribute to the excellence of the personation. It showed genius; genius of the highest order; spontaneous, original, irrepressible; not the result of imitation; of seeing what other great actresses did in the same scene; of a long experience in stage effects; but an outburst of *feeling*; a genuine exaltation of the imaginative faculty; sparks from that flame which glowed in the heart of Shakspeare while he wrote.

Juliet's dying scene was portrayed with the vividness and intensity which had characterized all the other tragic passages of the play; and the curtain fell amid expressions of applause as hearty as any it had ever been my lot to hear elicited at a theatre. The young actress (for to look at her you would not suppose she was more than eighteen, although I believe she is on the windy side of twenty-five,) was called before the curtain with the utmost enthusiasm, and greeted with unanimous cries of 'Bravo!' and a general waving of handkerchiefs.

Opportunities of confirming the favorable impression I had formed from Mrs. Mowatt's 'Juliet' have not been wanting. I have seen her in the heroines of 'The Hunchback,' 'Fazio,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'The Stranger,' and 'Much Ado About Nothing,' a range of female characters challenging, more than any others in the whole English drama, the exercise of the highest histrionic genius for their adequate embodiment. Her Julia, Mrs. Haller, Pauline and Bianca are all great performances; full of deep feeling, and in the passionate scenes justifying the warmest panegyrics. Indeed the Americans, if they did but know it, have never seen her superior in these parts, and I doubt if they have ever seen her equal. Her Beatrice was a daring and beautiful, but an imperfect performance. In those merely conventional points which every stage-manager could have instructed her in, she sometimes failed; but she struck out points of her own which more than compensated for the deficiency. She made Beatrice a quick-tongued, vivacious girl, concealing her love for Benedict under the disguise of taunts and railleries; and not a shrew of a certain age, whose bitterness was as much of the heart as of the head. The result was, that some of the critics, missing the old stage Beatrice to which they had been accustomed, fell out with Mrs. Mowatt for her personation; while others appreciated her new conception of the part, and acknowledged the merit of the execution. Her Beatrice was a being to love for her warm affections, as well as to fear for her quick wit; and her exclamation of 'I could eat his heart in the market-place!' came forth rather as the hasty, unmeant rant of an indignant school-girl than the deliberate, spiteful, vindictive malice of a full-grown woman. In the one spirit it is comic, and not inconsistent with our idea of feminine attributes; but in the other spirit it calls up an emotion of dislike. Mrs. Mowatt was here, we think, a true interpreter of Shakspeare.

Nothing could be more opposite than the styles of Mrs. Mowatt and Mrs. Kean. The one has seen no models of consequence, except the French Rachel; has been less than two years upon the stage, and is guided in her personations solely by her own impulsive genius and unerring good taste. The newspaper accounts say that from a child, though entirely aloof from theatrical influences and connections, she seemed to have an inborn passion for dramatic representations and recitations. If ever a person was impelled by spontaneous predilections and natural qualifications to a vocation, it was she. With regard to Mrs. Kean, it is a matter of dramatic biography, that

as Miss Ellen Tree, she made her *début* upon the London boards in 1823, being then in her eighteenth year, under the auspices of her sister Maria, who was very distinguished in her profession. Ellen, though she has never attained an equal rank, has always been regarded as a pleasing and interesting actress; and the production of *Ion*, that beautiful poem, but most indifferent play, lifted her to the top-wave of success, on which she was borne to this country, where her theatrical career was a very prosperous one. But, a *great* actress she never was and never will be. She lacks the *vivida vis* of genius. She is an instance, like Charles Kemble, of the effects of thorough drilling and long-continued practice in the absence of superior abilities. Charles used to be hissed at one time; and Ellen, after her third night at Drury-Lane, played to empty benches. But by dint of study and attention, added to frequent opportunities of seeing the best models of acting, male and female, and a long apprenticeship, Mrs. Kean has attained that pitch of art, where the *effects* of genius are often produced, even if genius itself does not produce them. She trusts rather to recollection than to impulse for guidance in portraying an emotion or indicating a passion. She borrows this grace from one performer, and that from another; remembers how this actress sobbed and wept, and how that produced an effect by a pause or a look.

When combinations of this kind are skilfully brought together, the result is often the same as where genius itself presides over the performance. We have known a dull man to recite a passage in imitation of Kean as well as Kean could do it himself. But in scenes of intense passion, we must have something more than mechanical tricks and mere mimicry. The actor must himself feel if he would make his audience feel. Any jury of critics would, I think, have conceded that the *Mrs. Haller* of Mrs. Mowatt last week was far superior to that of Mrs. Kean the night after. In the last scene of the play of the *Stranger*, it will be remembered that the domestic distress rises to a most painful pitch. A wife, who in a moment of delusion, misapprehension and weakness, has deserted her husband for a villain, accidentally encounters, after years of solitary penitence and suffering, the man she has injured. The anguish on both sides is poignant and natural. But how is it typified by Mrs. Kean? By perpetual sobs and applications of her handkerchief to her eyes. She is evidently striving by mechanical signs and sounds to convey to her audience an expression of the passion of grief. Far different and more impressive is Mrs. Mowatt's acting in this scene. Her sorrow is all the mightier because you see that it is suppressed. Her penitence has that dignity, that she has no wish to work upon her husband's feelings by hysterical displays of sentimental sorrow. But the outburst of genuine grief comes at last, all the more irresistible because it has been pent up; and when she flings herself at his feet, with the prayer that he will let her see her children, she reaches the climax of a representation, which, in beauty, chastity and tragic effect, I have never seen equalled. There are



occasional crudities in the performances of Mrs. Mowatt. If a passage does not suit her taste she is apt to slur it, while Mrs. Kean would have given it an importance which it might not intrinsically possess. Herein Mrs. M. shows a lack of training, if not of discretion. A performer had better *cut* a passage at once, rather than do it injustice in the delivery. But in scenes of high passion and tragic intensity, Mrs. Mowatt shows a reach of genius which her more experienced rival does not possess. The latter used to play 'Jane Shore,' but her success in it was very indifferent. It is said to be Mrs. Mowatt's greatest personation, after Juliet; and the character is one requiring in an eminent degree those quick sympathies and that imaginative power for which she deservedly has credit. In 'Ion' I do not believe that Mrs. Mowatt could ever attain the excellence of Mrs. Kean. There is little genuine passion in the character. It is cold and statue-like, not combustible like Juliet. It requires the well-drilled artist to deal with such a part; for all the effects of which it is capable are of the head rather than the heart.

The personal qualifications of these actresses may, perhaps, be balanced against each other. Mrs. Mowatt has the stronger and sweeter voice, but her figure conveys the idea of fragility; an objection which cannot be urged against that of Mrs. Kean. Both are exceedingly lady-like and easy upon the stage; but with Mrs. Kean every movement seems to be studied and prearranged; with Mrs. Mowatt it is as natural as the stooping of a bird. The self-possession of the latter is indeed very remarkable. She always seems on the most amicable terms with her audience; as if she had that 'perfect love,' which the Scriptures describe as 'casting out fear.' She does not appear to dream that there are such beings in the world as carping critics and malicious spectators. All her hearers are, in her estimation, her indulgent friends; and she takes liberties with them with a grace that is irresistible. It is creditable to the American public, that while they have showered their dollars upon the Keans, they have at the same time shown so thorough an appreciation of their own charming and gifted actress. May we see her soon in England! Of her success there can be no doubt. In London an ounce of genius will outweigh a ton of talent.

It may seem a matter of surprise that Mrs. Mowatt should have attained the rank she holds after so limited a practice of her art. But the mystery is solved when we are told, that from an early age she has been devoted to 'private theatricals' and social recitations. Undoubtedly a large portion of the confidence she exhibits springs from this cause. Her consummate grace and ease upon the stage she brings from the society at home, and in Europe, to which she has been accustomed. She had nothing to learn to qualify her to play the lady. Above all, she loves her profession, and pursues it with an ardor and an enthusiasm that surmounts all its obstacles and blunts all its thorns. She has acted down, by her indomitable perseverance, all prognostications of failure. Her improvement

has been rapid and constant; and if her physical strength continues, her friends may justly expect from her the greatest triumphs of which the histrionic art is capable.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

TO AN AMERICAN CHILD IN ITALY.

BY J. MAYNARD TAYLOR.

THE warm Italian sun has shone,  
Sweet child! upon thy curls of gold,  
Till they have caught a softer tone  
From this bright land of memories old:  
The blue of northern skies has met  
The southern twilight, in thine eye,  
And that fair brow bears on it yet  
The brightness of a stranger sky.  
Yet not on Freedom's distant strand  
Thine infant eyes first saw the light;  
They gazed on sunny southern land,  
By sun and memory doubly bright!  
Thy childhood sports in laurel bowers,  
In arbors rich with beading vines;  
Thou look'st on Florence' domes and towers,  
And on the far blue Appenines;  
Thou see'st the olive's moonlight groves  
That gleam and wave in Arno's vale,  
Where, drunk with sweets, the zephyr roves  
And bears to colder climes his tale!

II.

THESE wake no thought in thy young mind  
Of lands beyond the heaving sea,  
With suns less soft and colder wind,  
But with a people proud and free!  
Its mighty streams thou ne'er hast seen,  
Ne'er looked upon its rocky strand;  
Its giant hills and forests green,  
That clothe the broad and glorious land;  
But keep the blissful hope, sweet child!  
That thou wilt see them all ere long,  
And in their beauty, fresh and wild,  
Forget the sunny land of song.  
Let not these purple hills and skies  
Grow warm and home-like 'round thy heart,  
Till yearnings for their forms arise,  
When thou hast wandered far apart;  
But dream of forests, old and grand,  
Of mountains swept by purer air,  
And when thou treadest Freedom's land,  
Thy heart will plant its homestead there!

## MR. MANNING'S RAMBLE.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

'CERTAINLY, Sir, Gray was not far out of the way when he asserted that a word written on the spot is worth a cart-load of recollections; 'a word,' you will remark, Mr. Mercer. Carrying out the proposition, then, these twenty volumes of memoranda are worth the entire contents of those well-filled shelves.' And Mr. John Manning surveyed with paternal interest the splendid bindings and glittering titles of his 'Tour in America.'

'I am delighted,' continued he, 'that you did not leave England without bringing yourself and Beach's letter to Fenwick House; to say nothing of my satisfaction at hearing of the prosperity of Mr. Beach; a gentleman, let me tell you, of perfect integrity, and the best land-agent in the world. I am glad to see you as an American; a citizen of that country in which I passed the happiest ten years of my existence. If I were a married man you would suppose this was a pretty long wedding-tour. Not so, Sir; I traversed the Old Thirteen States, from the District of Maine to Savannah, and crossed the Blue Ridge to the western waters, with very different motives; namely, to afford my countrymen, whose affections two wars had almost alienated from America, a graphic idea of her resources, and to substitute for the brief stage-coach recollections of our travellers an accurate and comprehensive statement of facts, which you know is very necessary to sound induction.

'Well, Sir, what has been the result? Why, that the lapse of twenty-six years had wrought changes so startling, and invested my notes with an interest so profound, that even in 1846, M. Dumas, with his feet on his fender at Paris, would consider them brilliant points for his imaginary travels. Therefore it was I published them, and gave them a 'local habitation' in this collection of American works, and works relating to America, the best library of the kind in England; I should rather say, in the world. It is my pride, my hobby; and this is the first place to which I bring my American visitors. Sit down, Mr. Mercer. I am an old man, and love to talk; in fact, I am not always so fortunate in finding persons like yourself familiar with the names and things of 1800. Your countrymen sometimes laugh at me when I talk of embarking on board the sloop Jenny, Captain MARK HARGRAVE, from New-York for Albany, and after a fortnight's passage recruiting my exhausted spirits at LEWIS' table d'hôte. They know nothing of SCHWARTZ'S, at Utica, and stare incredulously when I assure them that there were only two or three huts between Onondaga-Hollow and Geneva, where POWELL, a *protégé* of Captain WILLIAMSON, superintended the largest hotel in the State of New-York. Well, Sir, I flushed partridges and

quails along the line of the old Genessee road, (I was not afraid of the fever, you see, because I had a full supply of Dr. James' powders,) and stood on the very spot from which the *ci-devant* wanderer, LOUIS PHILIPPE, admired, perhaps in the identical boots presented to him by THOMAS MORRIS, Esq., of Canadarqua, the falls of Colonel FISH's mills.

'Forty-five years ago, Mr. Mercer, I could not find a stable for my horse where now stands a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants. I rode over 'Open Plain' where the grass was so high that I tied it over my head, in company with HOTBREAD, an Indian chief, who ambled along on a pony whose ears were fancifully encircled and tipped with silver, and arrived at GANSON's, the lonely 'Inn of the Wilderness.' There I left my horse; and with my rifle, knife, shot-pouch and other hunting implements, I slowly crossed the mountains of Steuben, in whose narrow glens lonely lakes reflected the unbroken images of towering oaks and hemlocks. At last I reached a stone which marked the boundary-line between the great States of New-York and Pennsylvania. This stone, which then stood on the bank of a streamlet, they were about removing farther west, lest the constant action of the current should corrode and destroy it. It was engraved: '1787; Lat. 42, Var. 1. 52. West.' But I fear, Sir, that these details are wearisome.'

Mr. Mercer protested that he was curious to know more of Mr. Manning's reminiscences.

'It was no ordinary occurrence at that period for a solitary traveller to penetrate those fastnesses. I like well enough to hear the grouse drum and the quail chirrup; but a bear in a swamp, a wild-cat or panther ('painter,' as the settlers call it,) among the pine branches overhead, is by no means so welcome to an amateur hunter. I had an adventure about this time which may interest you, as it serves to illustrate the character of certain ancient inhabitants of those unsettled parts. It is natural to consider that which one finds exciting equally interesting to others; and I know that I shall necessarily omit, in telling you this story, a thousand minutiae, which indeed perhaps I did not myself observe, but which powerfully contributed to produce the intense excitement of my feelings. If I relate accurately what I saw and heard, so far the portrait will be to the life; but you cannot share the emotions I experienced unless you can become my second self; still we often feel a portrait to be true, although we have never seen its original, from a certain harmony of peculiarities which an artist would not be likely to produce without a model.

'I do not wish to do any injustice to the settlers on Pine Creek. I have heard that at the present day the supply of thirty or forty saw-mills is gradually denuding the thickly-wooded hills, and that even in that cold soil excellent farms are found, which amply reward the industrious husbandman. Forty-five years since it was not so.

'I descended about sun-down a precipitous mountain, from whose summit, covered with pines so densely planted that they seemed im-

pervious to the curious tread of scene-seekers, I gazed from right to left upon the Alleghanies, bounding the view within the limit of a mile. They seemed to stretch behind each other in successive ridges, nearly of equal height. I was struck with the bare and desolate appearance of the leafless pines, springing up gaunt and naked, now like the masts of vessels, and sometimes where the foliage of the beech or oak was near, like the staves of a hundred floating green banners. Far down in the valley the swift stream wound through green glades, marked by the darker shadows of the pines almost to its banks. Huge boulders of granite lay along the mountain path; and when, fatigued and hungry, I reached the valley of the creek, the melancholy howl of a wolf, high up among the rocks, reminded me of hunger of a different description.

'I sat down upon a stone by the side of the road to rest myself, when I was surprised by the sudden appearance of a man and a boy from the bushes opposite. The man seemed inclined to be very civil. I permitted him to examine my rifle and accoutrements. But though smooth-spoken, he had a downcast, sinister expression of countenance, which I did not like. I asked him a number of questions. He told me that Teeples' house was about three miles up the creek, and that I had better hurry along before the old man shut down the gates. As we separated he showed me a bill upon the Bank of New-York, wishing to know if it was genuine. Happening to know the bills of that bank, I told him at a glance that it was counterfeit, when he immediately put it up and walked off. When I had travelled about a mile I heard quick steps behind me, and turning, saw the boy coming up, almost out of breath.

'Do n't go to Teeples'!' said he.

'Why not?'

'Oh! the old man is savage when he is in liquor; you'll get into trouble.'

'Where shall I go then, my boy?'

'But he had disappeared as suddenly as he came. I walked on, and when within sight of the desolate inn was again overtaken by a man in the dress of a surveyor. He was very tall and thin. He seemed about forty-five years of age, and was very active, for I soon found it difficult to keep pace with his long strides. He wore a cloth cap closely fitting his head, and a leathern apron, fastened at the back and reaching below his knees, where it was slashed. Around his middle was wound his chain, and in his hand he carried his tripod and level.

'I say, friend,' said he, as he came up, looking very sharply at me, 'where are you bound?'

'To 'Teeples' inn,' I replied.

'Ah! then we shall be fellow-travellers. A pretty bad neighborhood this is for a dark night. I suppose this Teeples ha'n't got his beat in old Potter. They do tell queer stories about him. I stopped at his house about three years ago; he was n't at home, but 'Old Homely,' his wife, treated me very decently; so I've got nothing to complain of.'

“You are a surveyor, I perceive.”

“Oh, yes. I came from Massachusetts about ten years ago on my way to New-Orleans, for I was thought to be dying with consumption; but I got such good offers here that I took to surveying and hunting, and I found the roving life agreed so well with me that I gave up going South; and now there is n't a man in Tiog' that has set more stakes or run more lines than myself; and about all the deeds from the BINGHAMS to the settlers refer to the maps and surveys of Matthew Flint, Esquire.”

“Who are ‘the BINGHAMS’?”

“Oh! I forgot you were a stranger here. Well, the history is this: Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia, about the time of the revolution, became the creditor of government to a large amount, and finally took payment in wild lands, chiefly in Tiog' County, in Pennsylvania. By the advice of their agent, his heirs, among whom was one of the Barings, of London, I believe Lord Ashburton, permitted settlers to take possession on condition of paying taxes and interest on the purchase-money, which principal they are not very strenuous in demanding. The time will come, I calculate, when these titles will make trouble; but I ought not to complain; for to tell the truth, I sometimes collect the payments myself, and get a pretty handsome commission for it too.”

“You must have had fine opportunities for sport, Mr. Flint.”

“Yes,” he answered, “but I soon got tired of that. I never leave the chain now unless I am afraid of getting my head combed by a painter or wild-cat; and speaking of wild-cats, you recollect the ma'sh on the other side of the hill? Well, about eight o'clock one sunset I was out along the head there; I had a cur-dog with me that had picked up many a fox, and knew how to run side by side with a deer. I saw something moving among the underwood; I took it to be a raccoon. The dog ran him up a tree; the fellow ran like the devil, I tell you. I climbed up after him and picked off a limb about the thickness of my two thumbs. I hit him with it three times over the head, and was just giving him a fourth, when he sprang to the ground. I gave chase and followed him again up an oak-sapling. He saw me, and made ready to spring at me. Says I, ‘Old fellow, it's you or I!’ and was letting drive at him again, when I saw his whole figure; short tail, head nearly as big as my two fists, eyes as fiery as Satan — no raccoon, I tell you; a genuine wild-cat; and no doubt her kittens began to mew by that time. I thought it was none of my business, and let her go, and was very glad to get off so easy. But, thank God, there's Teeple's castle; a little later and we could n't get across the foot-bridge.”

“The house really looked like a fortress. It stood in an excavation on the side of the eastern bank of the stream, which was here very lofty; it was built of boards so brown with age and storms that it could scarcely be distinguished from the dusky pines which covered the face of the rock and towered from the shelf which projected above the roof. There were only two windows to be seen, one over the narrow door, the other at its side; but there was no

light visible, nor any evidence that the building was inhabited. The stream, here hedged in by the rocks and very rapid, pours over a ledge ten feet in height. I followed my companion over the narrow and tottering plank which stretched across the stream to the door of the house. When about the middle, where the bridge bent and sprung as if ready to break under our weight, I was startled by the sharp and clear sound of a bell very near us. It ceased as we stopped, and rang again as we advanced.

‘Ha! ha!’ said Flint, ‘old Teeples is wagging his tongue! I recollect the bell now. It is rung by a cord which connects with the bridge. We shall see Mrs. Homely’s night-cap before long.’

‘As he spoke, a woman holding a candle thrust out her head from the upper window, and with a shrill voice demanded :

‘Who is there?’

‘All right, Mrs. Teeples,’ said my comrade. ‘Do n’t you remember Flint and his surveying traps? I’ve got a friend here with me, and we want supper and a bed. Come, come; down with you, old girl, and let us in.’

In a moment, a tall woman, in a red-flannel gown, dirty night-cap, woollen stockings and clumsy shoes, appeared at the entrance. She had small grayish-blue, crazy-looking eyes, and gray hair which fell in tangles over her shoulders.

‘You had better go further on, gentlemen,’ said she. ‘We have had bad luck here to-day; the freshet has carried ~~away~~ the apron of our dam, and my husband had two horses drowned in getting lumber out of the creek.’

‘Further on to-night! I’ll see you — Excuse me, Madam,’ said Flint, pressing into the hall, ‘You can’t expect politeness from hungry men. No, no; there is not another house within ten miles.’

Seeing us resolved, the old woman got us supper, after which we ascended a steep pair of stairs into a room where there were three or four beds, and were soon sound asleep.

When I awoke the next morning, which was Sunday, I found Flint’s bed empty and was informed by Mrs. Teeples that he left quite early, saying that he must reach home by noon. My hostess was silent and reserved; and once, when I unexpectedly came into the room where she was sitting, I found her in tears. There were no books about the house; and feeling lonely, I strolled out along the banks of the creek, which had fallen as suddenly as it rose. I thought of old Walton’s doctrine, that angling is an avocation favorable to reflection; and although I did not exactly wish to

‘Bid good morning to next day,’

I cut a pole and cast a fly upon the sparkling ripples. Finding pretty good sport, I fished up the creek for five or six miles until nearly evening. In the excitement of the moment, I sank up to my middle in a deep marsh, from which struggling out, I clambered along the steep bank, holding on by trees and roots, until I emerged into a space somewhat more cleared, and crossing a pine log that, borne down by the freshet, lay extended from bank to bank, I stepped upon

a pile of drift-wood, which filled an angle of the stream for twenty or thirty rods. It was in the month of September, when the trout seek such spots as this to spawn. Thousands of them were languidly playing in the shallows; scarcely moving, with their heads against the current, or springing out upon the stones. I found them very lazy, and requiring to be well teased before they would take the hook. Changing the fly for the spawn of the trout, I cast my line into one of the numerous deep holes formed by the drift-wood, which concealed me from the sharp eyes of the fish. I expected better luck, because it was now evening, and they were jumping in myriads from the water, as far as I could see. The moon, which shone brightly upon the place where I stood, left in shadow the thick belt of pines opposite. Finding my hook caught, and that I could not extricate it by repeated pulls, I laid down the pole and began to throw aside the plank and rubbish, to enable me to reach and loose it. I kneeled down and felt for the hook. Suddenly, I shuddered; a deadly sickness crept over me. What was it I had found? Again I took it in my trembling grasp. I could not be deceived; it was the unmistakable shape and structure of a human hand!

'It was long before I recovered from my horror. Every thing appeared changed about me. That peculiar odor which vegetation emits seemed like the atmosphere of the grave; the breeze murmured among the forest leaves, like the whispers of the departed. Treachery, *murder*, were all around me! 'But he is still there,' I thought; 'my fellow-man, justice, compassion, manliness, require me to overcome this weakness.' Again following the line, I found the hook fastened into something which felt like leather, and grasping it with my whole strength, I lifted it from the water and laid it upon the timbers. Great God! what was my horror, when I recognized the bruised and disfigured features of the surveyor!

'The moon now shed her beams upon the pallid corpse of the man who yesterday enlivened our toil with his frank and kindly spirit. Who were his murderers? Where were they? I gazed around, and thought I saw a face moving among the trees. It disappeared; again I saw it. I reflected that my excited fancy had perhaps transformed the shape of boughs and leaves into the features of a man; but as I fixed my eyes upon the spot, I felt that some one was watching me from the forest. I could not endure the apprehension, and I moved toward the object of my fear. I had not traversed half the intervening space, before a man emerged from the thicket. His face was that of a savage: his beard was unshorn, and when I saw him rapidly approaching, with rage and hatred in his countenance, I turned and fled. I heard him pursuing me through the recesses of the forest. How I longed then for my faithful rifle! I imagined every sound to be the footsteps of the murderer. I rejoiced now at the darkness which made it impossible for him to follow me. For more than three hours I ran, deeper and deeper into the woods. At the end of this period I perceived a light gleaming from the rocky glen beneath me. Stealthily I crept down the bank, till I reached a ruined hut, from which the light proceeded.



'Made cautious by experience, I looked through an aperture between the logs and beheld three men at work. One stood above a rude stone furnace, watching the melting contents of a crucible, and dropping into it occasionally small pieces of different kinds of metal; another was heaping coal into the mouth of the furnace; and the third arranged the dies and trimmed and sorted the coin already stamped. The flames lit up their features, begrimed with dust and smoke, and illuminated every part of the hut.

'I was about to fly from this scene of wickedness, when I heard a rapid step approaching. I lay prostrate until the man passed me and burst into the hut; then looking again through the chink, I discovered the person who had pursued me, and who was doubtless the murderer of Flint. He was earnestly addressing the coiners with violent gestures; and I knew from his manner, and the sullen yet terrified appearance of his listeners, that he was describing or urging some act of violence. Again I fled, but with less terror than before, because there was now no danger of being intercepted; and instead of the hills, I sought the valley of the stream. Long and painful was my course: at last I reached the road, where I fell upon my knees and thanked God for my deliverance.

'It was still some distance to Teeples'; and when I heard the bell sound at the bridge, it was past midnight. The old woman opened the door. She was pale, and trembled in every limb. Astonished at her emotion, I was about to inquire the cause, when behind her I saw a face which solved the mystery, and then I felt that God had decreed my death by the same hand which took the life of Flint. It was Teeples. He came up, and for a moment looked steadily in my face. He was seeking to discover from my countenance whether I recognized him. It was a dreadful trial. He turned away without speaking. His wife went to the window, in which a pane was broken, and saying that she heard a noise, held up the light, which the wind instantly extinguished, and left us in darkness.

'Light the candle, woman!' growled Teeples.

'As she passed by me into the adjoining apartment, she slipped into my hand a key, which I immediately concealed about my person. When I entered the sleeping-room, and saw the bed in which the man had slept last night, who now lay dead in the creek, a feeling of suffocation almost overpowered me. Aroused by the danger I was in, I examined the room. The lock of the door through which I entered was broken. I tried the key in a door near the head of my bed. It fitted, and I stepped into a small room, at one end of which was a window, and beneath it a shed sloping nearly to the bank at the side of the house. I was overjoyed to find here my gun, which I supposed Teeples of course had removed. I spread the blankets and coverlids upon the floor, so that my steps should not be heard, and removing the bed into the small room, locked and bolted it. Then I lay down in my clothes, thinking it better to wait a little before I commenced my escape.

'It was not long before a tremendous blow dashed in a panel of the door, and the dark outlines of the villain appeared at the open-

ing. The time for flight had come. As the ruffian with awful imprecations strove to dash open the solid door, I seized my gun and was about to fire, but I feared that I should miss him in the darkness, and lose the precious time. Throwing up the window, therefore, I sprang out upon the shed and plunged into the creek. Scarcely had my foot touched the opposite bank, when a shot struck the earth within a few feet of me; and as I fled along the road, with a speed which the dread of death alone could confer, the air resounded with the most dreadful shrieks, in which I recognized the voice of the old woman, whose compassion had preserved my life.

'It was broad day when I reached a settlement, about ten miles from the assassin's abode; and before noon I returned with a dozen well-armed men, determined to bring the murderer to justice. But we were too late. We found nothing save the blackened chimney and smouldering ruins of 'Teeples' Castle.' The poor surveyor was buried on the banks of the creek, where he had been robbed and murdered; and I do not know to this day the fate of his destroyer, as I left the country immediately after the occurrence.

'And now that the story is told, my good friend, I am afraid you have been wearied. An old man, you know, as I am, has no mercy upon a good listener like yourself. But come, there's the dinner-bell. Thank God, we are in old England, and not on the banks of the bloody Pine!'

And the two gentlemen left the apartment.

#### L A M E N T I N G .

THEY'RE gone, all gone! the early friends with whom I used to be,  
Sailing and sailing on the waves of Youth's unruffled sea;  
The winds of Time and Chance have driven our little fleet apart,  
And nearer comes the final storm, and farther we depart.

And over some the waters roll — alas! Death's winter gale  
Has torn the loftiest pennon down, and rent the strongest sail;  
And not a wreck remains to show the billows where they flew,  
When every breeze was fresh and fair, and the skies were ever blue.

It is the error of the young to think the world all bloom,  
When clouds are coming up to wrap the sun itself in gloom;  
To dream of safety, peace and joy when ruin hovers near,  
And the star of Love is sinking down in the sombre wave of Fear.

Not now, as in those happy days when friends were all around,  
And every spot Affection knew was consecrated ground,  
Doth my heart leap high to hear the voice that fondly speaks and sings,  
Or thrill at footsteps falling soft as the flight of airy wings.

For the grave has cast its shadow on the beautiful and bright,  
And the music of the morn of life is silent in the night;  
In the night of care and sorrow, where memory finds no ray  
From the sunny fount that gushed and gleamed in youth's delightful day!

*Norwich, Connecticut.*

## THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

## NUMBER TWO: PART SECOND.

No, I was NOT happy. Notwithstanding I had gained much in serenity of feeling; notwithstanding my repeated self-assurances that I had achieved my independence, I continued to ask myself what I had gained and where I stood. The future, with what I believed to be its solemn realities, had heretofore pressed heavily upon me. My great difficulty had been to connect the present life with a life to come, and to fix the relations between them. For faith had never been by me sufficiently cherished; and without this great connecting link between two worlds, what wonder that difficulties were presented which I could not overcome?

But in my present course I was not to be distressed with doubts or fears. I tried to assume the quiet feeling which characterized De Lisle, and with a serene aspect regard my destiny as some necessary result of causes long, long antecedent.

Unfortunately mine was not the temper for such calm complacency. Beside, I had a fresh enemy to contend with, and one hitherto quite unknown, namely: The idea of DEATH! This now constantly obtruded itself before my mind. I had never regarded that last great consummation with any peculiar dread; but now, I could not indulge in a momentary anticipation, but the grim form of the Destroyer would stalk before me and whisper, 'Soon I will be with you!' To be haunted with the apprehension of a positive coming evil is dreadful; but to be tortured with fears of what may be, because we know nothing and will believe nothing of what shall be, is still more dreadful. One thing I *did* know.

That death would close all my earthly relations. The *Beyond* — the BEYOND! what had it to do with me? So long as I kept my hold on life, my philosophy bore me along smoothly enough. I was a king, a monarch; all were monarchs. But when I had to admit that at any moment this frame-work of mine was liable to be shattered and resolved into the dust which composed it, and my spirit-part be dissolved, to mix with the elements, to enter into new combinations, or return to what it had been before it was me; when the thought forced itself upon my mind that I should then lose my individuality, my identity — my very *Me*, *Myself* — great God! what absolute horror would seize upon me; what terrific apprehensions hung like clouds around my heart! It is impossible to portray the tortures I suffered. I tried to rid myself of them by looking altogether earthward; but the more I learned to gather satisfaction from the prospect, the greater became the power of my foe. Bah! how as by a spectre was I haunted! Yet I roused myself, and with all my strength determined to conquer the fearful illusion. I found

I could not cope with it single-handed ; that I must call in a superior to my aid ; for my enemy was beyond any mortal reach. Alas ! I acknowledged no superior. So it was, that in the moment of my chiefest exaltation I stood in the greatest need.

I will not enter more minutely into a detail of my mental struggles. They partook mainly of the character heretofore described. After battling with them for nearly three years, I felt convinced that I must seek some new ground or yield to the foe. To travel had always been my delight. The prospect of a journey was in itself a restorative to my spirits ; and I looked to a change of scene as my only salvation. I cast my eyes toward Germany as the place where above all others I would choose to go. There I should find religion, philosophy and romance. There I could commune with men-students, busy, active, independent thinkers. There I should behold every beauty of scenery coupled with wild legends of what had been and what by report still was ; the rising fame of several German names which promised a bright poetic day for their Fatherland ; served also to impel me thither. I told De Lisle my earnest wish. He at once fell in with it, and promised to use his influence with my father ; for the same reason perhaps that physicians recommend change of scene to an incurable patient in order to escape the responsibility of a death. I do believe De Lisle thought me incurable ; but I will do him the justice to say that his attention to my education was faithful ; and as he was every way competent, I made excellent progress under him. As agreed upon, he sought an interview with my father, and obtained permission with less difficulty than was anticipated for me to visit the continent. The favorable report De Lisle was pleased to make of my studies, with the opinion that it would be advisable for me to continue them abroad, induced my father to consent to my going. As I have before said, he was an indulgent although a requiring parent ; and if his children came up to his requirements his favors were not measured with a scanty hand. Of course he knew nothing of my inner life ; my trials, my severe heart-strivings. But he knew I had made rapid progress in my studies, and was willing and happy to reward me. One restriction was placed upon me ; I was not to spend any time in France nor upon the route toward the place of my destination, which was Leipsic. Should I continue to deserve the praise of a diligent and proficient student, I was promised, after a period, the privilege of an entire tour of Europe.

How my heart beat with excitement at the prospect of breaking loose ! I forgot every grief, every trouble, in the anticipation of what was before me. Even my grim enemy, Death, seemed willing for a while to make a truce, and was no longer thrusting his icy finger before my eyes. Still all did not go smoothly. My mother strongly opposed my leaving England. She could not endure the thought of my going alone to a foreign land, and becoming exposed to all the temptations to which youth are subject. She knew nothing of the state of my mind, as I have before hinted, but she saw that something disturbed my peace ; and she pictured to herself

the thousand evils that a foreign life would bring upon me ; especially did she fear that my religious sentiments would be corrupted. Alas ! she little knew the fearful change which had already taken place. Still it was settled that I should go, and the day fixed for my departure arrived. A little while before I was to leave, my mother desired me to accompany her into the garden, which sloped away from one side of the house. She then took my arm and walked with me into a small summer-house that stood at the extremity of a shaded walk. Turning toward me, she threw her arms around my neck and burst into tears. As soon as she became more composed, she raised her head, laid her hand impressively on my shoulder : ' William,' said she, ' dearly, dearly as I love you, it would grieve me less to see you borne down yon path upon your bier into the tomb than to behold you as I do about to start upon this unhappy journey. But the decision is made ; you go ; but oh ! William, forget not your God ; forget not CHRIST, your Saviour ; and may the sweet influences of the HOLY SPIRIT rest upon my child !'

She kissed my forehead several times with fervor, and left me to myself.

I was most sensibly affected, and felt ready to abandon every new speculation, even my journey, and remain at home ; but after a few moments, the thought of what lay before me, should I remain, decided me. I could not stay. With my father the leave-taking was peculiar. He called me into his private-room and requested me to be seated. His words were few and to the point.

' My son,' said he, ' in sending you to a strange land I have not forgotten that you are still a youth, liable to the temptations which beset the young. But I have great confidence in your integrity of character and in your self-respect. You will travel alone to Leipsic. Here is a small chart, upon which I have indicated the route I wish you to pursue. You will perceive that I have not confined you to the direct course. By following the chart, you will see, in a hasty way, France, Switzerland, and some of the German provinces. Take this letter. It is addressed to the learned and good Doctor JOHANN VON HOFRATH. He was my early preceptor. He will be your friend. He will receive you into his house, and will direct your studies. I have written him fully. I want no public teaching, where young men herd together for their ruin. Go not in their ways. In parting, my advice is, that you always bear in mind the uncertainty of all things earthly, with reference to your accountability to Almighty God. Read the Sermon upon the Mount and the Parables of the SAVIOUR of Mankind, the Proverbs of Solomon and Ecclesiastes. Make them your study. Do your whole duty, and receive a parent's blessing. May the God of your fathers go with you, guide you, and bring you again in safety to your home !'

ALL was ready for my departure. I was to leave at seven in the evening, and the clock had struck the hour. I bade our family farewell, shook De Lisle warmly by the hand, and was off. At last I was thrown fairly upon my own resources. ' The world was all be-

fore me,' and my spirits were as buoyant as if they had never known any depression. I had first to go to London. From thence my route was to Dover through Gravesend, Rochester and Canterbury. Arrived at Dover, I took a small packet for Boulogne, and the wind being favorable, we ran over in about six hours. I was in France. What a transition! It seemed like stepping out from noon-day into twilight. Every thing to me wore an unreal aspect. I was examined suspiciously, and my passport was subjected to the minutest scrutiny and myself along with it. I spoke French well, and with but slight accent. This occasioned considerable conjecture; but after some delay I was suffered to proceed to Paris. I took the route by Amiens, and stopped a few hours there to view the Cathedral. On the evening of a dusty day in the latter part of May, just as the lamps had begun to be lighted, I entered Paris. I was full of excitement. I thought of the story of the Wædallah, and every particular of his tale came vividly to mind. Here then was the scene of my kinsman's follies; here he met his dreadful fate. But I looked farther back. Here REIGNED LOUIS the Great; here schemed the mighty Cardinal; and here they languished like other men, and languishing did die! Here succeeded the Fourteenth Louis, who, as he could not aspire to the greatness of his predecessor, strove to rival him in the dissoluteness of his court. And now here I could witness the weakness of Louis the Sixteenth, and behold the seeds of revolt and misrule already springing up.

I could not stop in Paris, much as I might desire it. My instructions were positive, and I posted next to Lyons. Previously however to leaving Paris, I took my way to Rue-Copeau, full of a feverish curiosity to behold the spot where Wilfred St. Leger lived and loved; lived, and was faithless to his loved one, and where at last he fell by the hand of Julian Moncrieff.

I found the house, but it was tenantless. Dust and cobwebs had accumulated over the gate-way, and an appearance of desolation and gloom pervaded the whole building. I could not satisfy my desire to visit the garden. Just away over the roof, however, I could discern the turrets of the nunnery, whose chimes told the Wædallah so impressively the hour of eight. I pictured in my fancy the garden and the bower, and could see the combatants engaging in their fatal combat.

I posted to Lyons. The journey was tedious, and rendered sufficiently disagreeable by the constant inspection and examination to which I was subjected. I was in haste to enter Switzerland; so without stopping long enough to recover from my fatigue, I set off for Geneva. How great the transition from one country to the other! In civil polity, in character, in manners and customs, in opinions and sentiments, in natural position and scenery, how unlike were the French and Swiss! But I will not turn aside from the design of my narrative to picture all I saw and all I enjoyed. There rose the threatening Jura; here was Mont-Blanc, and in the distance the snow-capped Alps! I felt grateful to my father for allowing such an agreeable departure from a direct route. From Geneva, I passed

to the foot of Mont-Blanc, and stopped in the pleasant village of Chamouni. I had admired the grandeur of Scottish scenery, but how did it dwarf into insignificance before the stupendous presence of the mighty Alp! What were even the wonders of St. Kilda, compared to the awful magnificence of the Mer-de-Glace, or the fearful perils of the pass of the Tête Noire! I came next to the valley of the Rhone. Stopping a night at Lausanne, I proceeded through Berne, Luzerne and Zurich to Schaffhausen, where I first saw the Rhine. My spirits rose as I journeyed on, and now my heart beat with an almost healthful glow. Passing through Carlsruhe and Mayence, I found myself, after a ride of a few hours from the latter place, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Every thing about me told emphatically of the German. The steady aspect, the substantial bearing, the ever-present perfume of tobacco-smoke, and the thoughtful, ever-composed, sedate look of the smokers, were indeed significant of my whereabouts. I passed a pleasant day in Frankfort, and proceeded on my route.

On the evening of the third day after leaving Frankfort, I arrived in Leipsic. I was agreeably disappointed in the appearance of the town; and as we passed through the well-built suburbs, the sight of the beautiful gardens, which belong to almost every house, produced a cheering impression. I had reached my place of destination, and almost for the first time felt the fatigues of my long journey. I retired soon after I reached my hotel, and slumbered soundly.

The next morning I sat out early to seek the residence of Johann Von Hofrath. I learned that it was situated near the Rosenthal, a short way out of town; and that a pleasant road conducted me thither. As I was anxious to look about me, I sat out on foot to find the place. I had at last arrived at the wished-for spot. I was in the very heart of Germany. Here was the battle-field where religious freedom had triumphed after a conflict which could never be forgotten in the history of man. What great names were associated with almost every locality around! I stopped, awe-struck, and felt that the ground was sacred. Passing farther out of the town, through the suburbs, I came into the open country, and after a little inquiry, stopped before the door of the learned Professor.

A stout hearty-looking servant girl answered my summons, and requested me to enter. I did so; and was ushered into a neat but plain apartment, where I found a young girl, apparently about seventeen, engaged with her needle. She looked up as I entered, but did not start nor blush, nor manifest any of the usual signs which an English girl would have so certainly exhibited on a like occasion. With a modest but at the same time a self-possessed air, she asked me whom I would see? I answered, 'The Professor Johann Von Hofrath.' My accent, as I delivered my answer in only tolerable German, made the girl hesitate an instant; but she presently replied, 'The Professor will be in soon; will you be seated?' I took a seat, and the young girl resumed her work. Of course I had little else to do except to observe her. I did not neglect the opportunity; and as the image of that same young girl has never been

effaced from my memory ; as I have never forgotten her, and never shall forget her ; I may be excused for pausing a moment to describe her.

Her height was a little above the ordinary stature. Her figure was slight but exquisite, combining grace with dignity. Her complexion was fair, and some light brown hair, curling in ringlets, partly shaded a brow which for intellectual beauty I had never seen equalled.

Her face was not altogether faultless, for the features, although singularly expressive, were not quite regular. Her eyes were blue, not very large, but full of true intelligence and feeling. But beyond all, the unpretending dignity and self-possession of her presence were unlike any thing I had ever beheld. They seemed to be derived entirely from a remarkable innocence and purity of heart, which rendered the possessor perfectly at ease under any circumstances. With what strong interest did I behold her ! How did that interest strengthen and increase, day after day, when I came to know her ! But I will not anticipate.

An hour passed, and the Professor came not. Once only had the young girl spoken to me, and that was to say that something unusual must have detained her father, but that he certainly would not be long away ; that if I preferred, I could walk into the library, where I would find books to entertain me, or I could stroll in the garden. As there was no hope in either case of my having any companion, I declined politely, upon the ground that I was still much fatigued by long journeying, added to my morning's walk, and that I preferred keeping my seat by the window. I was in hopes that this reply might provoke conversation ; but my companion only looked at me for a moment, in a half-inquiring manner, and then continued to ply her needle as busily as ever.

Another hour passed, (it did not seem very long,) and I heard some one approach the house. In a moment an old man entered the room, with another in his company. I did not doubt that my host stood before me. I was at once relieved by the daughter, who announced him as her father. I immediately handed Herr Von Hofrath my letter of introduction. He took it, glanced hastily at it, then seized me at once cordially by the hand, exclaiming :

'This then is my young Wilhelm ? I have been expecting you for several days. You are welcome ! Here is your home.'

While the speaker was addressing me, I was taking a hasty view of his appearance. He was of middle stature, with hair as white as snow, yet the bright expression of his clear gray eye, the ruddy hue of health upon his cheek, and his almost youthful step, showed him to be in the full possession of all his faculties, both mental and physical, and that he was enjoying in an eminent degree a green old age. The kind-hearted old man continued to address me with words of welcome, which I knew came from his heart, and which were peculiarly grateful to my feelings. At length he stopped, turned quickly around, and addressed his companion :



‘Wolfgang, this is a young stranger who has come to spend a season in our good Fatherland. He is from England.’

‘The country of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE!’ replied the other, in a deep, rich voice, turning upon me a pair of dark, brilliant eyes, the expression of which I shall not soon forget. It was now for me to regard the last speaker, whom I had before scarcely noticed, so absorbed had I been in Herr Von Hofrath. Directing my attention therefore toward him, I perceived a man apparently not much past thirty, of fine stature and with an air of majestic dignity. His features were symmetrical, but large and open. Rarely indeed could so much beauty be found united with so much manliness. There was something about this man which indicated such healthful self-confidence, such hopefulness, such courage and such faith, that I was irresistibly drawn toward, nay fascinated by him.

‘The country of William Shakspeare!’—those were the words he uttered, in the deep, rich voice I have just described. They seemed spoken more to himself than to any one else, as if England was specially associated in his mind with Shakspeare, and as if Shakspeare was to him a talismanic name.

‘Yes,’ replied the Professor, ‘and my young friend will be glad to find that Germans appreciate the great dramatist.’

‘And I am glad,’ said the other, recovering from what seemed a reverie, ‘to welcome an Englishman to our German soil.’

The stranger bowed courteously as he spoke, and a winning smile illuminated his countenance, which made him appear still more attractive. As yet I had not heard his name, and I waited with a great deal of curiosity for the information.

‘You have forgotten Theresa, or rather you will not recognize your little plaything in that tall girl,’ said the Professor, ‘but I see she remembers you.’

‘Forgotten her!’ said the other, good-humoredly, as he advanced toward my new acquaintance, whom he saluted on either cheek, while the latter appeared to recognize in the new-comer an old friend; ‘forgotten her! I need not deny a thing so impossible. Theresa will not believe such slander of me.’

Again I was disappointed. I heard not the name of the Unknown.

At this moment we were summoned into the next room to dinner. It could not have been later than one. So much, thought I, for the simple manners of the nation I have come to sojourn among. I managed to get through with the peculiar varieties of a German dinner with a very tolerable zest; but we had a far better entertainment than that upon the table. Our host was full of animation, and conversed with a lively humor, very remarkable in a person of his years. His companion was still more remarkable; for without appearing to do so, he went far beyond the Professor. Whatever he said came forth without the slightest apparent effort; spontaneously, as if it was not to be kept in. I was amazed, perfectly amazed, at the strange, wild fantasies, at the noble, magnificent thoughts which the stranger poured forth one after another without

the least hesitation. What rapid perception, what keen appreciation, what humor, what pathos, what power did he exhibit! I was sure that I was in the presence of a great genius. But who could it be?

Theresa sat quietly by, listening with interest to the conversation, and I too sat with open ears, eager to gather all that was said. Questions were frequently put to me by both, which I answered as readily as my knowledge of the language would permit. One thing I discovered during the conversation; that Herr Von Hofrath was a very devout man. His remarks indicated this emphatically. A healthful tone pervaded all he uttered, and I knew his thoughts were pure. How I loved him, the noble-hearted old man!

Dinner over and its appendages, we returned to the sitting-room. The stranger went up to a small table on which several books were lying, and took up one of them. 'Blank!' he exclaimed, turning to Theresa; 'what is this waiting for?'

'For your *imprimatur*,' answered the maiden. 'It is to be my album. You come in good time to put down the first line upon the first page.' She took the book as she spoke, opened to the page, and said 'Proceed.'

The countenance of the stranger assumed a thoughtful aspect. He took a pencil, and without hesitation traced the following lines. I translate them into English at the expense both of beauty and force of expression:

THE ALBUM OF THERESA.

"'Begun' and 'Ended,' two brief words, contain  
The whole of what it is and is to be;  
Farther than this all prophecy is vain;  
Our eyes are blinded; we cannot foresee  
The shadowy future; yet perhaps 't were well  
On its uncertain incidents awhile to dwell!"

'Your name! your name!' said Theresa, as the writer handed her back the volume; 'you must seal what you say.'

The other took the book again, and in fair, distinct characters, wrote:

'Goethe.'

I had no time to express my admiration or astonishment on beholding the rising wonder of all Germany; for the Professor coming up, exclaimed: 'Wolfgang, something more Theresa will require of you than a half-dozen lines, scored by way of imprint on the title-page. Come, be not a niggard of your thoughts.'

The poet took the book again, cast an almost mournful smile upon the maiden, and selecting another page, he wrote as follows:

'STRANGE are the thoughts that swell  
Full in the breast,  
Thoughts that no longer dwell  
Calmly at rest.  
They rise, they rise, be they mournful or glad,  
Like the sum of existence, both joyous and sad;  
While the thoughtless laugh, and sport, and are gay;  
The sorrowing heart bleeds afresh every day;  
Still the whirl goes round and round,

Now 't is the happy laugh, then comes the plaintive sound;  
 Mingling, mingling joy and sorrow,  
 To-day 't is joy, 't is wo the morrow;  
 And time rolls on 'till our brief life has passed,  
 And the grave closes over ALL at last.'

'Wolfgang,' said the Professor, seriously, after reading what the other had written, 'this is well; nay, it is beautiful. But it is very incomplete.'

'Finish it; I pray you finish it!' said Goëthe, sadly. 'To please your once loved pupil, finish it!'

The old man, thus invoked, took the album, and leaving a short space, continued as follows:

'Such is the history of existence *here*,  
 Brief as it is, and incomplete and vain,  
 Not worth the living for, could we not look  
*Beyond*, and grasp existence infinite.  
 Without the promise of a life to come,  
 There's naught indeed to cheer the heart of man,  
 For all is dark within and gloom without.  
 E'en the brief sunshine of a happy day  
 Brings but the thought that when the morrow comes  
 Clouds will obscure the whole, and damp the joys  
 Just rising in the bosom. Is it so?  
 Is life so cheerless? is it really nought?  
 Without the promise, yes; but, thanks to God!  
 The promise stands forever firm and sure,  
 'I am the resurrection and the life,  
 Believe in me, though dead yet shalt thou live!'  
 Existence then is not an idle dream,  
 If 't is probation for the life to come,  
 For here we're fitted for another world.  
 Fitted for weal or wo—how dread the thought!  
 And now we see why life's so full of change,  
 Of blended shades of sorrow, joy and wo;  
 Why we are tried, our bosoms torn, our hearts  
 Broken and crushed: were there no sorrow here,  
 Who would aspire to heaven, or seek the joys  
 That flow perennial from the throne of God?  
 Compared with which earth's glories are but dross.  
*Bless'd then be life, mysterious life!* and bless'd  
 Be God who gave it; who created man  
 For wisest purposes. Look not beyond,  
 But humbly seek His favor; learn of Him,  
 And if thou wouldst be happy, do His WILL.'

The old man closed the book, and handed it with a solemn air to his young friend. The latter read what had been written with serious attention; then turning toward the Professor, he drew himself up to his full height, and laying his hand impressively upon the arm of the other, he exclaimed with dignity, 'Doctor, do not misinterpret me: I BELIEVE!'

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WHAT IS FAME?—A FRAGMENT.

'What is Fame? an empty bubble,  
 Floating on a sea of trouble;  
 Hard to win, but easy lost,  
 Seldom valued at its cost;  
 Sought by all, by few obtain'd,  
 Not enjoyed when it is gain'd;  
 Like the echo of the horn,  
 Like the dew at early morn,  
 Glittering for awhile, and then  
 Soon it vanishes again!

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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VIEWS AFOOT: OR EUROPE SEEN WITH KNAPSACK AND STAFF. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR. With a Preface by N. P. WILLIS. New-York and London: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

TRUTHFUL and graphic in description, and teeming with evidences of mind of no merely common order, this book of travels addresses itself not only to our interest and admiration, but to our sympathies, which are elicited in a remarkable degree by the novel taste and aspirations of the young printer. The strong will and the magnetic hope which so certainly insure success; the enthusiasm and energy which buoyed up the firm traveller under the toils and fatigues of long journeys 'afoot;' and above all, under the most disheartening of evils, a 'lean purse,' excite our wonder and compel our praise. The character of the man first strikes us. We are constantly attracted by his industrious research and his profound love of the intellectual; his strong interest in the useful sciences, and his spiritual appreciation of the wonderful and the beautiful. We repeat, the writer is the leading object of interest in the book; and this because of the novelty of his character and purpose. As a book of travels the work might not be striking. As a collection of new and multifarious anecdotes, incidents and descriptions, it ranks with the best of its kind. In short, it is a volume to which one turns when the brain is racked and wearied in the contest with the 'higher powers;' when the 'Zanonis' and the 'Lucretias' are laid upon the shelf; when the appetite for the marvellous is satiated in 'Typee,' or when, disgusted with the heaps of puerile 'light' works which are piled up around us, our eye falling upon these volumes, the attractive title leads to the more attractive page, and we become pleased, engaged, and—rested.

We meet with but one disappointment in glancing at these 'Views Afoot.' We lament an oversight which seems incongruous in the character of the author; an oversight which will deprive the great majority of his readers of that information which would have been to him the surest harbinger of fame. We inferred that the traveller 'afoot' would at least stumble over those lights and shadows of *simple life* which are the subject of so much fiction, but of which no *real* portraiture ever has been given. For example, we should have liked to know something *true* of the French grisette; not a history of caps, flounces and ribbons, nor of love-scenes, assignations, and the like; but of the young-hearted girl of Normandy or Languedoc; her peasant-home, her hopes, her first affections, before she has been seduced away to far-off Paris to be ruined or to die. Again, we should like to have peeped in through the windows of some good, honest German vrouw, and inquired, if we chose, the in-

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gredients of her sour-kroust, or have a hob-a-nob with some of the stout lasses, her daughters. We thought to find in the work natural and simple pictures of natural and simple things; a panoramic view, which would have made us familiar with foreign *people*, whose lands, governments, institutions and wonders have been described and embellished, and almost demolished by every previous traveller. Yet, notwithstanding these grains of abatement, we must invoke for our young author's good volumes a cordial reception; and we may venture to predict for him a 'name,' even though this book of travels do not win it for him. The subjoined reflections, suggested by hearing the chimes of Mary-le-bone Chapel, will afford the reader some impression of the writer's meditative current of thought. They come to us, we scarcely know how, like the reveries of our own mind on hearing the chimes of Trinity:

'THERE is something in their silvery vibration which is far more expressive than the ordinary tones of a bell. The ear becomes weary of a continued toll; the sound of some bells seems to have nothing more in it than the ordinary clang of metal; but these simple notes, following one another so melodiously, fall on the ear, stunned by the ceaseless roar of carriages or the mingled cries of the mob, as gently and gratefully as drops of dew. Whether it be morning, and they ring out louder and deeper through the mist, or midnight, when the vast ocean of being beneath them surges less noisily than its wont, they are alike full of melody and poetry. I have often paused, deep in the night, to hear those clear tones dropping down from the darkness, thrilling with their full, tremulous sweetness the still air of the lighted Strand, and winding away through dark, silent lanes and solitary courts, till the ear of the care-worn watcher is scarcely stirred with their dying vibrations. They seemed like those spirit-voices which at such times speak almost audibly to the heart. How delicious it must be to those who dwell within the limits of their sound, to wake from some happy dream and hear those chimes blending in with their midnight fancies like the musical echo of the promised bliss. I love these eloquent bells, and I think there must be many living out a life of misery and suffering to whom their tones come with an almost human consolation. The nature of the very cockneys, who never go without the horizon of their vibrations, is to my mind invested with *one* hue of poetry.'

THE VIVIPAROUS QUADRUPEDS OF NORTH-AMERICA. By JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, F. R. S., etc., and the Rev. JOHN BUCHANAN, D. D., etc. New-York: JOHN J. AUDUBON.

THE geographical range selected for the investigations embraced in this work are certainly sufficiently extensive; comprising the British and Russian possessions to the North, the whole of the United States and their territories, California, and that part of Mexico north of the tropic of Cancer. The researches in this vast range are arranged by those divisions the limits of which are fixed by nature, and where new *forms* mark the effects of a low latitude and warm climate. When it is remembered that a large portion of this extensive tract is now an uncultivated and almost unexplored wild, roamed over by ferocious beasts and warlike tribes of Indians, some idea may be obtained of the danger and difficulty with which the full and authentic matériel of this great work has been obtained. The illustrations are truly *superb*. They are not only scientifically correct, but interesting to all readers, from the varied occupations, expressions and attitudes given to the different species, together with the appropriate accessories, such as trees, plants, landscapes, etc., with which the figures of the animals are relieved. The reader is made thoroughly acquainted with the habits, geographical distribution, and in short with all that is of interest in the 'life and times' of the animals described, including also the mode of hunting or destroying such as are pursued either to gratify the appetite, to furnish a rich fur or skin, or in order to get rid of dangerous or annoying neighbors. The work, we are truly glad to learn, has been warmly encouraged, as it certainly deserved to be. The letter-press is admirable, and the paper unexceptionable. The twentieth number of the *Illustrations of the Quadrupeds* is now ready for delivery.

ALDERBROOK: A COLLECTION OF FANNY FORRESTER'S Village Sketches, Poems, etc. By Miss EMILY E. CHUBBUCK. In two volumes. pp. 539. Boston: WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY.

WITH an evident affection for all the phases and aspects of liberal Nature; with a love of the beautiful inherent in her heart; and with a keen observation of the *detail* of natural scenery and human character, FANNY FORRESTER could hardly fail to produce a readable and pleasant work. She has certainly done this in the pages before us. Nevertheless we are compelled to add, that she seems to us to exhibit a general tendency toward over-writing, over-describing, over-feeling; so that while there is enough of *real* feeling, real love of the works and the creatures of God, real emotions of pleasure and pain, there are beside, contrasts with these, which seem to indicate that there were times when the demands of a periodical press required the stipulated amount of *matériel*, whether it were or were not informed with the true and genuine spirit of the writer. But the exceptions to the better portions of the work which we have indicated, while they may impress unfavorably the discriminating reader, will not prevent him from perceiving that he has in the writer a true-hearted woman, of a gifted intellect, and capable of writing in a style of unusual felicity, and whose inculcations are invariably feminine, pure and good. The fair author, with a self-sacrificing devotion to the spread of the religion she professes, is now in a far distant land. May she be as happy as she would render others, is our fervent wish. Although a frequent correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, we never had the pleasure to see her. We cannot but hope, however, that the portrait prefixed to the first volume does no justice to the original. It is very stiff and formal, and seems painted for an affected effect. The volumes are well executed in a typographical point of view.

THE SACRED MOUNTAINS. By J. T. HEADLEY, author of 'NAPOLEON and his Marshals.' Illustrated. One volume. pp. 175. New-York: BAKER AND SCHRIENER.

THIS is, in its externals, one of the most strikingly beautiful volumes we have for some months encountered. The printing and paper are of the first order of excellence; and the illustrations, engraved on steel, are of very superior execution. They are eleven in number, and are from the pencils and gravers of the first artists in England. The subjects are, Mount Arrarat, Bethlehem, Mounts Moriah, Sinai, Horeb, Carmel, Lebanon, Zion, Tabor, and the Mount of Olives. The design of the author was to render more familiar and life-like some of the scenes of the Bible. In his descriptions, which are often in the florid style for which he has become somewhat remarkable, Mr. HEADLEY affirms, and so far as we have been able to perceive, with correctness, that he has 'endeavored to shun all those things which might be termed mere creations of the fancy, and has confined himself either to the Bible itself, or to those incidents which must have occurred, taking human nature to be the same in all ages of the world. The dedication of the work is touching and beautiful: 'To my aged, beloved Father, who has long stood on the Heights of Zion, a Messenger of Peace and Herald of Glad Tidings to Men, and whose feet I know will soon stand on the 'Mount of God, these Sketches are affectionately inscribed.' 'The Sacred Mountains' will form an admirable religious gift-book at this season of good wishes and kind deeds.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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**SELF-MADE MEN: HON. ZADOCK PRATT.**—The reader's attention and admiration will be elicited by the article in preceding pages upon the life and character of the late Judge HITCHCOCK, of New-Haven. The lesson taught in the example of that distinguished jurist will not be lost upon the young struggling American; for he cannot fail to see that to be born into the world with a career of labor and self-reliance before one, can be regarded as no misfortune to the persevering, the upright and the true-hearted. The man who by the force of early habit 'learns to labor and to wait;' who lives from day to day by the exercise, in his sphere, of his hands or head, and seeks to improve himself by all that he sees and encounters around him, acquires for himself that *property of soul*, which has always upheld, and always will uphold, the self-made man. 'He secures for himself the faithful companion, which, while it has always lent the light of its countenance to men of rank, and minds who have deserved it, has ever shed its greatest consolations on men of low estate and almost hopeless means.' It took its patient seat beside Sir WALTER RALEIGH, in his dungeon-study in the tower; and laid its head on the block with MORE; but it did not disdain to outwatch the stars with FERGUSON, the shepherd's boy; it walked the streets in mean attire with CRABBE; it was a poor barber with AREKWRIGHT; it was a tallow-chandler's lad with FRANKLIN; it worked at shoemaking with BLOOMFIELD in his garret and ROGER SHERMAN in his cobbler's-shop; it followed the plough with ROBERT BURNS; and high above the noise of loom and hammer, it whispers courage to many thousands at this moment, in every quarter of our land. We have been led to these remarks by reading in the last number of the '*Democratic Review*' a sketch of the private and public career of the Hon. ZADOCK PRATT, late member of Congress from this State. Like Judge HITCHCOCK, Mr. Pratt is a self-taught, self-sustained, and eminently practical man; and his history is so useful that we shall make no apology for devoting some space to setting it, in synopsis, before the reader. We have often admired, at the house of an old and highly-esteemed friend, a fine painting by the gifted DURAND, representing a charming rural village, nestling in a pleasant valley, and surrounded by high mountains, green to their summits with hemlock trees. This is Prattsville, in Greene county, and this flourishing place may be said to be the *production*, in one sense, of the man whose name it bears. But let us begin at the beginning. ZADOCK PRATT is descended from the band of pilgrims who first broke ground on the shores of New-England, in 1623. His father was a tanner and shoemaker. He was engaged in several hard-fought battles in the Revo-

lution, and was twice taken prisoner, and suffered in the prison-ships in this harbor. We may add here that the son emulated his father, by joining the 'patriotic diggers' on Brooklyn Heights in the last war; he was subsequently a captain in our State artillery regiment, and afterward an active colonel of a regiment of infantry. ZADOCK, the subject of this notice, we are told, 'had no other education than that of a common school, working out of school-hours to pay for his board. He had very early to contend with the difficulties of his position. He often mentions with satisfaction, that the first money which he ever earned was by gathering huckleberries. He worked in his father's tannery, and employed his leisure hours in braiding whip-lashes, etc., for which he readily found a market, and in a short time, by saving his little earnings, he found himself possessed of some thirty dollars — quite a treasure for a working boy. He was now apprenticed to a saddler, served out his apprenticeship, worked a year at his trade, at the wages of ten dollars a month, and then commenced business for himself. He now labored fifteen or sixteen hours a day; and this system of industry, coupled with prudence and judicious enterprise, soon placed him on the road to fortune. Among the rules which it may be said formed the business creed of his life, were the trite and homely, but expressive maxims, which he used to post up in his work-shop and store, and mark upon his account-books; 'Do one thing at a time.' 'Be just and fear not.' 'Mind your own business.' Blessed with an excellent constitution and an iron frame; with an indomitable resolution and perseverance, which no difficulties could daunt, no exertions weary; labor was to him the salt of his existence, seasoning his daily bread, and stimulating him to farther and higher exertions. From this time his course has been uniformly onward and upward.'

When Mr. PRATT purchased in 1824 the tract and water-power now included in the village which bears his name, and commenced his operations, 'the forest on either hand, to the very tops of the mountains, was a dense growth of hemlock, adapted to his purposes; communication was easy with New-York; and he at once saw that here was the spot for him to establish a mammoth tannery. He lost no time in commencing operations; and his labors were crowned with the most complete success. His establishment soon yielded employment in various ways to more than two hundred men, to all of whom he gave encouragement to settle around him. His tannery was five hundred feet long, containing over three hundred vats, requiring a consumption annually of fifteen hundred cords of wood, and six thousand cords of hemlock bark, in the manufacture of sixty thousand sides of sole leather, which he annually sent to market; or more than a million of sides in the last twenty years; employing a capital of over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, without a single litigated law-suit.' We are not surprised to learn that as Mr. PRATT rose upon the tide of his prosperous business, his friends and neighbors flourished with him. The little town was rapidly settled and improved; streets were laid out, and ornamental trees planted by his own hands; schools were established, churches built, and houses and stores multiplied, until the village has become one of the most pleasant and flourishing settlements in the region of the Catskills. He himself erected more than a hundred houses, and his munificence is seen in all the churches and public buildings of the place, of which more than one-third the cost was defrayed from his own pocket. Nor was he less a public benefactor in establishing the Prattsville Bank, under the free banking law of this State, an institution of unquestioned credit, whose bills are kept constantly at par in this city, while its business, (of great public conve-



nience in the mountainous region in which it is situated,) averages nearly a million of dollars annually. Colonel PRATT, having secured the good opinion and constant respect of his neighbors and fellow-citizens at large, was looked upon by the working community in which he resided as one whom they could safely trust with political perferment. He was therefore, in 1836, put in nomination for congress, and was elected by more than twenty-seven hundred majority over his competitor, having received the almost unanimous vote of his own town; a sufficient evidence that he was the most esteemed where he was the best known.

While in Congress, Mr. PRATT devoted himself to the *utility* of legislation; and his example certainly demonstrates the advantage of sending men of practical business habits to our national council, and shows 'how much that is really important to the people may be performed by one man, when he is more anxious to *act* than to *speak*.' His speeches were confined to plain statements of important facts which he had thoroughly investigated. Coming from an agricultural region, 'he originated the proposition, which was finally adopted by Congress, providing for the introduction through our consuls and national vessels, of foreign seeds and plants, and for their gratuitous distribution to all portions of the country, through the medium of the patent office,' the beneficial effects of which measure have already begun to be appreciated; and his addresses before the agricultural societies of his own county were widely commended and circulated. It is to Mr. PRATT, as a member of the congressional committee on public buildings, that the capital is indebted for the beautiful General Post-Office edifice; but for his exertions, it would have been erected of the porous sand-stone, which in process of time crumbles like wet gingerbread, instead of the admirable marble of which it is constructed. He was an early and ardent advocate of the cheap postage reform; of the improvement of the public grounds at Washington; he introduced the resolution for the Branch Mint at New-York; for the publication and engraving of all the important inventions patented at Washington, to be distributed throughout the country; to require, once every two years, an inventory of the public property in the hands of public agents; for the establishment of a Bureau of Statistics; and various other important measures, which we have not space to enumerate. Indeed, the reports made to Congress by Mr. PRATT cover more than a thousand pages, during his career in that body, to which he declined a reelection, in an able address to his constituents, giving a faithful account of his stewardship. At first a poor boy, yet always true to the 'dignity of labor;' energetic and persevering; living *with* and not *upon* his neighbors, as he advanced in means; liberal and true-hearted, in private as in public life, Mr. PRATT presents an example which we hope will be lost upon no young reader of these pages. We are glad to know that he is still in the prime of life, and in the full enjoyment of his bodily and mental vigor; a fact indeed which is sufficiently evinced by his portrait, which combines, in no ordinary degree, the appearance of health, self-possessed dignity, firmness and kindness. In looking at this picture, in hearing the original converse, and in reading the sketch of his life, we have been confirmed in a long-settled belief that that man is scarcely half-educated who has not in his early years had something to struggle for, and who has not at some period of his life lived among '*the people*' in the country. There is scarcely one of our most eminent public men whose private and public history is not an illustration of this undeniable fact; and it is a fact full of encouragement and hope to the toiling, self-denying, self-respecting country boy.

## Anniversary Festival of Saint Nicholas.



As the chosen and official organ of the '*Saint Nicholas Society*,' we proceed to lay before our readers the proceedings at the anniversary festival of the good old Saint, celebrated at the City Hotel on the seventh ultimo. The society, in unusually large numbers, assembled at the capacious receiving-rooms of the 'City' at five o'clock; and after the reelection of the **PRESIDENT**, Chief

Justice JONES, and the Committee of Managers, with the election of four Vice-Presidents, in the persons of JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN, JOHN A. KING, HAMILTON FISH, and CHARLES KING, Esquires, the members, with their distinguished associates and invited guests, (among the former of whom we remarked his ex-Excellency, WASHINGTON IRVING, late Minister to Spain, with HENRY BREVOORT, Esquire; and among the latter, Naval Commandant STETTIN, Mr. VAN WART, of England, together with the chief officers of all the sister societies,) repaired to the dining-hall, to the inspiring music of DODWORTH'S band. The decorated hall; the four long ornamented tables, 'surmounted,' if we may say so, by the cross-table on the *dais*, or raised platform, at the upper end of the room, at which sat the venerable **PRESIDENT**, in his venerable cocked-hat; the Presidents of the various sister societies, and other honored guests; the tables themselves, groaning under the weight of rare potables and edibles, such as *Messrs. JENNINGS* and *WILLARD* know so well how to supply; the waiters, in the livery of the days of PETER STUYVESANT; all these made up a *coup-d'œil* which 'may be conceived but cannot be described.' Grace was pronounced in a few brief and well-chosen words by Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, when the company sat down to the discussion of the store of good things before them; among which we were glad to encounter sundry of the choicest 'relishes' of the old Dutch tables; 'sour-kROUT,' 'krullers,' 'spack and applejes,' 'olikoeks,' 'nolletjes,' and the like, never forgetting 'schnaps' and pipes. When the inner man had been satisfied and refreshed, the **PRESIDENT** announced the following regular toasts:

**OUR PATRON SAINT, ST. NICHOLAS:** The best of good Saints; his most acceptable offerings are deeds of kindness and love. *Air: 'Long Time Ago.'*

**OUR CITY:** Constant progress is her destiny; a pure and high civilization be her aim and her triumph. *Home, Sweet Home.*

**THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.**

*President's March.*

**THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.**

*Governor's March.*

**OUR COUNTRY:** Glory and honor to her coming years.

*Hail Columbia.*

**THE EARLY FATHERS OF NEW-AMSTERDAM:** Types of an unpretending humanity, they need not the smoke of an ever-rising incense to magnify into colossal dimensions their real stature. *'Mynheer Van Donck.'*

**OUR SISTER SOCIETIES:** St. NICHOLAS welcomes them right heartily to his board, and extends abow to his loyal tributaries the assurance of his sovereign protection. *'For we're a Band of Brothers.'*

**THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES:** Their flag is emblematic of each; they have proved themselves 'true blue;' they have plucked 'stars' from the sky of glory, and they have dedicated 'the stripes' to their foes. *The Star-spangled Banner.*

**THE DAUGHTERS OF SAINT NICHOLAS:** Excluded by no Salic law from the only throne to which they aspire, a republican heart. *'Here's a Health to all Good Lasses.'*

In reply to the toast to 'The City,' His Honor the MAYOR, after a few well-considered remarks, in keeping with the theme of his sentiment, proposed the following:

'THE KNICKERBOCKERS: Who taught us that the science of free government was *Frugality, Industry and Integrity*.'

JOSEPH FOWLER, Esquire, President of the ST. GEORGE Society, arose and responded as follows, in a manner perhaps the most felicitous of the evening:

'MR. PRESIDENT: The gloomy month of November, so trying to the nerves of JOHN BULL, having so recently made its exit, you will not be surprised to learn that it has left one of his family in somewhat of a melancholy mood: but as, on the other hand, the saying is reduced to a proverb, that 'Englishmen are never so happy as when they are miserable,' (*Laughter and applause*.) it is not likely, Sir, that much of your sympathy will be extended to me. Still, I am very much out of sorts; and being so situated, I find I cannot do better than follow the example and tread in the footsteps of one of my illustrious and saintly contemporaries, a gentleman never caught napping; a man indeed of extraordinary tact. At a recent anniversary festival, when called upon to display his prolocutory powers, ST. DAVID most pathetically declared, that he rose 'with embarrassment and emotion.' In that precise posture, Sir, ST. GEORGE is now placed. I have risen with the same kind of embarrassment; not proceeding, as I assure you, from any conscientious abhorrence of these annual dinner-parties — quite the reverse; but from that sort of vague, undefined fluttering which, in spite of all my efforts, will come over me just at the very moment I ought to be ready to burst, as it were, with the fulness of uncommunicated thought. (*Renewed laughter and applause*.) Not that I purpose entirely to back out, Sir, or to excuse myself under the plea of being 'unaccustomed' to return thanks on these festal occasions, for that would hardly go down; because you all very well know that I have been going the rounds long enough at any rate to have grown bald, if not *gray*, in the service. Ay, there 's the rub, my friends; so long have I been engaged in the business that I am compelled in all candor to confess that the whole novelty, the whole originality, the whole philosophy of the system is, in my poor self, used up. 'Misery loves company,' however; and, if I mistake not, I am not the only one taken aback. It appears to me that sundry of my saintly contemporaries are beginning to breathe very hard; to betray certain quick, spasmodic vibrations, as if sensible that *their* time was at hand; as if conscious their *trouble* was about to begin. (*Great laughter*.) They have my sympathy, if that will be of any comfort to them; for after all, Mr. PRESIDENT, talk as you may about 'practice making perfect,' there are few things more difficult than to give a new turn of words to familiar combinations of thought; especially is it difficult to one who, like the humble person who addresses you, is miserably off for rhetoric, and only qualified to speak in the common, every-day language of social life. My brother saints, I am sure, feel as I do, that thus, at each succeeding anniversary, to be brought into harmonious contact with each other is a very delightful custom; they feel as I do, Sir, that these national benevolent festivals go off most charmingly until the time arrives for the payment of the *national debt*; the first instalment of which ST. GEORGE is always expected to discharge. Now, Gentlemen, that we have reached this, to us, most critical stage of your proceedings, do pray come to our succor; pray compassionate our agitations; and by your lenity and forbearance embolden us not only to dismiss but even to smile at our own periodical apprehensions.

'As the representative of the ST. GEORGE Society I rejoice in having one more opportunity of assuring you of the unalterable fellowship and good-will existing in the breasts of all who belong to that institution toward the Sons of ST. NICHOLAS. And delighted I am that such feelings do exist between us; for fast are we multiplying around you. The last census discloses the fact that there are upward of ninety-five thousand natives of the British dominions now residing in this city; a fact however which excites less of our wonder when we remember that JOHN BULL is presented yearly by his wife with an increase of three hundred and sixty-five thousand members to his family. Such of his redundant race who are conducted to this portion of America certainly come to that part in which the virtues of the Anglo-Saxon race are sure to be best evoked. The vicious we may hope will stay away; all those indeed whose characters *won't bear investigation*. To the worthy immigrant no better advice can be given than that of being enjoined to study the history of New-York; its Empire State and noble city; for it is a well-attested history, fruitful in its records and recitals of heroic deeds, and in its images of resplendent virtue; and may I not add, in the eloquent language of Chancellor KENT, that its history is 'well-fitted to elevate the pride of ancestry, to awaken deep feeling, to strengthen just purpose and enkindle generous emulation.'

'But, Mr. PRESIDENT, I am making a sad trespass on your patience, and I will therefore add but one word. In my official capacity as President of the ST. GEORGE Society I have so often taken leave of my brethren of ST. NICHOLAS that they must begin to think it quite a joke; but when with becoming gravity I now assure you that this is '*positively* my last appearance' before you; that all

my cunning devices of accepting, resigning and resuming office now expire by their own limitation, (or rather will do on St. GEORGE'S Day,) I feel persuaded that the melancholy I betrayed at the *opening* of my remarks will be well accounted for; and that you will not begrudge an effort to console and sustain me at this the *closing* period of my official career. As a toast allow me to give:

'THE SONS OF ST. NICHOLAS AND THE SONS OF ST. GEORGE: Formidable competitors; but in so glorious a competition each will do his uttermost, and yet rejoice to see himself outstripped.'

Three loud and hearty cheers were given by the Society as soon as Mr. FOWLER had resumed his seat. Mr. JAMES REYSBURN, President of the 'Friendly Sons of Saint PATRICK' Society, remarked in effect that his brother of Saint GEORGE had rendered it an act of temerity in him to attempt a speech; he would the rather pass at once to his toast, which was received with much applause, and which we subjoin:

'THE FESTIVAL DAYS OF SANTA-CLAUS AND NEW-YEAR: Dutch in origin, Dutch in observance; long may the descendants of Dutchmen enjoy their annual return.'

HON. MOSES H. GRINNELL, President of the 'New-England Society,' on rising to reply to the toast to the 'Sister Societies,' said that 'He accepted with gratitude the assurance of the 'sovereign protection' of Saint NICHOLAS; and, as became a 'loyal tributary,' was ready to take the oath of fealty. To be sure, the Pilgrim Fathers were apt to receive the *first* homage of the New-England heart; yet with all possible respect for those renowned worthies, and real deference to their sterling virtues, he was disposed to concede a paramount allegiance to St. NICHOLAS. 'This, Mr. PRESIDENT, may appear rather strange, on the part of the representative of the 'New-England Society;' but the truth is, I owe a slight grudge to the Pilgrim Fathers for their hanging my progenitors, the Quakers. I have never been quite able to perceive that this was the best way to illustrate their devotion to religious liberty. If I recollect rightly, too, Mr. PRESIDENT, while the colonies of New-England were fining and flogging the Quakers, and driving them right and left from their borders, your benignant Saint was throwing wide his doors to receive and shelter the fugitives. On this account, Mr. PRESIDENT, although always ready to claim all due honor to the Society which I represent, I am less disposed to dispute the sovereign authority asserted for your benevolent Saint in the toast which you have read, to the sister societies. With a feeling of heart-felt gratitude to the Saint for his benignant protection of my Quaker forefathers, I beg leave to give you as a toast:

'THE GENUINE OLD STOCK OF NEW-YORK: While the city holds out the assurance of welcome and the rewards of enterprise to the intrusive Yankee, he will ever acknowledge in the blood of the HUGUENOT and the KNICKERBOCKERS the rightful lords of the inheritance.'

The past and present Presidents of the 'St. DAVID'S Society,' DAVID C. COLDEN, Esq., and Mr. EDWARDS, gave each a toast, prefaced by appropriate remarks, but we regret that neither of these were among the papers of the Secretary, nor have we at a late hour been able to obtain them. We are compelled therefore to leave them unrecorded, as well as the very brief remarks and toast of the representative of the St. ANDREW'S Society, which were not sent to the President. Mr. L. LECLERC, President of the 'French Benevolent Society,' rose and addressed the chair:

'MR. PRESIDENT: As a Frenchman, and in the name of the French Benevolent Society, which I represent here, I thank you for your welcome; and let me say, it is under the influence of fraternizing recollections that I rise to respond to the toast offered to our sister societies. Hollanders and Frenchmen, Mr. PRESIDENT and gentlemen, were both natives of one continent, and for centuries united by the bonds of a national alliance. Here, on this side of the Atlantic, in the last century, when your sires were engaged in asserting their rights of self-government, many Frenchmen gave a

helping hand to the great work of a nation's birth. More recently, when France was at war with all Europe, her first alliance was with Holland; and NAPOLEON was proud of numbering as part of his Imperial Guard a regiment of *Chasseurs à Cheval*, composed almost entirely of Hollanders. As after a storm comes a calm, so after war comes peace, and with it the happiness of nations. For thirty years the peace of Europe has not been broken; and to its duration may we attribute the advancement of civilization and refinement. On this continent the blessings of a lasting peace of thirty years also gladden the eye of the beholder. An entire people having bravely fought and won the great Battle of Independence, settle down to the more moral though scarcely less active business of ameliorating their social condition. The secret of their prosperity is in their energy, and the liberality of their institutions places them in the front rank of nations. In conclusion, Sir, allow me to offer as a toast:

'THE CITIZENS OF NEW-YORK: The progressive enterprise of their commerce, and their extended hospitality to natives of all countries, have changed the once contracted New-Amsterdam into the present 'Empire City.'

The representative of Holland, resident at this capital, spoke nearly as follows, in introducing his toast to the company:

'I THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT, for the honor that has been done me. I had hoped that my much esteemed friend, H. M. *Charge d'Affaires* at Washington, would have been present this evening, to be the interpreter of the interest which our KING takes in whatever concerns this most respectable Society. He requested me to express to you his regret, and to say that he has been prevented by unavoidable circumstances from availing himself of your kind invitation. It is a matter, Sir, of no small gratification to us, to see from year to year the long-standing friendship existing between you and the land of my birth not only fostered but increased. Nor can it well be otherwise; many of you claim the same descent; many visit the land of your forefathers, their birth-places and tombs; and the impressions they carry home cannot but renew their good feelings. These impressions were eloquently depicted by the Reverend Doctor DEWITT a few evenings ago, in a discourse delivered before the members of your Society and others. Were other proofs wanting of the friendly feelings of this community toward my countrymen, I have only to refer to the flattering and munificent reception of the officers of His Majesty's squadron that so recently visited this port. Never before were more gratifying and cordial attentions bestowed on foreign officers; and I cannot but again thank His Honor the Mayor and the council of this great city for their promotion of it; and particularly to one of your late presidents, Mr. EGBERT BENSON, the worthy alderman who so justly boasts of the pure Dutch blood that runs in his veins; blood not inferior to that of any native-born. Let us hope, MR. PRESIDENT, that the commercial intercourse between the two countries may likewise increase. Some late regulations may promote this end. We require it on both sides. At present this country, so bountifully blessed by PROVIDENCE, supplies ours in some measure with the staff of life; whereas only eight or nine years ago, nearly fifty of our largest merchantmen arrived at this port from Holland, laden with the same necessary articles. I give you Sir, as a toast:

'COMMERCE AND NAVIGATION: Essential to the welfare of both countries, may they prosper for their mutual advantage.'

The venerable PRESIDENT next arose, and indulged the Society with an extended speech, marked with the characteristic features of his eloquence; and which, the longer it was continued, seemed only the more loudly to be applauded. He concluded with the following sentiment; a fitting pendant to the reflections upon the state of the times which he had conveyed to his hearers:

'THE CLERGY: Their presence is always welcome at the festal board: they teach the lesson of Peace on earth and Good-will toward men.'

To the sentiment proposed by the PRESIDENT, Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, one of the chaplains, replied: that, in the name of his colleagues, he sincerely thanked the PRESIDENT and gentlemen for the kind terms in which he had proposed, and the cordial manner in which they had received the sentiment just offered. It was the peculiar lustre of our holy religion, that while it gave glory to God in the highest, it was a religion of 'Peace on earth and good-will among men.' Its claims to divinity were by this, among other peculiarities, distinctly authenticated; and the highest honor which could be conferred on a mortal, was to be allowed to minister at its altars; the most

becoming prayer we could frame for social man was, that its benign and peaceful spirit might speedily pervade the entire globe. Dr. VERMILYE observed that he had not intended to make a speech, for indeed he had far rather listen and enjoy. He would therefore, with the leave of the PRESIDENT, make over his right and title to the attention of the company to an esteemed friend at his side, who had much more claim to represent the clergy than himself, being as he believed the oldest settled pastor in the neighborhood of this city; and whose superior qualifications none would be disposed to question, when once they had listened to the mellifluous outpourings of his recondite learning. He therefore called on the Rev. Dr. SCHOONMAKER, of Jamaica, (L. I.,) as the worthy representative of the true Dutch dominie. Being thus invited, the highly-esteemed and reverend gentlemen referred to responded in the subjoined remarkable words:

'Op dese plechte gelegentheit, wanner wy wederom versammelt zyn om eere en eerbiet tebetoonen ann SANTA-CLAUS, de heilige Patroon en Beschermmer van ons Vaderlandt vergun my de vryheit, Mynheer PRESIDENT, en hooggeachte vrienden om een korte aanspraak te doen, en eene sentiment te geven in de Nederduytsche tael, de moeder tael van ons Vaderlandt; Dese vryheit versoek en begeer ick temeer, om dat het gesecht is (en wy kunnenhet niet well verlochenen) dat SANTA-CLAUS grotelyks toegenegeen is tot oude costuymen en gewoontens beide in Burgerlycke en Kerkelycke dingen, dat hy niet opheeft met niewigheden, en bysonder wort het gesecht dat hy grotelyks toegenegeen is tot de Nederduytsche tael, insoverre dat het enkel geklank daervan is als de feynste musick in zyn ooren, en dat het gehoorvan dese tael hem altydt welte pass maekt, en dat hy gewoon is supplianten te verhooren, wanneer zy haer versoek hem voordragen, in de Nederduytsche tael, maer dat hy gewoon is dickmaels zyn ooren toetoesluyten, en supplianten te welgeren wanneer zy hem versoeken en adresseren in de Engelsche of in eenige andere Uythemsche tael.

'Maer voorseer ick myn sentiment u opdrage begeer ick dese gelegentheit waertenemen om de geerde *Besorgers* deser geselschap hertelyk tedanken voor de eere en vriendschap my beweesen in dat zy my so dickmaels genodicht hebben om een gast te zyn met dese aensienelycke vergaderinge; Edogh, schoon het mogelyko is dat ick meer verplecht ben voor dese eere aen de hoogachtinge en eerbiet die zy dragen aen SANTA-CLAUS (wiens tael myn moeder tael is, en voor wien ick de hoogste ontsach gehadt hem van myn vroegste jeugt af) dan aen eenige personeele waardigheit de sprecker besit, nogtans kan ick van herte seggen dat ick dese gelegentheeden genoten heb met de grootste vermaek en plesier, en sal deselve niet licht vergeeten.

'Nu wil ick ulieden niet langer ophouden maer versoek de volgende sentiment te geven:

'DE GRACHTE BESORGERS DESER GESELSCHAP: De rycke en substantiale spyse ons voorgeset is een blyke en gedachtenisse van waere Duytsche goetgunstigheit.'

Which being interpreted, for the benefit of the ignorant 'outside barbarians' who may peruse these proceedings, reads as follows:

'THE ESTEEMED STEWARDS OF ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY: The rich and substantial viands provided on this festive occasion are highly indicative and commemorative of true Dutch hospitality.'

MR. L. GAYLORD CLARK, the EDITOR hereof, being commissioned by his brother-stewards to say a few words in reply to this toast, observed in effect, that he was glad to be called upon his feet by a brief and characteristic speech in the mother-tongue. He was sure that his associates, whose cheerful services had been truly a 'labor of love,' would deem the high compliment conveyed by the toast all the more flattering for its being expressed in the good old vernacular. He paid a deserved compliment to the pure, quiet and peaceable character of the ancient inhabitants of New-Amsterdam. They minded their own business, and let other people's alone. They feared no invasion, for they lived in innocence, and were 'without offence' in the eyes of foreign powers. The only official record of any thing like a preparation to repel assault which he had seen, was given in a volume containing the proceedings of certain old Burgomasters and Schepens, of happy memory, recently translated at the expense of the city, and now in the custody of his friend Mr. VALENTINE at the City-Hall; wherein

it was ordered by their High Mightinesses that a sum of money should be given BALTUS VANDERHEYDEN to keep the pigs from rooting away the 'fortifications' of Fort Amsterdam ! After a few more remarks, not especially noteworthy in this place, the 'OLD KNICK.' offered the following sentiment :

'THE SIMPLICITY, PEACEABLENESS AND PURITY OF THE OLD DUTCH CHARACTER : May they and constant emulators in their descendants.'

The PRESIDENT here observed that there was a venerable friend present from New-Jersey ; who, previous to his removal, had long resided among us, and was so known to us in connection with the literature of both States, as to prevent our abandoning our claim to him as a New-Yorker, and whom he now called upon to favor us with a toast. Whereupon, Hon. W. A. DUER, late President of Columbia College, rose and said that he would not affect to misunderstand the PRESIDENT, especially as he had called him his ' friend,' and as, by complimenting him with the epithet of ' venerable,' he understood him to mean his *old* friend. He could, in his turn assure the *more venerable* President, that he was indeed his ' old' and fast ' friend ;' and that he did not by any means relinquish, on his part, his claim as a New-Yorker ; although he was proud to say he had an equal claim upon New-Jersey. His mother was a Jersey-woman ; was married in that State, and continued there some time afterward ; but removed to New-York in less than half a year before his birth. (*Laughter.*) He was not aware of having said any thing to excite risibility, in the statement of this simple fact, which in these days of emigration is perhaps not an uncommon one. But while asserting his claim upon both States, he must declare, that although he had returned in the body to the land of his origin, the land of his birth had its full share of his affections. He was indeed under farther obligations to it than to that of his birth. He owed to it, beside his professional education, some public trusts of honor and importance. He therefore felt bound to preserve his connection with it by meeting his old friends annually at this festival ; and indeed his *young* friends too ; for there were so many of them present on this occasion, that it seemed to him a *family party*. As he cast his eyes down the tables in front of him, he saw many of his own *boys* at each of them ; and not one among them of whom he was not proud. Not that he assumed to himself the honor of their production ; *that* belonged to the institution over which he had formerly presided, and which could exhibit many jewels like those of the Roman matron. There were yet other ties to connect him not only with the city but with the State of New-York. He had resided many years at Albany, the headquarters of the KNICKERBOCKERS, and had there formed many friendships among the genuine Sons of St. NICHOLAS ; above all, with one now no more, whose eulogy he should not be so rash as to attempt, after that pronounced at his death by a reverend friend at the other end of the table, Rev. Dr. VERMILYE. He should merely propose as a toast :

'THE MEMORY OF STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER : the Soldier, the Gentleman, and the Christian : the fruits of his heritage may be withheld, but the tribute due to his virtues will be paid, according to the terms of his original grant, 'as long as the grass grows and water runs.'

Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS, senior medical counsellor of the society, now responded to a 'loud call,' and remarked as follows :

'MAY it please your HIGH MIGHTINESS : I address you, venerable Sir, as the PRESIDENT of the St. NICHOLAS Society, and with all due deference present the annual report touching the physical condition of its members during the past year. Since our last anniversary, changes have taken place in the list of our officers ; and I find our medical department boasts of new individuals who have been chosen by the decision of an election. I rejoice to find our ranks filled up by the distinguished men whom your wisdom has decided upon ; and I could have hoped that, inasmuch as I had so often

presented a medical report of the state of the association, that some other member of the medical board would this evening have discharged the trust. But my excellent friend Dr. HOBART it seems is not yet prepared, as he modestly affirms, so that I am compelled again to address you. In doing so, Mr. PRESIDENT, I am led in the first place to remark, with no affected grief, that the past year has become memorable in our annals by the loss of our tried and excellent friend and adviser, the Senior Consulting Physician, Dr. HUGH M. McLEAN. He who attended the first meeting of our KNICKERBOCKER Society, on its first organization at Washington Hall; who has been present, with one exception, at all our anniversaries; who took such interest in our benevolent designs, and rejoiced so much at our success, is now no more. How forcibly am I reminded of the language of the sacred volume: 'Two shall be in the field, the one shall be taken and the other left.' I am left; and I feel it to be my duty to offer to you all a passing tribute to our friend's memory. Dr. McLEAN was most intimately known by our vast population, and widely esteemed for his professional attainments and practical skill, his kind and courteous demeanor, his elevated honor, and his most disinterested benevolence and humanity. He was a KNICKERBOCKER, a native of the city of New-York; was a private pupil of the late eminent Dr. JOHN R. B. RODGERS; received his collegiate medical education under the faculty of physic of Columbia College, when that institution boasted of BAXLEY, POST, HOSACK, MITCHELL, HAMERSLEY and RODGERS, as its professors. Many years after, he was vested with the honorary degree of M. D. by the Rutgers medical faculty of this city. He entered upon the practice of the healing art before he had arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and discharged its responsible trusts for a period of just fifty years. It would be gratifying to speak here of the early career of our departed friend; when in the prime of manhood he entered as a candidate for popular favor in the social circle; when to the ornate he added the gratifications of a literary taste and the especial acquaintance of literary men. This would include his intimacy with that early club among our KNICKERBOCKERS called *The Drone*, whose mental effusions sometimes appeared in the New-York '*Magazine*,' the only surviving members of whom I believe are the law-reporter, WM. JOHNSON, and the venerable Dr. SAMUEL MILLER, now of Princeton. We should also have to dwell upon his close association in his Philadelphia visits, with JOSEPH DENNIE, at the time he started into new existence with the Port-Folio, when the celebrated NATHANIEL CHAPMAN, then full of literary ardor, JUDGE PETERS and others were of that choice sample of refined taste and classical impulse; but there is a season for all things, and we must trespass no longer. Dr. McLEAN was the first physician of the City Dispensary at the time of its establishment. During the visitations of the yellow fever, from 1795 to 1822, he adhered closely to his duties, and encountered the pestilence at all times and under all circumstances, with a determined self-devotion to the interests of humanity. His ample observations on the nature of this disorder led him to the fixed conviction that yellow fever was a disease, *sui generis*, of foreign origin, introduced among us mainly by shipping, and capable, under peculiar combinations of causes, of being propagated by its original specific venom. During the prevalence of the Asiatic cholera in 1832 and in 1834, he was no less firmly at his post, and sedulous in the exercise of his duties as one of the medical counsel of this city. His professional integrity and courtesy toward his fellow members exhibited an example worthy of the imitation of all. In the liberal exercise of a lucrative art, without the hope or desire of pecuniary returns, he had scarcely an equal. His benevolence and humanity were of the widest extent, and were the natural characteristics of an enlightened mind and a sympathizing heart. Few of the profession were more richly stored with medical reading. He was replete in the history of the science; and to the refinement of a general student added a minute acquaintance with the results of professional knowledge, which modern investigation has so largely set forth. Nor was he indifferent to the acquisition of a cultivated taste in the fine arts; in music, he was a dexterous performer on several instruments; and he composed several productions of much harmony and feeling. In his whole demeanor he commanded that confidence which decision of character universally inspires. A short anecdote will bear me out in this declaration. It was mainly through him that that astonishing delusion for the cure of the yellow fever of 1799, the *Metallic Tractors*, which was urged by its inventor, ELISHA PERKINS, as an effective remedy for destroying the horrors of the pestilence, was abandoned by an afflicted people, whose dreadful apprehensions often led them to become the victims of the most absurd and fatal practices by the illiterate and designing. Fortunate indeed would it be for human life if delusion in nostrums was rife only in season of great pestilence. PERKINS, the inventor, (like another MESMER, and others of our own day,) believed, or fancied he believed, that yellow fever would surrender its potency to the application of his tractors: the faithful McLEAN, amidst the distractions of a suffering and dying population, assured them of the absurdity of the nostrum; and though the charlatany of PERKINS had gained some proselytes, his own personal affliction by the



disease, and his sudden death on the fourth day after his attack, were arguments of irresistible weight against farther experiments on human life, even with the most credulous. Beside, our deceased friend was summoned as his physician, by the afflicted PERKINS on his death-bed, and the story of his preposterous remedy and its fatal issue were still farther corroborative proofs of the views which Dr. McLEAN had taken of the man's empiricism.

'The members of the dramatic corps, by the removal of Dr. McLEAN from among us, have lost a friend of inappreciable value. The medical attentions of the Doctor to that prominent body of individuals commenced so early as during the HODGKINSON dynasty, and were continued with slight intermissions to nearly the close of his practice. I had a passing acquaintance with the good Doctor early in 1810, but we first met in consultation together with my excellent preceptor, Dr. HOSACK, during the severe and fatal illness of the tragic hero, GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE. Dr. McLEAN felt deeply the loss of this eminent man, in common with all who knew the wonderful qualities of his intellectual powers. Notwithstanding his detrimental habits, his generous nature and benevolent heart were well understood. Our departed friend, to his well-stored medical knowledge added a remarkable fondness for dramatic literature. Perhaps his equal could hardly be found for a thorough acquaintance with the old English drama. His study of the great dramatists, from JONSON and MASSINGER and SHAKSPEARE, down to the era of SHERIDAN KNOWLES, was demonstrated whenever conversational topics of that nature arose among the discussions of his friends. It was natural that the love of this department of intellectual gratification should create an attachment to the cultivators of dramatic representations themselves; and consequently our humane physician was rarely absent when summoned to the bed-side of the acknowledged professors of the scenic art.

'Will you allow me to dwell a moment longer on the professional career of our departed friend? Did time allow, I might particularize many individuals whose lives his saving knowledge rescued in seasons of peril and dismay. CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN and WILLIAM DUNLAP are of the number. BROWN, in a beautiful epistle to him, returns his gratitude for his recovery from yellow fever. DUNLAP has in one of his works written to the same effect. By the rescue of the former, our literature has been enriched with the many distinguished productions which flowed from his gifted mind; and New-York, we KNICKERBOCKERS, have the honor of priority in works of fancy and of taste, in the early appearance of '*Arthur Mervin*,' '*Ormond*,' etc., the forerunners of the still higher productions of our IYING and COOPER and PAULDING. By watching over the health and prolonging the life of DUNLAP, Dr. McLEAN was instrumental in securing to us a consecutive dramatic history, a minute record of the arts of design, and a history of the State of New-York, embracing many new facts from authentic sources. This is a part of the service which a kind and skilful physician, however indirectly, renders to mankind. Genius is nourished, talent is appreciated, intellect is secured, physical suffering is banished, and the recovered patient adds his tribute to the mental treasures of his country.

'It were very easy to enlarge the list of cases in which, by the salvation of the patient, effected by more than ordinary attention, and by well-considered regard to the '*medicina mentis*,' as well as in mitigating physical evils, our departed friend conferred eminent blessings. JOHN BLAIR LINN, an esteemed man, and author of the '*Power of Genius*' and of '*Valerian*,' a poem, owed something to his medical adviser, by which, under a kind Providence, his wasting frame resisted for some time the insidious assaults of pulmonary disease; and I may add, without invading the sanctuary of private life, that I see around me many who in their boyish days profited by the study of the elementary works which JAMES HARDIE manufactured for their mental occupation. HARDIE was long aided by his friend McLEAN, as well as by others; and in the course of his precarious life was thus enabled to record, with the fidelity of an eye-witness, a history of our yellow fever in 1795, 1798, and in 1805 and 1822. Thus facts of value were rescued from oblivion, which now become serviceable for the medical historian. Poor HARDIE was from Scotland; he came here early, about 1790, and brought letters of high consideration from Dr. BEATTIE, the author of '*The Minstrel*,' in whose family he had been domesticated, and whose favorite pupil he was. His aims at a classical professorship in this city were defeated; he resolved himself into a schoolmaster, compiled '*Viri Romæ*,' and issued various other classical works, beside the medical narratives already referred to. He saw more of the yellow fever personally during its several visitations than any other individual of our city, and was prolific of anecdotes on the subject. Chagrined by his humble office, a sort of corporation inspector, and nurse to the indigent sick, he became reckless in his habits; but he affirmed that the pestilence would never seize him; and he illustrated in practice the theory of JOHN HUNTER, that one poison counteracts the influence of another: and true it was, he passed with impunity through every invasion of the malignant disorder. He died at the close of the season of the cholera of 1832,

just after that plague had ceased, in great indigence and bodily suffering: no unguent could heal him, no balm soothe his anguish. I well remember his wretched abode and his many wants in his last hours. Dr. McLEAN's life was full of incidents of the nature I have just given. However, these faults of poor HARDIE are only the counterpart of what we find concerning Sir RICHARD STEELE and others, of improvident genius, recorded in our books of hospital or clinical medicine. Like many of the members of the faculty of physic, Dr. McLEAN's miscellaneous studies embraced a fair proportion of theological reading; and no work stood higher in his estimation than the 'Religio Medici' of BROWNE. He gave a preference to the Episcopal doctrines of faith; and in the closing scenes of his existence derived consolation from his deep religious convictions.

'Venerable PRESIDENT: I will trespass but a moment longer. You, Sir, I am sure, feel persuaded that the law is a severe profession; your declaration of the fact is enough for me; but rest in the belief, Sir, that the conscientious and benevolent medical man, true to his trusts, has toils and responsibilities equally corroding, and of at least equal weight. I adopt no Lilliputian standard when I say that our esteemed friend devoted his life to his high vocation. He was eminent in his profession among the eminent men of his day. His first severe illness proved to be his last. He died in the seventieth year of his age.

'I am in part consoled, in the midst of our professional bereavement, in being enabled to close this report by stating, that a remarkably excellent state of health has marked the physical condition of the Sons of St. NICHOLAS during the past year. Notwithstanding our long solstitial heat the past summer, we have had among us no deaths by cold-water-drinking! The KNICKERBOCKER blood loses by intermixture none of its original qualities; and if philosophy be true, acquires new excellences by amalgamation. The learned President of the St. GEORGE Society, who at this time honors our meeting, has on former occasions given countenance to the validity of this assertion; and without attempting to urge my own theory, I am content to abide by the decision of his enlightened mind. I will add no more.'

Mr. JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN, first Vice-President, in a silvery voice, and with much animation, spoke mainly in these words:

'MR. PRESIDENT: I am well aware, Sir, that politics, as a subject of debate, or theme for discussion, are not permitted in the deliberations of our society, and are excluded from our festive halls. And it is right it should be so. Still, as individuals, we all are, or should be, politicians, in the enlarged and liberal sense of the term; and I hold it, Sir, that there are three great parties in the State to which we are all bound to render allegiance: *Our Union, Our City, and Our Society*. The first stands as a pyramid of Fame, supported by those whom, in its turn, it protects; the second has an independent foundation of its own, and yet is dependent upon the aid and protection of the first; the third springs from the foundation of the second, takes its rise from its very roots, and like the thrifty vine around the sturdy oak, aspires to shoot upward toward its lofty top, while it shelters itself beneath its wide-spread branches. Our Union reposes in conscious pride upon the extended circle which forms alike its strength and security; that magic circle, which admits of extension but not contraction, formed by the union of those links, which, connected by a firm and mighty grasp, preclude the possibility of disruption. Our city, proud of the integral part it forms as an independent link in this lengthened chain, adds to the power and efficiency of each and of all. Our Society, glorying in the growth and prosperity of our city, still looks fondly and proudly to our Union, in the maintenance of its integrity and continuity.

'It has been said, Sir, with the semblance of truth rather than fiction, that if a scion be taken from an ancient but still vigorous and fruitful tree, and grafted upon a rising sapling, for a time it blooms and flourishes, shooting its branches upward and outward, courting the sunbeams, and defying the storm; but when the parent stock begins to feel the approach of age, and bends beneath the weight of years, the offspring yields to the same influence, and feels the same symptoms of decay; and when at last the parent stock bows to the stroke and lies prostrate on the earth, the once vigorous offspring yields to its destiny, and falls by its side. Be it our care to preserve our parent stock, which is not subject to these laws of nature, from feeling the effect of age, by eradicating every symptom of decay. Sir, the escutcheon of our country's fame received its first rays as it looked to the east from the broad Atlantic; as it now turns, in its westward course, to the great Pacific, may we behold its lengthened rays from ocean's mirror still reflected bright: and if it be our fate to stand with either foot on either ocean's shore, still may we stand erect in freedom's cause. Then may we teach the olden world which way the rightful march of Empire tends; then may we flaunt in air,

what now so proudly floats on land and sea, our flag of stars and stripes; that banner destined through all time, in might and right, to court and brave 'the battle and the breeze!'

'I give you then, Sir, the Three great Parties in the State:

'OUR UNION, OUR CITY, AND OUR SOCIETY.'

Mr. OGDEN was succeeded by JOHN A. KING, Esquire, of Jamaica, (L. I.,) second Vice-President, who in a few brief but very forcible and admirably-delivered remarks alluded to the adventurous spirit of commerce and discovery which led the early settlers of New-Amsterdam to our favored shores and noble harbor. They first planted a colony; and, imbued with the love of trade, founded the commercial capital of this western world, and only yielded the colony thus early settled, and already starting in the career of enterprise and trade, to enable another race of men, as distinguished as themselves in all that leads a free people to wealth and power, who loved and cherished commerce as they did. Under their auspices, the growth and prosperity of New-York kept pace with the increasing numbers of those who flocked to these shores, until the period had arrived when they who owned the soil here, and were filled with the principles of liberty and self-government, resolved to sever the bonds of allegiance to the mother country; and having successfully accomplished the great object for which they struggled, they and their descendants, with the aid and infusion of the enterprise, the capital and the industry of all who have come among us, and still continue to add to our numbers in each revolving year, have nobly carried out the great object of its early settlement, and rendered themselves and the city they inhabit remarkable in the annals of the world. Be it then the duty of the Sons of St. NICHOLAS, and the friendly sons of all the patron saints here assembled, to guard this rich inheritance, the common property of us all; and in every way to strive to open new channels of trade, new avenues to wealth; and thus to swell our own and add to the commerce and prosperity of the world; remembering always, that 'Commerce hath a thousand sons, that one by one pursue.' Mr. KING closed his remarks by offering the annexed toast:

'FOREIGN COMMERCE AND INTERNAL TRADE; the elements of a nation's strength. The city that enjoys the first, may fairly struggle to acquire the last.'

Hon. HAMILTON FISH, the third Vice-President, offered some appropriate remarks, introducing an excellent toast; as did also Colonel JAMES WATSON WEBB, who in a few sententious and felicitous sentences rendered high homage to the character and genius of WASHINGTON IRVING, whom he gave; but-through inadvertance, no report of either was sent to the chair. Mr. CHARLES KING, associate editor of the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal, and the fourth Vice-President, being called upon from the chair, said:

'ARTER attending to the speeches and proceedings of the evening thus far, he could not but be struck with what seemed to him in some sense a type of our country and its institutions, in the mingling around the board of our patron saint of men of all nations, on an equal and harmonious footing. The disciples of the good St. NICHOLAS seem to practice upon the spirit of a maxim of the great FREDERICK, who used to maintain that 'victory was in the belly of the soldier;' feed him well and he would fight well. So here, not victory but harmony and good-fellowship were promoted by good cheer; and men of all nations were fused into one harmonious whole, in a manner kindred with that by which FREDERICK's soldiers were made invincible. We have had this evening contributions from the sister societies of different European peoples; all concurring to inlay the Mosaic platform of American liberty. There was the iron-stone of England, the cairngorm of Scotland, some shining gem from the Emerald isle, and a brilliant from France; and from our Dutch *Vaderlandt* a sea-shore pebble; all set in the primitive granite of 'our own our native land;' and this beautiful mosaic,

so brilliant in its variety and so strong in its unity, seemed a fitting type of our country as she is. Mr. KING therefore proposed this toast, as embodying what he had attempted to express:

'THE MOSAIC PAVEMENT OF THE AMERICAN PLATFORM: broad enough to receive all—strong enough to sustain all.'

'At a subsequent period of the entertainment Mr. KING again rose, and having obtained permission of the PRESIDENT, said he was anxious to propose a toast which he was sure all would unite in. We have already in our regular toasts drank to the Army and Navy; but he was about to propose a toast somewhat more specific. We had an army in an enemy's country; and without stopping then to inquire or to discuss how wisely or otherwise the war with Mexico was undertaken; or whether it could or should have been avoided, we all knew that our soldiers were in the enemy's country; that our glorious flag was flying there; and wherever that was unfurled there our hearts would be, and at need our arms. Without farther preface, therefore, he would give:

'GEN. TAYLOR AND HIS GALLANT ARMY.'

This toast was drank standing, with 'three times three' and 'three more.' There were several other brief speeches interspersed, like their predecessors, with toasts, instrumental music, song and anecdote; but of these we can give only a 'sample.' Mr. JOHN D. VAN BEUREN, being called upon for a toast, said that the gloomy weather of the day had disposed him to grave thoughts. Heretofore he had attempted to move their smiles; he should now ask their tears. He was inclined to be pathetic. Suffering from the blues, his thoughts had naturally run on in the direction of the blacks; those faithful 'standing members' of the society, who had been too much overlooked. Since he last met with the society, Death had been among them—black death. Black SAM was dead.\* As the able head of the corps of waiters, all must remember him. He had gone to 'the shades;' he had sought a shade darker than his own; and to those who remembered the decided hue of his surface, this last act of his proved him a man of most immoderate desires. He was a man of 'shining qualities;' it was only since his polished face had disappeared from behind the PRESIDENT's chair, that Mr. JENNINGS had thought it necessary to place there the brilliant mirror that now adorned that quarter of the room. He was the only man who had ever filled, to its full measure, the society's livery. Clad in the red-and-white hose of that livery, his noble calves looked more like a pair of prize-oxen; or rather, when he remembered their peculiarly fat and lazy look, he should compare them to a couple of striped pigs; but knowing SAM's decided KNICKERBOCKER feelings, he dared not connect his memory with any thing of eastern origin. 'But I came,' added Mr. VAN BEUREN, 'to bury CÆSAR, not to praise him;' and I will say no more. We ne'er shall look upon his like again. He was unmatched, unmatchable; himself alone could be his parallel; and him we never shall behold again; for it is proverbial with what tenacity grim Death sticks to his prey when that prey is 'a dead nigger.' He concluded by giving, 'The Memory of BLACK SAM,' which was drank standing and in silence.

And thus it went on until the 'wee sma' hours ayont the twal,' at which period we left the hazy atmosphere of the hall; lamenting, like the boy who longed for a more frequent Christmas, that 'St. NICHOLAS comes but once a-year.'

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\* It is not amiss to explain in this place that the speaker had been misinformed. If he had tears to shed there was no urgent necessity that he should have been prepared to shed them there; for 'BLACK SAM,' erect as an arrow and proud as the Great Mogul, was grinning with amazement and delight from his position on the left of the chair; his livery complete; his sturdy calves no white abated; 'not a stripe erased nor a spot obscured.'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — The Romans clothed the symbol of Time with the form of JANUS, whom they represented with two faces, the one retrospectively and the other prospectively viewing the past and the future; glancing from year to year and from century to century, and with steady eyes pervading the events of ages and nations; the consequences that had resulted or might be excited from them; the good and evil actions of mankind, and their probable influence upon particular individuals or society at large. At this starting-point of Time, in his onward race; when, more than at other periods, we realize that we are going from eternity onward to eternity, that blank time is before and behind us, is it not well for us all to take a lesson for the future from the past; to ask ourselves how many things we have done which we ought not to have done, and how many we have omitted to accomplish which we might have achieved? Above all, let us remember, as we review the past year, and enter upon the confines of another, how much needless annoyance we have often given ourselves about that which after all eventuated for good; how many fears of coming evil we have nursed, which were never realized. But we would not read a homily to our friends; we would the rather, in that feeling of the heart which could only spring from the long and intimate relation we have held with our readers, a relation strengthened and endeared with each revolving season, wish them, one and all, and every where, a *Happy New-Year*. . . . The following amusing adventure, given by a correspondent writing from Buffalo, actually took place in the town of M—— in Ohio, two years ago. It would have made even the late ISAAC HICKS laugh at a solemn meeting on 'Seventh-day:' 'Farmer —— had two daughters, very interesting young ladies, yet in their teens, who were quite romantic in their notions. The father was an aristocratic member of the Baptist church, and of course was very particular as to the 'company' his girls should 'keep.' Now it happened that these two pretty girls became acquainted with a couple of young bucks, clerks in an adjoining village, and, to use a common phrase, 'took quite a shyin' to 'em.' To this the old gentleman was very much opposed, as he intended to match his daughters himself. But 't was no use' talking to them; while week after week wore away, and found the young men constant visitors. At length, in order to enforce obedience, the old man found himself driven to the necessity of locking up the foolish children who had presumed without his consent to fall in love with a couple of poor tradesmen. The sweet girls were accordingly confined on Sunday afternoons in the back bed-room in the second story, which fronted the barn-yard; a very romantic 'look-out.' Under the window was a pile of stones, which had been left after repairing the cellar-wall in that corner. For two or three successive Sabbath evenings, the usual period of visiting their inamoratas, the lovers had climbed, by means of the sheets of the bed, which were let down from the window by the heroic girls, up to the apartment of their imprisoned lovers, and from nightfall until rosy morning did revel in the 'ambrosial delight of love's young dreams.' But this clandestine courtship could not be continued without being at last discovered. One lovely Sabbath, just at twilight, the father, coming in from the barn, thought he saw something rather ominous hanging out of the back-window; so he walked noiselessly around to ascertain the 'nature' of it. There hung the fatal 'flag of surrender;' and the old man, giving it a slight jerk, commenced the ascent. He was lifted gently from off his feet, and felt himself gradually 'rising in the world.' 'T was a very heavy weight,

the daughters thought ; and to tell the truth, it *was* a corpulent 'body-corporate' at which they were hopefully tugging away. But lo ! his head has reached the window-sill ; and now, just as his old white hat appeared above the window, his affectionate daughters 'dropped him like a hot potato ;' and, with something like the 'emphasis of a squashed apple-dumpling,' the old man came in instant contact with mother earth ; while the two knights of tape-and-scissors, who were not far off, enjoying the scene, 'made hasty tracks from the settlement,' leaving nothing behind them but bodily misery, horror-stricken damsels, and their own coat-tails streaming on the cool night-air !' . . . THERE is in Utica, a fair and pleasant city in the heart of the old Oneida country, a 'colored gentleman,' JOSEPH C. PANKO by name, who has written a poem '*Concerning the War between Mexico and the United States.*' We have perused it ; and are willing to state, as the result of no hasty judgment, that we know of no distinguished American poet who has penned such verse ; nor are we prepared to affirm that there is any thing in the pages of BYRON or MOORE that can in strict justice be compared with it. We annex a few stanzas ; but what are a few bricks to an entire edifice ? The reader should bear this in mind -

'LIEUTENANT LINCOLN in a charge against the enemy,  
Our brave Lieutenant JORDAN lay wounded he did see,  
And a Mexican stood over him, the fatal job to do,  
But LINCOLN in electric time the Mexican he slew.

'Up came another Mexican, at LINCOLN he did stab,  
But LINCOLN quickly jumped aside, with his sword he split his head ;  
Then up sprang three more Mexicans, brave LINCOLN for to try,  
But LINCOLN and his Sergeant caused all of them to lie.

'Corporal FARREL of the Fourth Infantry, with ten men in his command,  
Who come unto Lieutenant HAYS, says 'Lieutenant, here's my band ;  
If I had an officer to lead, that battery we would take,  
Which is playing on our boys in a destructive rate.'

'Lieutenant Hays then did reply, 'You shall no have that to say,  
That you could not have a leader ; come ahead and follow me !'  
They fearlessly then went ahead, undoubtedly and stout,  
And in twenty minutes after that they cleared the Mexicans out !

'Before I end my ditty, I will to you relate,  
One of the mounted Mexicans met with a great mistake,  
By our valiant Captain WALKER, whose horse received a ball,  
Which caused the horse and WALKER too upon the ground to fall.

'Fictitiously brave WALKER in death appeared to lie,  
The Mexican dissatisfied, his lance prepared to try ;  
But WALKER with his revolver him from his horse did pop,  
He then sprang up and caught the horse and speedily off did trot !'

Who will say hereafter that 'color'd pussons' have n't genius ? Who dare assert that they are merely imitative ? Who so verdant as to affirm that they may not become eminent poets, not to say painters and sculptors ? Perish the 'inhuman' thought ! It's 'a great mistake.' . . . '*Midnight Thoughts in the Great City*' have a good deal of merit, but the merit unfortunately does not belong to the writer. Professor TRUFELSDRÖCH must 'appear in that behalf.' Hear *him* therefore, how he saith : 'That stifled hum of midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest, and Vanity is rolling here and there through distant streets, to gorgeous halls lighted to the due pitch of her, while Vice and Misery, prowling and moaning like night-birds, are abroad ; that hum, like the unquiet slumber of sick life, is heard in Heaven ! Oh ! under that hideous coverlet of vapors and putrefactions what a fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid ! The joyful and the sorrowful are there ; men are dying there,

men are being born ; men are praying — on the other side of a brick partition men are cursing ; and around them all is the vast void Night ! The proud Grandee lingers in his perfumed saloons or reposes within damask curtains ; wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw. Gay mansions with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts ; but in the condemned cells the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and blood-shot eyes look out through the darkness which is around and within, for the light of a stern, last morning. Upward of three hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around us in horizontal position ; their heads all in night-caps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame ; and the mother, with streaming hair, bends over her palid, dying infant whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten ; all these, heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them, weltering like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the other ; *such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane ! We can recall few passages by any modern writer more sententious and graphic than this. What does 'L. M. N.' think of it ? . . . 'WHAT meat *is* this ?' said a country farmer the other day, to a legal friend who had invited him into a French restaurant in the lower part of the city, to take a hasty dinner with him ; 'what meat *is* it ?' 'It's beef, I think,' said the lawyer. The countryman replied, 'I guess not ; do n't *taste* like beef to me ;' and he regarded the amphibious-looking dish before him with thoughtful solicitude. At the next mouthful, he laid his knife and fork down, and asked with eager curiosity, 'An't this a *French* eatin'-house ?' 'It is,' answered the lawyer. 'Then *it is* dog !' he exclaimed, removing the last morsel from his mouth, as a sailor relieves his jaws of a tobacco-quid ; 'it *is* dog, and I *thought* it was ! I *et* dog once at 'Swago, (Oswego) in the last war, and I know what it is.' And although it was an excellent restaurant at which they were dining, so great was his prejudice against the French cuisine, that he could not be persuaded to taste another morsel. When they were walking home he said to his friend : 'My neighbor Jones was down to York once, and being very fond o' sassengers, he went into an eatin'-shop to get some. While he was a-hearin' of 'em fry, hiss'n' and sputterin' away, a man was buyin' some of 'em raw at the counter, and while he was a-tyin' of 'em up, a chap come in with a fuz-cap and a dirty drab 'sustoot,' and laid down a little bundle at the fur-eend o' the counter. He looked at the keeper, and see he was a little busy ; so he said, lookin' shy at him as he went out, says he, 'Ta'nt no matter about the money *now*, but that makes *eleven*, p'intin' toward the bundle. Jones looked at the bundle, and he says he see the *head* of a cat stickin' out at the eend, with long smellers onto it as long as his finger ! He left *that* shop 'mazin' quick, and han't never eat a sassenger sence !' . . . WHAT violent contrasts there are continually meeting one in a metropolis like this ! 'Passing the other day,' says a correspondent, 'by the capacious sales-rooms of that matchless auctioneer, THOMAS BELL, Esq., I heard him say, in his silvery tones, 'What shall I have for *this*, gentlemen ?' holding up at the same time a bed-quilt which seemed newly-made. 'Will any gentleman say five dollars ? It is richly worth ten ; beside, it has other claims upon your bids, gentlemen ; it is brought here by an old revolutionary soldier, whose aged wife hopes by its sale to obtain a little money to sustain the old pair for a few days in their struggle with declining years and infirmities.' There was not a bid of a single cent for it in all that crowd of buyers, most of them inheritors of the soil which the old man had poured

out his blood to defend ! I never wanted five dollars so much in my life ; but it ' did n't happen to lie in my trowse's'-pocket to purchase the quilt ; but Mr. BELL, with a gesture and manner that did him honor, said : ' I'll take it ; I'll give ten dollars for it, to glad the old soldier's heart, and the heart of his poor old wife, if *nobody else* will, who *ought* in gratitude to do it.' And he handed to the old veteran, who made his way tremblingly through the crowd to receive it, the sum of ten dollars. I ' blessed him unaware,' and passed on. Now let me give you a contrasted picture ; that very morning I was going by the auction-room of that enterprising merchant, HENRY W. LEEDS, Esq., in Wall-street, and was attracted for a moment to make one of the great crowd inside. The auctioneer was holding in his hand as I entered *what* appeared to my unfeminine eyes a very homely shawl. ' Two hundred dollars to *start* it ! ' were the first words I heard ; ' two hundred, two hundred and fifty, three hundred, three hundred and fifty,' and so on, until it was finally struck off at six hundred and fifty dollars. I glanced around and saw numbers of ' lovely women and brave men,' (brave, if we take into consideration the attacks upon their purse,) in short, a goodly portion of the wealth and fashion of the town. Other articles of great value were next exposed, and struck off, like the meanest piece of old furniture, to the highest bidder. On inquiry, I found this to be an every-day matter at Mr. LEEDS' rooms, and that the most expensive articles of taste and *vertu* are daily offered for competition to the choice company who assemble there. Now I wonder whether any of those buyers would have purchased the old soldier's bed-quilt ? Guess not ! . . . We very cheerfully comply with the request of our 'reverend' North-Carolina correspondent. We part company with him with great pleasure. His place on our books was taken by *his* names conveyed by the mail which brought his curt and ill-written notelet. Meantime, we shall be no more 'grave' than we have been heretofore. We hold with CARLYLE, that ' no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. 'How much,' he exclaims, ' lies in laughter ; the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man ! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper ; in the ivory smile of others lies a cold glitter, as of ice : the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter from the throat outward ; or at best produce some husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool. Of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treason, stratagems and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem. We have said our say on *this* p'int.' . . . How many, many times have the thoughts of DEATH, the dread Destroyer, described so eloquently in the present number of '*The St. Leger Papers*,' passed through our own mind ! To be on earth '*no more* ;' to be buried in the cold ground and forgotten ; to solve the dread mystery of the grave ; how we shrink from it ! — how the best start appalled at the thought ! The '*last time*,' too, how these two words fall upon the susceptible heart ! To us this thought is so impressive, that if, on leaving an apartment in some dwelling that we may never visit again, the idea occurs to us that we are leaving it for the last time, we return at once to give the lie to our fears ; and so in bidding farewell to a friend, if we are reminded by this spectre of '*the last time*,' we make it a point to see him once more, and bid him again, as if by accident, a hasty and less formal adieu. It is astonishing how this idea of death will permeate the brain. Looking, for example, at a clock, you wonder when that hour-hand or that minute-hand shall mark the end of your pilgrimage ; when each shall stop ; when with you ' time shall be no longer,' and ' the shadow shall go back upon the dial.' And as you think of this, you recall the thousand



places, in all changes of the seasons, where thoughts of the last bitter hour have come upon you; in the old wildernesses; by the solemn shore of ocean, where silent and thoughtful you have walked alone; or gazing from some lofty mountain-top at the great sun in the brightness of his rising, or cloud-curtained, sinking slowly in the evening west; or at the moon careering in the firmament of night, with all her attendant stars; all these, ever-living and moving, and full of life though they be, have reminded us a thousand times of death. Yet 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;' and HE lessens the dread of the Destroyer as we gradually approach his dark domain. We do not drop at once into sleep, that 'calm relative of death,' but as slumber creeps gradually upon us, and one by one the senses yield to its sway, so Death, the antagonist of wakeful life, who walks his unceasing rounds, and sooner or later stops at every man's door, lulls us by slow degrees into that sleep which can know no waking till earth and sea 'heave at the trump of God!' . . . We have seldom seen a better satire than is conveyed in one of the recent '*English Letters*,' written from London to the Editors of the '*Evening Mirror*,' (one of the cleverest of our afternoon journals,) by a most veracious gentleman, who signs himself 'F. M. PINTO,' probably a relative of the great FERDINAND MENDEZ himself. MR. PINTO is a guest at Eton-Hall, not a great way from Liverpool, where all Americans make it a point to go shortly after landing in England; and there he encounters JAMES, the novelist, each having been apprised that they were to meet:

'SAUNTERING into the library, after having taken a stroll through the conservatories, I saw a slender gentleman, dressed in a rather jaunty manner, with a light-blue coat and silver buttons, with a green shade over his eyes, examining an illuminated copy of FROISSART. There was no other person there, and as I entered he looked up from the book and said:

'Ah! I presume this is the celebrated Mr. PINTO, from America?'

'The same,' I replied, with an honest blush at hearing myself called 'celebrated' by a stranger.

'Well,' he said, 'I am the celebrated Mr. JAMES, the novelist. I am happy to see the countryman of COOPER, INGRAHAM and HOPKINS.'

'What!' I exclaimed, grasping him by the hand, 'do I behold the real G. P. R. JAMES, the author of that prolific Novel which has appeared under so many different names?'

'The same, Sir,' he replied, embracing me warmly. 'Pray, Mr. PINTO, are my works read in America?'

'Your work, I presume you mean,' I replied: 'why, my dear Sir, it is published once a month regularly by one of our great publishers, and always with a new title. The last time I think it was called 'Morley Erastein.' Can you tell me what it will be called next?'

'I have already chosen the name of 'Beauchamp,' he replied; 'don't you think it a good novel-esque name?'

'Admirable,' said I. 'Now let me ask you, Mr. JAMES, where you obtained that brilliant idea of beginning your novel by describing elaborately a horseman and so forth, 'who might have been seen at the close of an autumnal day?' And also allow me to inquire whether or not any thing of the sort ever was seen?'

'Oh, I understand,' said the great author; 'why, that is a trick of my confounded amanuensis, who is a shocking mannerist. I observe that your distinguished countryman, Mr. SIMMS, has copied that, as well as the other little faults of my novels, very faithfully. Do you know that my publisher once accused me of issuing one of my novels under the name of SIMMS? Fast. Somebody sent him a copy of 'Guy Rivers,' and he swore I wrote it!'

It strikes us that the power of the burlesque in association could no farther go than in Mr. JAMES's classification of our 'distinguished' authors, 'COOPER, INGRAHAM and 'PUFFER HOPKINS!' . . . We have spoken elsewhere of the very subtle character of good-taste. There was a specimen of its opposite in the front-yard of a suburbanish town residence, on the line of the Harlaem railway, not long since. It was a colossal marble statue of Lord ELTON, standing in the pool of a small fountain, with a little water *bulbing* slowly out of the top of his head, trickling down the curls of his formidable wig, and dropping with a very pathetic effect from the end of his nose. When we saw him, he was devoting himself to a very useful purpose; for a servant-girl had screwed a hose-pipe upon his person, and he was watering the grass, small shrubs and flowers about him with singular energy. . . . A PLEASANT friend,

writing to us from one of the most flourishing and beautiful towns in Western New-York, in just such a rambling, gossiping epistle as one likes to put in his pocket to read in snatches at a hasty down-town dinner, records the following: 'Some years since, a poor devil was convicted in one of our higher courts of a heinous offence; one which, in the opinion of the presiding judge, should carry with it a severe penalty. The prisoner was accordingly sentenced to fifteen years of 'condign' at Auburn. The usual opportunity being given, the convict, with a puzzled look, rose and said: 'Square, I hain't had much 'sperience in sich affairs, so I'll jest ask you one question: if I should n't live the time out, shall I be obleeged to furnish a substitute? 'Cause if I shall be, I do n't know a better man than your ——' 'Remove the prisoner!' said the judge; and the last I saw of him he was leaving for the 'culprits' seminary' with gyves upon his wrist.' . . . We are reminded by 'P. S.'s' '*Story of an Ill-fated Bustle*,' (which is *not* 'too long' but *is* too broad; if it were *only* 'as broad as 't is long' it should appear,) of CARLYLE's luckless courtier, who having seated himself on a chair with some projecting nail on it, and therefrom rising, to pay his *devoir* on the entrance of majesty, instantaneously emitted several pecks of dry wheat-dust; and stood there, diminished to a spindle, his galoons and slashes dangling sorrowful and flabby around him! . . . We have heard a good story of a countryman who went into the pit of one of our theatres before the curtain drew up, and seeing nothing there to engage his attention, scrambled over into the boxes, and after promenading a few minutes in the lobby, entered as he supposed the place where all the fun was to be shown; when lo! to his surprise he found he had made his 'exit' into the street. In vain were his remonstrances and entreaties for reādmision. He had no check! The door-keeper, to adopt a legal phrase, 'could n't go behind the check.' . . . THE success of Mr. LEONARD, the popular Irish comedian, we are glad to perceive has been very decided. He was at New-Orleans at the last advices, having just terminated a profitable engagement at Saint-Louis. We hope our theatre-going friends in the South and West will not fail to witness Mr. LEONARD's very forcible and life-like personations. . . . We do n't know when we have laughed more heartily than at a sight which we encountered the other day in Broadway. A portly female of the *Porcine* genus, in a high state of 'maternal solicitude,' was perambulating slowly along the street, with three hoops around her expanded person. Indeed, she seemed thoroughly secured against any accident in the way of explosion. She was indebted doubtless to the hoops by escaping clandestinely from some 'tight fit' of a barrel into which she had forced herself in search of provant, and which had collapsed upon her person in the larcenous act. By-the-by, 'speaking of pigs,' we perceive that an enterprising Yankee is about revising some of the musty apothegms of the day, and verifying their absurdity. He has already made 'a whistle out of a pig's tail,' and has a very handsome silk purse nearly completed for a new-year's present, which is fabricated mainly from 'a sow's ear!' . . . We received a month or two since, (but it has been inadvertently mislaid at the printing-office,) an excellent obituary notice, from the pen of Mrs. WILLARD, of Troy, of Miss ANN KNICKERBOCKER, of Schaghticoke, a lovely and accomplished girl of sixteen, who died deeply regretted by all who knew her, at the close of July last. We mention this fact that we may not be thought to have been indifferent to the wishes of our fair correspondent. A brief sketch of the late Commodore NICHOLSON, a man and officer greatly respected, and whom it was always a pleasure to meet in society, has shared the fate of the notice above referred to. . . . A WAGGISH Boston correspondent sends us what he

calls '*A Stage-Coach Discomfiture*,' the gist of which we embrace in the following. He was in a stage-coach, riding out of New-Bedford with a beautiful young lady, whom he had met before in the town, and was expatiating to her upon the beauty of the surrounding scenery, the distant view of the green-blue ocean, sprinkled with white gleaming sails, and so forth. 'It is very beautiful, is it not?' asked our enthusiastic friend. 'Yes,' was the reply; 'New-Bedford is a pretty place—but *ile* is miserable cheap there now!' . . . Has it been any of our readers' good fortune to peruse in '*The Sun*' newspaper a correspondence, in relation to the Mexican war, between two scribblers signing themselves 'UPERMAKOS' and 'CARACTACUS'? More precious bombast, a grandiloquence more thoroughly Chinese, we never encountered. But hear 'the deliberative, thoughtful, ever-studious CARACTACUS,' as he modestly styles himself:

'UPERMAKOS knows not CARACTACUS. It has been said of him that he in feature a faint resemblance bears to the distinguished and greatest citizen that has ever yet smiled benevolence in the country now known as the United States of America. If any virtue is discoverable then in feature, or if character is, as some say it is, depicted in the features; if UPERMAKOS reverts the noble WASHINGTON, he will be so obliging as to condescend to believe that CARACTACUS could not mean, and does not intend, to dot a syllable that is not clothed in the language of Truth's idolized dignity. Such being the intent of CARACTACUS, he hopes the intelligent UPERMAKOS will pause, and coolly and deliberately, not hastily, passionately or revengefully, nor even with a desire to excel in fanciful imagery, or inuendo, weigh the pith of his expressions. CARACTACUS, humble as true dignity ought to be, never proposed to battle with UPERMAKOS for the rights of Mexico. CARACTACUS perceives a treaty is opposed to that of his. Be it so. It is in the *Sun*, and perhaps in a few days CARACTACUS may carelessly run his eye down the items of it. For the present however he is under the reluctant necessity to check that which appears to him to be a childish effort in UPERMAKOS to supplant in a day a document which CARACTACUS has deliberated upon for now nearly two years.'

'And so forth and so on.' It would be amusing, we have no doubt, to compare all this magniloquence with the *personnel* of the writer; a small, seedy individual, let us suppose him, coming out from a porter-house, with a reddish face. . . . 'W. H. and G. T. A.' shall hear from us soon by letter. Thanks to 'R. H.' for his kind words and grateful reminiscences; and a *thousand* thanks (and 'acceptance bounteous') to the kind UNKNOWN, who has made us happy with a munificent present, 'all the way from' Alexandria, Va. Would that we could thank him *by name* for his beautiful gift! . . . 'NED BUNTLIN,' whose brief and graphic stories in this Magazine have made him so widely and favorably known, has in the Boston press a novel entitled '*The Last Days of Callao, or the Doomed City of Sin*.' He has 'laid himself out' upon it, and we cannot doubt that it will prove a tale of more than common interest. Another from his pen, called '*The Virgin of the Sun, a Romance of Peru*,' will speedily follow the first. . . . A VERY subtle thing is *good taste*, and very sure are the possessors of it of being well rewarded. In reading the beautiful catalogue of Messrs. TIFFANY AND YOUNG; in going through their establishment, filled to repletion with articles of taste and *vertu*, in every variety of richness and beauty; we were reminded of that quality in the purveyors of that vast collection, which is as distinct, and almost as rare, as true genius; a refined, delicate, appreciative good taste. But we are only saying what every town-reader knows already. . . . THE letter of a friend in Florida, 'written by an open window, looking out upon orange-trees loaded with blooms and fruit,' was read by us when 'drumlie Winter, dark and drear,' was giving Gotham his first embrace, and the wind, like a spiteful grimalkin, was 'yowling' in fitful gusts around our silent sanctum. 'This is a great country,' past all denial! . . . SOME scandal-monger at Washington has given forth that he heard the lady of a United States' Senator say, in speaking to her physician of a female friend of hers, that 'she was dreadfully afflicted; she was so lame that she could neither *lay* nor *sit*.' The Doctor suggested '*roosting*' as being, perhaps, under the circumstances, the best substitute for the wished-for repose. . . . A VERY

vague remark in our Georgia correspondent's letter, ('E. D.,') reminds us of the reply of a negro, who being about to be despatched on an errand, was asked if he knew where Saint PAUL's church was. 'E'yah! yah! yah!' he cachinnated; 'I wish I had as many dollars as I know where Saint PAUL's church is!' It was n't quite settled how much this would give him! . . . We are out in sufficient time to call the attention of our metropolitan new-year-present-giving readers to the rare books, engravings, etc., which Messrs. COOLEY, KESSE AND HILL, at the corner of Dey-street and Broadway, are every evening 'holding up to the view of an admiring public.' Call, and test 'whether these things be so.' . . . 'Did you know Doctor WEIR?' asked an inquisitive gentleman in one of the Philadelphia cars, of a Northampton county Dutchman. 'Doctor VEER?' he replied; 'well den, yaäs, I know'd him a little. I seen him once-t. We was on dat shteam-boat vat vash plow'd up mit te p'iler bu'stin' by Pittsburgh dere; and w'en I vash goin' on de shore by de plank, he and de shmoke-pipe vash comin' down. I never seen him pefore nor since!' . . . THE voluminous proceedings of *The Saint Nicholas Society* leave us very little space; but we *must* say a word or two concerning a couple of pictures we have lately enjoyed. The first is MR. POWELL's '*Columbus, in his Interview with Cardinal Fomesca*.' It is a composition of great excellence in its conception, and in its execution truly admirable; and it has greatly raised our estimate of the young and gifted artist's genius. The figure and countenance of the great COLUMBUS, of the dignified yet haughty Cardinal, and of the Bishop of Bruges, leave nothing to be desired; while other and less prominent figures are in good keeping with these, and with the sentiment of the scene; while the architectural and other accessories are equally felicitous. But as we shall have more to say of this elaborate painting hereafter, we leave it for the present, to say a single word of HARVEY's '*View from the Kaatskill Mountain-House*.' Imagine yourself on *the spot*, with the whole diversified radius which it commands spread out before you, and you have *the picture*. It is perfectly magical. The extent, the atmosphere, the shades of coloring, broad or minute; the objects, mountain, river, village, forest-clump, parti-colored fields, winding roads—all are there, and all are to the life. It is a triumph of art, of which MR. HARVEY may well be proud. . . . We do n't usually meddle with polemical matters, and have taken no part in the 'High' or 'Low Church' question; but are inclined in this connection to ask whether the 'Episcopal Floating Chapels' on the East and North rivers are not 'High' or 'Low' churches, according to the state of the tide? And speaking of tides, we have another query, of a scientific character, to propound. There is a man on the south side of Long-Island, a man the periphery of whose aldermanic 'corporation' is a marvel to strangers, who lives almost wholly upon the '*hydraulic clams*' of that region, which are so proverbially 'happy' at high water. So great is the affinity of his gastric demands with the sea, that it is a well-attested fact in the neighborhood that his belly rises and falls with the tide. 'There is more in this than meets the eye, if Philosophy could but find it out.' . . . We give in this number an unusually large amount of matter; yet we leave out, and with much regret, four pages of gossipry, already in type; embracing, among other things, a notice of our friend Prof. HOWE's '*Shaksperian Readings*,' which every body should hear; of the '*Croton Filter*,' an important and almost indispensable domestic improvement; a record of the '*Complimentary Dinner to Professor Mapes*'; two theatrical notices; several notices of new books, pictorial journals, literary addresses, etc.; together with a programme of articles accepted, on file for insertion, or under consideration. 'Of these anon.'

LITERARY RECORD.—Here are four very interesting works, from the old-established house of STANFORD AND SWORDS, Number 139 Broadway. They are: '*Recantation, or the Confessions of a Convert to Romanism*,' a tale of domestic and religious life in Italy, edited by the Rev. WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIP, author of '*The Christmas Holidays in Rome*,' etc. The book is a reprint from the London edition; and to the authenticity of the interesting scenes and conversations described and recorded by the writer, (who was long a resident in Tuscany and the Papal States,) the American editor bears his unhesitating testimony. The volume is replete with interest. Scarcely less attractive is the handsome reprint of an English work by the popular author of '*Lady Mary*,' and '*Records of a Good Man's Life*,' Rev. CHARLES B. TAYLOR, M. A., entitled '*Margaret, or the Pearl*.' Full of natural incident, and simple and pleasing in style, its popularity may be safely predicted. SPENCER'S '*History of the Reformation in England*,' from the same press, is a work which exhibits great exactness and precision in regard to the facts and circumstances connected with the English Reformation. The author has consulted all available authorities to verify his statements, and claims to have been strictly just and fair toward all persons and parties. '*Sword's Pocket Almanac for 1847*' is published. It is a '*Vade Mecum*' for all churchmen; containing as it does a list of the clergy in each diocese of the Union, with an alphabetical list of the same; together with all the requisite statistics of the Episcopal Church in the United States. . . . AGAIN do the MESSRS. APPLETONS 'open rich' in the matter of books. They have sent us '*The Complete Works of Thomas Campbell*,' with a Memoir of his Life, and an Essay on his Genius and Writings, beautifully printed and superbly illustrated with fine steel engravings; '*The Rose*,' a pretty annual, of long standing, and popular, with charming matter and pictures; Prof. FROST'S '*Book of Anecdotes*,' profusely illustrated with cuts, and teaching the moral of history by real examples; '*Graham's English Synonyms*,' the best work of its class we have ever encountered, and indispensable to every good writer: with '*Arnold's Practical Introduction to Greek Prose Composition*,' from the fifth London edition; a practical fact, which leaves nothing to be said in favor of the work. . . . MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM'S publications, which we regret we have present space only to indicate, are, in their '*Library of Choice Reading*,' that delightful book of IZAAK WALTON'S, containing the '*Lives of Wotton, Hooker, Herbert and Sanderson*,' a pretty Christmas annual, liberally illustrated, and embodying '*Glimpses of the Wonderful throughout the World*,' and '*The Works of Richard Baxter*,' including his celebrated '*Call to the Unconverted*.' . . . FROM the BROTHERS HARPERS we have '*Beauchamp*,' a new novel by JAMES; and in the very first chapter the old identical 'dark-complexioned horseman' that 'might have been seen' by any person who has read any one of his last twenty novels; a continuation of the admirable '*Pictorial History of England*,' two clever volumes by Prof. FROST, containing the '*Beauties of French and English History*,' and Dr. HOOVER'S '*Physician's Vade-Mecum, or Manual of the Principles and Practice of Physic*,' an enlarged and improved edition. . . . THREE handsome volumes, containing '*The Sisters of Charity*' and '*Julia Ormond*,' have appeared from the press of Mr. EDWARD DUNNIGAN, in Fulton-street. They form the first issues of his '*Home Library*,' a series that promises exceedingly well. . . . MESSRS. BARTLETT AND WELFORD, Number 7 Astor-House, have just published a catalogue of illustrated books, embracing works the extent and splendor of which surpass any thing we have ever seen of the kind; and we think few of our readers are aware to what beauty and luxury the typographic art has been carried. In the collection is a copy of MACKLIN'S edition of the Bible, which is truly a magnificent work. It fills six very large folio volumes, and is printed in a type large enough to be read across a room, and is unencumbered by either note or comment. Fine line-engravings are interspersed in the text, and the binding, in blue morocco, is of the most sumptuous description. This great book was published by subscription at seventy pounds sterling, or three hundred and sixty dollars, unbound. They have also DANIEL'S '*Oriental Scenery*,' in six volumes, 'elephant-folio,' containing one hundred and eighty exquisitely-colored engravings, exhibiting the gorgeous scenery of the East. In this work are views of the stupendous temples of India; the temples, palaces and ruins of ancient Delhi; the gorgeous and beautiful picturesque mosques of the Mohammedan dynasties, and the works which have originated with their present rulers, the English; with many other books, of equal and even more rare attraction. . . . MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM will immediately publish, '*Mrs. Jameson's Characteristics of Women*,' with twelve elegant steel plate engravings; '*Tachudi's Travels in Peru*,' a new and highly interesting volume on that almost unknown region; '*Spencer's Fairy Queen*,' edited by Mrs. KIRKLAND; '*Chaucer, his Life and Poetry*,' '*Supernaturalism in New-England*,' by J. G. WHITTIER; '*Songs and Ballads by Samuel Lover*,' an entirely new edition, revised by the author; with '*Izaak Walton's Angler*,' '*Sketches from Flemish Life*,' etc., etc.


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## THE ENTHUSIAST.

BY L. WARD SMITH.

NOT many weeks ago I received an epistle from Professor E —, of Cambridge, which contained the following *carte blanche*: 'Touching the manuscript, although time had so destroyed its texture and worn away its color and characters as to assimilate it very nearly to the venerable leaves of the Magnolia in which you found it, it remained for you to disturb its long repose, during a century and a half; it is yours by discovery. I have ascertained that none of the family mentioned in it survive; so that the objection I suggested is removed. Therefore, as far as I am concerned, *Libero scriptum religione*; put it forth then, if you will; it will illustrate the times and the customs of its reverend author. By-the-by, you forgot the ancient Attic law: 'He that shall pilfer out of the Lyceum or Academia any thing of the least value, shall suffer death!' But I forgive you,' etc.

Thus my learned relation explained the *modus acquirendi*, and became art and greatest part in the publication of the manuscript, which appears to be in the form of a diary, and begins as follows:

'THANKS to God for his tender mercies to the College! Oft-times I pray that, too earnestly applying our hearts to see the business that is done upon the earth, we forget not that pleasant and delectable wisdom which is truly a fountain of gardens and a well of living waters. Yesterday was the commencement. There appeared more than seventy young men, of whom we may say with gladness that 'They have read and wrote as much as many have done in other places.' Alas! the poor youth whose sudden illness interrupted the proceedings! Though I perceived with melancholy heart his pallid countenance and tottering step, I was soon led to admire the power of the enthusiastic soul to strengthen and compact the walls of its earthly temple. He discoursed of the spirit;



whether when passed away it mingles unseen with those that remain in the flesh; and when he came to speak of the terrestrial body, and to depict that

— 'naked cage of bone,  
From which the winged soul is long since flown,'

truly the glory of the celestial body, whose surpassing beauty he described, illuminated his own countenance. His eye seemed purified to discern, in what to us was vacancy, the objects of a spiritual world. I sat very near to him, and because I clearly perceived that assiduous application had wrought to fearful excitement a melancholic temperament, tenacious of emotions, and strongly disposed to sadness and fear, I was therefore more than the rest prepared, when I beheld him stretch forth his hands and beckon strangely, crying at the same time, in a sad and solemn voice, 'Come! come!' He fell exhausted into my arms, for there was but a step between us, and with an incoherent muttering, lost all consciousness of our presence. Seeing the faintness continue, I opened his vest and removed the covering from his bosom, that the cool air might restore the suspended circulation; and then I saw depicted thereon, as a seal, in faint but certain lines, the image of a spider! What it did import I knew not, but instantly I replaced the linen, lest this revelation should cause the poor youth pain when the cloud of his affliction had passed over him. His countenance was sweet and peaceful, as if in sleep. Twice or thrice, reviving as with loving affection, we conveyed him to his lodgings. He opened his eyes, and seemed to smile with gratitude and recognition upon us. To-morrow I shall seek him. I bless God that he is nigh at hand!

'He is gone—that dear youth, for whom my soul travailed, to the abode of his uncle in the pleasant village of S——. He has written to desire me to go to him, ere the silver cord be loosed. I will hope, notwithstanding his presentiments, that he may yet live many years, and rejoice in them all. I will go, for the request is of God. May I carry with me comfort and consolation, for indeed he is not to me as the son of the stranger.'

'T was after the toilsome journey of a day, through the solemn forest, that travel-soiled and weary I beheld before me the dwelling of my afflicted scholar. Surely the spirit of heaviness had written upon the door-posts 'Desolate.' The house was lofty and spacious, but it was sad and still. The blinds were closed, and I heard no voice of gladness, nor any sound save my heavy tramp over the scented leaves through the damp aisles of the grove which curtained the building. Alas! I found him lying upon a couch, pale, attenuated, spiritual. He welcomed me with a heavenly smile, and bade me sit near him, that I might not lose the faint whispers of his voice; and when I began to speak words of encouragement, he gently pressed my hand and raised his eyes to Heaven; and after

the silence which followed he told me that he had urged my coming from the conviction that he was about to die; and that I might remove or explain the anxiety from which he suffered, but before he would confide to me its source, he wished me to answer a few inquiries. Willingly I consented; and then, fixing upon me his eyes, which were black and full of the deepest melancholy, he asked me whether I thought that any one of the millions of disembodied spirits around and among us can at pleasure assume a mortal shape and communicate with the living world? I answered him that certainly it was possible to OMNIPOTENCE to change the mode in which the powers of Nature act; that it would doubtless be a miracle, which before we admitted we should rather explain by attributing it to the diseased action of the body upon the mind, or of the mind upon the body, or to a combination of mental with corporeal delusion. He next inquired whether, after the flood had swept away the issues of intermarriage between the 'Sons of God' and the daughters of Adam, witchcraft was recognized in the Old Testament. To this I replied, that I believed its denunciations were aimed at idolatry and poisoning, and that the witch of Endor herself was more astonished than Saul at the apparition of Samuel, and that under CHRIST nothing of this kind was permitted; for that, be the old things what they may, assuredly all things were now made new.

'When we had conversed far into the night upon these and kindred subjects. I constantly excusing the errors of primitive times, and reminding him that although by philosophy we had reduced to system many wonderful works, yet often for very terror we see not that God hath made every thing beautiful in his time; and on the other hand, he incredulously suggesting doubts and urging the authority of the divines, the law-givers, and the common sentiment of modern nations; then, perceiving the throbbing of his pulse, the fulness of his veins, and the increasing lustre of his eyes, I feared lest fever was creeping insidiously upon him, and counselled him to sleep and to defer the discourse to a more seasonable opportunity.'

'In the morning he was tranquil and serene. Toward evening arose a terrible storm. The casement shook with the mighty winds, and the branches of the thick oaks were torn down and scattered in the forests. There hung in the apartment in which the young man lay, a large painting, over which was thrown a linen covering. When the storm was at its height, and the thunder broke and rolled incessantly over our heads, he beckoned me to approach, and in low and tremulous tones requested me to remove the veil which screened from view the design of the artist. I did so, and there appeared dimly in the twilight a painting of wonderful skill and power. It represented the interior of a house of worship. At a long table beneath the desk, sat seven or eight men clothed in black habiliments, whose countenances were stern and threatening. A few feet before them, wrapped also in a dark mantle, stood a female of great beauty

and commanding figure. Each of her hands was held by a person of mean and malignant visage, who at the same time seemed to be urging a little girl to approach him, who had fallen before him apparently in convulsions. Tears streamed down the pale cheeks of the lady, and her eloquent eyes were lifted, in sorrowful and reproachful appeal, to the solemn face of a man, who clasping to his bosom a book, reclined against one of the pillars of the desk and looked composedly upon her anguish. Out of the great clouds which overshadowed us came forth lightning, and fitfully revealed to us, in startling radiance, the mournful beauty of her countenance. Truly, I thought I beheld in it the appearance of the likeness of an angel's glory; but suddenly while I looked, the features of the chief of those who sat there, as it seemed in judgment, appeared familiar to me. I recognized also other faces. The room itself was not unknown to me; then I plainly discerned that it was the trial of one accused of witchcraft, and could not doubt that one to be the weeping woman. The persons clad in dark robes were the justices. An officer held the prisoner's hands, lest she should afflict her accuser, the little girl who had striven in vain to approach her, that she might be touched by her, and thereby escape the suffering wherewith the agents of the King of Hell tormented her. The leaning figure I knew not. Then I remembered the singular emblem delineated on the heart of the young man, and also a rumor of his origin, which I heard at his joining the college; but regarding it as a relic of the false days, which, blessed be God! have passed away, I had long since forgotten it. Also I recollected the earnestness of his discourse respecting the phantasms, and the sad conviction of a mystery, a prophetic sense of ill possessed my soul. But combating these distressing thoughts, I turned to the poor youth who lay with perfect tranquillity, alternately watching the workings of my features and looking mournfully upon the exquisite painting. I refrained from farther inquiry, and entreated him to permit me to draw the ample curtains to exclude as far as possible the vivid flashes, which when he consented I did, and seating myself apart from him, I trusted that God would regard my prayer and visit his eyelids with slumber.

'About midnight the door of the apartment was opened, and I saw standing upon the threshold a man of melancholy aspect and gray locks which fell unrestrained over a long Genevan robe. The rays of a lamp which he held streamed forth into the room upon the face of the sleeping youth, which when he saw, without seeming to observe my presence or warning gestures, he noiselessly crossed the apartment and standing by the bed-side looked down upon him. His features, deeply furrowed by time or grief, were convulsed with powerful emotions. His hands were clasped so tightly that they were whiter than the sheets of the couch, and at times he ground together his teeth as though he would crush them to powder. He murmured with rapid utterance what I deemed to be a prayer. Disturbed by the sound, slight as it was, the poor sufferer suddenly opened his eyes. For a moment he seemed unable to recall his wandering consciousness, but then a terrible gleam of recognition shot from

his eye; a wild cry burst from his lips; and recoiling as far as the bed would permit, he clenched and drew about him its coverings as if to shield himself from an expected attack. Horror and detestation disfigured the lineaments of his countenance. Then all was still; but the chest of the old man heaved violently, and sob after sob broke from his half-broken heart. I saw there the spirit of the strong man shaken, and beheld great drops roll down his quivering features. Falling upon his knees beside the bed, he cried in a voice of anguish:

‘My son, forgive! forgive!’

‘But the young man, pointing solemnly to the portrait, only answered him:

‘My mother!’

‘Slowly, almost fearfully, the aged man turned his head and looked upon the mournful figure.

‘It is indeed your mother,’ he said. ‘So she stood; so she appealed to me, when I — believing — erring —’

‘Sobs choked his utterance; a strong shudder thrilled his frame, and with a powerful effort at self-control, he looked up to Heaven and exclaimed with solemnity:

‘God knoweth the secrets of all hearts! You thought me dead, my child, but often, often from the deep forests, the abode of savages and wild beasts, I have come unseen to watch and pray for you, the offspring of a love which neither delusion nor the grave could extinguish. How have I mourned to see you day by day pining and fading away under the curse of bitter memory; to know that for me you never felt the love of a son; that from myself you inherited that fatal tendency to belief in the supernatural which led me to violate the principles of Nature and destroy her who is now an angel of light! And when I heard that, sad and lonely, you lay upon the bed of sickness, I resolved to see you, hear you speak, and then leave you till God unites us all again in Heaven. And now I will tell you all; how by the wiles and subtlety of the Devil, I fell and dragged to the tomb my innocent wife. I was, you may have heard, foremost in the councils of our people. Death had taken from us the most of those citizens on whose strong wisdom we were accustomed to lean. The province was exhausted by taxation. The savages crossed the interior frontiers, burned and plundered our towns, captured and slew many of their inhabitants, and pirates sailed up and down our coasts unpunished. We had lost our charter; the new one did not shield us from political jealousies and changes. All was afloat upon a wide ocean of uncertainty. Theological controversies embittered the intercourse of the brethren, while terrible prophecies were declared to be in the course of fulfilment. It was perhaps our peculiar tendency to trust in the vagaries of a credulous imagination. Seeing all these things, we did believe that Satan had begun to reign.

‘There was then in my family a girl twelve years of age, whose inexplicable behaviour excited our surprise and wonder. She would sometimes leap up, and falling from her chair, roll beneath the table,

and with violent screams, and the most extraordinary contortions, utter a wild gibberish. I asked the opinion of a physician, who declared that she was afflicted by the malignant power of some person who was in league with the Arch-Fiend himself. This crime was not new to me; I had read of it in the sacred volume. It was forbidden by our laws and recognised by the wisest and holiest men of the time. The fit continued for many days, and after much entreaty the girl declared that her tormentor was my wife; that in the night she felt her body pierced with pins and her joints wrenched by an unseen hand, and that once she saw a venomous spider fasten itself upon the wrist of the accused, which for a long time she did not remove, but gazed upon it with pleasure; and when at last it crawled away, she said she saw where it had lain a strange mark which was the seal of Satan!

‘My soul was filled with horror. I believed her not. The news spread through the colony; my friends came to me, and together we sought to know of God the truth. We kept a solemn fast; the violence of the attack did not abate; others exhibited the same symptoms; the congregations met, and a court was organized. Then it was the poison began to work within me. Long I struggled with the fiend, who ever seemed to say: ‘Thy wife or thy soul! — which? At last I yielded up my earthly attachments to what I believed was the command of God. I no longer interposed my influence to prevent her trial. She was carried before the judges, tried, and on the testimony of her foresworn accuser, sentenced to an ignominious death. Alas! how superstition steels the heart against compassion! The sighs, the tears, the loveliness of my deserted wife, seemed to me only the powerful charms of the sorcerer. I pressed the Bible to my heart, and suffered her to be borne away to prison. There, in the midst of grief and agony, you, my beloved son, were born. How bitter was that agony, let the symbol on your bosom witness! and from those dreary walls your mother never went, till from the fatal hill her pure spirit rose to Heaven!’

‘When the truly penitent man thus concluded his sorrowful history, his son, sternly regarding him with eyes which seemed about to start from their sockets, in a low, impressive voice slowly pronounced these words:

‘Thou art a murderer!’

‘Then heaving a deep sigh, he fell backward, and a death-like paleness overspread his face.

‘His eyes were closed, and for many minutes we strove in vain to dispel the faintness. At last the expression of his features changed; the frown relaxed, and a smile seemed to hover about his mouth. His lips moved, and we heard him softly whisper:

‘I hear thee, sweet mother! Oh! leave me not. I will obey!’

‘Then he rose from the bed, like one whose strength is miraculously renewed. He gently took the old man’s hand, and said:

‘I too have a tale to tell, my father. I did believe you dead; that I alone remained of our unhappy family; that kind uncle who protected my infancy told me the story of our misfortunes, and

while he deplored your error, said you only yielded to the spirit of the age. This I knew; and though sympathy with my mother's fate strengthened with my strength, you also had suffered and were dead. I did not wrong your memory with abhorrence then; I strove to forget you; yet how lonely was I in the world! My origin was known; I perceived that I was pitied; I did not like to mingle with mankind because I lacked the energy which hope inspires. I looked upon myself as inferior to my fellows. My frame, always delicate, could not endure their vigorous sports, and I fled to books for solace. I enjoyed abstruse inquiries, especially regarding the nature of the soul and intellect. One night when, after such employment, I had retired, and was reflecting, before resigning myself to sleep, upon the subject of my evening's reading, I beheld a beautiful female approaching my bed. She was dressed like my mother. At the dreadful trial it is strange that I did not experience terror. No; all the love which years of sad reflection had wrought up even to devotion, now rallied at my heart. I sprang from the couch; but gently waving her hand she retreated, and avoided my proffered embrace. Often since that night has she appeared to me, and once, in pity of my tears, she spoke and told me she was happy. I never revealed my secret; it would not be believed; yet I look for those interviews as the only enjoyments of my existence. Gradually the lingering compassion for your sorrows, my father, took flight; and in its place I felt scorn and indignation; and when to-night for the first time I beheld your face I knew at once that the slayer of my mother was before me!

‘His voice trembled and his features quivered with excitement, as the surface of a lovely lake is ruffled by sudden winds.

‘‘You were alive, and had come to vex my troubled spirit. I thought you were a fiend! Then, in the trance which followed, I saw again that angelic being; oh! beautiful and radiant, in garments of dazzling purity. She bent over me, and the rustling of her robes was like the waving of the silver trees of Paradise. She kissed me with cold lips, and bade me, as I loved her memory, forget that she had suffered, and tell you that your cruelty was forgiven. I had sworn never, except in death, to forgive you; but now I feel that the sands of life are ebbing. Behold how sweetly she smiles upon us! Come! let us look together upon that halloved form. Oh! my father! how couldst thou destroy a being so innocent, so perfect?—thou, her only, her natural defender! She was the beloved of thy youth; she bore within her bosom the pledge of mutual affection. See how those cruel men frown upon her! They rudely grasp her delicate limbs; they tear her away; the cunning girl laughs at her frenzied appeal to thee, her friend, her protector, her husband! And thou, and I—forgive—’

‘He sank back fainting into my arms; a sudden trembling seized his exhausted frame; a cold dampness gathered upon his forehead; his eyes opened—closed; the strings of that delicate harp gave way, and the soul of the poor Enthusiast fled for repose to that great Rock, whose shadows reached him even in this weary land!’

Thus the pious man concludes his entries ; and though I often ransacked the library and papers of the Professor, and again and again turned over the leaves of the Magnalia, I found no clue to the subsequent history of the unfortunate father.

S T A N Z A S : M O N T E R E Y .

BY J. MONKSWELL.

And every body praised the chief  
Who such a fight did win ;  
But what good came of it at last ?  
Quoth little PETERKIN,  
Why that I cannot tell, said he,  
But 't was a famous victory !"—SOUTHER.

I.

News of a battle fought and won !  
Victorious, we have swept the field !  
Our camp-fires light the flying foe,  
And we his captured weapons wield ;  
While, swooping through the sulphury air,  
The vultures come to claim their prey,  
And banquet on the dead who fought  
The murderous fight of Monterey.

II.

Unfurl the banners, torn and wet,  
That led the serried columns on ;  
The sight perhaps will lend a glow  
To pallid cheeks and features wan ;  
Wave them as tokens that the slain  
In one wide grave are laid away,  
Safe from the prowling wolves, that snuff  
The tainted winds of Monterey.

III.

Heed not the widows' blistering tears,  
Nor heed the orphans' sorrowing cries,  
But let your clamorous voices drown  
The mournful undertone of sighs.  
Why should pale weepers stand apart  
And shed such earnest tears to-day ?  
Do they not hear the gladdening shout  
That hails the news from Monterey ?

IV.

It makes our languid pulses leap,  
It stirs and thrills our kindling hearts,  
Till we responsive join the cry  
That such unwonted joy imparts.  
Then let the bells loud Tarums ring,  
And lavish flags their folds display ;  
For a glorious victory is achieved,  
Under the walls of Monterey !

## v.

Well may ye fight for Fatherland,  
 For Freedom, and for Freedom's cause,  
 And when usurping foes invade,  
 Strike home! 't is then no time to pause :  
 And when Oppression bares his arm,  
 Be prompt to light the Avenger's way ;  
 As those brave men have done who stormed  
 And sacked the town of Monterey !

## vi.

Come, ye forlorn and smitten ones,  
 Whose hopes of yesterday are cold,  
 Come join the cheerful groups who weave  
 Bright garlands for the heroes bold ;  
 For breaking hearts, and human love,  
 And tears, must be subdued to-day,  
 And hushed the sigh that heaves the breast  
 For kindred slain at Monterey.

## vii.

The bugle's peal, the rolling drum,  
 The scattering shots, the wild hurrah,  
 The trampling hoofs, the frenzied rush,  
 The noise of conflict heard afar ;  
 The tattered banners, scorched, but up !  
 The shouts, the shrieks of wild dismay,  
 The thundering cannon's distant roar,  
 Proclaim the fall of Monterey.

## viii.

Through streams that pour a crimson flood,  
 Mid sabre-strokes and volleying flame,  
 Wading in life-warm pools of blood,  
 The victor tracks his way to fame !  
 The hour of triumph comes at last ;  
 The smoke of battle rolls away,  
 And he, all gore-incarnadined,  
 Looks grimly down on Monterey !

## ix.

In vain perhaps such deeds may fill  
 The alembic of the poet's rhyme ;  
 Yet some memorial will they claim,  
 To shield them from sarcastic Time.  
 Then rear—'t will be a proper pile  
 To chronicle the glorious day—  
 A cenotaph of human skulls  
 And bleaching bones from Monterey :

## x.

And leave the pyramidal tower  
 In naked truthfulness to stand,  
 An emblem, and a record too,  
 Fit archive for a Christian land.  
 It will a stern memento prove,  
 Without the scholar's quaint display,  
 Nor needs a blazoned tablature  
 To tell the tale of Monterey !



## THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE: NOW FIRST TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL CHINESE.

BY S. JULIEN.

IN the year 1430 there lived an old man whose name was LIAN TE. He lived on the west of the Yellow River, in the village of Woo, on the banks of the Grand Canal, and about twenty leagues from Peking. As the people who went up to the capital from the provinces, or returned from thence, were obliged to pass by this place, there were many vessels at anchor there, and the bruit of horses and carriages was heard at all hours. The village itself consisted of a hundred families, who had opened a market on the banks of the river, and most of them enjoyed a comfortable subsistence.

Lian Te and his wife had both of them reached their sixtieth year, and were childless. Their little fortune consisted of ten acres of land and some houses, in one of which they had opened a tavern. Lian had spent his life in doing good, and his greatest pleasure was to relieve the unhappy. If persons who came to his inn had no money, he would never listen to their excuses, but let them go; and if they gave him too much, he only took his dues and returned the rest; nor would he keep a single copper not his own. His neighbors often said to him, 'What a simpleton you are to return what has been given you by mistake! It is a present from Heaven, and you ought to profit by it.'

'I have no children,' said Lian, 'a misfortune which has doubtless come upon me because I did not practice virtue in my former life. Heaven has therefore punished me in this, by depriving me of an heir, to offer when I am dead the funeral rites to my ashes; or if this misfortune is not decreed by destiny, still, if I keep what belongs to others, I shall bring upon myself some calamity or disease. Beside, when I have already money enough, what benefit will it be for me to retain what belongs to others? It is better to return it, and thus secure prosperity to myself.'

Thus was he always; a model of rectitude and probity, and all the villagers called him 'The Good Lian.'

One winter's day the cold increased in severity; a piercing north-wind blew, and the snow fell thick and fast. Lian warmed some of his best wine, and drew up to the fire to drink a few cups with his wife. On looking out to see if the snow still descended, he saw at a distance a man carrying a bundle, and attended by a lad, both struggling against the storm. Looking yet more carefully, he saw that he was a man of about thescore. His legs were wrapped up, and over all he had a blue robe. The boy wore red boots and an elegantly-embroidered coat.

'The snow and wind increase,' said the old man; 'my limbs are paralyzed with cold, and my strength fails me. I cannot proceed. They sell wine here; let us go and take some cups to revive our spirits, and then we can go on.'

Saying this, he entered the shop and sat himself down, after depositing his bundle on the table; the child also placed himself near him. Lian hastened to warm some wine, and brought them two plates of meat and two of pulse. The boy poured out a cup of wine, which he presented to the old man, and then filled one for himself. Lian, charmed at the gracefulness and courtesy of a child so young, asked the old man if he was his son, and what was his age. He learned that he was his son, and his name was SHIN; and he was just twelve years old.'

'I beg to ask,' added Lian, 'what is your family-name, and where you are going? How can you travel in such inclement weather?'

'Your servant's name is Fang-Yung,' replied the old man. 'I am from the capital, where I serve in the Imperial Guards. I was born at Tsening, a city in Shantung, and I am going there by the help of the mileage which is granted to soldiers. I now take the liberty of inquiring your family-name.'

'My name is Lian, and my given-name is Kinho. The city of Tsening is still very far from here; why then do you not take a carriage, since you are not able to endure the hardships of travel?'

'I am only a poor soldier, and quite unable to hire a carriage. I must therefore go afoot, by easy journeys.'

As he spoke, Lian observed that neither he nor his son touched the meat before them, and ate only of the pulse; he therefore observed:

'I think, Sir, you must be keeping a fast.'

'We are soldiers,' replied Fang; 'why should we observe a fast?'

'Why do you not then eat the meat?' said Lian.

'I will not conceal the truth from you, that I have barely money enough for my journey,' replied the old man; 'and therefore I content myself with rice and pulse; and even then I am afraid I shall not have enough to reach my native village. If we touch any thing else we spend in one moment what would suffice us for many days; and then how should we get home?'

Lian was moved at this account of his poverty, and said: 'In such a rigorous season you require substantial food to recruit your strength. Take some meat and rice, or you will not be able to brave the weather. Eat as much as you can, for I shall charge you nothing for your refreshment.'

'Do not smile at my frankness; but I cannot believe that you will give a traveller food and drink, and ask him nothing for them.'

'I am not deceiving you, for your servant is not like others of this calling; if perchance a traveller has no money, we treat him as if he was rich, and he finds here enough for his necessities without paying any thing. Since, Sir, the provision for your journey is so low, look upon it as if I had invited you here.'

The old soldier, now assured of his sincerity, replied with feeling : 'I thank you heartily for your kindness ; only I regret to receive such benefits without any claim to them ; but on my return I hope to be able to testify my remembrance of your goodness.'

'Mankind are all brethren ; moreover, this food is worth little or nothing ; why do you speak of requital ?'

The old man, thus persuaded, took up the chop-sticks and ate the viands which had been served up, while Lian filled two more plates of rice, and brought them on, saying : 'Eat to your fill, and then you will be able to prosecute your journey.'

'It is too much,' answered the old soldier ; 'it is impossible to take more for nothing. My son and I were dying, but your goodness has saved our lives. I shall never be able to testify to you my thankfulness.'

When they had eaten, Lian told his wife to make some tea and bring it. Fang, taking out his purse, laid down some pieces of money to pay his bill, but Lian stopped him. 'I just now told you that it was I who invited you. Why do you look for your purse ? If I take any thing, it will appear as if I had made this offer in order to sell you a dish of meat. Keep it all, I beg you, for the expenses of your journey.'

The old man bowed and thanked him. He then took his bundle on his shoulders and took leave of his hosts ; but he had scarcely left the door when the snow fell faster than ever, and he retraced his steps, after trying in vain to withstand the wind and cold.

'Father,' said the boy, crying with cold, 'how can we travel in such a tempest ?'

'There is no other way,' replied the old man ; 'let us try to go a little farther and find a tavern where we can pass the night.'

Lian, moved at the sight, cried : 'What urgent necessity calls you to brave this cold wind and snow ? We have many rooms here, and empty beds. Why not stay here until it is pleasanter weather ?'

'It would be very agreeable to me, but I think I ought not to discommode you any longer,' rejoined the old man.

'What are you talking about ? Come in, and not stay there exposing yourself to the storm.'

Old Fang took the arm of his son, and accepted the invitation of Lian, who on his part went to make ready a chamber ; and lest the bed should not be warm enough, laid on two or three more coverlets. It was still light ; and Fang, after taking a nap, came out of his room with Shin. Lian had already shut up his shop, and was warming himself at the fire with his wife. On perceiving the old man, he begged him to draw near and enjoy the fire with them.

'With much pleasure,' said Fang ; 'but the presence of your lady embarrasses me in accepting your civility, lest I overstep decorum.'

'We are all three of the same age, and it is not for such as we are to stand upon ceremony.'

Fang accordingly drew up with his son to the fire, and entered into conversation with Lian, whom he called by his name, Kinbo,

asking him why they lived there alone, and where his sons had their houses. On Lian informing him that they had never had a child, much less a son, Fang inquired why they did not adopt a son, to be the consolation and support of their old age.

'It was at first my intention,' said Lian; 'but when I saw how ungratefully adopted sons behaved toward their parents; how that, far from helping them, they caused them grief and trouble; I thought it better to take none at all than run the risk of a bad selection. But if I could find one like yours, I should consider myself among the happiest of men.'

The two old men spoke on this wise some time; and when night came, the old soldier, taking a light, wished his hosts good night, and retired with his son to his chamber. 'How fortunate we are,' said he, 'in having met this good man; we should otherwise have perished with cold and hunger. But in the morning, whether the sky be fair or foul, we must leave betimes, for I am ashamed to cause him any more trouble.'

'Let us go to bed now,' said Shin, 'for I am very tired.'

But the old soldier, exposed as he had been to the wind and cold, awoke in the night with a burning fever, and asked for some water to quench his thirst. But his son, not knowing where to go in the dark in a strange house, waited till dawn, when he got up and softly opened the door leading into the room where Lian slept; seeing, however, that neither he nor his wife were up, he quietly shut it and went back to wait till they arose. Soon, however, hearing some one speaking, he went out hastily.

'My little master,' said Lian, as soon as he saw him, 'what are you up so early for?'

'I went to find you, Sir, for my father is feverish and breathes with difficulty, and he wished me to bring him some water.'

'Alas! the wind and cold of yesterday were too much for him! But what good will this icy water do him? Wait a few moments, till I can warm it for him.' Lian told his wife to fill a kettle, and when the water was warm, took it into the chamber to Fang, who drank two cups. Seeing Lian, he could not restrain his repeated thanks for his unwearied kindness.

'You are still talking of requitals,' said Lian, coming to him with a kind manner; 'keep yourself easy and well covered up, lest you take cold. If you can perspire you will yet do well.' The boy got off the bed, and Lian covered him closely; but seeing how thin the coverlet was, he sent his wife, who was standing at the door, to bring a soft and thick one, which she thought would guard him well against the cold. Shin went and took it, and Lian wrapped up the sick man in it; after which he retired to make his toilette. When he came back, he asked Shin if his father had been perspiring, but the boy said he could perceive no signs of a sweat, though he had watched carefully.

'If that is the case,' said Lian, 'the cold has penetrated his body. I will go and call a doctor to assist in exciting the perspiration, which will save him, for that is the only means of counteracting

the bad effects of the cold. Do n't grieve yourself because you have no money to buy medicines, for I will charge you nothing.'

At these words Shin, bowing to the earth, said, 'I thank you a thousand times; you have saved my father's life. If I cannot adequately requite you in this life, for all your kindness, I shall serve you in the next to repay this sacred obligation.'

Lian, hastily raising him up, replied: 'Why so many thanks? Look upon me as your father and I will see to your needs. Can I be insensible to your misfortunes? Go back to your father and keep near him, to see that he wants for nothing, and I will soon come back with a doctor.'

The snow had ceased to fall, and the sky was clear, but the street had become almost impassable, from the mire made by the horses and wheels. Lian put on his shoes and went to the door, but seeing the bad state of the road, came back, which somewhat alarmed the boy, but he soon reappeared from the rear of the house, mounted on a mule, and proceeded to seek the doctor. He soon came back with him, and a servant followed on foot, bringing a box containing various remedies. On reaching the door the doctor dismounted, and Lian invited him to take a cup of tea, and then both entered the sick chamber. The old soldier at that moment had lost his consciousness, and could not distinguish what was around him. The doctor felt his pulse, and remarked 'There is a complication of disorders, the double effect of the wind and cold. One treatise on fevers contains the remark: 'A complicated fever is an incurable complaint; the equilibrium of the two principles can scarcely sustain themselves to the seventh day.' Another physician would probably tell you he could overcome this malady, but I tell you frankly that this kind of fever is altogether incurable.'

Hearing this, the child was chilled with terror, and began to cry, and begged the doctor to take pity on his father and save his life, by employing all his skill to assist one who was a stranger in the country. 'My young master,' said the kind man, lifting him up, 'it does not depend on me to restore health to your father. The disease has made such progress that medicines are of no avail.'

'Sir,' added Lian, 'the proverb says, 'It is not the physic which kills the patient.' I beg you not to adhere too strictly to the ancient regimen. Have more confidence in your own resources, and follow your own ideas. Perhaps fate has not yet marked the limit of his life, but if he succumbs to this attack, we shall not accuse you of the misfortune.'

Thus pressed, he took a small parcel out of the box and gave it to Lian for the sick man to take in a tea, after he had drank an infusion of ginger; telling him to send for him if there appeared any signs of a perspiration, and he would bring some medicine to complete the cure; but otherwise, all would be of no avail. He then took his leave, and refused to accept the least recompense. During six days, Lian and his wife took so much care of the sick man that they almost neglected their business to attend to him. The boy stayed

near his father, and watched him with such solicitude that he forgot to take his food ; but on the seventh day he was left fatherless,

'HEAVEN grants us a fragment of duration ;  
We spend it in a score of ways :  
All at once Death comes, and our plans are frustrated.'

Shin was inconsolable, rolling himself on the ground and uttering heart-rending cries. Lian and his wife, affected by his sorrows, took him into their arms to console him. ' Poor child ! be not so afflicted. Take a little sleep. Your cries will not recall life to him you have lost.'

But he, kneeling before Lian and sobbing, said : ' Last year, Sir, I lost my mother. Would to Heaven I was also going to the tomb with her ! My father and I were returning to our native village, hoping to procure there a little money to perform her obsequies. All at once we experienced this deluge of snow, and the wind, the cold, and bad roads exposed us to a thousand dangers. Your kindness preserved us from the pains of hunger and the inclemency of the season, so that Heaven seemed favorable to us ; but alas ! evil has come upon my father, and your humanity has grown with our troubles, conferring on us such untiring favors as are rarely experienced from the nearest kindred. Would that my father were alive to recompense you for these benefits ! But now I find myself without parents ; my resources are gone, and I have nothing to buy a coffin or funeral vestments. I beg you, Sir, to add to your kindnesses the gift of a few feet of earth where I can deposit the ashes of my father, after which I only desire to serve you the rest of my days, in order to recompense you for the favors I have received. Pray grant me the boon I ask !'

' My dear child,' said Lian, lifting him from the ground, ' I will take upon me the care of all that belongs to your father's interment. I am happy in being able to lighten your troubles, for it is my constant desire to do good.' Having bought a coffin and winding-sheet, Lian called two grave-diggers, and arraying the body, deposited it on the bier. Then he laid out a repast, offered the proper sacrifice and burned the paper images. He carried the corpse behind his house to an uncultivated place, where he buried it with pious care, according to the prescribed ceremonies ; and raised over the grave a stone with this inscription : '*Here lies the body of Fang-Yung, one of the Imperial Guard.*' When every thing had been attended to, Shin, prostrating himself before Lian and his wife, expressed to them his gratitude.

Two days after, Lian said to him, ' Perhaps you wish to return home to inform your friends of your loss, and transport thither your father's body. But, young as you are, I fear you will not know the road. Stay here awhile, till some of my friends come along, to whom I can commit you, and who will take you to your native place, at which time you can see what you can do in this matter. Let me know what you wish.'

' Sir,' cried the poor child, throwing himself at his feet, ' I have received benefits from you like the heavens for height and the earth

for thickness, for which I have not yet had any opportunity of requiting you. How can I think of going home? You have no son, and although I have poor abilities, if you will agree to my request to let me become your servant, then I shall be ever near you, and can render to you the duties of filial affection. Perhaps then, in a century, some one will come to offer funeral sacrifices before your tomb. I will go to the capital to get the bones of my mother to place them beside those of my father, in the grave you have given me by the roadside. I wish to stay here and guard these dear remains as long as I live.'

'If I could find a son in you,' replied Lian, 'I should thank Heaven for the unexpected favor. How can I permit you to fulfil here the functions of a servant? No; from this day we will only employ the terms father and son.'

'I joyfully obey your commands,' answered the young man; 'from this day you shall be my father, and you, Madam, shall be my mother.' Then, placing two chairs side by side, upon which he begged them to sit, he kneeled and saluted them four times as their adopted son. He also changed his family-name to Lian; but the old man would not permit him to renounce his own family-name entirely, but called him Lian-Fang.\* From that time he showed the greatest care and attention to his adopted parents day and night, displaying the zeal of the tenderest affection.

But time wings its way as an arrow cleaves the air. Lian-Fang had already been two years in his father's house. It was a hot day in autumn, and the wind and rain had produced great ravages. The waters of the Grand Canal suddenly swelled, raised themselves on high, and engulfed an incalculable number of vessels. Lian-Fang was busy in the shop about noon, when he heard a confused noise of groans and cries. 'It must be a fire,' said he, and he ran out toward the place whence they proceeded. He saw a great crowd on the banks, and getting through the press, perceived a trading vessel in the current, half shattered by the winds, and just ready to sink. Some of the passengers had already perished, while others embraced the mast or seized the helm for safety, and loudly implored help. Every body ran to look on, and all said how well it would be to relieve them; but as each looked most to his own safety, no one was found who was willing to risk his life and brave the fury of the waves to save them. With open eyes they saw them fall, one after another, into the waters, and contented themselves with dropping a few unavailing expressions of regret. But suddenly a gust of wind struck the bark and drove it toward the bank, to their great joy. Instantly a score of poles were hooked on the wreck to draw it on the beach. Twelve persons were saved from the wreck, one of whom was a young man about twenty years old, who had received some injury from the hooks, and lay upon the ground without moving, so that some thought him to be dead. He retained a bamboo box in

\* It may be remarked here, that the usage among the Chinese is to place the family-name before the given-name, as LIAN-KINHO, just the contrary to what obtains among ourselves. There are usually two or three names taken during the course of a man's life.

his hands which no one tried to take from him. Lian-Fang came close to him, deeply affected by the distressing sight, and recalling the events which had happened to himself the preceding winter. 'This young man's case is like mine,' said he; 'if I had not met the good Lian, what would have become of the dear remains of my father? This young man has no one to care for him, and I will go and tell my parents. How happy shall I be to have contributed to save his life!' He ran home and told them all that had happened, and added, that he wished to bring in the wounded man and take care of him till he was restored.'

'I applaud your sentiments,' replied Lian; 'they are beyond all praise; such sympathy we ought ever to extend toward our fellows.' 'Why have you not brought him with you?' said his mother.

'Because I had not yet informed you of it; how could I take such a liberty?' rejoined the boy.

'Come along,' said Lian; and they went together to find him. A crowd stood around the young man on the bank, but no one thought of helping him. Lian, pushing aside the people, came up to him, and said: 'Try to get up, my young master; my son and I will lead you to our house, where you can take some repose.' Opening his eyes, he made a sign of assent, and taking their hands, tried to raise himself up; but what could an old man and a tender child do? A porter passed, who seeing Lian, offered to help him. He stooped down and took him without difficulty, and they carried him between them. Although he could not speak he had his senses, and held the bamboo-box by his teeth, which Lian-Fang perceiving, begged to carry for him, and walked on ahead with it on his shoulders. The crowd opened the way and followed after them as they proceeded home. Those who knew Lian admired his humanity, remarking: 'This poor youth had been here some time and no one pitied or invited him to his house. But as soon as Lian was informed of the sad event he came in all haste and busied himself to get him home. Truly there are few such men. What a misfortune that he has no son! But Heaven is just and its decrees impenetrable.' 'Although he has no son,' said others, 'he has adopted the young Lian-Fang, who manifests toward him such deference and attachment as few children do; this may therefore be regarded as a recompense from Heaven.'

Those who did not know Lian, seeing an old man and his wife supporting a wounded person, and a lad walking before them, supposed they were his parents. But the villagers soon informed them of their error, and every one lauded the humanity of the good old man. There were some persons in the crowd, however, who began to calculate how much the bamboo-box contained; but such people possess nothing but the human figure, without a human heart or affections. Lian, assisted by the porter, brought the young man home and seated him in the hall, while Lian-Fang placed the bamboo casket by his side. Madame Lian soon brought a change of dress to put on instead of his soaked garments. She soon after returned and conducted him into the shop, where she gave him a



cup of the best wine. Lian wrapped him up carefully in a coverlet, and when night came put him in bed with his son.

The next morning Lian came in early to learn how he was, and found him quite strengthened. Sitting up in his bed he attempted to get down to thank him for his kindness, but the old man stopping him told him to remain tranquil and be careful till he recovered. The young man raised his head from the pillow and saluting Lian, said: 'I was within two fingers of death, but you have saved my life and have been to me as a second father. Yes, it is Heaven who sent you to be my liberator, but unluckily I have lost my all, and have nothing to repay you with for all your kindness.'

'You are wrong,' rejoined Lian; 'humanity is innate in all men. It is better to save one life than build a pagoda of seven stories to the honor of Budha. To speak of recompense will be to suppose me to possess interested views, but such ideas have no place in my heart.'

Lian-Ke, for such was his name, was much affected at this, and after keeping his bed a few days, sought out the old couple, and kneeling before them thanked them for their care of him. This young man was of an affectionate and amiable disposition, and exhibited those polished manners and courtesy which indicate a sweet temper and a finished education. Lian and his wife felt the tenderest regard for him, constantly bestowing upon him a thousand attentions, and providing for him the best wine and most delicate viands they could procure. He was deeply sensible of the many kind offices they did him, and could not restrain a feeling of sadness at seeing all the trouble they both took to reëstablish his health. He wished to be able to recompense them soon and take his leave of them, but his wounds were still so much inflamed that he could not travel; moreover, he had neither money nor provisions, and was consequently obliged to remain with them. Ke and Lian-Fang were nearly of the same age, and resembled each other too in appearance, while their dispositions were still more alike. They related all the misfortunes they had severally experienced, and their similarity in this also endeared them more and more. They soon became so intimate that they saluted each other as brothers, and from that moment loved each other as much as if they had really been so. One day Ke said, 'Young as you are, and gifted with so many charms, why do you not study the classical authors and historians?'

'I have long wished to do so,' replied Lian-Fang; 'but where shall I find any body to give me lessons?'

'I will not conceal the truth from you,' rejoined Ke; 'since my childhood, I have cultivated literature, and am familiar with the best ancient and modern authors; I had hoped to get a name, and to raise myself by my learning to the highest employments; but since I have had the misfortune to lose my parents, academical success and honors have lost all their attractions for me. If you wish, my brother, to study, you have only to purchase some books, and I shall take great pleasure in directing your studies.'

Lian-Fang accepted the offer with many thanks; and Lian, see-

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Ke had now been six months in the house of Lian, and they had the same affectionate regard for each other as if they had been united by ties of blood. They could not live separated. But Ke could hardly restrain his regret that he had lived so long a time at his table without being able to recompense him for his care. As soon as his wounds were healed, he began to think of returning to his native village. 'You have preserved the dying breath of my life,' said he to Lian, 'and during these six months I have been with you have not ceased to load me with benefits. Now I must take leave of you for some time, and return home to inter the remains of my parents. When that is done, I will come back and wait on you, to show my sense of the obligation.'

'This conduct does credit to your heart, and far from detaining you, I applaud your filial resolution. May I ask when you think of going?'

'Since I have informed you, and obtained your acquiescence,' answered Ke, 'I will start to-morrow morning.'

'Very well; let me go then and find a good boat for you,' said Lian; but the other preferred going by land. 'You know,' he remarked, 'that a little more and I should have perished in the waters. Beside, I have no money for such a voyage, and prefer returning by land.'

'You will spend as much again for a carriage as a boat,' responded Lian, 'and perhaps will not be less exposed than on the water. You are still weak, and have not strength enough to take a long journey on foot.'

'Sir,' replied Ke, 'you know the proverb, 'When one has money he can serve himself of it; when he has none, he must reckon on himself.' Stripped of every thing, as I have been, what have I to dread on the road?'

Lian told his wife to make ready some wine and lay out dishes of meat, to present their friend with a parting repast; adding, that he wished to talk with him about his affairs. After the two friends had drank together till almost midnight, Lian said, his eyes glistening with tears, 'We have met in this life as two leaves are drifted against each other on the surface of the water. During the time we have been together we have contracted a mutual attachment more intimate than that which the bonds of birth and kindred form. My heart is wrung with sadness when I think we are now to separate, though the obsequies of a father and a mother are to a son the noblest and most important acts of his life. You ought to

leave, and it is not my purpose to detain you from performing this sacred duty; but when once gone, who knows if I shall ever see you again?' He sighed deeply, and his wife and Lian-Fang also shed tears of pity.

'Alas!' cried Ke, 'you know how hard it is for me to leave you; but after the days of mourning are over I will return, by night even, to pay you my respects. I beg you then, do not abandon yourselves to tears and grief.'

'I and my wife,' replied Lian, 'will soon reach our seventieth year; our frail existence is like the flame of a lamp exposed to a gust of wind; each morning we can scarcely hope to preserve it till the evening. When your mourning is ended, and you return here, who knows whether we shall then be alive? If you do not mean to quit us for ever, I beg of you as soon as you have completed the rites, and deposited the inanimate remains of your parents in the tomb, to return speedily to see us. I would ask this favor of the friend of a day; but you have exhibited to me the tenderness of a son, and have sworn an eternal attachment for me.'

'Ke promised soon to return, and the family passed the night in mutual protestations of affection. Early in the morning Madame Lian prepared rice and wine for Ke to take; Lian placed a parcel on the table, and then sent Lian-Fang behind the house to bring the mule from the stable. 'My young friend,' said Lian, 'I have had this beast a long time, but I rarely go out with him, and never make long journeys; but I can recommend him to you as an excellent saddle-animal. You will thus save yourself all outlay for a carriage and porters. In this parcel you will find a coverlet and some quilted garments to protect you on the road from the wind and cold. With these ten taels of silver,' added he, taking a roll out of his sleeve, 'you can defray the expenses of your journey; but after completing the affairs which engage your attention, be faithful to the word you have given me, and speedily return to us.'

Ke, seeing the gifts which Lian loaded him with, threw himself on the ground before him; 'For all the kind acts you have done for me, Sir, it is quite impossible for me to requite you in this life, but in the next life I shall wish to serve you, in order to requite, as far as I am able, the generous care and many services you have rendered me.'

Lian remarked that he had only partly fulfilled those duties which humanity imposed on all men, and gave Ke his baggage, who mounting the mule, and taking his bamboo casket, betook himself to his journey. Lian and his wife took leave of him at the door, but Lian-Fang accompanied him a league on his way, when the two friends separated:

THEY met as two leaves floating on the waters :  
 They formed a friendship stronger than blood.  
 But the morning came, they must separate ;  
 They groan, they shed tears in abundance.  
 Scarcely have we ceased to hear the courser which carries our friend,  
 When the soul is agitated with a thousand inquiet thoughts :  
 In the chamber of rest, in the hall of study, we see him and entertain ourself with him.'

Ke went on day and night, and ere long reached his native place

in Shantung. Could he convince himself that the rains which had caused the Yellow River to overflow its banks had engulfed the village of Changtsen in their waters? Men and animals, cottages and houses, all had disappeared. Finding no shelter, he went to a tavern in a neighboring village, hoping there to obtain a convenient place to bury his parents. He went every where and inquired of every body concerning his family, but could find no traces of any of them; all had perished with the other villages. After staying three months in this desolate country, his ten taels began to grow short, and he thought, 'If I spend all my money, what shall I come to in this deserted place? It will be better to return to Woo, and I will there ask some feet of earth of the good Lian, where I can bury the remains of my parents, and if he will accept my services I will stay there with him.' He accordingly settled his bill and started off, travelling constantly until he arrived at the house of Lian, where he saw Lian-Fang reading in the shop as he came up.

'My brother,' cried Ke, 'how are my parents since my departure?' Lian-Fang recognized him, and left his book to receive his brother, leading his mule to the door, and helping him to dismount. 'My father and mother are here,' said he, 'and since you left have thought of you constantly; you could not have come at a better time.' They then entered the hall, where they found the old couple, who saluted him with much affection; and the old man rendered thanks to Heaven for the happiness he had in seeing him. Ke returned their salutation by a prostration, after which he related to them all that he had learned and experienced since he left them. 'My native place is now entirely desolate; a single individual could hardly find an asylum there. I have brought the ashes of my parents with me, and I beg you to afford me a few feet of earth to inter them with the prescribed rites. My only wish then is to salute you as my father, and to remain here with you that I may render you the duties of a son, and wait on you to the end of your days. Yet I am unaware of your feelings on this matter.'

'The land you need,' said Lian, 'will not be wanting; you may choose any place you wish. But as to holding toward you the place of a father, I am quite unworthy.'

'If you excuse yourself in this manner,' replied Ke, 'you evidently refuse to take me for your son; but I pray you not to reject my desire.'

Lian and his wife, at last acceding to his proposition, seated themselves, and placing himself between them, he made the usual reverences, and saluted them as his father and mother. He then brought the remains of his parents and deposited them in a tomb raised behind the house. After this the two brothers emulated each other in their endeavors to advance the business of their adopted parents. They showed them the greatest attentions, and discharged for them all the duties which filial affection suggested. Lian and his wife, on their part, blessed Heaven for having given them such accomplished children. Every body envied their happiness, and acknowledged in this unlooked-for prosperity and favor the recompense of their many virtues.

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But time darts away as the flash cleaves the clouds. Lian and his wife had lived with their sons about a year, enjoying a happy freedom from care, the reward of their active industry, when all at once they fell sick. The brothers watched them night and day, forgetting almost to loose their girdle to take a few moments' sleep; they consulted the ablest physicians and offered prayers to the gods, but all in vain. Losing all hope, they were plunged in grief; but fearing to alarm their parents, and thus hasten their approaching end, they forced themselves to appear calm, and spoke to them in consoling terms. But grief would then oblige them to retire and give free course to their tears. Lian, perceiving his end approaching, called his two sons to his bed-side to give them his last instructions. 'My children,' said he, 'we were without posterity, and seemed likely to be deprived, after our death, of the funereal sacrifices. But suddenly Heaven pitied us, and sent you to hold toward us the place of sons. Although only adopted, you have loved us with as much tenderness as if we had borne you. We can now die without regret; but when we are gone, pay attention to your business and preserve the little inheritance we leave you. While thinking of the good sense and happy activity which animates you, we shall be able to repose tranquilly near the Nine Fountains which water the Dark Empire.'

The two sons received these instructions with tears, and two days after, the old couple died. Groans, tears and lamentations could not express their sorrow; at the first burst of grief they wished to die with their parents and follow them to the tomb. They then set about preparing the coffins and vestments with all possible splendor, and called in many priests to recite the prayers for the dead during the nine days, and cause their souls to enter the abodes of the blessed. When coffined, they set about constructing a tomb to contain their inanimate remains. Lian-Fang went to the capital and brought from thence the bones of his mother. When all was ready, and they had chosen a happy day, they placed the bodies of Lian and his wife in the middle of the tomb; Ke put his father on the left, and Lian-Fang his mother's remains on the right. All the villagers, who had admired the probity and humanity of Lian, and respected the filial piety of his sons, came to the funeral and joined their regrets.

After the death of their parents, Ke and Lian-Fang ate at the same table. Their mutual relations and habits of living together had only strengthened their friendship and the ties which united them. They soon after shut up the wine-shop and opened a magazine of silks. The merchants from different provinces, who saw the rectitude of these young persons, praised the quality and moderate price of their goods, and their reputation rapidly extended. In less than two years they had amassed a fortune which greatly exceeded that they had received from Lian.

There were many rich land-holders in the village, who seeing these two young men at the head of a flourishing trade, and that they had not yet thought of establishing themselves, sent match-

makers to them to make proposals. Ke desired to take a companion, but Lian-Fang absolutely refused.

'You are now nineteen and I am twenty-two,' said Ke; 'it is a good time to choose a spouse, and rear a family to continue the posterity of our adopted and legitimate parents. I cannot imagine why you blame this resolution.'

'We are now in the prime of life,' said Lian-Fang; 'when can we better busy ourselves with the cares of trade and industry? Have we time to attend to marriage? Beside, we have lived a long time as brothers, and formed a pleasant attachment; can we hope for sweeter happiness? If you should take a wife of a bad temper, her presence would impede our traffic, and be a source of continual uneasiness to you. Is it not better to remain single and renounce marriage?'

'You know the proverb,' replied he: 'No good house without a wife.' While we are in the shop engaged in trade, we have nobody to look after our kitchen; now that our business is daily extending, there may come strangers to stay with us, and we have no one at home to receive and entertain them. What figure, say you, shall we make in the world? But that is a little matter. When the good Lian first adopted us for his two sons, his only hope was to have some descendants who would keep his tomb and offer sacrifices to his manes. But if you refuse to marry, you will destroy all his hopes, and requite his care with black ingratitude. How will you be able to bear the reproaches he will make you in the Gloomy Empire?'

Ke recurred constantly to this subject; but his brother made the same excuses, and absolutely refused to agree with his proposition. He, seeing his obstinacy, did not wish to marry alone, and form without him an establishment. One day he went to see an intimate friend named Kin, and the conversations happening to fall on marriage, he related the excuses and refusal of his brother.

'It is not difficult to understand them,' said Kin: 'You are, it is true, associated together, and it is by your joint efforts that you have raised a flourishing house; but as your younger brother has come here before you, he thinks perhaps he has more right to the fortune of Lian, and will not be sorry to see you marry first. This is I think the clue to his conduct and the motive of his vain excuses.'

Ke repelled the idea of ascribing such intentions to his brother, in whose fairness and candor he had the utmost confidence.

'Your brother is in the flower of youth,' added Kin; 'he is possessed of a clear understanding and rare penetration. Do you suppose he is ignorant of the advantages of marrying, and the pleasures of a happy union? Try another way. Send some one privily to sound his intentions and make proposals to him. I will answer for his consent.'

Ke still felt some doubts as to the success of the plan proposed by his friend, but he had hardly left him when he met two match-makers, who were seeking him in order to make proposals to his younger brother. The young lady they proposed was the daughter of a rich silk merchant named Tsuisan. A comparison of the hour



of their births, and the characters which composed their natal paper, showed a perfect correspondence, and announced a most desirable union.

'This match will fit my younger brother remarkably well,' said Ke; 'but there is something rather singular in his case. At the sight of a man, he blushes when the subject of marriage is touched upon in his presence. Go to him privately with the proposition you bring, and if you succeed in overcoming his objections you may reckon on my gratitude. I will wait while you are gone, in the shop at the head of the street.'

The two women left to seek Lian-Fang; but they were gone only a short time, and returned to inform Ke what a rough reception they had received, and how decidedly he refused to listen to their proposals, even leaving them abruptly in the most discourteous manner. Their ill luck convinced Ke that the refusal of his brother was sincere, but he was quite unable to fathom the reason.

One day he saw a swallow building its nest on a rafter. He took up a pencil and wrote some verses on the wall, in order to sound the intentions of his brother:

*'THE swallows construct their nests;  
Morning and evening they carry the earth to build their frail tenement;  
They mutually aid each other, partaking the same cares and the same fatigues.  
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returned home. Lian-Fang received him, and seeing him a little flustered, gave him an arm to help him to his chamber, and inquiring where he had been staying so long, complained of his anxiety during his absence. Although Ke gave an excuse for his delay, saying that he had been at Kin's house, where the entertainment and company had beguiled him to tarry until late at night, he was not thinking much about his reply, for the intentness of his survey of his brother. At other times, when his attention had not been directed to it, he had no idea that his friend was a girl; but now his suspicions soon changed to certainty, though he did not feel at liberty to express his thoughts. Yet desirous to clear up the mystery, he referred to the stanzas he had read.

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'After losing my mother,' replied Lian-Fang, 'I accompanied my father on his return home. I adopted a man's dress, because I feared something might happen to me travelling a-foot in my own garments. Having lost my father, and not having been able to bury him with my mother, I wished to find a place where to deposit the remains of both my parents. Heaven permitted me to find an adopted father, who in leaving me part of his fortune, furnished me with the means to bury them in a proper manner. I speak here without any reserve. Seeing that our fortune was still small, and you would not get along so well alone, I have purposely endeavored to defer the time of our establishment. But since you now press me so strongly to marry, I think it best to let you know the truth.'

'In so doing you have performed a difficult act, my brother, answered Ke, 'and one which exhibits a resolution and energy far above your age and sex. If I may judge from the verses you have written, you partake of my sentiments and agree with my wishes. We met in life like two leaves floating on the surge, after having been long the sport of the winds and waves. We were brothers before, now we are partners; it is Heaven which has given us this unexpected happiness, and we will form a union, to be severed only by death.'

'Your wishes and mine agree perfectly,' rejoined Lian-Fang; and

But time darts away as the flash cleaves the clouds. Lian and his wife had lived with their sons about a year, enjoying a happy freedom from care, the reward of their active industry, when all at once they fell sick. The brothers watched them night and day, forgetting almost to loose their girdle to take a few moments' sleep; they consulted the ablest physicians and offered prayers to the gods, but all in vain. Losing all hope, they were plunged in grief; but fearing to alarm their parents, and thus hasten their approaching end, they forced themselves to appear calm, and spoke to them in consoling terms. But grief would then oblige them to retire and give free course to their tears. Lian, perceiving his end approaching, called his two sons to his bed-side to give them his last instructions. 'My children,' said he, 'we were without posterity, and seemed likely to be deprived, after our death, of the funereal sacrifices. But suddenly Heaven pitied us, and sent you to hold toward us the place of sons. Although only adopted, you have loved us with as much tenderness as if we had borne you. We can now die without regret; but when we are gone, pay attention to your business and preserve the little inheritance we leave you. While thinking of the good sense and happy activity which animates you, we shall be able to repose tranquilly near the Nine Fountains which water the Dark Empire.'

The two sons received these instructions with tears, and two days after, the old couple died. Groans, tears and lamentations could not express their sorrow; at the first burst of grief they wished to die with their parents and follow them to the tomb. They then set about preparing the coffins and vestments with all possible splendor, and called in many priests to recite the prayers for the dead during the nine days, and cause their souls to enter the abodes of the blessed. When coffined, they set about constructing a tomb to contain their inanimate remains. Lian-Fang went to the capital and brought from thence the bones of his mother. When all was ready, and they had chosen a happy day, they placed the bodies of Lian and his wife in the middle of the tomb; Ke put his father on the left, and Lian-Fang his mother's remains on the right. All the villagers, who had admired the probity and humanity of Lian, and respected the filial piety of his sons, came to the funeral and joined their regrets.

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There were many rich land-holders in the village, who seeing these two young men at the head of a flourishing trade, and that they had not yet thought of establishing themselves, sent match-

makers to them to make proposals. Ke desired to take a companion, but Lian-Fang absolutely refused.

'You are now nineteen and I am twenty-two,' said Ke; 'it is a good time to choose a spouse, and rear a family to continue the posterity of our adopted and legitimate parents. I cannot imagine why you blame this resolution.'

'We are now in the prime of life,' said Lian-Fang; 'when can we better busy ourselves with the cares of trade and industry? Have we time to attend to marriage? Beside, we have lived a long time as brothers, and formed a pleasant attachment; can we hope for sweeter happiness? If you should take a wife of a bad temper, her presence would impede our traffic, and be a source of continual uneasiness to you. Is it not better to remain single and renounce marriage?'

'You know the proverb,' replied he: 'No good house without a wife.' While we are in the shop engaged in trade, we have nobody to look after our kitchen; now that our business is daily extending, there may come strangers to stay with us, and we have no one at home to receive and entertain them. What figure, say you, shall we make in the world? But that is a little matter. When the good Lian first adopted us for his two sons, his only hope was to have some descendants who would keep his tomb and offer sacrifices to his manes. But if you refuse to marry, you will destroy all his hopes, and requite his care with black ingratitude. How will you be able to bear the reproaches he will make you in the Gloomy Empire?'

Ke recurred constantly to this subject; but his brother made the same excuses, and absolutely refused to agree with his proposition. He, seeing his obstinacy, did not wish to marry alone, and form without him an establishment. One day he went to see an intimate friend named Kim, and the conversations happening to fall on marriage, he related the excuses and refusal of his brother.

'It is not difficult to understand them,' said Kim: 'You are, it is true, associated together, and it is by your joint efforts that you have raised a flourishing house; but as your younger brother has come here before you, he thinks perhaps he has more right to the fortune of Lian, and will not be sorry to see you marry first. This is I think the clue to his conduct and the motive of his vain excuses.'

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'Your brother is in the flower of youth,' added Kim; 'he is possessed of a clear understanding and rare penetration. Do you suppose he is ignorant of the advantages of marrying, and the pleasures of a happy union? Try another way. Send some one privily to sound his intentions and make proposals to him. I will answer for his consent.'

Ke still felt some doubts as to the success of the plan proposed by his friend, but he had hardly left him when he met two match-makers, who were seeking him in order to make proposals to his younger brother. The young lady they proposed was the daughter of a rich silk merchant named Tsuisan. A comparison of the hour

of their births, and the characters which composed their natal paper, showed a perfect correspondence, and announced a most desirable union.

'This match will fit my younger brother remarkably well,' said Ke; 'but there is something rather singular in his case. At the sight of a man, he blushes when the subject of marriage is touched upon in his presence. Go to him privately with the proposition you bring, and if you succeed in overcoming his objections you may reckon on my gratitude. I will wait while you are gone, in the shop at the head of the street.'

The two women left to seek Lian-Fang; but they were gone only a short time, and returned to inform Ke what a rough reception they had received, and how decidedly he refused to listen to their proposals, even leaving them abruptly in the most discourteous manner. Their ill luck convinced Ke that the refusal of his brother was sincere, but he was quite unable to fathom the reason.

One day he saw a swallow building its nest on a rafter. He took up a pencil and wrote some verses on the wall, in order to sound the intentions of his brother:

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the felicity you speak of is equally the object of my wishes. The three tombs of our parents are together in this place. If I marry elsewhere, I cannot visit morning and evening the sepulchre of my mother; and beside, my adopted parents treated me as if I had been their own child, so that if I should leave this dwelling which contained all that has been most dear to me, what joy should I experience the rest of my days? If you are pleased with me, let me remain with you, to watch the tombs of our parents and offer there their funeral sacrifices; this is my most ardent desire. But we shall violate propriety if we are united without the mediation of a match-maker. We ought to screen ourselves from all suspicion, and not give any hold for malignity to fasten upon.'

After that evening they occupied separate chambers. The next day Ke went and told Kin of all that had passed, and begged his wife to act the part of a match-maker. Lian-Fang adopted her proper dress, and having chosen a happy day, went with Lian-Ke to the tombs of their parents to offer a sacrifice. They then lighted innumerable lanterns and prepared for their marriage with great splendor. The occurrence diffused joy throughout the village, and all praised the probity, filial affection and rare purity of manners of which old Lian and his two children had exhibited such models. After marriage, the two exhibited the same respect and affection as before. They acquired a large fortune, and their descendants are alive to this day. The village they dwelt in was afterward called 'The Village of the Three Just Ones.'

A V A L E N T I N E .

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

I.

WHILE passion's sigh, and Cupid's dart,  
Around us fly from heart to heart;  
Dear one! will sister-love like mine  
Be welcomed in a Valentine?

II.

Ah, yes! for in thy generous heart,  
Frank, loyal, fond and free from art,  
No craving for light flattery dwells,  
No poor and false ambition swells.

III.

Calmly thou wearest thine own bright bays,  
Freely thou yieldest another praise;  
I love thy soul — take thou from mine  
A sister's truthful Valentine.

## THE SEXTON OF TIME.

BY W. H. C. HOMER.

## I.

THE windows were fastened, and bolted the door ;  
One smouldering brand threw faint light on the floor,  
When, followed by twelve heavy beats of the clock,  
A spirit unseen at my casement did knock :  
'Who is there ?' 'Who is there ?' with a shudder I cried,  
And a Voice, hollow-toned like the tempest, replied :

## II.

'The sad withered heart of that traveller old,  
The gray-headed YEAR, is now silent and cold ;  
On a pallet of straw, wan and wasted he lies,  
No warmth in his veins, and no light in his eyes ;  
I come, hither called, moody Sexton of Time,  
From my cavernous home in a mystical clime.

## III.

'A king many months did he rule in the land,  
And the sceptre of empire befitted his hand ;  
In June his proud palace with azure was hung,  
Through its picturesque halls witching melody rung,  
Rich emerald carpet each floor overspread,  
Embroidered with blossoms, to soften the tread.

## IV.

'Oh ! where shall I trench a receptacle deep,  
Where find for the pilgrim a chamber of sleep ?  
Oh ! not by the way-side, for over his grave  
A banner of white would the storm-demon wave,  
And frolicsome steeds, ringing bells on the blast,  
While Mirth held the reins, would be hurrying past.

## V.

'Oh ! not in the woods will I build him a tomb,  
Gone, gone are their crowns, and no violets bloom ;  
In their desolate depths not a warbler is seen,  
The brook hath no murmur, its margin no green,  
And the sobbing of winds and the creaking of boughs  
From rest might the heart-broken slumberer rouse.

## VI.

'Bright dew where the lost and the lovely lie low  
He dropped, causing deeper the verdure to grow,  
And sent golden sunshine and pattering showers,  
While bright grew the desolate grave-yard with flowers ;  
But Earth, once so fair by his agency made,  
Will furnish no cell where his bones may be laid.



cup of the best wine. Lian wrapped him up carefully in a coverlet, and when night came put him in bed with his son.

The next morning Lian came in early to learn how he was, and found him quite strengthened. Sitting up in his bed he attempted to get down to thank him for his kindness, but the old man stopping him told him to remain tranquil and be careful till he recovered. The young man raised his head from the pillow and saluting Lian, said: 'I was within two fingers of death, but you have saved my life and have been to me as a second father. Yes, it is Heaven who sent you to be my liberator, but unluckily I have lost my all, and have nothing to repay you with for all your kindness.'

'You are wrong,' rejoined Lian; 'humanity is innate in all men. It is better to save one life than build a pagoda of seven stories to the honor of Budha. To speak of recompense will be to suppose me to possess interested views, but such ideas have no place in my heart.'

Lian-Ke, for such was his name, was much affected at this, and after keeping his bed a few days, sought out the old couple, and kneeling before them thanked them for their care of him. This young man was of an affectionate and amiable disposition, and exhibited those polished manners and courtesy which indicate a sweet temper and a finished education. Lian and his wife felt the tenderest regard for him, constantly bestowing upon him a thousand attentions, and providing for him the best wine and most delicate viands they could procure. He was deeply sensible of the many kind offices they did him, and could not restrain a feeling of sadness at seeing all the trouble they both took to reestablish his health. He wished to be able to recompense them soon and take his leave of them, but his wounds were still so much inflamed that he could not travel; moreover, he had neither money nor provisions, and was consequently obliged to remain with them. Ke and Lian-Fang were nearly of the same age, and resembled each other too in appearance, while their dispositions were still more alike. They related all the misfortunes they had severally experienced, and their similarity in this also endeared them more and more. They soon became so intimate that they saluted each other as brothers, and from that moment loved each other as much as if they had really been so. One day Ke said, 'Young as you are, and gifted with so many charms, why do you not study the classical authors and historians?'

'I have long wished to do so,' replied Lian-Fang; 'but where shall I find any body to give me lessons?'

'I will not conceal the truth from you,' rejoined Ke; 'since my childhood, I have cultivated literature, and am familiar with the best ancient and modern authors; I had hoped to get a name, and to raise myself by my learning to the highest employments; but since I have had the misfortune to lose my parents, academical success and honors have lost all their attractions for me. If you wish, my brother, to study, you have only to purchase some books, and I shall take great pleasure in directing your studies.'

Lian-Fang accepted the offer with many thanks; and Lian, see-

ing that the other was an educated young man, and willing to act as master to his son, could not refrain from expressing his joy, and immediately purchased a great number of books. Ke did not neglect his pupil, who on his part, gifted with an unusual sagacity, soon comprehended all the works which were put in his hands. During the day he remained in the shop to study, and sometimes kept at his books the whole night. At the end of a few months he knew the Four Books and the Five Classics, and could compose with facility on all literary subjects.

Ke had now been six months in the house of Lian, and they had the same affectionate regard for each other as if they had been united by ties of blood. They could not live separated. But Ke could hardly restrain his regret that he had lived so long a time at his table without being able to recompense him for his care. As soon as his wounds were healed, he began to think of returning to his native village. 'You have preserved the dying breath of my life,' said he to Lian, 'and during these six months I have been with you have not ceased to load me with benefits. Now I must take leave of you for some time, and return home to inter the remains of my parents. When that is done, I will come back and wait on you, to show my sense of the obligation.'

'This conduct does credit to your heart, and far from detaining you, I applaud your filial resolution. May I ask when you think of going?'

'Since I have informed you, and obtained your acquiescence,' answered Ke, 'I will start to-morrow morning.'

'Very well; let me go then and find a good boat for you,' said Lian; but the other preferred going by land. 'You know,' he remarked, 'that a little more and I should have perished in the waters. Beside, I have no money for such a voyage, and prefer returning by land.'

'You will spend as much again for a carriage as a boat,' responded Lian, 'and perhaps will not be less exposed than on the water. You are still weak, and have not strength enough to take a long journey on foot.'

'Sir,' replied Ke, 'you know the proverb, "When one has money he can serve himself of it; when he has none, he must reckon on himself." Stripped of every thing, as I have been, what have I to dread on the road?'

Lian told his wife to make ready some wine and lay out dishes of meat, to present their friend with a parting repast; adding, that he wished to talk with him about his affairs. After the two friends had drank together till almost midnight, Lian said, his eyes glistening with tears, 'We have met in this life as two leaves are drifted against each other on the surface of the water. During the time we have been together we have contracted a mutual attachment more intimate than that which the bonds of birth and kindred form. My heart is wrung with sadness when I think we are now to separate, though the obsequies of a father and a mother are to a son the noblest and most important acts of his life. You ought to

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Ke still felt some doubts as to the success of the plan proposed by his friend, but he had hardly left him when he met two match-makers, who were seeking him in order to make proposals to his younger brother. The young lady they proposed was the daughter of a rich silk merchant named Tsuisan. A comparison of the hour

the felicity you speak of is equally the object of my wishes. The three tombs of our parents are together in this place. If I marry elsewhere, I cannot visit morning and evening the sepulchre of my mother; and beside, my adopted parents treated me as if I had been their own child, so that if I should leave this dwelling which contained all that has been most dear to me, what joy should I experience the rest of my days? If you are pleased with me, let me remain with you, to watch the tombs of our parents and offer there their funeral sacrifices; this is my most ardent desire. But we shall violate propriety if we are united without the mediation of a match-maker. We ought to screen ourselves from all suspicion, and not give any hold for malignity to fasten upon.'

After that evening they occupied separate chambers. The next day Ke went and told Kin of all that had passed, and begged his wife to act the part of a match-maker. Lian-Fang adopted her proper dress, and having chosen a happy day, went with Lian-Ke to the tombs of their parents to offer a sacrifice. They then lighted innumerable lanterns and prepared for their marriage with great splendor. The occurrence diffused joy throughout the village, and all praised the probity, filial affection and rare purity of manners of which old Lian and his two children had exhibited such models. After marriage, the two exhibited the same respect and affection as before. They acquired a large fortune, and their descendants are alive to this day. The village they dwelt in was afterward called 'The Village of the Three Just Ones.'

A V A L E N T I N E .

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

I.

WHILE passion's sigh, and Cupid's dart,  
Around us fly from heart to heart;  
Dear one! will sister-love like mine  
Be welcomed in a Valentine?

II.

Ah, yes! for in thy generous heart,  
Frank, loyal, fond and free from art,  
No craving for light flattery dwells,  
No poor and false ambition swells.

III.

Calmly thou wearest thine own bright bays,  
Freely thou yielddest another praise;  
I love thy soul — take thou from mine  
A sister's truthful Valentine.

## THE SEXTON OF TIME.

BY W. H. C. HOOPER.

## I.

THE windows were fastened, and bolted the door ;  
 One smouldering brand threw faint light on the floor,  
 When, followed by twelve heavy beats of the clock,  
 A spirit unseen at my casement did knock :  
 ' Who is there ? ' ' Who is there ? ' with a shudder I cried,  
 And a Voice, hollow-toned like the tempest, replied :

## II.

' The sad withered heart of that traveller old,  
 The gray-headed YEAR, is now silent and cold ;  
 On a pallet of straw, wan and wasted he lies,  
 No warmth in his veins, and no light in his eyes ;  
 I come, hither called, moody Sexton of Time,  
 From my cavernous home in a mystical clime.

## III.

' A king many months did he rule in the land,  
 And the sceptre of empire befitted his hand ;  
 In June his proud palace with azure was hung,  
 Through its picturesque halls witching melody rung,  
 Rich emerald carpet each floor overspread,  
 Embroidered with blossoms, to soften the tread.

## IV.

' Oh ! where shall I trench a receptacle deep,  
 Where find for the pilgrim a chamber of sleep ?  
 Oh ! not by the way-side, for over his grave  
 A banner of white would the storm-demon wave,  
 And frolicsome steeds, ringing bells on the blast,  
 While Mirth held the reins, would be hurrying past.

## V.

' Oh ! not in the woods will I build him a tomb,  
 Gone, gone are their crowns, and no violets bloom ;  
 In their desolate depths not a warbler is seen,  
 The brook hath no murmur, its margin no green,  
 And the sobbing of winds and the creaking of boughs  
 From rest might the heart-broken slumberer rouse.

## VI.

' Bright dew where the lost and the lovely lie low  
 He dropped, causing deeper the verdure to grow,  
 And sent golden sunshine and pattering showers,  
 While bright grew the desolate grave-yard with flowers ;  
 But Earth, once so fair by his agency made,  
 Will furnish no cell where his bones may be laid.

## VII.

'Dark bearers will come at the blast of my horn,  
His corse shall be gently to Shadowland borne,  
And the Sexton of Time will a sepulchre build  
In its valley by winter, the tyrant, unchilled,  
While the newly-crowned year, a wild rioter, laughs  
At the wassailing board, and a full bumper quaffs.

## VIII.

'Revel on ! revel on ! with the youthful and gay,  
Proud heir of the fallen ! thy locks shall grow gray ;  
Though the days of thy life inexhaustible seem,  
They will melt like the dew, they will pass like a dream :  
The fields of delight stretch to deserts of grief,  
For from spring-time to winter the journey is brief.'

## IX.

The Voice died away, and a trumpet was blown ;  
I looked from my window in terror I own,  
And phantom-like forms by the snow-light beheld,  
A dim figure leading them, hoary with eld ;  
The funeral it seemed of the friendless Old Year,  
For borne in their midst was a shadowy bier.

January 1, 1847.

## THE BRAZILIAN NEGRESSES.

BY HARBO-HARRING.

ONE morning at a hotel in Rio de Janeiro I witnessed a most interesting scene.

Two Brazilians were writing in the coffee-room, with various documents lying on the table. There stood by them a middle-aged negress, whose shoes denoted that she was free, slaves not being allowed to wear them. She looked earnestly at the men, and seemed to be anxious for the completion of their work. She was tall and slender, and in African costume ; having a colored stuff mantel tastefully thrown over her neck and reaching below her waist. At her side stood a young negress of the same slender form ; and I thought of the same tribe, although her skin was of a deeper jet, caused by the freshness of youth. Both seemed to belong to the tribe of the Cabendas ; their features being more distinguished, and the lower jaw less projecting than is the case with the negroes of other tribes. The features of the Cabendas indeed resemble those of Europeans, the mouth having a grave expression and the lips being smaller than those of the Mozambique negroes. The countenance of this fine people usually indicate reflection and great calmness of temperament.

The younger negress was barefooted, in token of her servile condition. In other respects she was well dressed. Indeed, good

habits and cleanliness in person and clothing characterize the blacks generally in the Brazils.

Several strangers and some people of the hotel stood by, but a dead silence prevailed while the two Brazilians wrote; I looked upon the whole group from a distance.

The quick heaving bosom of the young negress betrayed her deep emotion. But she stood like one amazed, with her arms hanging listlessly by her side, and her eyes gazing on the other negress. Near the door stood a black porter ready to put into his basket a little trunk which was on the ground, and upon the trunk lay a pretty straw bonnet.

When the writing was done, the elder negress put a large packet of bank-notes on the table without saying one word. At this the younger female breathed forth a deep-drawn sigh; and her whole frame was obviously affected in every limb, although she did not move from the spot she stood upon. The calm, deep feeling expressed in her features is indescribable. Her eyes became suffused; but so entirely was she absorbed by what was passing before her, that she was quite unaware of the gush of tears which followed.

My attention was riveted. One of the Brazilians took up the notes, which as far as could be judged of from where I stood, amounted to a large sum; and having counted them, he carefully put them into his pocket-book. The younger negress again stood perfectly still, and stared vacantly at the objects about her. The documents were now handed to the elder negress, who read and signed them, as did also the Brazilian who had received the money. She then for the first time looked at the young negress with an expression of gratulation and delight, mingled however with sorrow and a conflict of emotions. The latter clasped her hands and raised her eyes upward in silence.

Until now, not a word had all this time been uttered. At length one of the Brazilians growled in a surly tone to the young girl:

*'You are free, you may go.'*

But she stirred not. The other Brazilian, who seemed to be a notary, added:

*'She has been free since yesterday.'* His companion again feeling his pocket-book in which the notes had been put, then asked him if he would take refreshment, which he refused. Hereupon the elder negress nodded to the porter, who snatched up the trunk, and put it on his head; and all left the room, except the individual who had received the money. He began to talk to one of the waiters of the hotel, when suddenly he rushed into the street, and followed at full speed, the party that had gone away.

Upon my asking the occasion of this new movement, the chief waiter, a Genoese, who had looked on with the rest, replied eagerly: 'The old negress recognized in the younger, who was brought a slave to Brazil, the daughter of an old African friend; and she redeemed the girl for six hundred milréas.'

'But why,' said I, 'does the Brazilian run so fast after them?'

Before an answer could be made, the whole party came in again.



The black porter had the little trunk in his basket, and put it down before them all.

The waiter then said, with a laugh: 'I do n't know what the old fellow would be at. He has just inquired whether we have not missed something from the room where the young negress had slept for several nights; for her old friend brought her hither, as soon as she had discovered and redeemed her. That gentleman,' added the waiter, pointing to the old Brazilian, 'guaranteed the payment of the purchase money until the elder negress could fetch it from the country.'

Another waiter now went to the room in question to see if any thing had been stolen.

The accused, however, became very different from the subdued and almost stupified being she had before appeared to be. Her eyes were inflamed, her lips were livid, her cheeks put on the peculiar *palleness* of the blacks when deeply moved. She demanded of her former owner in quick, indignant tones, '*Did I ever rob you before? Did you ever before charge me with the petty theft?*' These hurried questions were accompanied by a look such as I had never witnessed; and I have not been unobservant of the various expressions of human passions. It was a withering flash as of lightning; and the miserable master of this poor freed girl stood for a moment abashed under its influence. The habitual spirit of domination, however, did not fail him, and recovering his self-possession, he insultingly ordered her to open the trunk to be examined.

'Do so at once, my child,' said the eldest negress, with the fullest confidence in the offspring of the friend of her youth, who forthwith drew the key from her bosom; and kneeling down unlocked the trunk. While taking out her little store, she did not deign to look up at her accuser. Pride and sovereign contempt marked her features. As she lifted out article by article to be examined, she raised her head in a peculiar manner without looking up. A few books and some clothes formed the contents of the trunk; and shaking each article separately she laid them all quietly on the ground.

I was much struck and surprised at her sudden calm; at the complete transition from a fury of passion to the most perfect composure. It was the tempest-tossed lake become placid, and shone upon by the serenest glories of the bright moon, and freshened by the clearest atmosphere.

Her mother's friend had no doubt of her innocence; but she looked more in pity than in scorn at the Brazilian, so that he kept his eyes on the trunk in order to escape her gaze.

The waiter who went to examine the room, returned laughing, and then making some observation on his bootless errand, he gave the elder negress a pair of yellow shoes left by the young girl herself. Such shoes are worn by the freed negroes, and these with the other trifles were recently given to her. She seemed to have shrunk from putting them on, under an anxious feeling that her good fortune might not prove real.

When the trunk was emptied, and all the contents were seen to

be her own, she remained stooping as before, and did not condescend to look at her persecutor; nor even betrayed the slightest triumph at the result. She was indeed too proud to put any value upon being acquitted of so base a charge. The Brazilian, on the other hand, humiliated at the whole scene, muttered a few words of regret; and feeling in his pocket for the notes he had just received, he withdrew. The young negress quietly replaced her little store; and the black porter, who had given signs of extreme irritation at what had passed, now gave vent to his rage by convulsively clenching his fist at the Brazilian, but the elder negress directed him to take the trunk away; and at length all three retired together, with exemplary composure.

We who remained could not comprehend the real motive of this unjustifiable proceeding, unless it were an ebullition of impotent malice. The obviously noble character of the accused, which had won the admiration of us strangers, ought certainly to have inspired her owner, who knew her so much better, with the fullest confidence and respect, instead of exciting in him the worst feelings. I thought it probable that in this case, as in many others I had heard of, a spirit of revenge actuated the white man against the poor girl for rejecting his infamous advances.

I returned home to my solitude as quickly as the business I had come upon to Rio de Janeiro permitted; and indulged in the reflections excited by these occurrences. They were not new to me; and disclosed traits of character in an oppressed race which filled me with surprise and respect. I could not resume my accustomed occupations. The hand of the author was disabled by his better thoughts. The hard fate of the colored people, eternally exposed to extreme insult, and to the white man's baseness, haunted me while my feelings were relieved by the frequent contrast presented by the good and noble acts of their black brethren.

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‘COLERIDGE’S GENEVIEVE.’

A SONNET.

VISIONS of soul, and forms of poet's art,  
Are strangely, sweetly blended all in thee.  
There flows a rich and rippling melody  
Of love, brook-like, that gushes from thy heart,  
And softly gliding through the embrace of thyme,  
Steals out into a world of poetry.  
Ah, gentle GENEVIEVE! thy fantasy  
Breathes spirit-life ecstatic o'er dead rhyme;  
As from cold river-waves the gold-edged rays  
Of morn's young sun send up a columned haze,  
Rifted and quiv'ring, through whose dense array  
We see rose-sheeted day-beams, trembling round  
The silver sculpture of the clouds, that sway  
'Neath sapphire skies, in virgin whiteness crowned.

## A MEMORY IN THE DESERT.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

A TRAVELLER on the Syrian sands,  
For many a weary, lengthening mile,  
Panting beneath the fiery sun,  
Winds onward to the river Nile.

To that far land where broods the Sphynx  
O'er years unborn and centuries hoar ;  
Where the time-conquering Pyramids  
Uprear their forms for evermore.

Amid the tombs her PHARAOHS raised,  
Where sleep their ashes all forgot ;  
To seek the records time hath kept,  
The lore the Copht remembers not.

The camel lifts his patient eyes  
Up gently toward the blazing sun ;  
A toilsome march before him lies  
Ere yet his pilgrimage be done.

It is the holy Sabbath-day,  
And on the traveller's listless ear  
His own remembered village-bells  
Peal o'er the desert, loud and clear.

His own sweet native village bells,  
What spell hath waked them here to-day ?  
Dear God ! his mother prays to thee  
In that old chapel far away !

And he is back, beside her there,  
Low bending down, in memory,  
While o'er his spirit comes the prayer  
He learned in childhood at her knee.

When journeying o'er life's lengthening track,  
Toward some far good, unfound before ;  
Some wakened memory calls us back  
To joys that we may know no more.

Oh, wisdom old, and worldly lore !  
Ye shrines of man's idolatry ;  
What were ye to that by-gone time  
Of prayer beside a mother's knee !

*The Egyptian Letters.*

NUMBER FOUR.

LETTER TWELFTH.

FROM ABD' ALLAH OMAR, TO SEYD AHMED EL HAJI, CHIEF SECRETARY OF THE ORADES AT CAIRO.

You can hardly imagine, my dear Ahbmad, how great is the number of religious sects existing in this country, and how they all thrive and make numerous proselytes. Our own faith is so pure, so well adapted to the condition of our people, that we have little difference of opinion, and this only on minor points. We have only four sects, whereas in this country the sects, sub-sects and private religious associations are too numerous to be counted. Each one believes it has found the true road to heaven, and looks down upon those of a different persuasion, if not with a full measure of dislike, certainly with great contempt.

In former days the method of convincing, of bringing all people to think alike, was by fire and faggots. This mode has fallen into disuse, because in the first place it was not always successful; some of the refractory were so obstinate as to die; in the second place, people get tired of seeing the same thing and want change. So now they only condemn their opponents to everlasting torments in the next world, and brand them with opprobrious epithets so long as they remain in this. I am led to believe this plan is generally approved, for I see every day many persons whom I know have thus been thoroughly damned, who yet seem contented with their lot, and lead easy, quiet lives, beside being useful citizens. It is not however the lenity of their respective doctrines, or from mildness of disposition, that makes these sectarians thus gentle toward each other; the civil law interferes to prevent violence and secure the rights of individuals; if left to themselves there are fanatics enough quite willing to renew the old method of convincing, for those who discard reason are often sanguinary when religion is in question.

It will amuse you to have a description of some of these societies. I can only mention a few of those that are most prominent, with such of their notions as I gather from my own observation, or from intelligence derived from my friends.

One sect believes in three Gods, with the addition of a female, whom they regard as a powerful intercessor, and they invoke beside a legion of persons, men and women, who were once their companions on earth, but who, they say, are now in Paradise. Whenever one of their number has displayed many shining qualities, and devoted them in an especial manner to the promotion of the views of the sect, soon after his death, his memory is blessed, and his name written down in a book; and if he continues to behave well in the

other world during one hundred years, he is then elevated to a higher rank by the High Priest or his successor. This plan is for the double purpose of giving the recipient a nearer view of divinity, and of adding to the number in heaven of those who watch over the true Church on earth.

They call themselves the only interpreters of the divine wisdom ; no person must read a religious book without their approbation, and on all doubtful points they only are to be consulted, and their opinion is to be the only guide.

Whoever doubts the infallibility of their High Priest is damned the moment the thought passes his mind, and they keep candles burning in their churches, even in broad day, that they may be the better able to see the Evil Spirit if he should venture to come in. They believe their Deity comes frequently to the earth, and at stated periods they eat a substance which the Priests say is the body of the Deity himself. This they do to keep spiritual life within them. They have a great variety of forms, the observance of which is enjoined under severe penalties ; they are more numerous than I can bear in mind ; and if I could recollect them, the recital would no way interest you. One is of a secret kind known only to the initiated, being performed in whispers that pass between the worshippers and the Priest, who is bound never to divulge them.

Another set of Christians believe in as many Gods as the one just spoken of ; they leave out women, and have only a moderate number of men called Saints, whom they invoke whenever they think their so doing will be of service. Their books assert the real presence, as do the tenets of the previously-mentioned sect, from which by-the-by they spring. However, with surprising inconsistency, if one of their own number should be known to believe in the doctrine, he would be dismissed from the Church with disgrace. They arrogate to themselves the sole right of teaching, being, as they pretend, the lineal descendants of the Apostles who delegated to them the authority. This right is strongly contested by other religionists, but opposition only serves to make them hold to the assumption with more tenacity, for a falsehood is said to become truth if you will only hold to it long enough. They deride the ceremonies of their opponents, yet have a variety of their own, equally puerile. Just before the Imam ascends the raised seat to read the prayers, he retires to an adjoining room of the church, pulls off his shirt, and puts it on outside of his garments. On his entrance, the effect is striking ; the men are absorbed in thought, the females begin to flutter, and the service commences. This outward form serves to convince the worshippers that he wears clean linen, and his prayers are efficacious in proportion to his care in this particular point. Once a year is performed a ceremony called laying on of hands, which being considered a very essential rite, great delicacy is necessary in its performance. The worshippers, men, women and children, come toward the chief priest during public service, and he is to put his hands on to one particular part of the head, and on no other, when he tells them they have done well the past year, while he enjoins them to

continue to do so during the year to come. So essential is it that the priest's hands should fall on the right place, that the faithful would not only think themselves deprived of a blessing, but be polluted, if he were to put them elsewhere. It is upon record that a priest once placed his hand on another part of the person of a female worshipper, by which great confusion was produced among the members of the Church. The female represented the circumstance to her friends, alleging that the ceremony could not have been properly performed inasmuch as it produced an effect different from what she expected, or what is known to be the intention of the rite; while others were not slow in accusing the priest of want of skill in the mode of using his hands, by which he was rendered unfit for the performance of the duties of his office. In vain he insisted on the purity of feeling which prompted him to bestow his blessing on all parts of the person at once. No one would of course suspect him of improper motives, yet his excuse was not admitted, and he was degraded. The priest was not however without friends, who warmly espoused his cause. Nevertheless, it produced a division among the members of the society, who formed themselves into two parties; the one in favor of the priest is called the 'Feeling,' while the one opposed to him goes by the name of the 'Unfeeling.'

So you see, that notwithstanding they rail against each other's forms and ceremonies, one sect has as many as another, though differing in kind, and the more unmeaning they are, the more firmly do they adhere to them.

A third sect, and one of the most numerous, derives its consequence in a great degree by affirming with absolute certainty that all mankind are born totally depraved, continue in deadly sin through life, in spite of all they can do to the contrary, and for the most part have a sure retreat prepared for them from all eternity in the regions of darkness, where dwells EBLIS. And farther, that people are placed there by the DEITY, as a special token of His regard and mercy, for which advantage the condemned cannot be sufficiently thankful. They discountenance all sorts of amusements, and regard a solemn demeanor as a mark of sanctity; and so well do some of them practice upon this injunction, that to see them, you would suppose they had just returned from the place I have mentioned. They encourage a few, a very small number, of their followers, to expect a better lot than is assigned to the mass, by inculcating the belief that a small portion of their own sect was selected by special favor to be happy, long before they were born, and without ever having done any thing to merit this act of free-will. By way of encouragement to those who do well on earth, some of their learned doctors tell them that one of the pleasures they will enjoy, if they reach Paradise, will be that of beholding the torments of the damned; which pleasure will be greatly enhanced by the sight of little children, who will likewise be there, if their parents have neglected to baptize them before death. I must confess this is a species of comfort unknown to our law, and as far as my knowledge extends, not offered by any other sect.

Another party place all their hopes on frequent use of the bath; external cleanliness, with them, creates internal holiness; and certainly, in a country where bathing-houses are few, it is a sensible doctrine. Some of them, not content with the practice of usual ablutions, like good Moslems, submerge the body, in the full belief that the process cleanses the mind from all impurities, while it gives strength to withstand the allurements of the world. They are rather ascetic in their mode of living, are formal in manners, with appearance of great meekness, though in their prayers they are vehement and noisy, much given to singing, especially psalms translated from the Jews' books into quaint language, and set to the music of the present age. They have much influence over females, whom they entice to their society for the sake of their voices. In doing this they manifest great worldly wisdom, for no one can deny that the concord of sweet sounds, if judiciously employed, may be made an allurements to devotion.

This summary account is sufficient to convey to you an idea of the various religious associations that pretend to know more than the community generally, and who set themselves up as guides to the road to Heaven. It would fatigue you to enumerate more; and as to giving a history of the vagaries of the human mind, I have neither leisure nor inclination to impose upon myself so great a task. I cannot however avoid taking notice of one or two minor pretenders to religious distinction, who have lived their day, deluded many visionary people, and now are on the decline.

An illiterate man, of notoriously bad character, loudly proclaimed that the present Koran of the Christians, which has been in reverence about eighteen hundred years, was entirely defective; in fact, a book not to be relied upon by the faithful; that by an immediate revelation from Heaven he had been directed to a spot in the earth where the true book, bound with golden clasps, was concealed; which book he had been permitted to take, for the purpose of guiding mankind in the proper knowledge of their duties. He then published pretended extracts, in what he termed the language of the work, but which proved to be a mere mass of uncouth words no one could understand, and which he knew had of themselves no meaning. This vulgar, ignorant man was able to impose upon thousands of persons, and draw from them large sums of money, by propagating a flimsy lie, and talking in a language perfectly unintelligible. The most stupid Fellah, who gathers a few grains of wheat on the banks of the Nile, would not have been deceived by this wretched impostor. Yet the man led away a large number, who in other respects were persons of good understanding.

Beside these fanatics, several pretended prophets have arisen, who have predicted the destruction of the world, and with very little cunning have fixed the day when the catastrophe was to take place. When deceived by seeing the day pass without the occurrence of the calamity, they have not lost courage, but unblushingly fixed another period, for the coming of which they and their silly followers are still waiting.

You will say to me, 'How is it possible that a people you have described as being sober-minded and meditative, should permit themselves to be deluded by the misdirected zeal of sectarians, or the unhallowed visions of ignorant impostors?' The truth is, my dear Ahhmad, on religious subjects, people, not only in America but in other countries, are much disposed to relinquish the use of their senses. Where the understanding and the heart should unite to erect a pure faith, the imagination is allowed to control both, and they suffer themselves to be carried away contrary to their own better reason. Indeed there are not wanting fanatics who deride the use of reason altogether, assert that it should be cast aside, and the religious sentiments be directed solely by an out-pouring of the spirit.

America is a receptacle of all nations, tongues and modes of thinking. Here, those who come are allowed full liberty to represent every modern sect of the Christian faith, and it is visible that their ingenuity is ever in exercise to create as many new societies as they can find of disciples willing to enrol and be guided by their rules.

It is not to be wondered at that sects should arise. The most of mankind throw upon others the duty they themselves should perform, and yield their understanding to the guidance of those whose opinions on the common concerns of life they would disregard. This gives encouragement to sect-makers, inasmuch as we are all fond of governing.

I have already observed that these several sects hate each other thoroughly, sectarianism being apt to carry with it intolerance; yet on one point they lay aside their mutual animosity, and act in concert. At the mention of the Jewish people they forget their hatred of each other, and join forces to heap farther odium on a race whom all Christians have united to degrade. The tenets of the Christians are derived from the Jews' books, modified by later writings of certain of that nation, who, discarding the exclusive features which disfigured the creed of their fathers, proclaimed a doctrine more simple, and better adapted to every condition of mankind. This change does not affect the substance, and the Christians still bestow the utmost reverence on the Jewish Code, which they declare to be the voice of God delivered to this very people whom he selected to be the expounders of His will. They admit also that the Jews, from time immemorial, have practiced the precepts it enjoins, and have with pious care preserved the record in its original purity; they quote the writings as containing maxims of perfect wisdom, at the same time take pride in extolling the merits of the distinguished persons who were law-givers and rulers of the Jewish tribes. In short, from this despised race the Christians derive their code of morals, their system of laws, the sublimest portion of their poetry, and the foundation of their religious faith. Yet for these blessings, thus derived from the children of Israel, the Christians have ever been ungrateful. No sooner did they cease to be persecuted by the Pagans, than they became in turn persecutors themselves, and the



first object of their oppression was the people from whom they descended, and to whom they owed so much.

The Jews are the only people who through weal and woe have kept true to their original faith, and whose hopes of a better condition are not weakened by disappointment. They live to see the old stock diminished by the growth of Christianity and Mohammedism, which have branched from it, and absorbed the nourishment of the parent trunk. Yet, like the adherents of most religions of the world, they refer the establishment of their particular form of faith to the direct interference of the God of their fathers, while they still firmly believe that the remnant of their tribes is under His peculiar care, and shall yet outnumber the sands of the sea.

How happy, my dear Ahhmad, ought you and I to feel, at being removed from the influence of these unholy excitements; who are blessed with a code that clearly points out what we should shun, and makes plain the duties we should perform; which enjoins peace and good will to all our fellow beings. Well is it said in the Koran, in the chapter entitled 'The Cow,' 'A fair speech, and to forgive, is better than alms followed by mischief.' May we put our trust not in men, but only in 'HIM who divideth the dawn from the darkness, and hath appointed the night for rest, and who maketh the Sun and the Moon to mark the course of Time!'

*New-York, twenty-eighth day of the Moon }  
Ramadan, Year of the Hegira, 1260. } —*

#### Letter Thirteenth.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME;

In a country like this, wherein the people are fickle, and have a great desire to possess new things, it is rather surprising that our Holy Law has not found disciples and obtained a place in the ranks of the numerous religious sects that pervade the land. This arises in part from bigotry, but more especially from ignorance of the purity of our faith. Although a variety of sects abound, they are all offshoots from the same Christian stock; even they who promulgate the wildest dogmas, draw the materials for their new schemes from the same source as those who practice the prevailing mode of worship of the country. But that a people so very inquisitive as these are should be willing to rest in ignorance of a faith cherished by one hundred and fifty millions of the human race, excites pity as well as astonishment. Even pagan rites and heathen mythology are treated with respect, are subjects of their conversation, quoted in their writings, and are the fruitful source whence springs the inspiration of their most admired poets. But talk to them of the precepts of our Holy Law, they stare with incredulity; or if they have any candor, confess their entire want of knowledge of its principles, and the saving virtue of its practice.

I am ever averse to religious discussion; any thing that tends toward religious controversy I shun; so that whenever I am questioned upon our tenets, I content myself by giving general ideas,

accompanied only with remarks that may awaken curiosity or incite to deeper consideration. Even in this gentle way of inviting to meditation on this serious subject I am not always met by the calm reasoning usually practiced by honest seekers after truth, but am exposed to the mortification of being taxed as a deluded follower of a false system, perverted from the Christians' books by an artful impostor. Not contented with pointing out errors of doctrine, which they pretend do exist in our law, they brand with opprobrious epithets the fore-ordained prophet who made it clear to the meanest capacity, and gave it as a rule of faith to millions, who in receiving it were drawn from the practice of a barbarous idolatry. Oh, Ahh-mad! O, Ebee oul Ebyer! (Father of Candor,) I am shocked at the want of respect shown to the memory of our blessed law-giver. I am more affected by this irreverence, as it comes from a sensible people, who unknowingly give signs of a leaning toward our faith, and who might by proper culture be brought to adopt the precepts of the Ckoran. Already are they much advanced in a few of the leading points; many believe in the Great Unity; the joys promised in our paradise fall in with their desires; several are disposed to act on the permission given to have more than one wife. Temperance is so far encouraged that they spare not to eat in thankfulness of the many things bestowed on man for food, as is recommended in the second chapter of the Ckoran; and they never, like the wicked Koreish, come to prayers when they are drunk. You see there is ground for hope that the day of this good people may come, as it certainly will, for great is Ckodah. Their sins are those of ignorance, and they are to be preferred to those who, having been educated in the faith of Islam, live as if they knew nothing, and make a mock of holy things. As for those wilful sinners, black be their faces, and may the graves of their fathers be set upon by jackasses!

Although, as I have already said, the most of the individuals whom I meet are entirely ignorant of our faith, and hold to erroneous ideas of the character of our prophet, yet I was lately so fortunate as to find a person not only willing to be enlightened, but one who was desirous of receiving all the knowledge which as a Moslem I was supposed to possess on this most interesting topic. To you the subject is of course familiar, yet I shall repeat the account I gave, that you may compare it with your own superior wisdom, and learn at the same time, that although sojourning in a strange land, among a benighted people, I have not forgotten the good principles in which I have been nourished. I did not allow my predilections to warp my better reason, but endeavored calmly to place before the mind of my kind listener a collection of facts, drawn from our Arabian authors, all which are confirmed by the testimony of the Christian historians who are versed in Eastern literature.

I began by saying that Mohammed never assumed to be a divine person, but called himself merely a servant or messenger to whom God had graciously vouchsafed to reveal His will; neither did he

pretend to have the power of performing miracles. He commenced his career by being a merchant, the profession of his relations, his parents dying when he was very young. This gave him a knowledge of men that was of service to him in after life. At his birth the eastern world was brought into a state which prepared it to receive the doctrine of Islam, the true and original religion, which had been corrupted, and which needed a special revelation through him, to purify and revive. The Romans and Persians were at war; both powers, especially the former, on the decline; while the Jews and Christians were engaged in deadly strife with each other. The Christian Church was in the highest degree corrupt, and buried in superstition of the darkest kind; love and charity, (the brightest precepts of the Ckoran,) were unheeded, while the Christian priests were constantly engaged in disputes on abstruse points, which produced endless schisms, or if they united, it was for the sole purpose of promoting the objects of personal ambition. Europe at this time presented a scene of violence and bloodshed, while Arabia was sunk into idolatry. Mohammed came on his sacred mission to give peace and knowledge, by offering a system which should unite all people under one simple law that all could understand. This doctrine was the belief in one only God, the avenger of wrong and the rewarder of virtue. He was forty years old when his mission devolved upon him, a period of life when his judgment was matured; and he was able to see through the darkness of paganism. At the end of twelve years he had not only imbued with his doctrine his immediate family and relations, but entirely by his great sagacity and power of persuasion had drawn toward him a large number of devoted followers. His conduct was marked by wisdom and guided by prudence, till he was able to embody a number of adherents, when he repelled force by force.

With a rapidity of which no other religious scheme can boast, in twenty-three years from the commencement of his labors, and within his own life-time, he saw idolatry rooted out of Arabia, and the pure doctrine of Islam established in its place. He lived to see the princes of the idolatrous tribes come to court his favor or embrace his doctrine, and to behold the establishment of his law from the gulf of Persia to the Red Sea. In the performance of his mighty task he used all the means which Arabic tradition and the writings of learned men could bring in aid of his plan, until at last he perfected a scheme suited to the spiritual wants of mankind, and which for clearness may vie with the much-vaunted canons of synods or councils of his time. When finished, the system was made public in a language the most rich and harmonious that was ever invented; one by which its composition can follow the thought in its wildest flight and paint it with all the justness of truth; by the harmony of its tones can imitate the cry of animals, the murmur of the streams, the loud roar of thunder, and the rustling of winds. In this language, that so many poets have embellished, and which has existed since the commencement of the world, he carefully studied to give to his moral precepts all the charm which a pure diction could impart, all the dignity

a theme so exalted could demand, and to the accredited legends of the age a delicacy of expression which forced them to sink deep in the heart.

I confess to you, my dear Ahhmad, that as I advanced in my discourse my enthusiasm was raised, and I was on the point of enlarging on the blessings an adherence to our faith bestows on all true believers, and the boundless gratitude due to Allah for his goodness in making our holy prophet the instrument for communicating it, when I noticed the friend who had the kindness to listen to me, give certain tokens of wishing to change, or at least, vary the subject. Accordingly, I proceeded to give a general description of the character and qualities, personal and moral, of our great law-giver. In doing this I took as my guide Abut Feda, an author whose authority carries weight among the Christians, who always refer to his works to obtain true notions of the personages, events and manners which are worthy of remark in Arabic history.

Mohammed was of middle stature. He had a large head, thick beard, and the palms of his hands and feet were strong and rough; his bones were large and well knit, complexion florid, eyes black, the shape of his face pleasing, hair long and straight, with a neck white and smooth as ivory. In the course of his career he was politic, persuasive and brave. Habitually clement, he was severe only when circumstances connected with his religious duty rendered severity necessary. He was kind to his inferiors, affable with his equals, beloved by his family, and he secured the attachment of all those who were near his person. His opponents he more frequently won over by peaceful arts than conquered by violence; and when once they enrolled themselves as his followers they gave him their entire confidence and respect. He was modest in demeanor, slow of speech, just in his dealings. He had to contend against Jews, Christians and Idolaters, and overcome them all; and he bequeathed to his successors a spiritual authority which has lasted twelve hundred years, and which is still obeyed as a rule of faith by millions of people dispersed over the globe. His death was in accordance with the rectitude of his conduct in life, and exhibited the favor with which he was regarded in Heaven. He died of the effect of poison administered to him in his food by one of his enemies several years previously. He knew his end was near, and waited for it with resignation. His senses were preserved entire, and he conversed clearly to all around him until the last moment. During the last three days of his illness the Angel Gabriel made him frequent visits to demand of him the state of his health. The day of his final departure the Angel of Death presented himself at the door of his dwelling; Gabriel, who saw him, told his friend the Angel asked permission to enter, and added, that he was the first of mortals to whom this deference had been paid, and that it would not be done for another. 'Let him enter,' said Mohammed. The Angel entered, and far from assuming a stern deportment, in gentle accents exclaimed, 'O, Apostle of God! O, Ahhmad! (O, beloved!) the ETERNAL sends me to thee; HE has commanded me to execute thy will,

whether thou desirest me to take thy soul or leave it still with thee, I will obey.' 'Take it,' said Mohammed. 'God,' added Gabriel, 'ardently desires thy presence; as for me, this is the last time my feet shall touch the earth: I now leave this world forever.' At this moment the Angel of Death fulfilled his dreadful mission.

At the close of these remarks, I turned to my companion, in expectation of receiving his thoughts on what I had said, and was pleased to see that instead of being disposed to break silence he was lost in contemplation. His eyes were closed, the muscles of his face were relaxed, and his arms lay motionless by his side. His breathing was free, like that of an infant in sleep, and he seemed to be in that tranquil state which so well prepares the mind to receive any and every impression. I did not doubt that this tranquillity had been produced by my discourse, and I felt a sensation of joy that I had unknowingly been the humble means of shedding a ray of light on a soul that had hitherto rested in the darkness of unbelief. While viewing my friend in this attitude of repose, which I was careful not to disturb, my own mind became meditative, and I recalled to my memory many historical facts which would have enchaind attention and embellished the narrative; but it was now too late, and I contented myself with referring mentally to the lines written by our much-admired poet, Carmel Eddin ben Alnabit, on the death of Abon Alhassan Aly, son of the Kaliph. The words are not all strictly applicable to my subject, being written on the death of a youth and not on that of an aged man; but the ideas harmonize with the character I have attempted to portray, while the smooth versification and pure devotional feeling render them worthy of being repeated:

'Soon hast thou run the race of life,  
Nor could our tears thy speed control;  
Still in the courser's generous strife  
The best will soonest reach the goal.

'As laid upon his hand, DEATH views  
Pearls, stones and gems of every kind;  
From out the heap he first will choose  
The most resplendent he can find.

'Thy name by every breath conveyed,  
Stretched o'er the globe its boundless flight;  
Alas! in eve the length'ning shade  
But lengthens to be lost in night.

'If gracious ALLAH bade thee close  
Thy youthful eyes so soon on day,  
'T is that HE readiest welcomes those  
Who love HIM best, and best obey.'

*New-York, sixth day of the Moon, }  
Shawal Year of the Hegira, 1260. }*

#### **Letter Fourteenth.**

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

THE philosophers of the present day are much divided in opinion as to the mode in which the faculties of the mind develope themselves so as to form individual character; whether persons come into the world with faculties more or less acute, according to physical organization, or whether all are born with like mental qualities; and that

character is formed by education alone. There are certain of them who add, that beside education, character is formed by the circumstances under which, in the course of his life, an individual is placed. Each of these theories may contain a portion of truth. I am fully of opinion that external circumstances have great power to form the manners of individuals, and that by the constant practice of one mode of action, the mind may be bent toward certain habits of thinking which in the end form the governing principle and stamp the character.

A person in a low station in life who suddenly becomes rich is apt to be much elated; believes that it is by his sole merit his fortune is raised, whereas it might be altogether chance; some lucky accident which he had no agency in producing, but which fell upon him because he happened to be in the way. Such men are mere creatures of circumstances, yet their character may take its tone from these circumstances, quite as surely as if they had inherited from nature the qualities which, properly brought into exercise, would have produced the same result. A person whose imagination and love of distinction are much raised by a sudden turn of good fortune, will talk and conduct himself much in the same way as one who is born with much sensibility and with an ardent temperament. We should incline to make a distinction in our estimate of each; the one we should respect for inherent qualities, which should be regarded as his own by birth-right; the other we might tolerate, as attempting to shine in those which are borrowed, or fallen to him by chance, and not by his own merit.

You will say this is reversing the law of nature, and making matter predominate over mind; a circumstance, by-the-by, not so unusual as some people imagine. The body and mind are so intimately connected, that what weighs upon one is sure to press upon the other. The passions are almost always stronger than the understanding, and if they were not controlled by the judgment would ever obtain the mastery; in many instances they do, especially when too much strength is given to the lower propensities by over-indulgence. In this case, conflicts arise, wherein the understanding is the victim, the inclination gaining in strength the more the object of desire is contemplated. Reason is soon found to be a troublesome monitor; we begin by listening coldly to her warnings; and when she thwarts our wishes by frequent admonitions, neglect her altogether. The drunkard returns to his cup, the gambler to his cards, and the man of avarice to his darling propensity of grasping at money, regardless of the rights or comforts of others.

If this be true as a whole, or even in part, and experience supports the assertion, outward circumstances do greatly control and guide the conduct of mankind; and the behavior or manners, or whatever name you choose to give to external action, is the sign by which we can in many instances form a judgment of character.

I was invited a short time since to the house of an acquaintance to make one of what is called a *party*, which is a reünion of persons of both sexes where there is music, conversation, sometimes dancing.

and sometimes card-playing. More frequently it is only the first two that fill up the time of the evening. I never fail to accept invitations to these parties whenever they are tendered, for the reason that, beside the pleasure I receive in seeing people happy, it gives me an opportunity of multiplying my acquaintance, and enables me to see the behavior of people toward each other. It is not a place wherein to obtain a full knowledge of character, yet it is one where many traits of character are developed. It is one where dressed-up manners are exhibited, with an occasional glimpse of the ease of the night-gown and slippers, where formalities are observed, such as are not usual or necessary in the ordinary intercourse between individuals when they meet each other.

I am never at any time a great talker, and in the midst of a large assembly you may well suppose that with my limited knowledge of the language I am far from being loquacious. After my introduction and homage to the host and hostess, I commonly retire to a spot where I am not liable to be disturbed, and there silently make my observations. If I can find a person willing to share in my seclusion, I pin myself upon him, that I may derive instruction from his superior knowledge.

I was so fortunate as to meet one who on many other occasions has been useful and always kind to me. He is a man with a white cravat, who mingles much in society, has great experience of the ways of the world, has passed the meridian of life, which fits him to look upon things with calmness, to reason dispassionately and form a correct estimate of men and manners. This person is so obliging as to satisfy all my inquiries, and frequently points out objects worthy of my attention as a stranger in search of truth.

While we were thus quietly seated together, waiting the entrance of new guests on whom we might make our remarks, a person entered of such striking appearance and manner as at once rivetted my attention. I followed him with my eyes wherever he moved, and often pressed through the crowd to be nearer to his person, that I might more closely watch his actions or hear more of his conversation. He appeared to be in the prime of life, had nothing remarkable in his figure, was of rather a florid complexion, which indicated good health, and was erect in his carriage; rather more so, I thought, than other gentlemen of the company. I perceived space was made for him wherever he approached, the which he at once filled, seemingly as of right. His voice was loud, he coughed with a clear sonorous tone, raised his phlegm with a crash, and spat from a distance. He behaved as if he were in his own house, placed himself with his back to the fire, his coat parted behind, as is the custom of inmates, and blew his nose with an emphasis. His conversation was chiefly of great men, of members of Congress with whom he corresponded, of private advices from one of the Secretaries, beside throwing out a hint that the President had more than once consulted him on an appointment. By way of contrast, and to draw notice toward himself, he clearly intimated his foresight into commercial distress; wondered people should become

embarrassed, and thanked God he was safe, let what would happen. What did people want money for?—for his part he never borrowed a dollar. All this was delivered with the air of a person who thought well of himself, and who desired that others should be of the same opinion.

As I drew nearer I found his manner was dogmatical, his expressions coarse, and his general tone vulgar. Nevertheless, he was listened to with respectful attention; and if ever contradicted, it was done with evident reserve. I was entirely at a loss in my conjectures how this ordinary man should gain admittance and hold a distinguished position among persons who were evidently his superiors, or why so much regard should be bestowed on one who by his manners and conversation seemed unfit to mingle with a society where much refinement reigned. I turned to my friend with the white cravat to solve what was to me a mystery, when he said in a low tone: 'He is rich!'

*New-York, fourteenth day of the Moon }  
Shewwal, Year of the Hegira, 1260. }*

#### A F A T H E R ' S L A M E N T .

'And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up,  
So quick bright things come to confusion.' — SHAKESPEARE.

THE world without is dim to view,  
Though fair to other eyes,  
For sorrow gives its own dull hue  
To valley, hill and skies:  
Thick darkness, that will not depart,  
Seems brooding over earth;  
A heavy cloud is on my heart,  
A shadow on my hearth.

My youngest — child of love and hope! —  
Away the Spoiler bore;  
Her beauteous orbs of azure ope,  
When morning calls, no more.  
The rose is blanched upon her face,  
Her pulse forever stilled;  
And now my dwelling is a place  
With funeral echoes filled.

Oh! ever she was first to hear  
My homeward step at night,  
And laughter, silvery and clear,  
Betokened her delight;  
But now the door of home I seek  
With bosom chilled to stone,  
For Desolation, grim and bleak,  
Hath made my roof his own.



Deep in my bleeding heart the knife  
Of agony found way,  
When warned in whispers that her life  
Would not outlast the day;  
I kissed her cheek, I breathed her name,  
But heard no fond reply;  
Her visage wan more sharp became,  
More dim her closing eye.

On God to save I wildly called —  
Unheard the prayer of sin;  
She died, and utter darkness walled  
My groaning spirit in;  
A cold benumbing torpor slept  
Like night-mare on my brain;  
A feeling, as of winter, crept  
Through every wandering vein.

These ringlets to remembrance dear,  
So bright that one might deem  
The sunlight of a purer sphere  
Had touched them with its beam,  
Bring back the beauteous head to sight  
On which their clusters grew,  
Her rounded brow of radiant white,  
And cheek of rosiest hue.

Her bonnet gay, with ribbons graced,  
The doll she used to hold,  
And shoe, that daintily encased  
Her foot of fairy mould  
The gift of mournful speech possess  
When on them fall mine eyes,  
And tell how much of loveliness  
In earth all wasted lies!

In dreams I hear her prattling tongue  
Essay my name to speak;  
Her little arms are round me flung —  
Her lips are on my cheek;  
But waking in my tortured breast  
Begets a wilder throe,  
For bordering the land of rest,  
Black lies the realm of woe!

There is a grief, like April's cloud,  
That melts in rain away;  
A little while the head is bowed,  
Then comes a brighter day:  
Not such is mine; no drops refresh  
My weary soul, that fain  
Would rend these bonds of melting flesh,  
And join the lost again.

W. H. C. HOMER.

## MODERN ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

'In the dreary month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a 'disconsolate lover' may (to continue the quotation,) walk into the fields;' but we American farmers prefer, on such days, drawing around the cheerful blaze of oak and hickory, as soon as 'the weary flail' is hung up over the threshing-floor, and the 'dumb creatur's' are comfortably foddered for the night.

This is the season and this is the place for cheerful converse and instructive books; the hearth of home. Duties performed; competency and contentment within; feeling only with our *ears* how the poor drenched and defenceless roof has to abide the lashings of the furious waters, which stunned by the recoil of their fall into momentary check, then rush headlong down the shingled slope in mimic rapids, splashing and dashing hither and thither, and o'erleaping all water-tubs! How dry and cosy such sounds make one feel! And all around I hear such comfort-reflecting voices commingling with the dreamy music of the overcharged brook and the deep moaning of my patriarchal walnut-trees.

But hark! there is a lull in the tempest. And now how sweetly breathes that 'fairy-like music' which floats around a pleasant fire-side! List! 't is one of the good household-sprites a-singing. 'T is the Æolian fantasies of the cheerful tea-kettle. Blessings on thy bright shining face, flickering all over with smiles! Puss in sympathy murmurs her modulated purring drone; and ever and anon chimes sharply in the small shrill *Piccola* pipe of the 'cricket on the hearth.'

On a recent evening, such as I have faintly sketched, I was much in want of a book to read, for my library is but scant, when my little 'cow-boy' proffered me a school-book\* that he had just received. I smiled at the offer, but of course accepted it with thanks. Title, 'The Grammatic Reader.' 'Full of little pictures, eh? Humph!' I gave but a cursory glance, for I know little of grammar, and am now too old or too indolent to learn, and probably might have bestowed no farther attention upon it, had not Robert's ruefully-wistful look pulled the check-rein of correct feeling toward a dependant. So I wiped my spec's and turned again to his little picture-book.

Certainly, Mr. EDITOR, the acquisition of useful knowledge is incomparably easier of attainment now than it was in my school-boy days. The incumbrances to instruction were first lopped off

\* HALEN'S 'Pictorial Grammatic Reader,' illustrated by CHAPMAN, and published by J. S. REDFIELD, Chilton-Hall.

and its obscurities dispelled by the pioneer labors of philanthropic minds; and now right-minded Equality benevolently sheds the vivifying rays of Learning throughout the land; alike in the populous city and the mountain log-house. Honor to the promoters of the system!

The ancient philosopher bluntly affirmed to his sovereign that there was no royal-road to knowledge. Nevertheless, the literary engineers and subordinate pioneers of the present era have so filled up the gulfs, consolidated the boggy places, bridged the ravines and graded the rugged acclivities, that we do now most assuredly possess, if not a royal, still a most admirably-M'Adamized road for the purpose, toll-free.

The only fear is that some 'go-ahead' speculating projector, inoculated with the virulent virus of the age's fever, may circulate a prospectus for the incorporation of a joint-stock company, to construct a locomotive rail-track, or a gas-inflated balloon vehicle, to convey trouble-less, awake or asleep, all young masters and misses up to the temple of all the arts and sciences! By-the-by, French, Spanish and German 'in six easy lessons' is no unpromising beginning; though I opine that this is but a mere 'circumstance' in my friend SAM SLICK's estimation of 'Yankee enterprise.'

I soon discovered that this instruction-book belonged to a very different class. I examined it attentively, with rapidly-increasing pleasure, till unable longer to contain myself in silence, I burst forth into exclamations of delight, laughter and admiration. Bob stared at me with all his eyes, and laughed still louder—as in duty bound.

'Come here, Robert, and attend to me. Mary, you can appreciate art, and here is a treat for you. This is a very interesting and instructive book, both in learning and in virtue. The first page shows us a picture of *Sin*. Robert, do you think the gentleman could have drawn any thing more sinful and common, that wicked boys commit, than a picture of cruelty to animals? See, wild with horror at the slamming kettle, from which his frantic plunges cannot free him, how the poor victim howls despair; the imp-fiends yelling on his track! Poor harmless dog, hunted by brute-boys! I know he's harmless; for had he been ill-natured the cowards would not have dared to tie that old tin-kettle to his tail. Sport to the wicked, madness to the innocent; no uncommon scene in 'this best of all possible worlds.'

The first page is, with much propriety, assigned to this moral lesson; for mercy to those beneath us is the first principle of action that should be instilled into the mind of the child; since it is the embryo-germ of all that is generous, brave and noble in the man. A mere draughtsman would have drawn, first, a dog running away straight ahead; then he would have drawn a kettle, somewhere straight behind him; and then he would have drawn a straight line from the kettle to the dog, and then looked upon the design as complete. Not so this artist; but true to painful observation, the head is wrung half round in his convulsive, agonizing glance at the horrific demon-kettle; and, mark ye, the string is *slack*; making your

'mind's eye' to see how the instrument of torture is clinking, clanging, banging, bumping and bounding about! The moral is excellent:

'How shall we hope for mercy, rendering none!'

Thou sayest true, gentle-hearted SHAKSPEARE, Nature's oracular vicegerent. This also is the emanation of a gratefully-loving nature:

'Taught by that Power who pities me,  
I learn to pity them.'

Yet far more do I admire the following, because its sentiment is based upon conscious desert. It is a sentence such as a noble-souled creature might express (with holy reverence I speak it,) face to face with his CREATOR:

'The mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.'

How miserably grating sounds the sneaking pusillanimity and beggarly selfishness which often, by a misplaced emphasis, disgraces and perverts the true meaning and the pure spirit of even the peace-breathing responses of public worship! 'LORD have mercy upon *us*,' etc.

Oh, thou adored idol, mighty *Us*! Thou space-crowding, insatiable, principal Principle! Thou coëternal of UNCLE SAM! To borrow an expressive Hibernian aphorism, 'The buttermilk *will* come out of the stir-about!'

Observe this group of sailors; real A. B. sailors; no swab-wringers, or waisters, or holystone-workers are these, I trow. No; every man-jack of them 'fo'castle' and 'top-men;' I shall rate them as such, and warrant that they 'll pass muster. Few artists can paint ships, and fewer still can paint sailors. GEORGE MORLAND could paint countrymen admirably, and JOHN EMERY could *act* them perhaps even still more to the life; a closer approximation to the *beau-ideal* of perfection; but neither of them could portray a sailor with fidelity. Their representations of them always exhibited countrymen in sailors' mis-fitting clothes; nothing 'ship-shape.' Now the Lilliputian figures in this school-book are true to art and nature, whoever the artist may be. I speak decidedly, Mr. EDITOR, being somewhat of an 'old salt' myself; and therefore in justice must exclude from my commendation the boat's crew leaving the wreck, and the young master and miss sailing on the lake; as both vessel and figures are in my estimation very '*la la*.'

I have confessed that I am not versed in grammar; this will satisfactorily account for my not comprehending this sentence: 'The captain and crew, having despaired of saving the vessel, left her in the boat.' Does it imply that although they despaired of saving her, yet as 't is said, hope never quite expires within the human breast while life remains, and 'a cat has nine lives,' they, the captain and crew, as a dernier-resort, stowed her away in the boat? — probably a life-boat! This now is all very readable; but I can form no idea

of how they got her *into* the boat. If they had merely quitted the ship and taken to the boat, it would certainly have been but a common occurrence in such a stress; but the manner in which they *did* make their escape is truly miraculous. Will you please to explain? Excuse this *badinage*, and let us return to the picture we were examining.

How admirably is depicted the self-satisfied, easy air with which one of the seamen listens to his shipmates! What quietude in his reply to the positive assertions and vehement gesticulations of the middle figure! His cigar just parted from his lips to expectorate and drop a word; the cigar meanwhile remaining suspended in a somewhat coxcombical manner between his fore and middle finger. I can fancy the flirt given by the little finger to the ashes, at the close of his sententious remark; which flirt very plainly telegraphed the words, 'That's a fact!' There he stands, right up-and-down like the main-mast, and as immoveable. The third seaman — but they are all admirable; all individual; yet all belonging to the same genus, and full of truthful character.

Here is another sailor; but how different from the group we have just examined! This is a 'r'al old salt' from stem to starn; from the truck to the garboard-streak. His old monkey-jacket — for look you, 't is neither round-about nor pea-jacket; and his shirt-bosom, (no, his shirt-body,) bagging over his old inflexible tarpaulin-trowsers — stand-alone-trowsers — trowsers such as none but a very determined old salt indeed ever yet stuck his mid-ships into. His legs in-kneed and his toes turned out; whereas, a sailor in his prime always carries his feet right fore-and-aft, upon an even keel, in Indian fashion. He also always contrives, by some most unaccountable means, to make himself bow-legged, in order, I presume, that he may be ready for easing off a lurch, whether to port or star-board; while his arms dangling from his shoulder-joints, and apparently hung in *jimbals*, sway to and fro in seeming search to accommodate the centre of gravity; which, certainly *ought* to be located somewhere within his body, but which is ever varying its position from the effects of imaginary rollings and pitchings.

Observe how the old man eyes the ship in the distant offing, 'and recalls former scenes.' There she walks, close-hauled, with star-board tacks on board, straining to weather the Light-House Point. Now he is scrutinizing her hull, now her rig; but it is with the greatest intensity that he criticizes the manner in which she was 'man-handled' during the squall that heels her to the scuppers, and makes all stagger again. What dejection, yet what pride mingled with a tinge of scorn, gleams forth from that tiny minikin sketch!

'*The boat must have gone.*' Yes, indeed, the boat *has* gone; and you are just in time to be too late. There she goes, steaming it away, up to the Highlands. You are from *Tarry-town*, I presume, Sir, by your inertia of motion; a quality which, if not conjoined with *vis*, makes but a weak projectile; short in range, wavering in aim, and ineffective in execution. Yet is he equipped perfectly *cap-à-pie* for an expedition. The little jaunty travelling-cap stuck

on his head; the umbrella stuck under his arm; the carpet-bag carried — No; this non-exertion character is trailing it. Well, I declare! if he has not got on spectacles, too! A young fellow in spectacles! Bah! I'd wager a sixpence they are green — green as himself. You say they are neutral-tint; i'faith, not unlikely; neutral and hazy, like his mind. How stupidly he glowers under the shade of his raised hand; doubting, as well he might, the evidence of such neutral senses. This is a common character; useless to himself and to others. Boys, take warning; and when some procrastinating fellow says, 'Time enough,' remember that 'time enough' generally proves 'time *little* enough.' Therefore, 'take Time by the forelock,' and be twenty minutes too soon rather than one minute too late; and ever while you live, 'Strike while the iron is *hot*.' This fellow is like a rusty gun. If you pull the trigger ever so hard, it will seldom go off; and when it does explode, it bursts.

Look at this female figure, carrying a bucket, and walking away from us. How natural! Her habiliments portray her to be merely a peasant-girl; but how exquisitely graceful! Not the acquired, stiff, machine-jointed grace of the minuet-de-la-cœur, I grant. Sir Joshua Reynolds, no contemptible authority, by-the-by, says, 'A child is always graceful until put into the hands of the dancing-master.' No; nothing of that conventional and fashion-drilled grace is here visible. The artist possessed taste and judgment. He desired to exhibit *natural* grace, and accordingly culled his model from the mountains. This creature moves like the curve-crested billows of the ocean, with Nature's undulating grace; in her case, fashioned and brought forth into visible beauty by the untrammelled play of well-formed, elastic limbs, youthful blood, and buoyant hopes.

Turn your glance for an instant to that wild unmutated steed, with lightning-eye and storm-cloud streaming mane, spurning away space from every hoof. Here is grace uninfluenced by reflection. Alas! poor steed! Shouldst thou be caught within the toils of tyrant man thou wouldst, if such should be the arbitrament of fashion, be 'hog-maned,' 'cropp'd' and 'dock'd'!

Say; ought Fashion to manacle this young girl's freedom of motion with its steel corsets? — and, ludicrously impious, assert an improvement upon God's formation by a 'bustle'? Alas! fashion is more influential with the crowd, 'the little vulgar and the great,' than are the dictates of simplicity purity and truth! 'Beauty when unadorned is adorned the most.' The truth of this axiom is applicable not only to the beauty of form and motion, and melody and harmony, but also to the mind's conduct in morals, and even in religion.

I can absorb my mind in the contemplation of this little figure until it expands and grows into life before me. I seem to feel the poise of the self-adjusting balance of that extended right arm, and can almost realize the idea of that slightly painful sensation which is exhibited at the first impulsive hitch-like motion which accompanies the re-directed, still recurring, counter-check movement of the right foot, to the pendulous swing of that bucket-sustaining left arm.

'*Italian Peasants.*' This miniature design contains abundant and fitting materials for the composition of a large and noble picture. 'T was supererogatory to write its title beneath it; their costume, attitudes and bearing emphatically characterize them as Italian peasants, and none other. Neither does the locality of the scenery admit of a doubt. There are the conical mountains; there the abrupt eminences crowned with splendid palazzas; the Mediterranean, felucca-dotted, and Vesuvius in the distance; all bespeaking an Italian landscape, as viewed through that intensely bright yet somewhat gauzy atmosphere with, which light and heat radiate the sky of Italy.

'*Drooping Age resting on the Grave,*' and dubiously reflecting on life, is a comprehensive and touching sermon. While the destitute soulless 'loafer' and the drunkard maudlin at the 'No Trust' bar, exhibit traits of Hogarthian conception, that enforce reflection. But these, and several others, demand a more deep investigation and extended scrutiny than I have hitherto employed; and I have already far outstretched the limits I purposed. I therefore respectfully withdraw; flattering myself with the hope that the little which I have said, however faintly expressed, yet coming as it does from the heart, may find responsive hearts that possess the means of raising the reputation of our artist, if a young one. Or if he be, 'as I do guess,' from the acumen displayed, a long-practised hand, with an observant mind, who throws off these little gems of a redundant genius during the cigar-smoking intervals of loftier conceptions, long may he continue so to amuse himself, delight the connoisseur, and instruct the rising generation! For the furtherance of which desideratum nothing can be more conducive, than that parents and instructors should point out and explain to their pupils, as I do now to my young 'cow-boy,' the beauty of thought, design and execution exhibited in the illustrations of this unpretending school-book.

*Highlands, November, 1846.*

Yours, very respectfully, J. M. B.

#### TO THE TRUE POET.

CREATION'S heir, and Fancy's fav'rite child,  
Thou canst, from India's wealth, or Afric's wild,  
From far or near, from depth or dizzy height,  
Cull thy rich stores, t' instruct us or delight:  
Abundance draw from dearth, and radiance from night.

Thus, to th' alembic of thy glowing mind  
All nature comes, but comes to be refined:  
Each thought that feculence or grossness stains  
Thy wit or judgment sublimates or strains,  
Till all the alloy be purged, and nought but gold remains.

Thus Ocean drinks the foul and turbid tide,  
When flood and torrent plough the mountain's side;  
But soon in genial showers he sends them forth,  
Pure as the pearls that deck Aurora's birth,  
To feed the famish'd land, and cheer the jocund earth.

## WE ARE ALL FOR THE GRAVE.

BY J. CLEMENT.

## I.

'I'm bound for the grave!' said an aged man,  
 With a feeble step and a hollow tone;  
 'In the battle of life I've long kept the van,  
 My comrades have fallen—I'm fighting alone!'—  
 While yet he was speaking, an unseen dart  
 Was flung by the merciless archer, DEATH;  
 It pierced the old man through his resolute heart,  
 And 'I'm fighting alone!' was his latest breath.

## II.

'I'm bound for the grave!' said a noble youth,  
 With a hectic flush on his burning cheek;  
 While the wintry winds, that know no ruth,  
 A chilly bed for his form bespeak.  
 When the blast had fled, and the laughing Spring  
 Her carpet of green o'er the earth had spread,  
 The sweetest flowers that Love could bring  
 Distilled their balm o'er his low-laid head.

## III.

'I'm bound for the grave!' said a feeble child,  
 With its infant dews scarce melted away;  
 'I never shall feel youth's frenzy wild,  
 I shall not live to be old and gray!'—  
 And its fever raged, and aside it turned,  
 Its eye half closed, then died its light;  
 To the socket its candle had suddenly burned,  
 Like a young star quenched by a tear of night.

## IV.

'I'm bound for the grave!' said a lisping one,  
 Whose words were told in her angel smiles;  
 'I must haste away where a brighter sun  
 Ne'er hides its face from the Golden Isles.'  
 She had caught the song of their minstrels fair,  
 And though unfledged were her spirit-wings,  
 The Dove divine bore her gently there,  
 Where now with the radiant ones she sings!

## V.

'I'm bound for the grave, where I hasten to lie!'—  
 Is the marching-song of the old and young;  
 'I'm bound for the grave!' is Humanity's cry—  
 With the heart-strings of life is the anthem rung.  
 'Ho! come to the grave!' is Death's dread call,  
 Since first on man fell the blight of sin;  
 'Your robes of life exchange for my pall,  
 To the grave! to the grave! I must hurry you in!'

*Buffalo, January, 1847.*



## THE SPY OF THE MOHAWK.

BY WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

Who has not seen the beautiful valley of the Mohawk? As the iron-horse draws the long train, now winding around the base of some lofty hill, and now almost suspended over the foaming waters of the river, the traveller, seated at his ease, and looking out upon the varied beauties of the shifting scene, can have but an imperfect idea of the toils and trials of those who seventy years ago traversed this same valley. Then, days and weeks were occupied in passing from Schenectady to Utica. The old-fashioned keel-boat was forced up against the rapid current with great labor; and when the river was swollen in the spring, the navigation was even considered dangerous. And yet, in the old French war, a large army, with all its muniments and equipage, passed through the valley on its way to the western and northern frontier; and in the revolution the bold scheme was devised of sending a division of the American forces, intended to operate against the Six Nations, up the Mohawk to Canajoharie, and thence to the head of Otsego lake.

It was a hazardous and toilsome expedition; and that old soldier, General JAMES CLINTON, was appointed to the command. It was a fitting post for the man who had from early youth been inured to the dangers and hardships of border wars. Early in the spring of 1779 he reached with his detachment the point now occupied by the village of Canajoharie, and which was formerly the site of an Indian castle of the same name. From here large parties were sent out to clear the way, and open a road to the head of Otsego lake, over which the batteaux used upon the river could be transported. It was a laborious enterprise, and required all the energy of the commander, and taxed the patience and patriotism of officers and men in its execution. The distance was some twenty miles, and the route lay over the high range of land which there separates the tributaries of the Mohawk from the head-waters of the eastern branch of the Susquehanna. Spring had gone and summer had come before the batteaux were carried over the mountains, and launched for the first time upon the bosom of that beautiful lake. While this portion of the American army lay at Canajoharie, the events occurred which it is proposed here briefly to relate.

It was at the close of a long day in early summer. The sun was low in the west, and its rays, no longer holding dalliance with the clear waters of the Mohawk, were taking their farewell kiss of the green old forest-trees which covered the tops of the surrounding hills. Straggling parties of soldiers, in their fatigue-dresses, were moving slowly down the winding road, returning to camp wearied from their hard day's toil; some of them reflecting upon the plea-

sant scenes which they had left, and calling to mind their own distant homes, where their wives and their little ones, at such an hour in days gone by, had looked out and watched their return; and resolving never again to leave those quiet scenes for the rude and hard life of a soldier. The evening parade was over; the roll of the evening drum was ended; the watch-fires were kindled, and here and there a light twinkled through the small windows of the houses of the German settlers, which were even at that day thickly sprinkled along this portion of the valley.

Around the house occupied by the General as his head-quarters, there seemed on this evening to be an unusual gathering of officers, and from the hurrying to and fro of subordinates, it was evident that preparations were making for some occurrence of more than ordinary interest. Indeed it was no secret in the camp that two persons had been arrested on the previous day as spies, and that a court-martial would assemble that evening, before which they would be arraigned. It is hardly necessary to observe, that the war of the revolution found the settlements along the upper part of the valley of the Mohawk, and upon the head-waters of the Susquehanna, in a very exposed situation. Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON died in 1774. For more than a quarter of a century he had exerted a great influence over the inhabitants of that region, and over the Indian tribes, and especially over that tribe which even then had their dwelling-places on the banks of the river to which they had given the name, and who by their skill and prowess stood at the head of the great confederacy of the Indians of New-York. The influence which was possessed by Sir William was retained by his son-in-law, GUY JOHNSON, especially over the Indians, most of whom in the following year left their pleasant homes, and went with him to Canada. He was followed also by a large number of the white inhabitants, who espoused the cause of the mother country. Many of these men afterward enlisted into a regiment organized and commanded by Sir JOHN JOHNSON, (a son of Sir William,) and known in the border wars of New-York by the name of 'Johnson's Greens.' Others joined with the Indians, and assuming the Indian garb and adopting the Indian mode of warfare, made incursions into the settlements, and laid them waste, marking their progress by deeds of wanton and savage cruelty. Two of these men who had been engaged in this border warfare had been, as before observed, arrested as spies in the camp of General Clinton, and were now to be tried for their lives.

The preliminary arrangements having been made, an order was given to bring in the prisoners. The charges were few and briefly stated. They set forth that 'the prisoners had in the first instance abandoned their country in her hour of need, and having gone over to the enemy, did afterward enter into that enemy's service, and did commit acts of aggression upon the true and patriotic inhabitants of the Province of New-York; and being thus engaged in the service of the enemy, did come into the camp as spies.'

The trial proceeded. Witnesses were examined, who testified to

the prisoners having been residents of the Province previous to the war, and indeed, their families at the time lived in the vicinity, and within a few miles of the camp. They knew from general reputation that they had joined the enemy. But no overt act was proved, especially against the principal prisoner, whose name was NEWBERRY.

‘Have all the witnesses been examined?’ asked General Clinton.

‘There is one other witness, who is momentarily expected,’ was the reply of the judge-advocate.

In a few minutes a man entered. He was bowed down, not with years, but with sorrow. His gray hairs were the marks not of age but of misfortune. For a moment his eye rested on Newberry, and the guilty prisoner grew pale, as he met the searching glance of the witness. He was sworn, and commenced a minute detail of the destruction, in the previous year, of the neighboring settlement, where he then lived; that he was absent when the Indians, and Tories disguised as Indians, reached his house; that he hastened home only to find his house on fire, and his whole family, his wife and four children, massacred; that he succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and on examination found one of his children, a daughter about eleven years of age, still alive; that he carried her to the door, and she revived so as to be able to sit up; that while supporting her in his arms, he saw another party of the enemy approaching, when he fled and concealed himself; that the leader of that second party was known to him; and that as he approached the door the tory leader, with a blow of his tomahawk, extinguished the spark of life which was kindling up in the bosom of his child. ‘And there,’ pointing to the prisoner Newberry, ‘sits that tory leader! May God have mercy on him, for I cannot!’

He sat down, under great excitement of feeling, and burying his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. As for Newberry, his face paled and his lip quivered, when the witness commenced his narration; and when he concluded, despair seemed to have seized him. The court pronounced him guilty, and he was hung the next day. His wife pleaded for him, but in vain. The interest of the patriot cause required that retributive justice should be dealt out. She was permitted however to take the body of her husband for the purpose of burial. It was placed in a rude coffin, and laid in the basement-room of a house in the vicinity of the camp; and while several persons were sitting round, a large black snake issued from the wall, and passing over the coffin, glided away into the opposite wall!

It may well be imagined that amazement seized upon those who were witnesses of this strange event. The tale soon spread, and it was readily inferred and believed that His Satanic Majesty had offered, in that shape, to convey away the soul of the guilty Newberry. As a consequence, the God of Hosts was on the side of the patriots. The patriotism and courage of the people was much promoted by this strange occurrence. It must be borne in mind that most of the early settlers in that region of country were Germans, and that they partook largely of the superstitions of their father-land. Many a

German mother on this occurrence, called to mind and related to her listening children the tales of the spirits of her native mountains in Germany; and for many long years after the close of the revolutionary war the trial and execution of 'Sergeant Newberry' formed a fruitful theme of winter evening conversation, and the subject of many a nursery tale.

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L I N E S

OF THE DISINTERMENT OF CROMWELL'S REMAINS, AND THEIR EXHIBITION ON THE GIBBET.\*

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BY LUCIUS E. SMITH.

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A TURBULENCE of crowding multitudes  
 From the great city's peopled thoroughfares,  
 Breaks with a jarring dissonance the still  
 Dead silence of the cloister. Honored dust  
 Shakes in the impotence of death, beneath  
 The tread of vilest men. The Abbey walls,  
 Uplifting their gray towers above the din  
 Of daily businesses, their shadows fling  
 On more than common deeds of sacrilege  
 And lasting infamy. His sleeping clay,  
 Whose mighty spirit, from its troubled life  
 Ransomed at last, arose to God who gave it;  
 Even his, who to his last poor earthly hour  
 Had watched the slumbers of the innocent,  
 And guarded England's halls and cottage-fires  
 From foes un pitying and deceitful men,  
 In his cold slumber hath no guardian.  
 Well named PROTECTOR, while he toiled on earth,  
 None can protect him in his final rest,  
 While his heroic dust to dust descends,  
 And mingles with the earth he loved so well!

Move to the gibbet with your princely charge,  
 And let his pale brow shame your slavish souls;  
 High o'er your heads your sheeted victim raise,  
 That heaven and earth may witness to your shame;  
 That the free winds which heard his awful voice,  
 And murmured back an answer to his heart  
 Prophetic of his fame's eternity,  
 May bear your frantic curses on their wings,  
 And speak to listening nations of your shame!  
 Lift to the shuddering skies your maddened shout,  
 To die among the solitudes of air,  
 In its oblivious silence heard no more!

Ay! gaze upon his ghastly countenance,  
 Nor feel one thrill of fear. His hand that swayed  
 A nation's fate, spoiled monarchs of their crown,  
 And turned their armies to resistless flight,  
 Now hangs all nerveless by his side; his heart  
 Frozen in death; his speaking eye is dim;

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\* On the accession of CHARLES THE FIRST the bodies of CROMWELL and IRWIN were disinterred, dragged to Tyburn, and suspended on the gibbet.

And ye, who fled before his living face,  
 Surround in mockery the defenceless dead !  
 Power ye have left t' insult his lifeless clay ;  
 So have the worms within his sepulchre :  
 Glut, abjects ! to the full your reptile hate,  
 And triumph o'er the unresisting dead.

Ye scorn him now, but know that soon your eyes,  
 Which mock this day a hero's sacred dust,  
 Bitter and unavailing tears will shed,  
 When Tyranny's infernal trump shall sound  
 Its signal-blast on your affrighted ears.  
 Prepare ! for he, so late enthroned in joy,  
 Shall soon and suddenly pluck down the hopes  
 Ye blindly set upon him, in the hour,  
 That, with exultant voices, hailed him king.  
 And when upon your necks his yoke is laid,  
 Then bitter memories shall o'ertake your souls !  
 Each groan that speaks a nation's agony  
 Will wake the image of the insulted dead,  
 And overwhelm you with the memory  
 Of this day's frenzy ; when the MAN who heard,  
 And not in vain, England's imploring cry,  
 Was hurried from his grave, in ghastly state,  
 Chained to this tree of death and infamy !

*Williamstown, (Mass.) Dec., 1846.*

## THE OREGON TRAIL:

OR A SUMMER'S JOURNEY OUT OF BOUNDS.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

LAST spring, 1846, was a busy season in the city of St. Louis. Not only were emigrants from every part of the country preparing for the journey to Oregon and California, but an unusual number of traders were making ready their wagons and outfits for Santa Fe. Many of the emigrants, especially of those bound for California, were persons of some wealth and standing. The hotels were crowded, and the gun-smiths and saddlers were kept constantly at work in providing arms and equipments for the different parties of travellers. Almost every day steam-boats were leaving the levee and passing up the Missouri, crowded with passengers on their way to the frontier.

In one of these, the 'Radnor,' since snagged and lost, my friend and relative, Quincy A. Shaw, and myself, left St. Louis on the twenty-eighth of April, on a tour of curiosity and amusement to the Rocky Mountains. The boat was loaded until the water broke alternately over her guards. Her upper-deck was covered with large wagons of a peculiar form, for the Santa Fe trade, and her hold was crammed with goods for the same destination. There were also the equipments and provisions of a party of Oregon emigrants,

a band of mules and horses, piles of saddles and harnesses, and a multitude of nondescript articles, indispensable on the prairies. Almost hidden in this medley, one might have seen a small French cart, of the sort very appropriately called a 'mule-killer' beyond the frontiers, and not far distant a tent, together with a miscellaneous assortment of boxes and barrels. The whole equipage was far from prepossessing in its appearance; yet, such as it was, it was destined to a long and arduous journey, on which the persevering reader will accompany it.

The passengers on board the *Radnor* corresponded with her freight. In her cabin were Santa Fe traders, gamblers, speculators and adventurers of various descriptions, and her steerage was crowded with Oregon emigrants, 'mountain men,' negroes, and half a dozen Kansas Indians, who had been on a visit to St. Louis.

Thus laden, the boat struggled upward for seven or eight days against the rapid current of the Missouri, grating upon snags and hanging for two or three hours at a time upon sand-bars. We entered the mouth of the Missouri in a drizzling rain, but the weather soon became clear, and showed distinctly the broad and turbid river, with its eddies, its sand-bars, its ragged islands and forest-covered shores. The Missouri is constantly changing its course; wearing away its banks on one side, while it forms new ones on the other. Its channel is shifting continually; islands are formed, and then washed away; and while the old forests on one side are undermined and swept off, a young growth springs up from the new soil upon the other side. With all these changes, the water is so charged with mud and sand that it is perfectly opaque, and in a few minutes deposits a sediment an inch thick in the bottom of a tumbler. The river was now high; but when we descended in the autumn it was fallen very low, and all the secrets of its treacherous shallows were exposed to view. It was frightful to see the dead and broken trees, thick-set as a military abbatis, firmly imbedded in the sand, and all pointing down stream, ready to impale any unhappy steam-boat that at high water should pass over that dangerous ground.

In five or six days we began to see signs of the great western movement that was then taking place. Parties of emigrants, with their tents and wagons, would be encamped on open spots near the bank, on their way to the common rendezvous at Independence. On a rainy day, near sun-set, we reached the landing of this place, which is situated some miles from the river, on the extreme frontier of Missouri. The scene was characteristic, for here were represented at one view the most remarkable features of this wild and enterprising region. On the muddy shore stood some thirty or forty dark slavish-looking Spaniards, gazing stupidly out from beneath their broad hats. They were attached to one of the Santa Fe companies, whose wagons were crowded together on the banks above. In the midst of these, crouching over a smouldering fire, were half a dozen Indians, belonging to a remote Mexican tribe. One or two French hunters from the mountains, with their long hair and buck-skin dresses, were looking at the boat; and seated on a

log close at hand were three men, with rifles lying across their knees. The foremost of these, a tall, strong figure, with a clear blue eye and an open, intelligent face, might very well represent that race of restless and intrepid pioneers whose axes and rifles have opened a path from the Alleghanies to the western prairies. He was on his way to Oregon, probably a more congenial field to him than any that now remained on this side the great plains.

Early on the next morning we reached Kansas, about five hundred miles from the mouth of the Missouri. Here we landed, and leaving our equipments in charge of my good friend Colonel Chick, whose log-house was the substitute for a tavern, we set out in a wagon for Westport, where we hoped to procure mules and horses for the journey.

It was a remarkably fresh and beautiful May morning. The rich and luxuriant woods through which the miserable road conducted us were lighted by the bright sunshine and enlivened by a multitude of birds. We overtook on the way our late fellow-travellers, the Kansas Indians, who, adorned with all their finery, were proceeding homeward at a round pace; and whatever they might have seemed on board the boat, they made a very striking and picturesque feature in the forest landscape.

Westport was full of Indians, whose little shaggy ponies were tied by dozens along the houses and fences. Sacs and Foxes, with shaved heads and painted faces, Shawanoes and Delewares, fluttering in calico frocks and turbans, Wyandots dressed like white men, and a few wretched Kansas wrapped in old blankets, were strolling about the streets, or lounging in and out of the shops and houses.

As I stood at the door of the tavern, I saw a remarkable-looking personage coming up the street. He had a ruddy face, garnished with the stumps of a bristly red beard and moustache; on one side of his head was a round cap with a knob at the top, such as Scottish laborers sometimes wear: his coat was of a non-descript form, and made of a gray Scotch plaid, with the fringes hanging all about it; he wore pantaloons of coarse homespun, and hob-nailed shoes; and to complete his equipment, a little black pipe was stuck in one corner of his mouth. In this curious attire I recognized Captain C., of the British army, who, with his brother, Mr. R., and an English gentleman, was bound on a hunting expedition across the continent. I had seen the captain and his companions at St Louis. They had now been for some time at Westport making preparations for their departure, and waiting for a reinforcement, since they were too few in number to attempt it alone. They might, it is true, have joined some of the parties of emigrants who were on the point of setting out for Oregon and California; but they professed great disinclination to have any connexion with the 'Kentucky fellows.'

The captain now urged it upon us that we should join forces and proceed to the mountains in company. Feeling no greater partiality for the society of the emigrants than they did, we thought the arrangement an advantageous one, and consented to it. Our future fellow-travellers had installed themselves in a little log-house,

where we found them all surrounded by saddles, harnesses, guns, pistols, telescopes, knives, and in short their complete appointments for the prairie. R., who professed a taste for natural history, sat at a table stuffing a woodpecker; the brother of the captain, who was an Irishman, was splicing a trail rope on the floor, as he had been an amateur sailor. The captain pointed out, with much complacency, the different articles of their outfit. 'You see,' said he, 'that we are all old travellers.' I am convinced that no party ever went upon the prairie better provided. The hunter whom they had employed, a surly-looking Canadian, named Sorel, and their muleteer, an Amercian from St Louis, were lounging about the building. In a little log stable close at hand were their horses and mules, selected by the captain, who was an excellent judge.

The alliance entered into, we left them to complete their arrangements, while we pushed our own to all convenient speed. The emigrants for whom our friends professed such contempt were encamped on the prairie about eight or ten miles distant, to the number of a thousand or more, and new parties were constantly passing out from Independence to join them. They were in great confusion, holding meetings, passing resolutions, and drawing up regulations, but unable to unite in the choice of leaders to conduct them across the prairie. Being at leisure one day, I rode over to Independence. The town was crowded. A multitude of shops had sprung up to furnish the emigrants and Santa Fe traders with necessities for their journey; and there was an incessant hammering and banging from a dozen blacksmith's sheds, where the heavy wagons were being repaired, and the horses and oxen shod. The streets were thronged with men, horses and mules. While I was in the town, a train of emigrant wagons from Illinois passed through, to join the camp on the prairie, and stopped in the principal street. A multitude of healthy children's faces were peeping out from under the covers of the wagons. Here and there a buxom damsel was seated on horseback, holding over her sunburnt face an old umbrella or a parasol, once gaudy enough, but now miserably faded. The men, very sober-looking countrymen, stood about their oxen; and as I passed I noticed three old fellows who, with their long whips in their hands, were zealously discussing the doctrine of regeneration. The emigrants, however, are not all of this stamp. Among them are some of the vilest outcasts in the country. I have often perplexed myself to divine the various motives that give impulse to this strange migration; but whatever they may be, whether an insane hope of a better condition in life, or a desire of shaking off restraints of law and society, or mere restlessness; certain it is, that multitudes bitterly repent the journey, and after they have reached the land of promise, are happy enough to escape from it.

In the course of seven or eight days we had brought our preparations near to a close; meanwhile our friends had completed theirs, and becoming tired of Westport, they told us that they would set out in advance and wait at the crossing of the Kansas till we should



come up. Accordingly K. and the muleteer went forward with the wagon and tent, while the captain and his brother, together with Sorel, and a trapper named Boisverd, who had joined them, followed with the band of horses. The commencement of the journey was ominous, for the captain was scarcely a mile from Westport, riding along in state at the head of his party, leading his intended buffalo horse by a rope, when a tremendous thunder-storm came on, and drenched them all to the skin. They hurried on to reach the place about seven miles off, where R. was to have had the camp in readiness to receive them; but this prudent person, when he saw the storm approaching, had selected a sheltered glade in the woods where he pitched his tent, and was sipping a comfortable cup of coffee, while the captain galloped for miles beyond through the rain to look for him. At length the storm cleared away, and the sharp-eyed trapper succeeded in discovering his tent: R. had by this time finished his coffee and was seated on a buffalo-robe smoking his pipe. The captain was one of the most easy-tempered men in existence, so he bore his ill-luck with great composure, shared the dregs of the coffee with his brother, and laid down to sleep in his wet clothes.

We ourselves had our share of the deluge. We were leading a pair of mules to Kansas when the storm broke. Such sharp and incessant flashes of lightning, such stunning and continuous thunder, I never heard before. The woods were completely obscured by the diagonal sheet of rain that fell with a heavy roar, and rose in spray from the ground; and the streams rose so rapidly that we could hardly ford them. At length, looming through the rain, we saw the log-house of Colonel Chick, who received us with his usual bland hospitality; while his wife who, though a little soured and stiffened by too frequent attendance on camp-meetings, was not behind him in hospitable feeling, supplied us with the means of repairing our drenched and bedraggled condition. The storm clearing away at about sunset, opened a noble prospect from the porch of the Colonel's house, which stands upon a high hill. The sun streamed from the breaking clouds upon the swift and angry Missouri, and on the immense expanse of luxuriant forest that stretched from its banks back to the distant bluffs.

Returning on the next day to Westport, we received a message from the captain, who had ridden back to deliver it in person, but finding that we were in Kansas, had entrusted it with an acquaintance of his named Vogel, who kept a small grocery and liquor shop. Whiskey by the way circulates more freely in Westport than is altogether safe in a place where every man carries a loaded pistol in his pocket. As we passed this establishment, we saw Vogel's broad German face and kuavish-looking eyes thrust from his door. He said he had something to tell us, and invited us to take a dram. Neither his liquor nor his message were very palatable. The captain had returned to give us notice that R., who assumed the direction of his party, had determined upon another route from that agreed upon between us; and instead of taking the course of the traders, to pass northward by Fort Leavenworth, and follow the

path marked out by the dragoons in their expedition of last summer. To adopt such a plan without consulting us, we looked upon as a very high-handed proceeding; but suppressing our dissatisfaction as well as we could, we made up our minds to join them at Fort Leavenworth, where they were to wait for us.

Accordingly, our preparation being now complete, we attempted one fine morning to commence our journey. The first step was an unfortunate one. No sooner were our animals put in harness, than the shaft-mule reared and plunged, burst ropes and straps, and nearly flung the cart into the Missouri. Finding her wholly uncontrollable, we exchanged her for another, with which we were furnished by our friend Mr. Boone of Westport, a grandson of Daniel Boone, the pioneer. This foretaste of prairie experience was very soon followed by another. Westport was scarcely out of sight, when we encountered a deep muddy gulley, of a species that afterward became but too familiar to us; and here for the space of an hour or more the cart stuck fast.

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A S O N G .

'LUFF WHEN YOU CAN, BEAR AWAY WHEN YOU MUST.'

BY JAMES KENWARD, JR.

WHEN the mariner sees, far ahead on the ocean,  
By the yesty white waves, in their wildest commotion,  
That breakers are lying direct in his path,  
He dashes not onward to brave all their wrath,  
But, still in his compass and helm placing trust,  
Luffs, luffs if he can, bears away when he must.

Mid the lightning's sharp flash, mid the thunder's deep roar,  
When the foaming waves dash on the rocky sea-shore,  
When Hope disappears, and the terrible form  
Of Death rides triumphant upon the dark storm,  
In God and their ship the bold mariners trust,  
Luff, luff while they can, yield a point when they must.

Then make it your rule, on the billows of life,  
So to sail as to shun all commotion and strife;  
And thus shall your voyage of existence be pleasant,  
Hope smile on the future, Joy beam on the present;  
If you in the rule of the mariner trust,  
Luff, luff while you can, bear away when you must.

And when the lee-shore of grim Death is in view,  
And the tempests of fate your lone vessel pursue!  
Even while your last prayers unto God are addressed,  
Though prepared for the worst, still hope on for the best;  
Carry sail till the last stitch of canvass is burst—  
Luff, luff while you can, drive ashore when you must.

*Portsmouth, N. H., January, 1847.*

## T E A R S :

FROM THE NORWEGIAN.

EARTH, for the destiny of men,  
 Each night is bathed in Tears ;  
 Morn brings The Bridegroom-Sun — and then  
 She re-consolated appears.

CHILDHOOD hath Tears that lightly flow,  
 And, lightly, are forgot.  
 Joy, in its burst, resembleth Woe —  
 In these, a source is not !

Like the quick shower in early May  
 Of unexpected Snow,  
 There comes one beam of Heaven's own day  
 And smiles the green below !

And FRIENDSHIP mourns. Even He hath wept  
 Who knew no mortal stain ;  
 Who taught that Lazarus only slept  
 And all should meet again.

By perjury accused of Crime  
 Tears fill the eye of TRUTH.  
 REMORSE, that backward looks on Time,  
 In Tears remembers youth.

Yet clouds from whence the storms descend  
 Reflect the Rainbow bright :  
 Thus Hope, sweet Hope, the worn heart's friend,  
 Beams o'er affliction's night.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 But there 's one Tear, to Hope unknown —  
 Known but to few on Earth —  
 Sad, sad the breast, and dark, and lone,  
 That gives this Tear it's birth.

It hath no earthly, mortal smart ;  
 'Tis like no other pain ;  
 But burns a passage from the heart  
 And fires the withering brain !

A laugh may bring it but no sigh  
 Doth it's approach bespeak ;  
 It scalds, perchance, the maddening eye,  
 But ne'er bedews the cheek.

Cold damp, upon the brow of death,  
 Is luxury, to this ;  
 The throe that heaves the parting breath  
 Compar'd with this, is bliss !

ELLA ! my life ! my Soul ! more dear  
 Even now than all to me,  
 Teach me some name to call this Tear ;  
 The Blood-Drop came from thee !

JOHN WATERS.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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THE NEW TIMON: A ROMANCE OF LONDON. In one volume. pp. 208. First American from the third London edition. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART.

WE have made our way through this book, having been impelled to the labor, first from seeing 'Third edition' marked upon the London cover, and secondly, because we have observed divers encomiums going the rounds of the press, commending the volume to the especial attention of the public. Now as 'the public' and ourselves have somewhat to do with each other, and as we dislike to have the labor of our forced march for nothing, we propose to say something of this same 'New Timon.' We were taken rather aback, we confess, by the tone of self-confidence assumed by the author. Hear his promises:

'No tawdry grace shall womanize my pen,  
Ev'n in a love-song man should write for men.  
Not mine, not mine (oh! Muse forbid!) the boon  
Of borrowed notes, the mock-bird's modish tune.'

Having thus formally announced his claims, let us see how the author appears when tried in the light of them. We recollect among the occurrences of our boyhood to have seen and read a play by that clever sheep-stealer, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, called 'Timon of Athens.' This 'New Timon' naturally brought to our mind the story of the man-hater, told by the great dramatist. And we will here admit that we fairly acquit our author of any imitation, servile or otherwise, of the 'Bard of Avon.' Still it was no trifling attempt, it strikes us—doubtless the author thought differently—to assume for his volume a similar name; and as if the other work were specially in view, to dub this *par excellence* 'The New Timon.' We will devote a brief space, first to the subject of the work, and secondly to what we conceive to be its poetic merit.

The 'Timon of Athens' is admitted to be one of the best satires ever written. It contains the most striking and at the same time the most natural examples of ingratitude—that of a state to its defender and of friends to a private benefactor. It shows too the folly of indiscriminate liberality and of thoughtless profuseness, together with the short-lived and uncertain duration of purchased praise. We have read the 'New Timon' through and through, to find in it some moral; some object, some particular design; but we can find none, at least none worthy of a published volume. We have the story of a half-blood:

'THE offspring of an Indian maid  
And English chief, whose orient hues betrayed

The Varna Sankara of the mixed embrace,  
Carved by his sword a charter from disgrace,  
Assumed the father's name, the Christian's life,  
And his sins cursed him with an English wife.'

The author tells us in a long note the meaning of 'Varna-Sankara' in this passage, to which we refer the reader, if curious on the subject. Well, the 'English wife' gives birth to MORVALE, the hero of our tale, the new TIMON, who, as a West Indian would say, is a regular 'quadroon.' The husband dies; the wife marries again, and deserts her first-born; gives birth to a daughter; loses her second husband, and goes to England. In the mean time our hero, who seems to be on luck's side, receives a large fortune by will from one of his father's friends. He goes to England to seek his mother; she evades him till on her death-bed, when she repents her of her cruelty, and dies, consigning her daughter to the care of the half-brother. There is a mystery about CALANTHA, the sister, which is kept up till we are nearly through with the story, and a very senseless mystery it is. The new TIMON after a while finds a young girl named LUCY, in the street, whom he relieves and takes to his home as a companion for his sister. The character of this girl is better drawn than any in the poem. Her sweetness of temper and purity of heart are very fairly portrayed. Our hero next makes the acquaintance of Lord ARDEN, who has been a wit and a debauchee, and who turns out to be the father of LUCY. We now have the mystery unravelled which hangs round CALANTHA; for Lord ARDEN proves to be the one who had won her heart and deserted her. Our hero and Lord ARDEN quarrel; CALANTHA prevents their fighting; and the former suspends the execution of his revenge until after the death of his sister, which soon takes place. He then goes in search of ARDEN. On his way he encounters a holy preacher, and becomes a Christian. Of course his hand is stayed; he foregoes his vengeance; soon after saves the life of his foe, Lord Arden, and then dies. LUCY, being illegitimate, could not 'take' under the will, because she was not specially named; and the new TIMON, now that she is penniless again, marries her; and so ends the tale. Now we ask for the *design* of the work before us. We find in it only a place in which the *author* may vent his abundant spleen against an existing state of things. *He* is the real TIMON, and not our half-breed hero. And for this reason we say, that there can be no important moral gathered from the book. We should not have considered it very unnatural to find some spite exhibited by MORVALE toward civilization: we can't see, after all, what *reason* he would have for it, as he owes to it a large fortune, an education and a good wife. Still, we will not quarrel with his misanthropy, such as it is; but we maintain that our author is the real misanthrope; or rather, that he *affects* to be. There is a slur at everything, whenever he can get a slur in. He scoffs at things as they are, finding nothing but evil and enmity in the world. He seems to rejoice in illegitimacy as a subject. MORVALE's father is illegitimate; his wife is illegitimate; and his sister bears the reputation of having been seduced, which we are happy to say, however, turns out to be a mistake.

If there is any one thing that we especially disaffect and cannot abide, it is a mawkish, sentimental, *affected* disregard of things as they are; of fashion, of parade, of etiquette; of the customs of society, and the like. Admitting that many of these are absurd and ridiculous, that they are subjects of true satire, we yet cannot tolerate one who lives and practices these very absurdities just as far as he is able to do so, while he is continually declaiming against them, without proposing any thing, and

without doing any thing to correct the evil. We could not understand what had sent the 'New TIMON' through three editions, until we came, at the thirty-fourth page, to a long and fulsome eulogy upon the Duke of WELLINGTON; next to which we find a bitter attack upon DANIEL O'CONNELL. 'Very appropriate topics,' the reader will say, 'for the New TIMON.' Assuredly, when we remember that the author does his share of the talking, and has certainly said more in those four pages to sell his book than in all the rest put together. A misanthrope, and laud WELLINGTON while he curses O'CONNELL! Our readers know very well the necessity of court-patronage to give energy to a poor poem, and so it seems does our author; and hence he does not hesitate to resort to a miserable clap-trap for a miserable end.

But we promised to say something of the poetic merit of the work. We do not affirm that there are no good *passages* in the book, for there certainly are; but we do say that we have rarely met with a work that made so great pretensions to merit of every kind, which had so little to support it. Our author seems to have studied what is called 'poetic license' with extraordinary success. He leaps five or six feet, (we speak poetically,) just as it suits his convenience. He squeezes in an extra syllable, or elongates one into two, as the case may require, as if he were King of English, and was an *absolute* monarch into the bargain. We give a few examples, taken promiscuously:

'And gentle birth still moulds the *delicate* phrase.'

'Wise in the *exquisite* act of tenderness.'

'Of *penury* fell the mother and the maid.'

'The ghost of Time in Memory's *desolate* halls.'

'Each drop moves rounded in its *separate* orb;'

and like passages without number. We have no doubt the author would confidently quote a similar disregard of rule in the best poets:

'To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,'

for example; but we answer, that where our best poets *do* take such license, they really add force and beauty to the versification; for instance, how much more perfect, all things considered, is the first of the two lines which ensue:

'To gild refined gold, to paint the *lily*;

'To gild refined gold, to paint the *rose*:'

although the latter is strictly within poetic measure, while the former is not. Whether our author can plead a like merit for his overcharged lines we leave our readers to judge.

There are many good passages in 'The New TIMON,' but none which show exalted genius. It is but fair that the author should speak for himself; we shall quote therefore what appears to us to be among the best, commencing with a touching truth, simply told:

'DREAD to the poor the least suspense of health;  
Their hands their friends, their labor all their wealth;  
Let the wheel rest from toil a single sun,  
And all the humble clock-work is undone.'

Here are two neat lines:

'At length her dove-like eyes to his she raised,  
And all the comfort words forbade she gazed.'

The following is a fair specimen of the better parts of the book :

'ALAS! alas! why on the fatal brink  
Of the abyss, doth not the instinct shrink?  
The meaner tribe the coming storm foresees,  
In the still calm the bird divines the breeze;  
The ox that grazes shuns the poison-weed,  
The unseen tiger frights afar the steed.  
To man alone no kind foreboding shows  
The latent horror or the ambushed foes:  
O'er each blind moment hangs the funeral pall,  
Heaven shines, earth smiles, and night descends on all!'

And yet, with all due indulgence, the above lines will not bear a healthful criticism; they can at best only support the character of a reputable mediocrity. The next passage which we quote sinks very much beneath the preceding. We will take the commencement of the poem :

'O'er a royal London in luxuriant May,  
While lamps yet twinkled, dawning crept the day;  
Home from the hell the pale-eyed gamester steals,  
Home from the ball flash jaded Beauty's wheels;  
The lean grimalkin, who since night began,  
Hath hymned to love amid the wrath of man,  
Scared from his raptures by the morning star,  
Flits fleetly by, and threads the area bar.'

We cannot 'give in' to 'pale-eyed;' it is overstrained and untrue. A gamester's eye is more apt to be bloodshot than pale. What the 'flash of jaded Beauty's wheels' meant we were for some brief space a little at a loss to conjecture; but fancy that it refers to a hackney-coach. The allusion to 'grimalkin' is ridiculous as well as disgusting. Who ever heard of a tom-cat scared by a star before? Thus much for our author's opening. We give another specimen :

'Lo! where a tilt at friend, if barred from foe,  
He scorns the ground and volunteers the blow;  
And, tired with conquest over DAN and SNOW,  
Plants a sly bruise on the nose of BOB.  
Decorous BOB, too friendly to reprove,  
Suggests Irish fighting in the next remove;  
And prompts his chum, in hopes the vein to cool,  
To the prim benches of the upper school.'

We imagine that the above refers to STANLEY. We make no comment upon the refinement of diction or feeling manifested in the lines, but pass to another extract :

'WHAT caused the mandate? wherefore do I shrink?  
The stream runs on; why tarry on the brink?  
On to my task; yet in the pause between  
Sorrow and joy, behold the quiet scene;  
The chamber stately in that calm repose  
Which Art, the god whose life is calm, bestows;  
There gleam the shapes in which, immortal still,  
Live the bright exiles from the Olympian Hill;  
Still moonéd DIAN from the breathing stone,  
Haunts, with pure eyes, thy dreams, ENDYMION;  
Still on the vast brow of the Father-God,  
Hangs the hushed thunder of the awful nod.'

We maintain that the above is the merest specimen of bombast imaginable. The 'moonéd' DIAN haunting ENDYMION with *pure* eyes is novel to us. If we remember rightly, this same DIAN, although the patroness of chastity, forgot the dignity of her office to enjoy the company of this very ENDYMION. The 'thunder' of a 'nod' is something 'odd'—exceedingly 'odd;' but we suppose that we must take no offence at it, since it is recorded in the '*New* TIMON.' We might go on till we had extracted half the book, to sustain the opinion we express of it; but the reader would cry 'Hold!' and our limits forbid. 'We remark, in conclusion,' that we cannot conceive

what could have induced our friends the publishers of this volume to venture upon its publication. Would not a native author, bringing such wares to their market, have been rejected? The pretensions of the work prevent the tender of that charitable criticism which is often granted to an humble author of mediocre merit, who does not attempt to pass for more than he is worth. A jackdaw may be a very respectable specimen of the animal creation *as* a jackdaw; but when, arrayed in borrowed plumage, it arrogates to itself an elegance and beauty not its own, nothing remains but to strip the bird of its false covering, and turn it loose to find its fellows as best it may.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for the January Quarter. Number CXXXIV. pp. 272. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY, New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THE titles of the several papers in the present number of the 'North American' are as follow: 'CHARLES EDWARD, the Pretender;' 'BROUGHAM's Lives of Men of Letters;' 'The Sources of the Divina Commedia;' 'Life and Times of THOMAS A BECKET;' 'Memoirs of the Federal Administrations;' 'WORCESTER's Universal Dictionary;' 'HOLMES's Urania;' 'MACKENZIE's Life of DECATUR;' 'Hochelaga, or England in the New World;' and a cluster of six brief 'Critical Notices,' of SUMNER's Phi Beta Kappa Address, HOWE on Prison Discipline, LIDDELL and SCOTT's Greek Lexicon, SMITH's Memoirs of FICHTE, Reports on Tenements for the Poor, and LIVERMORE's Lectures to Young Men. We have found time to read but four of the above-named articles. The paper upon CHARLES EDWARD, the Pretender, is replete with interest, as is also that upon the 'Life and Times of THOMAS A BECKET. In the article upon HOLMES's 'Urania,' (recently noticed with deserved favor in these pages, and commended with equal cordiality in our chief Quarterly,) occurs this passage. We italicise a few sentences, as forcibly conveying sentiments which we have heretofore expressed, in view of certain claims advanced by mere pen-and-ink novelists and would-be poets among us, who have contended that a writer's '*aims*' should alone be regarded in criticism, since an author could not be expected to accomplish more than he himself '*intended*.' How many hapless booksellers' shelves are filled with these lofty and barren '*good intentions*,' in prose and verse! But to the extract:

'THE public have anticipated our favorable verdict upon this poem; though less than three months have elapsed since its delivery, it has already passed to a second edition. It may have attained a third for aught we know, as the first issue was exhausted almost as soon as it was announced. In these poetic times, when quite good poetry is absolutely a drug in the market, and fugitive rhymes are so very fugitive that they are forgotten about as quickly as they are uttered, that a poet should so speedily acquire and retain the ear of the public is an indication either of remarkable ability, or of still more remarkable good fortune. In the present state of the reading world, immediate popularity, we believe, is no bad proof of the excellence of poetry, though it would certainly be a very insufficient test of merit in the case of philosophy or science. He who sings for the public, and cannot find a grateful audience, would do better to keep his music to himself. *If the multitude neglect him, it is a pretty good proof that he ought to be neglected.* He may become fashionable with a certain class, the idol of a particular school, the bard of a clique or a coterie; but *he is no true poet, unless he can excite the imaginations and move the feelings of all men.* It is his business to strike chords which find a response in every bosom, to present analogies which are perceptible to every mind, to command the passions which are the universal attribute of human nature. *If his verse needs explanation or comment, if one must be educated before he can understand it, or go through a particular training before he can appreciate it,* the busy world will pass it by, and will lose very little by its neglect.' . . . 'Plain good sense, an ear for the harmony of numbers, excitable feelings, and a tolerably quick perception of analogies, are among the ordinary endowments of our common nature; and these are all the qualifications in his hearers which a poet ought to require. If he goes farther, he must not complain if the wearied listeners gradually lose patience and leave him alone. *We have no regard for the common complaint, that a certain poet is unduly neglected or his works censured without just cause, merely because the public will not embrace his theory, and look at them from his point of view. It is not the world's business to satisfy the poet's requisitions; it is his duty to conform to theirs.* If he will address himself to tastes and opinions which are held only by a few, he must not grumble if those few compose the whole circle of his admirers.'



There are unhappy 'novelists' and disappointed 'bardlings' who have been made practically to *feel* the force of the facts here set forth, however strenuously they may heretofore have opposed the positions of the reviewer. We pass the 'North American' to our readers without farther comment, save the remark that it continues to sustain the high character which has given it consideration at home and abroad for so many years. It is considered a standard literary authority in England; and we observe that a popular London publisher is issuing, in a series of volumes, articles which have appeared from time to time in its pages within the last thirty years.

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AMERICAN PROGRESS: A LECTURE before the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati, December 8, 1846. By GAMALIEL BAILEY, Jr. Cincinnati, Ohio: Press of EDWIN SHEPPARD.

THIS is a clear, well-arranged, and very spirited performance. It evinces much research and embraces a large amount of valuable information. Our space does not admit of extended extracts; yet we cannot resist the inclination to condense a portion of the 'summing up' from well-established premises. In the beginning of this century, an immense solitude lay stretched out between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, the home of the wandering savage and buffalo. Through it rolled the Mississippi, Father of Waters, constituting with his tributaries an extent of navigation equal to twelve thousand miles; draining one million three hundred thousand square miles, or one twenty-eighth part of the surface of the earth. And it seemed destined to roll on in eternal silence. The stealthy canoe might be seen, darting across its dark bosom, or an occasional keel-boat laboring along amid 'tangled undergrowth and miry swamp;' but no sounds of busy commerce echoed along its shores. Away to the north slumbered the great lakes, unexplored, skirting our shores for two thousand miles, with a coast of five thousand miles in extent; embosomed in a country of boundless productiveness, and capable of a commerce of incalculable value. Not a sail whitened their bosoms, no steam-boat vexed their quiet, but the pirogue of the French fur-trader was the chief carrier of their petty traffic. In 1794 four keel-boats, each of twenty tons, and occupying one month in going and returning, performed all the carrying trade between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh. In 1802, the first government vessel appeared on Lake Erie; in 1811, the first steam-boat was launched at Pittsburgh; in 1818, the first steam-boat was built on Lake Erie. And now what do we see? The solitary places made glad; the fires of civilization burning in every valley, upon every hill top, along every shore; the treasures of a continent unlocked; a world of life, where there was a wilderness; steam-boats descending from the Falls of St. Anthony, two thousand miles to the Gulf of Mexico; steam-boats ascending to the Great Falls of the Missouri, four thousand miles from the gulf; steam-boats thronging the Ohio and tributaries, an extent of five thousand miles of navigable waters; palaces of steam-boats darkening the Great Lakes. There are at this time seven hundred and fifty steam-boats on the western rivers, a number nearly equal to all the steam-boats of Great Britain a few years since. 'At the end of this century,' adds the writer, elsewhere, 'the Pacific shores of this North American continent will be the seat of a civilization like that which now bears away on the Atlantic coast. Rivers of the Oregon, the Bay of St. Francisco, the Colorado, the Gulf of California, will float a commerce as grand as that which now darkens the great inland seas on our north, and the rivers of the Mississippi valley. The buffalo will

have disappeared; a few Indians may linger in the passes of the mountains; but the intervening prairies will swarm with the Anglo-American tribes, and be dotted all over with the beautiful homes of civilization. Railroads and highways of all sorts will have bound the Atlantic and Pacific shores together with bands not to be broken; a trip from Boston to Astoria will be no more thought of than was a journey from Boston to Cincinnati forty or fifty years ago; and the Pacific ocean will groan under the commerce which shall then spread its sails between the Old and New Worlds. Now suppose this new world, thus peopled, to be existing under one government; cemented together by identical institutions, language, customs; by the recollections of a common origin, a common history, sufferings and triumphs in common; by common interests and a reciprocal free commerce; then no military establishment would be required larger than the United States have now; there would be a patriotism with no bounds but two oceans; peace, perpetual over one quarter of the globe; a civilization, harmonious in its sympathies and interests, unexampled in its development, enduring as the world itself. If this continent can be settled gradually, peacefully, honorably by the Anglo-American People; if it can be brought under one government; if the Federal Union, like the Bow of Promise, can span this immense aggregate of sea and river, wilderness and prairie, valley and mountain, in one embrace, who will not rejoice? Is such a prospect visionary? It is not; the dream may yet have a reality.' This is indeed no uncertain prophecy. Prophecy, even the wildest, has always done us injustice, and lagged behind the actual fulfilment. Long live REPUBLICAN AMERICA!

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THE ADOPTED SON: A HISTORICAL NOVEL. By J. VAN LENNEP, LL. D. Translated from the Dutch by E. W. HOSKIN. In two volumes. pp. 458. New-York: BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY.

THE fact that a good portion of the present space appropriated to the review-department of the KNICKERBOCKER is occupied by notices which were in type for our last number, must constitute our apology for not noticing more at large the volumes before us. 'The Adopted Son' should be read by every true KNICKERBOCKER, if for no other reason than is embraced in the circumstance that it is the first novel that has ever been translated from the legitimate Dutch vernacular in the United States. Mr. Hoskin, the capable translator, informs us, in a brief introduction, that the translation was completed six years ago, at which time he had no intention of publishing it; but reading it over recently, in his own domestic circle, the interest which it excited led him to consent to its publication. We have had leisure to glance but hastily through the volume; yet we are led to think, rather from the descriptive than the dialogue portions of the work, that the impressions of the 'domestic circle' referred to by the translator will be confirmed by the public. The language throughout seems to have been studiously preserved in its original simplicity; and there is a great uniformity of characteristic 'keeping' in the gradual development of each of the *dramatis personæ*. We had one or two illustrative passages marked for insertion, but must defer them 'till a more convenient season.' In the meantime we commend a perusal of the work to all faithful KNICKERBOCKERS, and to our readers generally. It is well executed in its externals, and is dedicated, in a few well-chosen sentences, to His Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE KINGDOM OF POETRY.—We are indebted to a friend for the following amusing description of '*The Kingdom of Poetry*.' It was written for '*The Rambler*,' a small, thin periodical, 'about the size of a little book,' which sported its brief existence in this metropolis nearly forty years ago. There is a good deal of pleasant and forcible satire embraced in the 'survey' which ensues: 'Poetry is bounded on the east by Eloquence, on the south by Painting and Sculpture; on the west by Music; and its northern shores are washed by the ocean of Erudition. It is divided, like other countries, into high and low lands. The higher poetry is inhabited by grave self-important personages, whose language, compared with that of the other provinces, is like the Spanish compared with the French. They are generally heroes by profession; and cutting an armed giant in twain from head to foot is but a trifle in their estimation. As to their women, the sun itself is not to be compared with the ugliest of them. Their horses are more fleet than the wind, and the trees of their country disdain to wave their heads lower than the clouds. The capital of the province is called *Epic Poetry*. It is built on a sandy and barren soil, which few have attempted to cultivate. This city is said to be far more vast than the ancient Nineveh. Whether it be so or not, it is a fact that those travellers who have attempted to explore every part of it complained mightily of being fatigued. The inhabitants of this upper country, as well as those of the whole kingdom, are not very scrupulous about the veracity of whatever they advance. They entertain strangers with tales of fancy, which they relate with a very serious air, and in a manner tolerably interesting. They are particularly careful to conduct the curious to the antique mausoleum of HOMER, to the tomb of VIRGIL, and to the more modern monument erected to the memory of TELEMACHUS. The most disagreeable occurrences in this city are the disputes, challenges, combats and massacres which we encounter at every step; but the gloominess which such scenes naturally inspire are soon dissipated on our arrival at the Roman suburbs. These exceed the city itself in length; and the people residing in them are handsomer and more accomplished. They have all been great travellers and are all impassioned lovers. They are ever running at the ring of pleasure; festivals occupy the chief part of their attention; and a stranger is never suffered to leave them till he has assisted at five or six of their most splendid marriage ceremonies.

'From the extremes of these suburbs are discovered immense shelvy mountains, surrounded on all sides with precipices. Among these are situated *Tragedy*, an extra-

ordinary country, where we particular remark the ruins of a few cities still beautiful amid their devastation. On approaching them the mind is seized with the profoundest melancholy. The inhabitants here are so habitually cruel, that even the women clap their hands with approbation at the sight of a miserable being in the act of stabbing or poisoning himself. Not far distant from the ruins, in a charming situation, rises the fair city of *Comedy*. A natural taste for painting is generally infused among its inhabitants; but it is a pity that they often make use of this talent to represent dangerous objects under a seducing appearance. Each one here amuses himself with the little foibles of his neighbors, without caring who laughs in return; and this forms the chief pleasure of their societies. The city is divided into five parts; at the entrance of each is placed a band of musicians, and sometimes a group of dancers, to welcome the stranger. It is defended by a citadel, which, in the language of the country, is called a *Bologne*; and here visitors are stopped, to be informed of the beauties of the place, and to be desired to conduct themselves with proper decorum during their stay in it. These precautions are taken to guard against the *Critics*, a cunning and evil-minded nation, eternally at war with the kingdom of Poetry. On the declivity of a little hill is seen another city, called *Tragi-Comedy*, where the inhabitants laugh with one side of the face and cry with the other. Although they are much liked by some, they never retain the affections of strangers for any length of time.

'The higher and lower poetry are separated by the immense solitary retreats of *Good Sense*, where the eye never reposes on a town or hamlet, and meets nothing but humble cottages scattered on the plain. It is, notwithstanding, the finest soil in the kingdom; producing in abundance all the delicacies of life. The want of population in this part arises from the narrowness of the roads and the difficulty of obtaining proper guides. Beside these obstacles, this province is nearly surrounded with the country of *False Wit*, whose inhabitants are either amusing themselves in the pursuit of pretty nothingnesses and dazzling chimeras, or repose at their ease in the lap of voluptuousness; so that few of them take the trouble of visiting the neighboring solitudes. The capital of this dangerous country is called *Elegy*; it is encompassed with caves and purling rills, and rocks and woods, where the solitary inhabitants are ever on foot, with arms folded and eyes bent downward, imploring the inanimate objects around them to be the faithful confidants of their grief; which the rocks and purling rills are of course careful not to betray.

'The kingdom of Poetry is watered by two rivers: *Rhyme* and *Reason*. The latter is confined to the retreats of *Good Sense*; and hence we may account for its being so little frequented. The former rises from the foot of mount *Reverie*; and a vast number of travellers are attracted by a magnificent abode, built on its banks, distinguished by the name of *Frivolity*. The province we have above described is bounded on one side by the vast forest of *Stupidity*; the trees of which grow so close together, and are so rankly interwoven one with the other, that the rays of the sun can never penetrate it. It is so ancient, that passengers make it a point of religion to touch one of the branches. On its confines we meet with *Imitation*, a province of immense extent, and totally unfruitful: its inhabitants are extremely poor, and make a livelihood by gleaning in the neighboring fields; and that without the least acknowledgment to the proprietors. The kingdom of Poetry is extremely cold at the northern extremity, where the inhabitants are of small growth, pedantic and affected, to such a point that if you attend to them they will speak nothing but Latin, and con-

verse an hour at least on the turning of a particular phrase or the force of a particular point. In this part of the kingdom we also find the little towns of *Anagram*, *Acrostic*, *Charade*, and many others of like note. It is worthy of remark that in these towns the inhabitants scarce ever arrive at the years of manhood. Beyond this place is the ocean we have before spoken of. At a small distance from the shore we discover the island of *Satire*, dependent on the kingdom of Poetry. The sea by which this island is encompassed abounds in a salt of an extremely acrid and pungent flavor; and it is probably from this cause that the islanders here are afflicted with bilious complaints, and become morose and ill-natured. One of their towns however is an exception to this character. At the time the island was under the dominion of the Romans, this city was governed by one *Juvenal*, who left behind him a taste for true wit and beauty that is not yet entirely lost. I might also add a description of the peninsula of *Epigram*, which is terminated in a very sharp point, where it was once intended to erect a castle, to intercept all *Sonnets*, *Madrigals* and *Songs* that should approach the shore. But on reflection, the few that could possibly arrive were not deemed of sufficient importance, and the project was dropped.

BATTLE OF THE WINES. — We have received from a new correspondent the following amusing paper. It is a translation from a French manuscript of BRABAZAN, written in the thirteenth century, and possesses much interest as giving a curious list of the wines used at that early period. Some names, it would seem, have survived the lapse of the half-a-dozen succeeding centuries, and still remain to us in all the freshness of their ancient reputation. In translating this old French, our correspondent has evidently attempted to preserve, so far as might be consistent with 'keeping the English upon its legs,' the simplicity of expression and bareness of style in the original, as illustrating this characteristic in all early literature:

'KING PHILIP, le Gentil,' was a dear lover of good wine. He called it the friend of man, and as often as occasion presented itself, failed not himself to cultivate the friendship. But as he was unwilling to be prodigal of his own wine, and as in all things we ought to be provident and judicious, he undertook one day to make choice of a kind most suited to his liking, and accordingly sent over the whole world to find the best that was offered by the most celebrated vineyards. They all sued eagerly for the honor of satisfying the thirst of the monarch. Each sent a delegation to represent its merits, and daily would you see wines of the most exquisite flavor arriving at PHILIP's table from the different countries of the earth.

'There chanced to be at the court about this time an English priest, the KING's chaplain, who, with the holy stole about his neck, took upon himself the office of examining the wines before they were served up to the royal board. BEAUVAIN, ETAMPES and CHALONS first presented themselves; but hardly had the good man laid eyes upon them, when horror took possession of his soul; and straightway pronouncing sentence of excommunication, he drove them from the room, and interdicted their ever again entering into the presence of honest folk. This severe rebuke made so great an impression on MANTZ and TOURS, that turning away with fright, they made out to save their reputations by not daring to await the ordeal. The same was the case with ARGENCE, RHENISH and CHAMBLI. A single look that the chaplain accidentally cast toward them was enough to create a rout. They betook them-

selves to flight, and it was well they did so ; had they remained any longer I cannot say what would have been their fate.

'The hall having been somewhat cleared by the departure of this rabble, there remained only what was good ; for the priest would not tolerate the presence of even the mediocrity. CLERMONT and BEAUVOISINS then made their appearance, and were received in a distinguished manner. Emboldened by this kind reception, CHAMPAGNE came forward with a confident air, and without so much as blushing, gave out that he was of more consequence than all his rivals ; but PIERREFITTE, telling over a similar story of like presumption, pretends in his turn to deserve the preference ; and in witness thereto calls upon his neighbors MARLY, MONTMORENCY and DEUIL. They, to prove his merit, alleged that he, in company with the wines of Moselle, had the honor of quenching the thirst of the Germans, from whom he received in return beautiful pieces of silver and gold. BURGUNDY attempted to outdo even this : he prided himself on supplying not merely Flanders, Normandy and Brittany, but England, Scotland, Ireland and Denmark too. In confirmation thereof he produced a quantity of English sterling money that he had brought back from his travels in those lands. And here ANDELI, BORDEAUX, SAINTES, ANGOULEME, and the excellent white wine of POITIERS, pressed forward all together to demand the honor of the sovereign's choice ; but CHANI, MONTRICHARD, LAÇOIS, MONTMOURILLON, CHATEAURoux and ISSOUDUN, stopping them half-way, maintained with warmth the glory of the wines of France. 'What !' said they, 'if you possess more strength than us, have not we, to make up for it, a briskness and delicacy of flavor that is wanting in you?—and we never hear the eyes and the head loading us with reproaches.' The other party hastened to reply, and a quarrel straightway began. Meanwhile their breaths, excited by the heat of the controversy, perfumed the whole apartment. A pretty tournament to look upon was this of these champions, drawn up in fierce array to do battle with each other for the prize of a king's preference ! And there was no one, whether far or near, knight or serf, priest or layman, even were he lame or were he blind, but would willingly have come there to break a lance in the cause of his favorite ; and I engage that not one forsooth would have been anxious here to insist on merely the quarantain, (i. e., forty day's service.)

'The KING, whose irresolution and embarrassment were only doubly increased by all these pretensions and contrary stories, declared that he would himself make trial of the several aspirants. This was the means of deciding the case in a manner sure and satisfactory to all parties. The chaplain imitated the KING, and tasted too ; finding then for the first time that the wine was somewhat better than the beer of his own country, he threw a wax candle on the earth and excommunicated every drop of drink made in Flanders, England, and on the other side of the Oise. At each bumper that he quaffed, a strange exclamation broke from his lips : '*Ice goute !*' In short, so thoroughly did he taste, that the servants had to carry him off on a bed, where he slept three days and three nights without opening his eyes.

'At last KING PHILIP was able, by the help of his palate, to assign them their respective ranks. He named the CYPRUS wine 'Pope,' and AQUILAT 'Cardinal.' As for the French wines, he chose from among them three kings,\* five counts and

\* THE spirit of the age will be noticed in this arrangement. The dignity of the POPE is expressive of the highest honor and merit, while the KINGS occupy only the third rank in the author's scale.

twelve peers. Ah! whoever can be certain of having one of these peers at his table every day of his life, may promise himself to have no more any unhappy hours to fear! If however any one has been deprived of the society of so *noble* a companion, shall I counsel him therefore to go hang himself? No, indeed! whether good or bad, let us thankfully drink such wine as Providence has given us.'

NAVAL SKETCHES: SCENES IN HAVANA, ETC.—Our young and enthusiastic correspondent, Mr. E. CURTISS HINE, attached to the United States' sloop-of-war 'Albany,' writes us as follows from Havana, under date of the thirteenth of December. The 'Albany' subsequently sailed for Vera Cruz; and Mr. HINE will keep us fully advised of whatever of interest may occur in a quarter to which so many anxious eyes are now turned: 'It was a bright and sunny afternoon when we approached Havana. The grim mountains of Cuba towered against the far distant saffron-colored sky, while gently intervening hills rose before us, their green sides thickly studded with beautiful trees, from whose branches the yellow oranges and bananas hung in clusters. It was a beautiful sight to see the 'Albany,' with her white wings spread wide and high, and the winds singing in her mazy cordage, as she dashed the foam from her sharp bows, and flew like a wild-swan toward Havana, whose old gray towers and turrets were one by one opening on our view. Directly before us rose the frowning battlements and lofty bastions of the Moro Castle, grimly planted upon their rocky base, and scowling upon the passers-by; while beyond, the brown walls of Castle Blanco glittered in the sun, and the beautiful ensign of Spain floated from its lofty staff upon the wind. 'Man the to'-gallant clewlines!' cried the shrill voice of the first-lieutenant through his trumpet; and in a moment the rustling top-gallant sails hung in graceful festoons from their respective yards. The ship was at that time rounding the Castle, and in a moment the whole magnificent panorama burst upon us. There lay the calm, still bay, sleeping like an inland lake beneath an August noon. In the mirror-like depths of that blue tide stood inverted tall spars and black ranges of shrouds of many a goodly bark from distant quarters of the world; the stern fortresses, with their ponderous cannon, tier upon tier; the white-walled houses; the groves of orange and banana trees, from the midst of whose branches peeped the half-hidden turrets of many a gray old church, from which the softened music of bells came faintly to our ears:

'THE convent-bells were ringing,  
But mournfully and low,  
In their square gray turrets swinging,  
With a deep sound, to and fro.'

As we ran slowly up the harbor, close to the sterns of the different vessels that lay head-on to the wharves, we could distinctly hear the melancholy songs with which the half-naked negro slaves cheered their weary toil, mingled with the strains of a military band that was playing in the *Plaza*. Strewn along the shores of the harbor might be descried the wrecks of many a craft dashed among the breakers by the violence of the late hurricane, deserted by their crews, and left to moulder piecemeal on the rocks. Among them were the remains of a noble sixty-gun frigate, with the tri-color flying gaily above her, as in the palmy days when she bore the chivalry and pride of France to distant lands.

'It was a glorious view we had from the deck of our beautiful vessel that sunny afternoon! Far inland was stretched a chain of mountains, like a blue thunder-cloud, piled peak on peak against the sky, which bent like a golden canopy above them, while nearer could be seen many a green and cone-shaped hill, on which the tall and thinly-scattered cocoa-trees stood like sentinels over some hoarded treasure, waving their long arms in the freshening breeze. Before us lay the white walls and dwellings of the city, every thing clearly defined, and standing inverted in the bay. Vessels of almost every nation, and from almost every land, lay lazily riding at their anchors; small ferry-steamers were busily plying to and fro between Havana and Regules, and many a light pleasure-boat, with an awning over its stern, glided noiselessly along, bearing in most cases a single passenger, dressed in his white round-about, pantaloons secured at the waist by a red silk sash, an enormous Manilla hat, and light pumps. Opposite the city, gray with the stains of time, and commanding the narrow entrance of the harbor, loomed the giant Moro Castle, and towering above it the light-house, with its revolving beacon, to point the way of the benighted mariner to 'the haven where he would be.'

'The streets of Havana are narrow and but poorly lighted. Soldiers in their white dresses and monks with their shaven heads, coarse garments and suspended crucifixes, are to be met with at almost every turn; while an ungainly and unwieldy sort of two-wheeled vehicle, drawn by mules, on the forward one of which is seated a negro-driver in his scarlet livery, long boots and many-thonged whip, 'plod their slow length along' the dusty thoroughfares. The buildings are in general from one to three stories in height, the walls plastered over with stucco, and accommodated with green latticed *jalousies*, from which peer down star-like upon the passers-by the soft lustrous eyes of many a beautiful Spanish maiden. In the *Plaza* stands a monument to the memory of CHRISTOVAL COLON. It is built of white marble, with a broad Doric base, and surmounted by a statue of the great Navigator, over whose shoulders is thrown a cloak, after the Spanish fashion. The features of the statue are dignified and commanding. In the right hand is grasped a scroll, while the left rests upon the hilt of a sword.

'Night is the time to see Havana in all its glory. When the sun, 'an orb of blood,' descends behind the white walls of the city, the whole western horizon assumes the myriad hues of the rainbow. Slowly and one by one the heavenly tints fade away, the amber succeeding the crimson, the purple the amber, until the whole sky is gilded with the last rays of the King of Day. Then the stars come slowly from their hiding-places, and coyly look upon their features in the calm bay below. At length the whole of the countless lamps of heaven are lit, and the water below seems alive with them. The moon slowly rises over the grim battlements of the Moro, and silently climbs the arch of the cloudless sky, silvering over with her rays the distant groves of orange-trees, and rendering evening far more lovely than the morning. Through the still watches of the night the weird beacon-light of the Moro flashes fitfully on the northern sky, illuminating for a moment the vessels in the harbor with a blood-like glow, and then fading away, leaves their black hulls and delicate tapering spars again silvered over with the moonbeams. Thus wear the hours away, until a crimson blush appears on the face of the eastern horizon, as if it were ashamed of destroying so much loveliness, and the loud boom of the signal-gun, echoing over hill and dale, announces that day has again resumed her empire over Havana.'



GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Our readers will remember that in the November number of this Magazine notice was taken, in the review-department, of a pamphlet entitled '*Lo Here !*' which had for its purpose the exhibition of the superstitions and mal-practices of a class known as '*The Shakers.*' The author of that production, a gentleman of character and education, well known as such to many persons in this community, and now on his travels in Europe, called upon us, and in an interview of some length, imparted to us the reasons which had impelled him to the publication of the pamphlet. His own sister, he affirmed, a young and lovely girl of seventeen, the idol of her family, had been wiled from her home, and by what arts or 'indirect or forced courses' he knew not, 'poisoned and subdued in her affections' toward her natural protectors, and induced to remain with the Shakers in a northern society of that sect. He had endeavored, he informed us, with others of his friends, to obtain an audience with his sister, that he might ascertain from herself whether she tarried among the Shakers of her own will, and if so, to reason with her upon the danger and folly of her course ; but, he added, that in this attempt he was entirely frustrated ; that he was even treated with great personal violence, and was finally compelled to forego the execution of his purpose. These circumstances, he said, had led him thoroughly to examine into the characteristics of the Shaker faith and practice ; and the result of this investigation, he declared, he had faithfully recorded in the pamphlet which he laid before us. Reasoning from the statements there made, as well as partly from corroborative information previously derived, we did not hesitate to condemn the principles and practices of the Shakers, as subversive of the strongest bonds of domestic life and the most sacred charities of home. Premising this much, we present to our readers the subjoined letter, which we have received from a distinguished member of the society in question. It would seem that, 'according to the best of the writer's knowledge and belief,' there is a '*Lo There !*' side of the picture ; and we certainly have no wish to deny him a hearing :

'RESPECTED FRIEND : Upon my return home last evening from nearly a month's absence, I find a query in the KNICKERBOCKER, (page 559,) which I answer. If what is set down in '*Lo Here !*' 'as true, be veritable,' thou art 'right' in animadverting strongly and with severity upon such principles and practices as are therein stated to belong to 'Shakers ;' but that the derogatory statements made and charges brought in that anonymous pamphlet are true, I *deny*, fully and unequivocally, according to the best of my knowledge and belief ; which denial is made from an acquaintance with this people for more than thirty years ; an intimate knowledge of them for a part of that time ; the reading of all their publications, and every publication written against them, so far as I could learn of or procure them ; and the hearing of and examining into the many and varied objections to them which were presented to me before I united with them. Since then I have been often and for weeks together an inmate of different families ; have freely visited the Societies at New-Lebanon, Watervleit, Canaan, Tyriugham, Hancock and Enfield ; had full opportunities with those in highest authority down to the school-children ; had personal acquaintance and correspondence with members of distant societies ; associated with all classes, in all suitable situations and circumstances ; been with them in their labors in the fields, gardens and shops ; in their relaxations and worship ; with the young, the aged, the sick and the dying. Having had these opportunities of forming a judgment of those among whom I have cast my lot, as a people professing to hold to the pure principles of the Gospel of our LORD and SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST, as handed down to us in the New Testament, and the practice of self-denial and of every christian virtue, I could not but regret, on thy own account and on that of thy readers, that thou shouldst unqualifiedly state, as an important *fact*, that we inculcate superstitions by system and by rule, probably exceeding in vulgarity and darkness almost any thing that is revealed in the scrolls of heathenism. That this was an honest expression of mis-

taken views I can believe; but if thy statement be indeed fact, then I desire to know what I have not yet learned, for I profess to love truth for Truth's sake, and to follow it, come whence it may, lead where it will.

'Lo Here!' *but for thy endorsement* would have been uncurrent paper, as I think, and have attracted little notice; and that ebullition of 'private griefs' by the principal author in passionate invective might have spent itself harmlessly to all others. I understand the booksellers who had the pamphlet for sale say that the publisher has called in the copies left with them. I tried in vain to get another copy to-day; no responsible person, so far as I can learn, being found to father the production. But not so with the reviewer. His article stands out in bold relief as the record of condemnatory opinions of a gentleman who possesses an extensive influence with the reading public, most of whom would doubtless take his decision, 'after scanning with some care the proofs,' as conclusive evidence of truth in such a case, and think it not worth the trouble to look into the matter themselves. Thou hast brought us before the bar of public opinion, and charged us, in bitter language, with being the veriest dregs of all superstition, delusion and fanaticism; as enemies to all that is virtuous and praiseworthy. Allow us, I pray, the privilege secured to the most depraved reprobate, to plead *Not Guilty*. And we appeal to HIM who knoweth all hearts, and who ordereth all things aright. We profess a self-denying religion. We look not for popularity; this belongs not to us nor to our ways. We send abroad no missionaries nor tract-distributors. We mingle not in matters of government; but submit thereto as to God's ministers for the punishment of evil-doers and the praise of them who do well. We are 'a people every where spoken against;' and it must be so. We do not hunt after the groundless stories that are peddled about the country, to prosecute for slander, but try to *lie down* calumny and put reproach to shame. 'Seeing that we have been brought from our seclusion, and thought worthy to be placed so prominently before thy readers, many of whom I should hope are seeking for truth, it would seem to me but reasonable to ask thee in all friendliness to give us the privilege to say to thee ourselves what we do hold to, and give thyself an opportunity to judge of our truthfulness. It is admitted that we are a singular people; but even 'Lo Here!' allows that we extend courtesy to visitors. Come therefore, I invite thee respectfully, as soon as it may suit thy inclination and convenience, and make us a personal visit. We will welcome thee, and try not to harm thee. (He who is forewarned is forearmed.) We want thee to know if these things be indeed so. We profess to be children of the light and of the day, and to disown whatever we should be afraid or ashamed to have our fellow creatures witness. Come then, I repeat; leave thy prepossessions behind, and if we once get thee fairly among us, rely upon it, we will take Shaker revenge.

'With kind regards, thy friend,

R — W —, JR.'

Very well; so be it. When the 'time of the singing of the birds hath come,' and the voice of the turtle is heard once more in the land, we shall (*Deo volente*) make an excursion to New-Lebanon, and shall be glad there to meet and exchange courtesies with our correspondent and the Society whom he so fervently, and we must add, quite *naturally* defends. We shall then be able to ascertain, from personal examination, whether it is the *first* time they have ever had a visitation from, or social communication with, 'THE OLD KNICK!' . . . 'The Two Brothers of China,' a tale in preceding pages, which is here first translated from the original Chinese, by a gentleman now and for the last twenty years resident in Canton, will arrest the attention of the reader, by the simplicity of its narrative-style and the faithful picture which it presents of life (and death) in the 'Celestial Empire.' The romantic incident evolved in the *dénouement* is one of which we have often heard; but no instance was probably ever known to occur, out of China, in which an exposé of the mysterious sex was made in such a manner and under such circumstances. The following extract from a private letter, written at Canton in June last to a friend in this city, will throw some light upon the funereal custom so often alluded to in the tale to which we have referred. The writer is not the translator of the story in question, yet he has resided several years at Canton, with advantages for observation rarely enjoyed by any of his countrymen; and his accuracy and intelligence entitle his remarks to much consideration: 'By the 'Thos. W. Sears' I send you a stone model

of a Chinese tomb, which I think you may like to place in your cabinet. You probably know how much importance these people attach to their last resting-places, and that they carry their ideas of filial reverence and respect so far as to go solemnly every year to visit the tombs, and there offer up oblations and invoke the shades of their ancestors. In fact, this ceremony is religiously observed as the first of duties, the neglect of which is deemed the greatest of sins, is even punishable by the laws, and is sure to be followed by misfortune. The great Annual Festival occurs early in the month of April, at which time the whole population of a village may be seen trooping in parties to the hills, to repair and sweep the tombs, to make their offerings and invocations, and thus demonstrate their filial piety. The sight of these is interesting and affecting, although it has sadly degenerated into idolatry. One of the considerations which tend to keep up the habit is the hope and assurance that *they* also will be laid in such tombs, and that their children and descendants will honor and worship their memory and remains in the same manner. Hence the hopelessness of this makes the childless doubly miserable. The tombs are many of them large and handsome, and expensive according to the means of the family. It is a most singular coincidence, if accidental, that the shape of the tomb is exactly like the Greek Omega; last, the end. The best are of white stone, like your model. This is the *mourning* color of the Chinese. They are generally placed on the top and sides of lofty hills, so that when one dies, it is commonly said, 'He has gone to ramble upon the immortal hills.' There are two tablets, with Chinese characters upon them. Dr. BRIDGMAN has copied and translated a specimen of them. The first is:

'THE cloudy hills are shady and dark;  
The green waters are tranquil and deep:  
So the virtues of this magnanimous lady  
Are lofty as the hills, eternal as the waters.'

'Erected on a lucky day in the summer of 1845.'

'The other tablet was doubtless erected upon one of those occasions when the children or friends of the deceased go to sweep the tombs; for it says:

'THE stony way leads up the lofty sombre hills;  
There the white clouds thickly involve the abodes of men:  
The frost-bitten leaves, blown and broken, soon will bloom again.'

'This tomb was 'erected April fourth, 1846;' the time of the annual festival, as you see in my preceding remarks. The Chinese are the most figurative and poetical people in their language that I know of; and in this, as well as in many other respects, are truly entitled to the appellation which they have given themselves of '*The Central Flowery People*.' Their writings are over-loaded with imagery and attempts to illustrate their meaning by comparison with nature and external objects. Many of their verses are beautifully poetic, although they are apt to run into hyperbole. I have been much amused with a love-letter which was sent by some soft-hearted damsel in Canton to her sweet-heart lately, and which fell into the hands of a friend of mine, who gave me a translation of it. There is no doubt of its being a genuine one; and I copy the translation that you may know what strange feelings actuate the minds of your sex in China. Thus:

'ABSENT through five months is my chief's face; they appear to me as long as three autumns. In dreams I think of thee, and the inner divinity seeks to sit at your right and left. I know however that your *gemaceous* person is in tranquillity, and that good fortune favors you immensely. I am therefore rejoiced. Your mistress still lives alone in the green chamber, which is as insipid as

*eating fowls' sinews!* If you can still endure me, come and enjoy the entwined contentment. Heat and cold were not wont to deter you. Under the fragrant curtain we were united as sweetly as twin-roses. When we drank last together I knew not that we were exchanging the broken willow-bough; (token of separation.) There is a silver river between us, across which we gaze at each other. The pomegranate has opened as red as the sun, and yet you come not. I am debarred the rain and the dew, but I am intoxicated with love! This is your fair one's condition. I know not if my love is as fond as his mistress, and I write this in deep anxiety that you would move your pearly feet. Come to the side of Geminary-street, in Mild Benerolina Alley, in Schzer-house, tenanted by Tong. Come, and renew the pure discourse that we had of yore. Still you come not at my bidding. I send one to greet you with this, and know if you are well and tranquil. Here are two verses of the Ode for you:

'I DESIRE with all my heart to be the hair-bound wife;  
We are a flock of wild-geese scattered;  
I beseech that you will wait for your mistress; and yet  
We will resemble the fond A—— and his mate.'

(*'Added with tearful eye:'*)

'I CLASPED your hand when we parted, and tears ran down my cheeks:  
The burden of woe that is laid upon me fills the very boat;  
With the pencil and flowery sheet, I endeavor to lighten my heart,  
But every measure witnesses in tears of blood upon my dress.'

'Your mistress A. tearfully makes her prayer.'

'Thus you see that the Chinese are susceptible of the tender passion as well as others. I cannot learn who the writer of the above was, but she does not appear to have been very happy. Those who have studied the Chinese character say that the female possesses most of the delightful natural traits of the sex; and the Chinese stories are full of examples of love that knows no limits. *'There is only one Heaven,'* said a forlorn maiden, whose parents had upbraided her for spending her days in pouring libations of tears at the grave of her lover, and *'He was that Heaven to me!'* . . . Here is *'A little Talk about Pigeons,'* and we put it to the reader to decide whether it does not indicate the writer to be one who has a head and a heart to appreciate and feel the pleasant sights and influences of nature: *'Blessings on that flock of pigeons as they flit past me, with the sunlight shivering on their purple wings! I have so often 'owned the soft impeachment,' a fancy for ducks and young chickens; a tender leaning toward little pigs and hop-toads; that you will not greatly wonder at my having given my heart completely away to these pretty neighbors of mine; who are by no means the vagrants one might fancy, seeing them soaring up and down that way, in all their azure and gold finery. You shake your head, and mumble the old adage, 'Fine feathers, but empty trunks at home.' Not a bit of it! There's not a coxcomb among them; not one! And I'm sure I ought to know, for we've been borrowing and lending, day in and day out, all summer long. I find the bread-crumbs, and they pay for them in the very best of short patent sermons; a kind of practical theology, so plain that he who runs may read. With the earliest peep of dawn they are chattering away in their lofty home in the church steeple. One might almost think it the old story of MEMNON over again; and when as now,*

'THE sun strikes through the evening's mist  
The city's spire to golden,'

back they come, trooping from their daily haunts so merrily, so cheerily, so full of love and kindness, that it does one good merely to live near such good protestants. You laugh; but what *else* are they; and what is their life, from beginning to end, but a protesting against our repining, mistrustful spirit, our every-day worldly cares, which leave us so little time or heart to admire and love God's beautiful creation? *They have their household duties as well as we; but with what winning grace and cheerfulness they go*

forth to meet them! As you cross the street your dress almost sweeps against some meek-eyed matron, with her wisp of straw for the little nest, or crumb of bread for the *birdeen* at home; but a minute after, she is off, with outstretched wings and heart exulting in the pure air; off for the green wood; off through the wide, boundless heaven; and who shall say that the fluttering of her glad free wings may not form the softened cadence of some jubilant hymn, less musical indeed than when the morning stars sang together, yet none the less noted by the Ear which hears the young ravens when they cry, and marks the sparrow's fall? Nay, is not her guileless, blissful life in itself a 'Hosannah,' a song of thanksgiving to HIM who clothes the hills with majesty, and leads the silver streams along the green valleys? Believe me, one may listen to worse preachers than my gentle pigeons, and even with much clearer heads than mine, may make poorer bargains in bread-stuffs.' . . . THE annexed very trenchant *Epigram*, it will scarcely be denied by any body, is richly deserved. 'Reading for the twentieth time,' says the facile writer, in a note to the EDITOR, 'the most tragic volume to me in English literature, namely, the last of LOCKHART's Life of his father-in-law, I could not help inditing the following epigram or anathema; and as you sometimes publish epigrams, perhaps it may do for 'Ancient NICHOLAS.' These are the facts: On the eighteenth of May, 1831, Sir WALTER SCOTT attended the election for the county of Roxburghshire, which was held at Jedburgh. He found the town in a most turbulent condition; and LOCKHART states that Sir WALTER's carriage was pelted with stones by the disciplined rabble of the Reformers. 'He was saluted,' adds the biographer, 'with groans and blasphemies all the way; and I blush to add that a woman (?) spat upon him from a window.' The grossness of this contumely must excuse any want of delicacy in the following inscription:

THE SPITTER SPITTED.

'CURSED Jedburgh! — be thy name  
 Damned for aye to filthy fame!  
 But before the day begins  
 Of chastisement for thy sins,  
 All the world shall welcome thee  
 With a new orthography.  
 Jade-burgh shall thy name be made;  
 So entitled from the JADE  
 That spitted her fell slaver forth  
 On 'th' ARIOSTO of the North!  
 Immortal hag! in mem'ry doomed to dwell  
 Long after fiends have spitted thee in hell!"

WE must hear more from our medical correspondent in Michigan. His vein is good. He says he visited many years ago a place in that region which was celebrated for fever-and-ague, and sundry other little complaints, that made it worth while for a physician to settle there; and accordingly he became medical adviser to the inhabitants of that charmingly unhealthy 'huddle' and the marshy country adjoining. As the country round about became cleared and settled, however, the healthiness of the region began to improve; and as the people appeared indisposed to die, no physician could make out to live there, and he was compelled to 'go farther and fare worse.' Let us have the 'Experience' at the 'meetest' vantage of the time.' . . . AN individual whose life had been spent, as HOOD says, 'far from the buzzy 'aunts of men,' and who had acquired a high degree of verdancy, was dining last summer at the table of one of our largest hotels, when perceiving a bottle of wine standing opposite to the gentleman on his right hand, and supposing it to be public property, he helped himself to a glass of it as unceremoniously as if it had been so much water.

The owner of the wine, astonished at the rudeness of the proceeding, turned to the unsophisticated countryman, and with a look of utter amazement, remarked: 'Well, by Jove! *that's cool!*' 'Y-e-s,' was the reply, 'it's *pooty* cool; 'spect there's ice into 't!' The gentleman's frown relaxed at such an unwonted '*entirety*' of impudence and ignorance. . . . 'The New-York Weekly Mirror' has just commenced a new volume, and a very attractive one it promises to be. The new pictorial title-page is a beautiful thing; and the new types set forth the spirited '*Trippings of Tom Pepper*' so clearly to the eye, that were those life-like sketches less agreeable than they are, it would still be pleasant to read what is so attractively printed. But these '*Trippings*' are from the pen of an exceedingly clever writer, who copies character with the faithfulness of a daguerreotype. We wonder who is 'Mr. FEROCIOUS,' a literary lawyer, in whose office 'Tom' is, and whom he introduces to us while engaged in discussing literary topics with a friend, 'whose opinions are exact echoes of his own,' denouncing certain 'piratical barons' in Cliff-street, and other 'marauding' biblioplists, and especially sundry critical 'assassins,' who are envious of his literary renown. 'Mr. FEROCIOUS' hands 'Tom' one of his entertaining 'works' to read; directing him to 'dive down into the mysteries of his author; grapple with him; bring up the pearls and diamonds of his fancy, and play with his leviathan thoughts.' 'Tom' makes a beginning upon the book, but experiences such a soothing effect from the perusal of a few sentences that he falls directly into a sweet slumber, with his head resting upon the open page. He is not aware how long he has slept, when he is suddenly roused from his slumbers by a sharp pain in one of his ears; and starting up, he perceives 'Mr. FEROCIOUS' glaring at him through his spectacles. That gentleman's ire is greatly excited at such an exhibition of stupidity; and he saith to the lad, among other things equally forcible: 'A certain author, who has 'written plays, romances, essays and novels,' places one of his 'various writings' in the hands of a poor ignorant sluggard, 'hoping well and wishing well,' when that illiterate and assassin-like dunce, who has n't got sufficient critical ability to discuss the merits of an original work, falls into a profound slumber, because he has n't life enough to keep awake, and then attributes his own want of sense to that author's productions. Avaunt! 'Hell not the quiet' of this office!' Keep an eye, reader, upon 'TOM PEPPER.' You will find him an instructive and entertaining companion, or we mistake the 'promise of his spring.' . . . JANUARY set the usual number of poetical mills a-going. PEGASUS never pranced more madly before. We received a thrilling effusion from a Boston watchman, which opened with this sublime burst:

'PATRONS! happy New-Year and merry!  
Forty-Six has gone quick—very!'

We have seen no prettier verses, or patter to the occasion, than the following, which came to a friend from the hand of his wife, tied round the neck of his favorite terrier. The offering is entitled '*Snap's New-Year's Address to his Master*.'

'T is said at that benignant hour  
When first o'er earth a star had risen,  
A wondrous and a holy power  
Of prayer and praise to brutes was given.

'And though I speak in doggerel rhyme,  
And bring no offering rich or rare,  
You 'll not refuse, dear master mine!  
T' accept from me this lock of hair?

'You see 't is glossy, smooth and bright,  
For yet no care has touched my brow;  
But dead would be my heart's delight,  
If you should love me less than now!

'So when I'm feeble grown and old,  
Preparing for my last long nap,  
Let me not feel your eye grow cold,  
Remember still your faithful SNAP!'

A. T.

WHAT a world of untold wealth there must be in the unwrought mines of the West! We went with an old friend the other day to look at sundry specimens of the

copper which is found in such large quantities in the Lake Superior region. We had not the faintest impression of the richness of the ores. 'Ores' did we say? — why, most of the specimens taken at random from one mine, 'The Albion,' if we remember rightly, were nothing but the *veins themselves*, of clear melted copper, which in the convulsions of nature that evoked them, ran into the long fissures of the rocks which parted to receive them. Ores there were, however, and in plenty; and even in these there were eighty or ninety pounds of copper to a hundred of the unsmelted material. And what is more, it seems that the mines are, as far as can be ascertained by the best lights which can be afforded, wholly inexhaustible. We saw many beautiful specimens also of silver ore, and one very beautiful piece of gold ore. A great curiosity also was a fossil that was found deeply imbedded in a boulder of conglomerate rock, which was picked up at Copper Harbor. This will afford matériel, we may suppose, in which geological Speculation may dig to unknown depths. How came that stone shell there? 'That is the question.' . . . 'WHILE looking at some ornaments in a fancy-store lately, the shopman, among other specimens of *vertu*, produced what he declared to be some perfect fac-similes of the celebrated Etruscan vases. 'But,' said we, 'have those antique vases retained that brilliancy of color and polish that these copies exhibit?' 'Well,' he replied, evidently swelling with the fact, 'in that respect we think these *ra-a-ther* beat the originals!' Probability 'ra-a-ther' favored that conclusion! . . . We must decline the review by 'D. P.' of the literary merits of a pair of indifferent 'authorlings' hereabout who shall be nameless. The game is not worth the candle. The praise, small as it is, and awarded by contrast, is yet undeserved; as would have appeared, had the writer fortified his position by an extract or two. Our own ground between the parties thus placed in juxtaposition is that assumed by a clever Dublin wag, in an epigram upon two very bad actors named Mossup and Ross:

'SOME they cry MOSSUP,  
And some they cry ROSS up;  
Not which is the best  
But which is the *worst*,  
Is the toss-up!'

'HUMANO-anecdotal biography,' says CARLYLE, 'is by nature the most universally profitable, universally pleasant, of all things, especially biography of *distinguished individuals*.' This assumption conceded, we ask the reader to favor us with his most concentrated attention, while we discourse for a brief space of 'Colonel Aerial Bragg,' whose 'Memoirs, written by Himself,' now lie before us. 'Who is BLENERHASSETT — No, 'Who is Colonel ARIAL BRAGG?' it may be asked. We shall not, in answering this query, go back as he himself has done, through three generations, to 'let people know who this ARIAL BRAGG is, and from whom he descended.' Leaving MEHITABLE SHEARS, POLLY WILLIAMS, and the brother who 'died while attending an old lady's grist-mill,' together with all the long line of progenitors and sub-progenitors of our author, let us come down at once to ARIAL; ARIAL, the apprentice; ARIAL, the shoe-maker; ARIAL, the man with 'two coats to his back, and every thing handsome about him;' and last not least, ARIAL the poet. He was n't very well treated when an apprentice, by Mr. ALEXANDER BRAGG, his uncle and master, if we may judge from the queries which he propounded to that gentleman a day or two before he left his unreasonable service:

'WHERE is that silk handkerchief, bought at Boston, by my aunt RHODA FISHER with the money that I received of Landlord MANN for partridges, caught in the woods when but eleven years old, which cost seventy-five cents, and which I never had the pleasure to take into my hands? Where is

the money I received for all the partridges and hares that you borrowed? And where is the money I lent you, received of RICHARD LETHBRIDGE of Franklin, and of Mrs. BULLEN of Medway, for fish taken from Wrentham Pond, when on errands with leave to stay, by fishing all night, to say nothing of the four I brought to you whilst the rain came down in torrents? And above all, where are my nine sheep, due three years since, the natural increase after paying for keeping of the lamb pointed out by my grandfather JOHN FISHER? And a fine one it was, for which I paid to you that identical English crown-piece given to me by my father when he left me for West Point, from which place he never returned. And where is that bushel of rye which I earned by reaping for WILLIAM MELLEN, after faithfully doing the five days' stint you gave me hoeing potatoes in new land? And why have you neglected to clothe me? Have I not served you faithfully? And have you not let me out by the day since I could do a man's work, instead of learning me the trade you said you would, when you told me my mother had bound me to you for that purpose? Answer these questions, if you please, Master BRAGG!

Ay, 'Master BRAGG,' 'tell us these, and unyoke!' But never mind; ARIAL's early adversity did him no harm; for when he afterward learned to 'cobble' and then to make shoes, did n't he 'pack up his duds, swing his 'kit,' and put off for Brookline,' where he 'got four shillings for boots, two for shoes, and twelve cents for 'tapping and healing'? Did n't he 'keep doing so,' until he made money enough to purchase a few pounds of leather, which he made up into shoes; then a few more pounds and a few more shoes, until he came to be his own 'boss,' and bought and sold leather and shoes by the wholesale? He became a traveller likewise; leaving 'down country,' and visiting 'Utaky, Rome, Newhafford, and down the Unidilly,' and other places in the 'Empire State.' He came back in due time, however, and 'increased his shoe-business a man a-year;' but that was a sad mistake which he made 'pretty soon after he hired ISAAC KIBBE;' for he 'curtailed his business and built him a house, forty by thirty-two, with a kitchen thirty-two by nineteen, and wood-house thirty by sixteen, all joining each other, for the purpose of boarding twelve men if wanted, as all journeymen shoe-makers were single men, and no married men at that day worked journey work. Journeymen soon began to get married, when not many *except* married men were to be hired.' This was an error, certainly; but his best endeavors were not wanting to effect a remedy; for he was now married, and he tells us that being disappointed in the use of the building, he did from time to time fill the house with thirteen of his own children! And he adds, that when his wife died, he himself became not only a father to those children, but a *mother* also! And thus he goes on, gradually increasing in substance, adding shop to shop and farm to farm, until he becomes a man proverbially 'well-to-do;' and now, having 'elegant leisure' on his hands, he turns his attention to poetry; intermingling with this agreeable intellectual exertion, however, the duties of militia-colonel, town-officer, and representative to the General Court. But it is as a poet that we are now to regard Mr. BRAGG; and we must content ourselves with a very few illustrative extracts. His Pegasus 'racks' a good deal, but ARIAL sits as firm as a centaur. The 'Doctrine of Chance' receives its quietus in the first poem, on the 'fifty-fourth page of the collection:

'WHY fancy this so strange a world,  
That all by chance is round us hurled;  
No argument man can advance  
Can ever prove all came by chance.

'The forest trees that towers high,  
And lo! the star, the spangled sky;  
The splendid sun all glorious shine,  
Declare all nature's work divine!

'In anger man may raise his sword,  
In anger shed his neighbor's blood;  
Hindo's in poison dip their lance,  
Can never prove all came by chance.

'The ebb and flowing of the tide  
By man can never be denied;  
The bounding of the seas and flood,  
Declares there is all nature's God.'

But let us not fritter away space in giving mere passages. We require one 'entirety' of verse to do justice to Mr. BRAGG's muse. Take then the following poem, which is thus explained: 'A gentleman on board of a steam-boat from Boston to



East-Boston, in search of his Mother, after twenty-nine years absence at sea, not knowing she was on board :

'THE boat the wharf was leaving fast,  
Parental love bloomed on the deck ;  
A noble form was seen to pass,  
By female eyes that looked through specs !

'With manly form he trod the deck,  
Regardless of the chequered crew ;  
Save one whose heart with sorrow rent,  
Remark'd, 'His wants can't be but few.'

'He was passing by his mother,  
His listening ear had caught the sound :  
'One I seek, and that's my mother,  
Oh tell me, where she can be found !

'In early life I left my home,  
I sailed the world both far and near ;  
My mother's breast would be a throne,  
Where love could drop the silent tear.

'East-Boston wharf the boat drew near :  
Trembling with age she left her seat,  
Whose eyes were wet with sorrow's tear,  
In hopes some friendly hand to meet.

'He bought of fruit and bread quite nigh,  
And turned her suffering wants to meet ;  
And as this widow passed him by,  
He said, 'Dear Madam, will you eat !'

'Sir, you'll accept my thanks, I pray ;  
It joys my heart such friends to meet,  
For I've not tasted bread to day ;  
Dear Sir, it is a sumptuous feast.'

'Oh tell me where you're going so fast ?  
'Dear Sir, to labor not far off ;  
My lot was by misfortune cast,  
My husband's dead, my children lost.'

'Madam, I crave your husband's name ;  
In truth, dear friend, that name is mine ;  
Twenty-nine years I've plowed the main,  
And three-times-six have crossed the line.'

'The strings that bound her cap were red ;  
'My mother used such strings to wear ;  
How long have you had them ?' he said ;  
'Dear Sir, 't is more than forty year.'

'When I was young, I saw those strings !  
JOSEPHUS then they called my name ;  
Yours is the breast to which I clung,  
Mother, behold your long-lost son !'

'She shrieked, she fainted, and she fell  
Into his arms, amid the crowd !  
It joys the heart of all to tell,  
And have such scenes proclaimed abroad.'

Now if any reader should contend that there is nothing in the history and career of ARIAL BRAGG so far 'out of the common' as to call for publication, by any other than an ignorant, conceited man, who considers money-making as synonymous with renown, we point triumphantly to his poetry, and respectfully suggest the propriety of said querulous reader's 'hiding his diminished head.' . . . THERE is in the last number of '*The New-Englander*,' a quarterly journal published at New-Haven, (Conn.) under the supervision of Congregational editors, (a very attractive issue of an unusually able work, let us add,) an excellent article upon the '*Impressiveness of Preaching*.' It deserves to be read by every clergyman in the land, not less for the defects in pulpit-exercises which it exposes and condemns, than for the merits which it sets forth and commends. Affectation, always contemptible, becomes utterly despicable in the sacred deak ; and we are glad to perceive that the writer of the article to which we allude has exposed that species of pseudo-animation, or typographically speaking, the profuse *Italic* style which one sometimes, nay often sees exhibited in the pulpit :

'This kind of animation may be so well wrought up as to pass for natural feeling, but generally it has an aspect of its own. It carries a certain reflective or conscious air, which, though entirely proper in the pulpit, yet does not comport with the excitement *imitated* ; and it is too long sustained, wanting the ease and almost accidental variations of a natural manner. Somehow it appears to be sought after, not inevitable. Observing persons cannot fail to recognize it in an extreme case, which yet is not rare ; as when a preacher looks and moves as if the occasion were extraordinary, while in truth it is not ; seems determined to be impressive, cost what it may ; lashes himself to vehemence as he proceeds ; pauses unexpectedly, or gazes intently into some part of the house ; now explodes the vowel-sounds at the top of his voice, and now sinks in an awful cadence ; flings out his arms, even clenches his fists ; starts back, shows the whites of his eyes, throws himself at his audience ; and all this, not because he cannot help it, nor yet perhaps for the sake of mere display, but because he honestly aims to feel as vehemently as he acts, in order to make his hearers feel likewise. The same fault, in an inferior degree, is chargeable to many speakers who would shrink from this obtrusive example. They cultivate, perhaps unconsciously, the same kind of animation. Avoiding the parade we have described, they still practice the same method of exciting attention, as far as it may be done without defeating their purpose by arousing the prejudices or suspicions of their audience. They lack the ease which marks all natural expression. They evidently labor to make what they say impressive by their manner of saying it, and for this purpose to speak as if they were more impressed by it than they are.'

WHILE we are on the subject of pulpit-eloquence, let us say a word or two of one to whom we hope this paragraph may introduce many metropolitan hearers. In Chrystie-street, between Rivington and Stanton, there is a new free Congregational church; and over the congregation who worship there has lately been installed as pastor the Rev. DERRICK C. LANSING. We had listened, when a boy, through many a weary Sunday, to the dryest and most elaborate compends of Westminster-catechism divinity; during all which time our heart was never touched nor our imagination for one moment excited; when, in the process of what is termed in the country 'changing ministers,' Dr. LANSING was called, on a bright summer Sabbath, to officiate for our good old regular bore of a 'dominie.' Tall, spare, and erect as an Indian; with a voice 'musical as APOLLO's lute,' and a grace and naturalness of gesture that we have never seen surpassed, the speaker at once won our attention and kept it to the close of his discourse. Many times afterward we heard him preach, in his 'exchanges,' and always with the same pleasure. One evening, we especially remember, when we were pursuing our academical studies, he discoursed in the Commons-Hall of the institution to the villagers and the students; his theme being the overturning, by the SAVIOUR in the temple, of the tables of the money-changers and the seats of them that sold doves. His audience were in a semi-circle before him; and never shall we forget the impression which a single gesture of the speaker's on that evening made upon his auditors. 'Did Jesus,' said he, 'temporize with the profaners of the Temple of God? Did he use fair words and gentle remonstrances? No, my friends. He *'took a scourge of small cords and d-r-a-v-e them out!'*' And therewith the speaker bent his tall form almost to the floor, and with his long forefinger swept around the semi-circle before him, until some of our fellow-students shrunk back, as they said, lest he should sweep them as with a besom out upon the green. Well, as we were saying, Dr. LANSING now preaches in Chrystie-street; and we have been on three or four occasions recently to hear him, and to ascertain whether in his case, as in most other instances of boyish admiration, there was a necessity to revise one's early opinions. As he rose in the desk, we saw that Time had rained its snows upon his once raven-hair, but otherwise there was little change. 'His eye was not dimmed, nor his natural force abated;' he was as tall, as erect as ever; and the naturalness and grace of his gesture; the unequalled movement of his forearm, and the thought-accompanying action of the speaking fingers, were the same as of yore. Looking wistfully back into the long burial-aisle of the past, we could not choose but ask: 'Where are they who sat with us under the sound of that voice, when 'life was new and hope was young? Father, mother, brother—where are they? Gone to test the truths they once heard from those eloquent lips when we sat together in the same sanctuary; while the places that knew them once can know them no more forever!' These thoughts gave added force, no doubt, to the recollected admiration of former days; yet it needed little to enhance the effect which it was evident natural ease, grace and power of manner had excited in the mind of every observant auditor on the recent occasion to which we have alluded. . . . THE subjoined amusing passage is from the same pleasant gossiping epistle to the Editor hereof, out of which we extracted the '*State's Prison Substitute*' anecdote in our last number: 'We have a police-justice here, whose duty it is to afford opportunities for the development of young jurists, to manufacture voters at the shortest notice out of the rawest possible matériel, and to commit for trial such unfortunates as by their own acts have fallen within the just cognizance of the law. As he is elected

by the suffrages of the people, it results that while republicans remain divided in sentiment, police-justices will have political enemies. A droll wag, of the opposite party, whose sayings are the staple coin of all droll wags in this part of the State, and whose acts have before this been chronicled in the pages of 'OLD KNICK,' was arraigned before our functionary a few days since on a charge of assault-and-battery committed upon the person of a negro; the provocation being a kick, inflicted upon FRED's dog by the complainant. The court-room was crowded with the usual hangers-on about such places; but among them were numbers of FRED's friends, upon discovering whom, the unfortunate culprit decided upon exercising the prerogative of a freeman, and abiding the decision of a jury of his peers. Accordingly, two associate judges were obtained, a jury of twelve worthy citizens empanelled, and after the evidence for the State had been heard, FRED. was called upon to produce his witnesses. Whistling to the dog, whose maltreatment had given rise to his master's difficulties, and bidding him sit up directly in front of the Justice, he inquired of him pathetically: 'Did the nigger kick you, CARLO?' 'Wow! ow! ow!' growled the brute. 'We rest here!' said FRED.; and the jury gave him the case! There is another good anecdote; but *we* 'rest here.' . . . Did we not ask, no longer ago than last month, who there was so verdant as to deny that 'color'd pussons' might become eminent poets? Did we not give a triumphant reply to our own query in the strikingly original lines of Mr. PANCKO? Listen now to testimony 'in this behalf' equally forcible and irrefragable. Harken to the '*New-Year's Address of Abram Gaul*.'

'A New-Year has begun,  
And ABRAM GAUL has start to run;  
If you want to see him fly,  
Give him work and let him try.

'I do many kinds of work;  
Wash windows, floors, and get off dirt:  
And many things I have intention,  
Is too tedious for to mention.

'Many gentlemen has done well,  
The names of them I shall not tell.  
Many others has done worse;  
When work was done, an empty purse.

'I clean clothes from head to foot,  
And I can clean them like a book;  
When I clean your boots and shoes,  
Then a fourpence I'll not refuse.

'I keep a shop in 'Change Avenue,  
Where much of your work I can do;  
I beg a favor of you all:  
Please to call on ABRAM GAUL!

'The city and the country towns  
May see by this I am easy found;  
'A HAPPY NEW-YEAR to you all!  
This says ABRAM GAUL.'

Now 'Who,' it may be asked, 'is ABRAM GAUL?' He is a colored shoe-black, resident in the 'Literary Emporium;' a 'gemman,' every inch of him, and that is saying a good deal, since he stands six-feet-two in his shoes, which he always slips first upon his heels and then draws them up over his toes. Yet notwithstanding the effects of his 'colored condition,' and his pedal infelicities, what a mind, what a style he has! . . . 'A RAT! a rat!' Listen to the ensuing passage from a recent letter of a friend and correspondent, who addresses us from Troy: 'Mr. C — has been here, lecturing in quite an ordinary style upon the 'Electric Telegraph.' He advertised in the most grandiloquent manner; stating that he would deprive

'A Rat!

of 'consciousness' by putting him under the receiver of an air-pump and then restore him to life again by the application of galvanism. Many adults and more juveniles assembled at the place of rendezvous to see this wonderful experiment; but to the great chagrin and disappointment of all, the rat was not caught. 'Gentlemen and ladies,' said the lecturer, 'no one in this assembly can be more disappointed than myself. I am really mortified; but I have the consciousness of having 'striven' to do my duty. Indeed, I have employed several men for the last few days to catch a rat,

(pray why did he not employ a trap or a puss?) but all in vain. Rats are aca'ce in 'Troy.' When the audience heard this speech, vexation and disappointment were depicted on their countenances; and some of them even went so far as to stigmatize him as a humbug and an impostor. It would be well for him in future to *rat-ify* his promises.' . . . We have received the following letter from Mr. THOMAS BELL, whom our readers will remember as having been mentioned with honor in our last number. His excellent letter explains itself:

'Number 59 Beekman-street, January 18th, 1847.

'MY DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to an article in your admirable Magazine for the current month, called '*Contrast, or Incidents at Auction Sales.*' I can assure you 't is no fancy's sketch. Your correspondent is correct, with little exception. That quilt of little value until made so by you, was really brought to my sales-rooms, and was the joint labor of an old revolutionary soldier and his aged wife. It was handed to me during the sale, and I was informed of the nature of the case. I immediately offered it, making at the same time as forcible an appeal to my congregation as I could, stating the facts, and the necessity of relief. I did not dwell upon the worth of the quilt; my object was to help the good old couple. After some time, Mr. DALY, Number Ninety-four Broad-street, who, though born in another land, (honored be his name!) became the purchaser; and he immediately handed the money and the article again to its original owner. It is now to be seen in my auction-rooms, hung up 'like bruised arms for monuments,' with the name and address of the worthy veteran. Donations would be acceptable, and would no doubt produce as much happiness to the giver as the receiver. Only a few days since the good old man called on me, and with tearful eyes said he feared he had lost one of his boys; as he had two grand-sons at the storming of Monterey, under General TAYLOR. I hope it is not so; but that they may both return to cheer him up, and bring old recollections back upon him, while telling of 'the battles they have won.'

'Excuse my occupying so much of your valuable space.

'Yours, Truly,

— 'THOMAS BELL, Auctioneer.

Is n't the subjoined little bit of verse a fresh and felicitous reminiscence of one of Scotia's exiled sons?—especially when you take into consideration the fact that it was penned between the third and fourth 'quaigh' of Glenlivet:

Wat ye wha I kiss'd yestreen  
Doun i' the haugh sae rarely?  
Among the hay sae fresh an' green,  
While craiks were chiming fairly.

Up among the muirland broom  
'The patricks whirr'd fu' yarely,  
An' scented birks flung their perfume  
Ow'r ANNIE an' her CHARLIE.

The wild rose flaunted by the brae,  
With blossom sweet and early,  
While, saftly wimplin' on its way,  
The burnie sang fu' clearly.

Oh! gladly wad I drudge an' toil,  
An' watch an' feed but sparoly,  
Could I ance mair upon that coil  
Strain ANNIE GRAHAM so rarely!

AMONG some half a dozen articles excluded from the 'Gossip,' in type for our last number, was a notice of the recent '*Dinner to Professor James J. Mapes, at the Astor-House.*' We do not wish to be considered too much 'after the fair,' in the record of such matters; nor to give a *rifacimento* of the proceedings on the occasion referred to, as set forth at the time in the daily journals; but we *do* wish to say, that the dinner, the givers of the dinner, and the friends who attended it, were worthy of the guest who was so signally honored in this tribute to his character, his talents, and his useful and benevolent labors. It is perhaps improper to particularize where all were so cordial and so felicitous; but had we been the recipient of the honors bestowed on that evening, we should have felt with grateful sensibility the high encomiums passed by General SANFORD upon the character and acquirements of a man whom he had known from boyhood, as well as the deserved praise bestowed in the letter of General KEIM, of Philadelphia, so long a distinguished senator in Congress from Pennsylvania. The dinner was such an one as COLMAN AND STETSON

alone know how to put before their guests; and the *spirit* of the meeting was such as might well make any similarly-honored recipient proud, alike of himself and his friends. . . . Our old friend Colonel WEBB, whose speech was merely alluded to in our report of the proceedings of the late *Anniversary Festival of the Saint Nicholas Society*, sent us, at quite too late an hour for insertion in our last number, the subjoined explanatory note. The Colonel is a veteran editor, and should know that nothing is more common than for speeches to find their way into print without the connivance or even the knowledge of those who delivered them:

'Office of *Courier and Enquirer*, }  
'December 22, 1846.

'MY DEAR C —: I have but just received your note, asking a report of my speech and toast at the KNICKERBOCKER Dinner. I cannot comply with your request, because I have no recollection of what I said. All I know is, that the remarks I made were quite impromptu, and made because I could not longer resist the call, without the appearance of affectation. My speech was part of my toast, and my toast virtually a part of the speech; the subject, as you will remember, was WASHINGTON IRVING, and the passing incidents of the evening.

'Nobody reports a speech except for two reasons; one is, because the speaker thinks he has said something worthy of his friend, and the second, for the purpose of obtaining notoriety. Now I said nothing worth preserving; or at least I take it for granted I did not, because I do not remember what I *did* say; (who pretends to recollect what passed after twelve o'clock on that occasion?) and then, as for *notoriety*, why of that, what with a weekly caricature in '*Yankee Doodle*' — and horribly ugly caricatures they are — and daily abuse in some two or three hundred Whig and Loco-Foco papers, I think I have enough of it.

'If you desire to report me, say: 'Col. WEBB (he desires to be a General,) made some remarks, which we have forgotten; but the spirit of them was complimentary to our friend Mr. IRVING, which (the toast, not the speech,) called forth three-times-three, given with a good will. Do this, and you will yourself pen an accurate report. Truly your friend, J. WATSON WEBB.'

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.'

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We have but a very few lines to spare touching the recent reëappearance of Mrs. MASON (formerly Miss EMMA WHEATLEY,) upon the stage of the PARK THEATRE. Her success is at once *triumphant*. She has no living equal, in our judgment, in the characters of '*Bianca*,' in '*Fazio*,' and '*Julia*,' in the '*Hunchback*.' She is full of *true genius*; added to this, she is an accomplished lady, coming to us from the highest walks of life; she has a sweet and admirably-modulated voice; beautiful features, high intellectual expression, and a most charming person. She has the highest honors of the drama before her. Mr. WHEATLEY, we are sorry to say, has not improved during his absence from the stage. He rants, and mouths his words more than was his wont; especially does he r-r-ide his r's to death. 'Pray you avoid this.' Who is that supernumerary actor at the PARK who *always* makes some ridiculous mistake? 'He never opens his mouth,' said an old theatre-goer in our hearing, 'that he does n't 'put his foot in it.' The fact was as palpable as the catachresis. Speaking of theatres; are you aware, reader, that thirty-eight years ago the following list constituted the whole theatrical force of the United States?

'*New-York*.—Managers, STEPHEN PRICE, Esq. and Mr. COOPER. Performers, Mr. and Mrs. TWAITS, Mr. and Mrs. YOUNG, Messrs. COOPER, SIMPSON, ROBERTSON, COLLINS, TYLER, DOYLE, FOSTER, HALLAM, LINDALEY, OLIFF, ANDERSON, M'ENERY, Mrs. MASON, OLDIMIXON, POE, HOGG, and Miss WHITE.

'*Philadelphia*.—Manager, Mr. WARREN. Performers, Mr. and Mrs. WOOD, Mr. and Mrs. JEFFERSON, Mr. and Mrs. FRANCIS, Mr. and Mrs. JACOBS, Mr. and Mrs. WILMOT, Mr. and Mrs. SEYMOUR, Messrs. WARREN, CONE, CROSS, DOWNIE, HARDINGE, WEST, BLISSET, M'KENZIE, BAIERS, MILLER, DRUMMOND, CHARNOCK, THORNTON, HARRIS, DURANG, Master BARRETT, Mrs. BARRETT and Mrs. MORRIS.

'*Boston*.—Managers, BERNARD, POWELL and DICKINSON. Performers, Mr. and Mrs. POWELL, Mr. and Mrs. CLAUDE, Mr. and Mrs. DARLEY, Mr. and Mrs. MILLS, Mr., Mrs. and Miss CUNNINGHAM, Mr. and Miss WORRELL, Messrs. BERNARD, BERNARD, JUN., DICKINSON, ROBERTSON, JOHNSTON, BARNES, ALLEN, Mrs. GRAUFNER, Mrs. SIMPSON and Mrs. TURNER.

'*Charleston*.—Manager, Mr. PLACIDE. Performers, Mr. and Mrs. BRAY, Mr. and Mrs. CLARK, Mr. and Mrs. UTT, Messrs. CAULFIELD, FOX, CLOUGH, SPEAR, RUTHERFORD, SULLY, TURNBULL, JONES, RINGWOOD, Mrs. LIPMAN and Miss FIELD.'

We have a good many *more* actors now in the United States than there were when this list was made out, but we have no *better* performers, and never shall have, than some whose names it includes. *When*, for example, shall we have such a comedian as 'old JEFFERSON?' Was there *ever* a better '*Dogberry*' than his? We laugh back through twenty years while we think of it. He stands before us at this moment, with that cunningest eye-brow of his running slant-wise up the solemn forehead, and that portentous nose! Well do we remember him too in the play of '*Who's the Dupe*?' In fact, who can ever forget, that ever saw him in that play, the silly old antiquarian with his ridiculous 'antiquities,' his cherished gridiron-model of the 'Escorial,' and the like?—or the excitement which the ignorant old ass manifests when the two young men, candidates for his pretty daughter's hand, are 'pitted' against each other in spouting Latin and *another* 'dead language,' got up for the occasion by the successful suitor, expressly for the old gentleman's ear? Here ensues a criticism upon the acting of Mr. SIMPSON, of the Park-Theatre, in the character of '*Madiboo*.' Remember, this was a little less than forty years ago:

'We would invite the attention of Mr. SIMPSON for one moment to a fault which is the natural companion of that liveliness, spirit and feeling that we so much admire in him, and this is, an occasional hurry in his manner, which prevents him from giving finish and effect to many passages, and often robs them of the impressiveness they would otherwise possess. He too often overshoots the point where effect is to be produced, and in a manner, to speak technically, gives the 'clap-trap' the go-by. He apparently acts entirely from feeling; and though this gives his performances an uncommon appearance of nature, yet it would not be impolitic in him to rein in his youthful ardor, to curb that hey-day of the spirits that 'runs frolic through the veins,' and pay some attention to stage effect and the justifiable arts of an able actor. Mr. SIMPSON is one for whom age and experience will do much. He has admirable material for his profession; and when sober Time has taken off the *fiery edge* of his youth and tamed down that wild exuberance which sometimes runs away with the young performer, we shall be much disappointed if he is not distinguished for a style of acting, rich, chaotic and mellow.'

Think of Mr. SIMPSON's 'liveliness' and 'fiery-edged exuberance!' 'Do n't seem possible, scarcely;' yet our old friend the Manager has '*seen* the time when he was as good as ever he was.' . . . We do not *quite* like the '*Simple Love-Story*' which reaches us from Westchester. And yet its *style* is not amiss; moreover, the tale admirably illustrates a thought of one among the best of our American poets ('and that's HOLMES,') in a brief poem of his, which we imperfectly remember; yet thereabout especially of it where he speaks nearly or quite in this wise:

'WELL, one may trail her silken robe,  
And bind her locks with pearls,  
And one may wreath the woodland rose  
Among her floating curls:  
And one may tread the dewy grass  
And one the marble floor,  
Nor half-hid bosom heave the less,  
Nor brodered corset mora.'

What we particularly disaffect is the *love-dialogue* portion of the story. You cannot make the protestations, the terms of endearment, the tender diminutives of newly-awakened affection, pleasant reading, 'any way that you can fix it.' True love 'is always shy and silent.' There is a good lesson, however, conveyed in the fate of the ambitious suitor, who was desirous of 'clinching a strong impression.' He forgot that the best way to be remembered by others is never to forget one's self. . . . READER, have you seen Mr. E. WHITEFIELD's *Views of Buffalo, Rochester and Brooklyn*? If not, we suggest that you avail yourself of the first opportunity to enjoy that pleasure. They are of large size, excellently drawn, clearly

engraved, and printed in tinted colors, faithful to nature. The like praise may be awarded to the same artist's *'Delineations of North-American Scenery,'* the first 'Part' of which, containing views of a 'Country-seat near Yonkers,' 'View on the Ohio River,' 'Cohoes Falls,' (not so good,) and 'View on the Susquehanna.' The letter-press and printing are excellent; and we add no comment to the sufficient fact that the descriptions of the scenes depicted are from the capable pen of JOHN KEESE, Esq. . . . How distinct and palpable is now the fate of young Russ, whom we saw for a moment in the court-room the other morning! The circle of the law, which seemed no doubt at first to spread so broadly around him, is now fast narrowing to a hempen one; he will soon 'march sorrowfully to the gallows, there be noosed up to vibrate his hour, and then the surgeons will dissect him and fit his bones into a skeleton for medical purposes.' Victim of unbridled passion though he be, there are many hearts that ache to-night for that wretched, wretched man. . . . If you could see correct drawings, reader, of the horrid animalcules which abound in river-water, you would appreciate with us the great excellence and value of *'Jennison's Croton Filters,'* which are ornamented, will last for years, are not liable to get out of repair, nor subject to damage from frost. They cleanse themselves, and perfectly filter the Croton water, under any degree of pressure. They are invaluable. . . . Won't our friend PORTER, of the *'Spirit of the Times,'* be good enough to mention to *'The Young 'Un,'* as he styles himself, that his long story upon a short subject, entitled *'A Yankee at a Dentist's,'* was first told at all needful length in this department of the *'OLD KNICK,'* whence it was copied into *'The Spirit'* itself, as well as most other journals in the United States? 'Do, 'f you please.' The matter is of less importance, certainly, than the 'state of the country,' or 'the principles of '98,' but one may as well be correct. . . . 'OLLAPOD' was wont to say that the most ridiculous sight he ever beheld was a short fat Englishman in a tight short-skirted coat, looking with a turnip opera-glass into the Great Horse-Shoe Fall at Niagara. The *'Buffalo Daily Advertiser'* records an even more laughable sight; a cockney New-Yorker, who arrived in the night, calling a servant and going out in the dark to see the Great Cataract by the light of a stable-lamp! What a 'range' he must have had! . . . Mr. CHARLES L. ELLIOTT has recently completed a portrait of DAVID AUSTEN, Esq., of this city, which is conceded by every capable judge of art who has seen it, to be one of the very best pictures ever painted in this country. The likeness is perfect; the color magical; in other words, it is *nature itself* — specific flesh-and-blood. We conceive this picture alone to place Mr. ELLIOTT upon the very pinnacle of the art of portraiture; and in this judgment we are confirmed by all who have seen it. . . . 'THANK you for nothing,' Mr. 'Bangor Correspondent!' We think we see ourselves reading over a 'manuscript of three hundred foolscap pages,' and expressing our opinion of it, for an 'obliged stranger!' The offer, that 'if we like any passages of it, when it is published in the book-form, we may be the first to copy them,' we regard as liberal. It reminds us of the old Dutchman's remark to one who had watched him for an hour or two, while he warmed and made ready, one cold winter's evening, a pitcher of cider. When it was in complete order, he raised the vessel to his lips, and without removing it, drained it to the very bottom. 'Dere now,' said he, holding out the pitcher to his friend, 'dat ish vat I calls coot citer!' If you ton't p'lieve dat ish coot citer, *jusht you shmeel of te mug!*' We decline the kindred 'favor.' . . . 'P.' will bear in mind that we expressed no opinion as to the *correctness* of the views assumed in the article entitled *'The American and English Ac-*

*tress.* We certainly deemed the contrast-style adopted by the writer as one not in consonance with good taste, and liable to disparaging comment. The high estimate which this Magazine places upon the acting of Mrs. KEAN is surely sufficiently well known to its readers. We have never had the pleasure to see Mrs. MOWATT upon the stage, except on the occasion of her very promising début; and we thought her present popularity, as evinced by that safest of all tests, full houses, was palpable evidence of her great improvement and general dramatic excellence. But if the encomiums awarded her *were* a little 'exaggerated,' as is charged, it can do no harm to our fair countrywoman. We should never be too niggardly in our praise of *true* American talent; for the commended person will often do more to *support* a character than to *gain* one. 'Are you answered?' . . . 'TIM,' as one of our state legislators would say, has 'more *fluency* than *talency*.' 'HOMER,' he says, apologetically, 'sometimes nodded.' HOMER *might* have nodded, but he did n't *snore* through a whole ream of foolscap — did he? . . . 'I NOTICE many things,' said an American lady, of breeding and intelligence, to us the other evening, 'in the speech of my countrymen and women, which sound strange to me, after a residence of twenty or thirty years in Her British Majesty's dominions. For example, I was in a small tradesman's shop in Broadway, a day or two since, when a man entered, to whom the shop-keeper said, 'How do you do?' 'Well,' said he. 'How 's the wife?' 'Ditto,' he replied. 'And the two daughters?' continued the tradesman. 'Ditto, ditto!' replied the other. All this struck me as very day-book-and-ledger-ish. Presently the man took hold of the door to go out. 'Hang on, a minute,' said the shop-keeper, 'I want to talk to you;' and he *did* 'hang on' to the door, while the tradesman called to his daughter in the back-room to 'come to him *right away*,' which struck me as a contradiction in terms.' . . . THAT was a most worthy and appropriate tribute which was recently paid to our esteemed correspondent and friend, PHILIP HONE, Esq., by a select committee of the first merchants of this great commercial emporium. They purchased, unknown to Mr. HONE, the superb marble bust of himself by CLEVERINGER, and placed it permanently in the 'Mercantile Library Association,' an institution which owes so much to the distinguished recipient of the honor thus conveyed. The whole affair was most delicately and tastefully managed. Of Mr. HONE's admirable letter of acknowledgment it is only necessary to say that it was in all respects worthy of himself. . . . ONE word as to the *copyright* which appears on a blank leaf of this Magazine. Its design is to secure to the hirsute 'Egyptian,' who writes the unique 'Letters' under that name, an authentic claim to his productions. Our friends of the press are quite at liberty to *quote* from our pages, as always heretofore. We only ask that the proper credit be given to the KNICKERBOCKER; a thing which our friends of the '*Anglo-American*' weekly gazette forgot to append to the two or three pages of 'Gossip' which they did us the honor to copy from our last number. . . . We have many communications on file that were too late for the present issue, which goes to press at an earlier period of the month than usual. The ever-attractive '*Saint Leger Papers*' will be continued in our next, and '*The Reign of the People*' concluded, if we can in the mean time decipher the wretched manuscript, which has the added advantage of being half-paged and that half *mis*-paged, as if there a wilful pertinacity to mislead on the part of the writer, 'whoever he may be, or not!' . . . Books and communications received too late for notice in the present number will receive attention in our next.



LITERARY RECORD. — A new and very beautiful edition of '*Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra*,' has just been issued from the press of Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston. This admirable work, which was originally written for and published in the KNICKERBOCKER, is now in its seventh American and fourth or fifth English edition. This fact affords a species of practical praise, to which nothing in the way of commendation need be added. We can only commend, and we do so most cordially, the present *form*, in one convenient and beautifully-printed volume, as leaving nothing to be desired by the purchaser of this very popular historical romance. . . . We have received from the publishers, Messrs. WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY, Boston, two pretty volumes of poetry, the one entitled '*The Estrey, a Collection of Poems*,' of various authors, by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, and '*Poems*' by WILLIAM BUCHANAN READ. We shall discuss the merits of these two collections in a subsequent number. . . . MESSRS. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, have published in a large and handsome volume, uniform with GRISWOLD's excellent series, '*Specimens of the Poets and Poetry of Greece and Rome, by Various Translators*.' The work is edited by Rev. WILLIAM PETERS, of Christ-Church, Oxford. The numerous extracts are selected from upward of an hundred and twenty Greek and Roman authors, while there are a great number of passages from uncertain authors. It is a very valuable work; is well executed, and embellished by two superb engravings, representing the Coliseum at Rome and the Parthenon at Athens. . . . '*Ship and Shore, or Pencil Sketches of a recent Voyage to, and Tour in Old England*,' is the title of a collection of letters originally published in the 'Christian Watchman,' a religious and family newspaper. Without presenting any thing that is especially new, these sketches are yet very pleasant reading, and may be pronounced interesting. The writer should have adopted some other title for his work than 'Ship and Shore.' Our friend Rev. Alcalde WALTER COLTON, now of Monterey on the Pacific, was in the field before him, under the same title. . . . MR. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall, has issued in two very neat volumes '*Jacques, by George Sand*,' (Madame DUDEVANT,) the translation by our fair correspondent, Miss ANNA BLACKWELL. The work is very popular in France, and so far as we have been able to judge from a hasty perusal, it deserves its reputation. The translation is evidently faithful; but we notice one or two inaccuracies which we trust may be corrected in a subsequent edition. 'You who alone comprehends Old 'JACQUES,' for example, 'and compassionates his sufferings,' (see the eighty-ninth page) is about as grammatical an expression as 'Cats eats mice.' . . . '*A Kentuckian*' in a pamphlet republished from the Washington 'Union,' seems to have successfully vindicated the memory of POCAHONTAS against what would certainly seem to be the erroneous judgment of the Hon. WADDY THOMPSON in his late work, 'Recollections of Mexico.' We invite to this 'Defence' the attention of our readers. . . . We have read, and with pleasure, '*Mr. Fossdick's Thanksgiving Sermon on Intemperance*,' delivered at the Hollis-street Church in Boston, of which he is the pastor. He assumes and proves that there is great intemperance on the subject of temperance; intemperance in the matter of slavery; intemperance on the subject of war, and on the theme of social inequalities; and he inculcates 'Temperance in *all things*' as the proper creed. But Mr. FOSSDICK might as well preach to the wind. The tendency of every public 'reform' in this country is ultraism. Hobbies are ridden to death by scores of so-called 'reformers,' and they generally 'find their end' in so doing. They derive as much profit from riding or driving a hobby, as they would out of the stoutest roadster; and that, you see, is 'the secret of it.' . . . '*The Tailor's Eclectic Repository*,' issued from the publication-office of this Magazine, by D. WILLIAMS AND COMPANY, is a work which commends itself to 'the profession' every where. All matters embraced in the '*Theorie de l'Art du Tailleur*' are here set forth, in direction and illustration; and, that the authentic styles should be early known, the French plates of the fashions are presented every month. . . . READ '*Dreamland, a Vision of the New-Year, by Lincoln Ramble*.' The author is a genial spirit, who possesses humor, imagination, wields a trenchant as well as a pleasant pen, and detests cant of every description. . . . MR. GEORGE VIRTUE, Number 26 John street, continues the publication of his very beautiful '*Devotional Family Bible*.' The printing, the paper and the superb engravings make this a work of preëminent merit and attraction. We are not surprised to learn that it is attaining an immense sale. . . . THE following excellent publications reached us at too late an hour to enable us to do more than to announce them and commend them to public attention: '*The Modern Standard Drama*,' edited by EPES SARGENT, a series now in its fourth volume; '*Science, and the Arts of Industry*,' by Rev. ALONZO POTTER; LOVER's '*Songs and Ballads*;' '*Spaniards and their Country*,' by RICHARD FORD; '*Shee on the Potato-Plant*;' three volumes of Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD's '*Small Books on Great Subjects*,' etc., etc.

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East-Boston, in search of his Mother, after twenty-nine years absence at sea, not knowing she was on board :

'THE boat the wharf was leaving fast,  
Parental love bloomed on the deck ;  
A noble form was seen to pass,  
By female eyes that looked through specs !

'With manly form he trod the deck,  
Regardless of the chequered crew ;  
Save one whose heart with sorrow rent,  
Remark'd, 'His wants can't be but few.'

'He was passing by his mother,  
His listening ear had caught the sound :  
'One I seek, and that's my mother,  
Oh tell me, where she can be found ?

'In early life I left my home,  
I sailed the world both far and near ;  
My mother's breast would be a throne,  
Where love could drop the silent tear.

'East-Boston wharf the boat drew near :  
Trembling with age she left her seat,  
Whose eyes were wet with sorrow's tear,  
In hopes some friendly hand to meet.

'He bought of fruit and bread quite nigh,  
And turned her suffering wants to meet ;  
And as this widow passed him by,  
He said, 'Dear Madam, will you eat ?'

'Sir, you'll accept my thanks, I pray ;  
It joys my heart such friends to meet,  
For I've not tasted bread to day ;  
Dear Sir, it is a sumptuous feast.'

'Oh tell me where you're going so fast ?  
'Dear Sir, to labor not far off ;  
My lot was by misfortune cast,  
My husband's dead, my children lost.'

'Madam, I crave your husband's name ;  
In truth, dear friend, that name is mine ;  
Twenty-nine years I've plowed the main,  
And three-times-six have crossed the line.'

'The strings that bound her cap were red ;  
'My mother used such strings to wear ;  
How long have you had them ?' he said ; -  
'Dear Sir, 't is more than forty year.'

'When I was young, I saw those strings !  
Josephus then they called my name ;  
Yours is the breast to which I clung,  
Mother, behold your long-lost son !'

'She shrieked, she fainted, and she fell  
Into his arms, amid the crowd !  
It joys the heart of all to tell,  
And have such scenes proclaimed abroad.'

Now if any reader should contend that there is nothing in the history and career of ARIAL BRAGG so far 'out of the common' as to call for publication, by any other than an ignorant, conceited man, who considers money-making as synonymous with renown, we point triumphantly to his poetry, and respectfully suggest the propriety of said querulous reader's 'hiding his diminished head.' . . . THERE is in the last number of '*The New-Englander*,' a quarterly journal published at New-Haven, (Conn.) under the supervision of Congregational editors, (a very attractive issue of an unusually able work, let us add,) an excellent article upon the '*Impressiveness of Preaching*.' It deserves to be read by every clergyman in the land, not less for the defects in pulpit-exercises which it exposes and condemns, than for the merits which it sets forth and commends. Affectation, always contemptible, becomes utterly despicable in the sacred desk ; and we are glad to perceive that the writer of the article to which we allude has exposed that species of pseudo-animation, or typographically speaking, the profuse *Italic* style which one sometimes, nay often sees exhibited in the pulpit :

'THIS kind of animation may be so well wrought up as to pass for natural feeling, but generally it has an aspect of its own. It carries a certain reflective or conscious air, which, though entirely proper in the pulpit, yet does not comport with the excitement imitated ; and it is too long sustained, wanting the ease and almost accidental variations of a natural manner. Somehow it appears to be sought after, not inevitable. Observing persons cannot fail to recognize it in an extreme case, which yet is not rare ; as when a preacher looks and moves as if the occasion were extraordinary, while in truth it is not ; seems determined to be impressive, cost what it may ; lashes himself to vehemence as he proceeds ; pauses unexpectedly, or gazes intently into some part of the house ; now explodes the vowel-sounds at the top of his voice, and now sinks in an awful cadence ; flings out his arms, even clenches his fists ; starts back, shows the whites of his eyes, throws himself at his audience ; and all this, not because he cannot help it, nor yet perhaps for the sake of mere display, but because he honestly aims to feel as vehemently as he acts, in order to make his hearers feel likewise. The same fault, in an inferior degree, is chargeable to many speakers who would shrink from this obtrusive example. They cultivate, perhaps unconsciously, the same kind of animation. Avoiding the parade we have described, they still practice the same method of exciting attention, as far as it may be done without defeating their purpose by arousing the prejudices or suspicions of their audience. They lack the ease which marks all natural expression. They evidently labor to make what they say impressive by their manner of saying it, and for this purpose to speak as if they were more impressed by it than they are.'

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## LETTERS FROM THE GULF STATES.

— — —  
BY A NORTHERN TRAVELLER.  
— — —

WINTERS IN THE SOUTH: SHADE AND FRUIT TREES OF GEORGIA: HOLIDAYS AMONG THE SLAVES:  
CULTIVATION OF RICE: SAVANNAH AND ITS CITIZENS.

*Savannah, Jan. 1, 1847.*

To a northern traveller the first appearance of Savannah varies but little from that of northern cities of a corresponding size. The streets are somewhat wider, the smaller private dwellings have a more frequent display of vine-covered porticoes and piazzas, and it seems rather strange to see the chimnies all standing outside the buildings; but yet the public houses, the churches and the residences of the wealthier citizens are so like those of Hartford or Worcester that he hardly realizes that he has left the land of the Puritans.

The climate of Savannah is always mild, and this New-Year's is as free from frost as a sunny May-day in Massachusetts. The present winter is as yet warm and dry, and cloaks and overcoats have scarcely made their first appearance. This however is unusual. Stormy days, with their damp and chilly atmosphere, often occur for several weeks in succession, and when the weather does become tranquil, the roads, instead of presenting a bright pathway of snow, are impassable from mud and water. The winters of the northern states are indeed fierce and stern, and bear heavily on those of feeble health and slender frame; but were the sturdy farmer of New-England compelled for a single season to draw homeward through mud and mire his firewood and his lumber, you must guarantee him many a bright and beautiful day to induce him to exchange climates.

The China is the favorite shade-tree of this and many of the southern towns. It has a rich and dark green foliage, which is never disturbed by vermin, and remains the latest of the season. In almost every yard there are also seen the sycamore, the Spanish mulberry and the mimosa. Of vines, the white and yellow jasmine, the woodbine, and the bamboo are the most frequent. They grow in the

forests, and on the alluvial bottoms, overtopping the wild shrubbery, and hanging in waving festoons over the creeks and rivers. In the season of blossoms they form one of the most beautiful features of southern scenery.

The peach is the most abundant of the fruit trees of Georgia. It was cultivated by the Indians. It excels in variety, but not in flavor, those of New-Jersey. The fig and pomegranate are excellent fruit, and are easily raised. On the low-lands of the south the apple and pear never flourish. For three seasons they are very thrifty; blossom, bear an indifferent fruit, and decay during the fourth. On the northern declivities of the Cherokee hills, however, there are some good orchards, with summer apples ripening in June and the winter in October. The lemon and orange are mentioned in our geographies as fruits peculiar to, and abundant in this and the adjacent States. It is true that these fruits are found in a few of the lower border counties, but they are dwarfish and unpalatable. In no part of the Union, save the peninsula of Florida, and the newly acquired *provinces* of New Leon and Tamaulipas, are the lemon and orange brought to a state of perfection.

The population of Savannah is about fourteen thousand, more than half of whom are negroes. The present or Christmas week is the holiday time of the slaves; their annual and only period of relaxation and freedom. Early on Christmas morning they come in crowds from the neighboring rice plantations with a few shillings each, which are speedily exchanged for trinkets, confectionary and whiskey. Occasionally one more considerate than the rest will purchase shoes or some article of clothing. They manifest a great buoyancy of spirits, and are full of talk and laughter. During this week they are allowed to traffic for themselves, and visit their acquaintances; privileges of which they avail themselves to the utmost of their ability. Toward sun-down they begin to disperse, and after dark scarcely one is to be seen, the city authorities forbidding them to be out after nine. They pass the night in singing and dancing; the favorite amusements of the negro. The next morning a smaller crowd collects together; for some have hired themselves to their masters, or to other citizens; and thus the number diminishes from day to day, till the night before New-Year's, when all return to commence their annual labor. To a descendant of the Pilgrims, the existence of slavery, in its most lenient and favorable form, must appear unnatural and forbidding. Not that he regards the slave as overburthened with toil, or destitute of suitable food and clothing; these and all other physical comforts he usually possesses in abundance. But the system is inconsistent with his views of equal rights and universal freedom; sentiments which he has cherished from his earliest years, and which he can never abandon.

There are two classes of agriculturalists in this country who possess a sort of natural monopoly; the advantage of receiving an unusual profit in proportion to the labor employed and the capital invested. They are the rice-planters of Georgia and South Carolina and the sugar-planters of Louisiana. Nine-tenths of all the rice consumed in, or exported from the United States, is raised on the

sea-coast and islands between Cape Fear and the northern boundary of Florida. This species of grain can only be raised with profit on wet and marshy ground ; and to insure a certain and abundant crop the soil must be kept in a uniform state of moisture. It is only that portion of the coast and the islands which is overflowed by the tides that is capable of this, a quantity quite limited in its extent. A mound is thrown up on the edge of the shore high enough to prevent the overflowing of the tides. The lowlands are then intersected with canals, opening through the mounds to the ocean. A gate closes each of these openings, which is only raised during the dry summer season, when the rice fields are irrigated by allowing the salt water to pass through the gateways and overspread the surface. The expense of preparing these lands for culture is nearly fifty dollars to the acre. The grain is sown in March and is gathered the first of October. The cultivation of rice is attended with more exposure than that of cotton, and is far more unhealthy.

It is very profitable, and some of the large planters realize an annual income of ten thousand dollars. During the summer months they reside with their families among the highlands, and remain on their plantations only in the winter season.

Savannah, which is the oldest town in the state, was founded by OGLETHORPE, one hundred and fourteen years ago. In the Revolution it was the scene of several sanguinary conflicts, and was for some time in the possession of the British troops. Here fell the gallant PULASKI, to whose memory a beautiful monument is erected in the public square. Both the bar and the pulpit of Savannah are noted for their ability. The Hon. J. M. Berrien, and Judge Wayne, of the Supreme Court, reside here. Among the most noted literary men of the city are the Hon. R. M. Charlton, one of the ablest contributors of the KNICKERBOCKER, and Col. H. R. Jackson, now commanding the Georgia regiment in Mexico. Your readers will admire with me the following impromptu lines by the latter, written by camp-light, near Camargo, last September :

WHERE Rio Grande's turbid waves  
Roll with a current strangely fleet,  
We placed them in their desert graves,  
Beneath the many-leaved muskeet.  
No mother bends her weeping head  
Above the spot where they are laid ;  
The south wind, as it murmurs by,  
Hears not a sorrowing sister's sigh.

The muffled drum with measured tone  
Beat the sole dirge the mourners gave ;  
The trumpet's mouth pealed forth alone  
The ' Requiescat ' o'er their grave.  
And yet from death's last agony  
Their spirits rest as peacefully  
As though they had not closed their race  
Far from their fathers' burial place.

O, Rio Bravo ! when in war  
Shall meet the foe our lessened ranks,  
We'll think of where they sleep afar,  
Upon thy chaparral-covered banks.  
Up, soldiers, up ! and sternly swear  
By all your souls the dearest hold,  
No Mexic' plough shall run its share  
Amid their free-born Georgia mould.

## LETTER SECOND.

THE PINE AND MAGNOLIA: CULTIVATION OF COTTON: PECULIARITIES OF SOUTHERN AGRICULTURE:  
THE GEORGIA FEMALE COLLEGE.

*Macon, (Ga.) Jan. 9, 1847.*

MACON, the largest interior town of this state, is at the western terminus of the Central rail-road, one hundred and ninety-two miles from Savannah. It is a ride of ten hours, over a level country sparsely settled, and of a thin barren soil. The first object that strikes the attention of a traveller is the occasional sight of an alligator as he splashes away from the sudden approach of the cars. They are an unsightly, hideous animal; the most loathsome of all quadrupeds. In size they are smaller than those of South Florida, are cowardly, and dangerous only to calves, pigs and ducks. The first part of the route is through a pine and cypress region, the last through one of oak and hickory.

Although the appearance of a southern pine forest is monotonous, perchance tiresome, it is by no means repulsive or forbidding. The trees are tall and erect, without a branch save at the top. There is no brush or underwood, for the fire annually sweeps over the ground and removes the rubbish. You may drive any where with a buggy, and on horseback may dash off at your pleasure in pursuit of the deer or fox. They are the pitch-pine of North Carolina, but are not as productive. The pitch is obtained by cutting an inclined notch in the tree, inserting a small spout, and placing a rough wooden trough underneath.

Once in a while in crossing a creek you meet with the magnolia, the most magnificent of southern trees. It is found only in a rich and moist soil. Its trunk is tall, and free from limbs. The leaves are large, and of a deep glossy green. Its blossoms, which appear the first of June, are oval like the water-lily, white, and often eight or ten inches in diameter. They scatter a rich fragrance through the unbroken forest. Like the wild southern eagle, which a century ago made its hiding-place among its branches, it is rarely domesticated.

Macon has a population of four thousand souls. About sixty thousand bags of cotton are annually brought to this place from the surrounding region. The culture of cotton is well nigh the sole occupation of the planters of Middle Georgia. It is their surest and speediest method of making money, and has the advantage of always being a cash article. In order to secure the largest crop possible, the planter sows but little grain and plants but comparatively few acres of corn. His bacon, which is the leading article of food among the slaves, is brought from Tennessee. His mules, horses, cattle, and often his flour, are from the same state. The low price of cotton for a few years past has led many, however, to change their policy, and to raise their own stock and provisions.

Cotton is planted in March. The seed is sown in rows like corn; in the spring months it requires a warm sun. The blossoms, which begin to appear the first of June, closely resemble the holyhock. It is an annual plant, with an average height of four and a half, and

on rich bottom lands sometimes reaching that of eight feet. The picking of this staple of the South is more tedious than its cultivation. Commencing the first of September, it usually continues till after New-Year's. A common hand will daily pick about sixty pounds of clear cotton, and when the crop is large, a group of hands are often to be seen picking on one side of a field, and others ploughing for a new crop on the opposite side. Among the large planters it is not unfrequent to see a single field of five hundred acres. Cotton exhausts the soil more than corn or grain. About two hundred and forty thousand bales are annually raised in the middle portion, and three hundred thousand in the whole of this state. The average weight of a bale is five hundred pounds, and the average price, the present year, is eight cents a pound. A planter with forty hands will raise two hundred bales annually, which, at the above-stated price, amounts to eight thousand dollars—a handsome yearly income. The price of cotton, however, for the last six years has been an average of less than six cents per pound. The cotton growers, with a judicious use of their profits, would become a very wealthy community. The present crop in Georgia alone is worth nine millions of dollars.

Wheat and oats are raised in this region, though not as abundantly as at the west. They are sown in October, and mature and are gathered the ensuing May. Corn is easily raised here. It is planted in the month of February, in rows, with each stalk standing alone. It often reaches the height of sixteen feet. The stalk is never cut in mid-summer, but the leaves are stripped from it by the negroes, and tied in small bundles till they are dry. They are then thrown into stacks, and are called by the Georgians 'fodder.' Corn and fodder are the winter food of cattle, horses and mules. During the most of the year they range at large, and live on browse and wild grass, except those which perform labor.

A cotton-growing is not a grazing region. There is no haying season here. The Georgian who has never travelled has probably never seen a scythe. There is no grass except a scattering coarse and wiry species, which is of little value for stock. It is a matter of surprise to the people of a grazing region how so many acres can be tilled by the southern farmer. They do not take into account that there is no breaking up of the turf, and no obstruction from rocks. A single mule will plough in a fresh soil as much as three pairs of oxen would in Vermont. Beside, the plough is used in weeding, instead of the hoe; a process far more speedy. It is not surprising, then, that a single hand will tend twenty-five acres of corn, or eighteen of cotton. There is nothing in the face of the country southward which the Yankee who makes his residence here so frequently notices and deeply regrets as the absence of the green turf. Among the most vivid of the recollections of his native land is that of the velvet sward which covers the hills and valleys, and cheers and enlivens the scenery of New-England.

To the north of Macon, on an eminence overlooking the town, is the Georgia Female College. The location is favorable; the



engraved, and printed in tinted colors, faithful to nature. The like praise may be awarded to the same artist's *'Delineations of North-American Scenery,'* the first 'Part' of which, containing views of a 'Country-seat near Yonkers,' 'View on the Ohio River,' 'Cohoes Falls,' (not so good,) and 'View on the Susquehanna.' The letter-press and printing are excellent; and we add no comment to the sufficient fact that the descriptions of the scenes depicted are from the capable pen of JOHN KESSE, Esq. . . . How distinct and palpable is now the fate of young RUSS, whom we saw for a moment in the court-room the other morning! The circle of the law, which seemed no doubt at first to spread so broadly around him, is now fast narrowing to a hempen one; he will soon 'march sorrowfully to the gallows, there be noosed up to vibrate his hour, and then the surgeons will dissect him and fit his bones into a skeleton for medical purposes.' Victim of unbridled passion though he be, there are many hearts that ache to-night for that wretched, wretched man. . . . If you could see correct drawings, reader, of the horrid animalculæ which abound in river-water, you would appreciate with us the great excellence and value of *'Jennison's Croton Filters,'* which are ornamented, will last for years, are not liable to get out of repair, nor subject to damage from frost. They cleanse themselves, and perfectly filter the Croton water, under any degree of pressure. They are invaluable. . . . Won't our friend PORTER, of the *'Spirit of the Times,'* be good enough to mention to *'The Young 'Un,'* as he styles himself, that his long story upon a short subject, entitled *'A Yankee at a Dentist's,'* was first told at all needful length in this department of the *'OLD KNICK,'* whence it was copied into *'The Spirit'* itself, as well as most other journals in the United States? 'Do, 'f you please.' The matter is of less importance, certainly, than the 'state of the country,' or 'the principles of '98;' but one may as well be correct. . . . 'OLLAPOD' was wont to say that the most ridiculous sight he ever beheld was a short fat Englishman in a tight short-skirted coat, looking with a turnip opera-glass into the Great Horse-Shoe Fall at Niagara. The *'Buffalo Daily Advertiser'* records an even more laughable sight; a cockney New-Yorker, who arrived in the night, calling a servant and going out in the dark to see the Great Cataract by the light of a stable-lamp! What a 'range' he must have had! . . . Mr. CHARLES L. ELLIOTT has recently completed a portrait of DAVID AUSTEN, Esq., of this city, which is conceded by every capable judge of art who has seen it, to be one of the very best pictures ever painted in this country. The likeness is perfect; the color magical; in other words, it is *nature itself* — specific flesh-and-blood. We conceive this picture alone to place Mr. ELLIOTT upon the very pinnacle of the art of portraiture; and in this judgment we are confirmed by all who have seen it. . . . 'THANK you for nothing,' Mr. 'Bangor Correspondent!' We think we *see* ourselves reading over a 'manuscript of three hundred foolscap pages,' and expressing our opinion of it, for an 'obliged stranger!' The offer, that 'if we like any passages of it, when it is published in the book-form, we may be the first to copy them,' we regard as liberal. It reminds us of the old Dutchman's remark to one who had watched him for an hour or two, while he warmed and made ready, one cold winter's evening, a pitcher of cider. When it was in complete order, he raised the vessel to his lips, and without removing it, drained it to the very bottom. 'Dere now,' said he, holding out the pitcher to his friend, 'dat ish vat I calls coot citer!' If you ton't p'lieve dat ish coot citer, *jusht you shmell of te mug!*' We decline the kindred 'favor.' . . . 'P.' will bear in mind that we expressed no opinion as to the *correctness* of the views assumed in the article entitled *'The American and English Ac-*

*tress.*' We certainly deemed the contrast-style adopted by the writer as one not in consonance with good taste, and liable to disparaging comment. The high estimate which this Magazine places upon the acting of Mrs. KEAN is surely sufficiently well known to its readers. We have never had the pleasure to see Mrs. MOWATT upon the stage, except on the occasion of her very promising début; and we thought her present popularity, as evinced by that safest of all tests, full houses, was palpable evidence of her great improvement and general dramatic excellence. But if the encomiums awarded her *were* a little 'exaggerated,' as is charged, it can do no harm to our fair countrywoman. We should never be too niggardly in our praise of *true* American talent; for the commended person will often do more to *support* a character than to *gain* one. 'Are you answered?' . . . 'TIM,' as one of our state legislators would say, has 'more *fluency* than *talency*.' 'HOMER,' he says, apologetically, 'sometimes nodded.' HOMER *might* have nodded, but he did n't *snore* through a whole ream of foolscap — did he? . . . 'I notice many things,' said an American lady, of breeding and intelligence, to us the other evening, 'in the speech of my countrymen and women, which sound strange to me, after a residence of twenty or thirty years in Her British Majesty's dominions. For example, I was in a small tradesman's shop in Broadway, a day or two since, when a man entered, to whom the shop-keeper said, 'How do you do?' 'Well,' said he. 'How's the wife?' '*Ditto*,' he replied. 'And the two daughters?' continued the tradesman. '*Ditto, ditto!*' replied the other. All this struck me as very day-book-and-ledger-ish. Presently the man took hold of the door to go out. '*Hang on*, a minute,' said the shop-keeper, 'I want to talk to you;' and he *did* 'hang on' to the door, while the tradesman called to his daughter in the back-room to '*come* to him *right away*,' which struck me as a contradiction in terms.' . . . THAT was a most worthy and appropriate tribute which was recently paid to our esteemed correspondent and friend, PHILIP HONE, Esq., by a select committee of the first merchants of this great commercial emporium. They purchased, unknown to Mr. HONE, the superb marble bust of himself by CLEVINGER, and placed it permanently in the 'Mercantile Library Association,' an institution which owes so much to the distinguished recipient of the honor thus conveyed. The whole affair was most delicately and tastefully managed. Of Mr. HONE's admirable letter of acknowledgment it is only necessary to say that it was in all respects worthy of himself. . . . ONE word as to the *copyright* which appears on a blank leaf of this Magazine. Its design is to secure to the hirsute 'Egyptian,' who writes the unique 'Letters' under that name, an authentic claim to his productions. Our friends of the press are quite at liberty to *quote* from our pages, as always heretofore. We only ask that the proper credit be given to the KNICKERBOCKER; a thing which our friends of the '*Anglo-American*' weekly gazette forgot to append to the two or three pages of 'Gossip' which they did us the honor to copy from our last number. . . . WE have many communications on file that were too late for the present issue, which goes to press at an earlier period of the month than usual. The ever-attractive '*Saint Leger Papers*' will be continued in our next, and '*The Reign of the People*' concluded, if we can in the mean time decipher the wretched manuscript, which has the added advantage of being half-paged and that half *mis*-paged, as if there a wilful pertinacity to mislead on the part of the writer, 'whoever he may be, or not!' . . . Books and communications received too late for notice in the present number will receive attention in our next.

LITERARY RECORD. — A new and very beautiful edition of '*Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra*,' has just been issued from the press of Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston. This admirable work, which was originally written for and published in the KNICKERBOCKER, is now in its seventh American and fourth or fifth English edition. This fact affords a species of practical praise, to which nothing in the way of commendation need be added. We can only commend, and we do so most cordially, the present form, in one convenient and beautifully-printed volume, as leaving nothing to be desired by the purchaser of this very popular historical romance. . . . We have received from the publishers, Messrs. WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY, Boston, two pretty volumes of poetry, the one entitled '*The Estray, a Collection of Poems*,' of various authors, by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, and '*Poems*' by WILLIAM BUCHANAN READ.' We shall discuss the merits of these two collections in a subsequent number. . . . Messrs. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, have published in a large and handsome volume, uniform with GRAISWOLD's excellent series, '*Specimens of the Poets and Poetry of Greece and Rome, by Various Translators*.' The work is edited by Rev. WILLIAM PETERS, of Christ-Church, Oxford. The numerous extracts are selected from upward of an hundred and twenty Greek and Roman authors, while there are a great number of passages from uncertain authors. It is a very valuable work; is well executed, and embellished by two superb engravings, representing the Coliseum at Rome and the Parthenon at Athens. . . . '*Ship and Shore, or Pencil Sketches of a recent Voyage to, and Tour in Old England*,' is the title of a collection of letters originally published in the 'Christian Watchman,' a religious and family newspaper. Without presenting any thing that is especially new, these sketches are yet very pleasant reading, and may be pronounced interesting. The writer should have adopted some other title for his work than 'Ship and Shore.' Our friend Rev. Alcalde WALTER COLTON, now of Monterey on the Pacific, was in the field before him, under the same title. . . . MR. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall, has issued in two very neat volumes '*Jacques, by George Sand*,' (Madame DUDEVANT,) the translation by our fair correspondent, Miss ANNA BLACKWELL. The work is very popular in France, and so far as we have been able to judge from a hasty perusal, it deserves its reputation. The translation is evidently faithful; but we notice one or two inaccuracies which we trust may be corrected in a subsequent edition. 'You who alone comprehends Old JACQUES,' for example, 'and compassionates his sufferings,' (see the eighty-ninth page) is about as grammatical an expression as 'Cats eats mice.' . . . '*A Kentuckian*' in a pamphlet republished from the Washington 'Union,' seems to have successfully vindicated the memory of POCAHONTAS against what would certainly seem to be the erroneous judgment of the Hon. WADDY THOMPSON in his late work, 'Recollections of Mexico.' We invite to this 'Defence' the attention of our readers. . . . WE have read, and with pleasure, '*Mr. Fosdick's Thanksgiving Sermon on Intemperance*,' delivered at the Hollis-street Church in Boston, of which he is the pastor. He assumes and proves that there is great intemperance on the subject of temperance; intemperance in the matter of slavery; intemperance on the subject of war, and on the theme of social inequalities; and he inculcates 'Temperance in all things' as the proper creed. But Mr. FOSDICK might as well preach to the wind. The tendency of every public 'reform' in this country is ultraism. Hobbies are ridden to death by scores of so-called 'reformers'; and they generally 'find their end' in so doing. They derive as much profit from riding or driving a hobby, as they would out of the stoutest roadster; and that, you see, is 'the secret of it.' . . . '*The Tailor's Eclectic Repository*,' issued from the publication-office of this Magazine, by D. WILLIAMS AND COMPANY, is a work which commends itself to 'the profession' every where. All matters embraced in the '*Theorie de l'Art du Tailleur*' are here set forth, in direction and illustration; and, that the authentic styles should be early known, the French plates of the fashions are presented every month. . . . READ '*Dreamland, a Vision of the New-Year, by Lincoln Ramble*.' The author is a genial spirit, who possesses humor, imagination, wields a trenchant as well as a pleasant pen, and detests cant of every description. . . . MR. GEORGE VIRTUE, Number 26 John street, continues the publication of his very beautiful '*Devotional Family Bible*.' The printing, the paper and the superb engravings make this a work of preeminent merit and attraction. We are not surprised to learn that it is attaining an immense sale. . . . THE following excellent publications reached us at too late an hour to enable us to do more than to announce them and commend them to public attention: '*The Modern Standard Drama*,' edited by EPES SARGENT, a series now in its fourth volume; '*Science, and the Arts of Industry*,' by Rev. ALONZO POTTER; LOVER's '*Songs and Ballads*'; '*Spaniards and their Country*,' by RICHARD FORD; '*Shoe on the Potato-Plant*'; three volumes of Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD's '*Small Books on Great Subjects*,' etc., etc.

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NOTICE.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIBERS who are in arrears should recollect to make returns for what we send them. Remittances to be made to  
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MR. T. P. WILLIAMS is our Agent to receive the names of Subscribers in the West and South. Editors and others kindly interested in the circulation of this Magazine, will oblige us by facilitating his designs.

O. D. DAVIS and JOHN STOUGHTON, Jr., are canvassing for subscribers to this work in the state of New-York.

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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. XXIX.

MARCH, 1847.

No. 3.

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## LETTERS FROM THE GULF STATES.

BY A NORTHERN TRAVELLER.

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WINTERS IN THE SOUTH: SHADE AND FRUIT TREES OF GEORGIA: HOLIDAYS AMONG THE SLAVES:  
CULTIVATION OF RICE: SAVANNAH AND ITS CITIZENS.

*Savannah, Jan. 1, 1847.*

To a northern traveller the first appearance of Savannah varies but little from that of northern cities of a corresponding size. The streets are somewhat wider, the smaller private dwellings have a more frequent display of vine-covered porticoes and piazzas, and it seems rather strange to see the chimneys all standing outside the buildings; but yet the public houses, the churches and the residences of the wealthier citizens are so like those of Hartford or Worcester that he hardly realizes that he has left the land of the Puritans.

The climate of Savannah is always mild, and this New-Year's is as free from frost as a sunny May-day in Massachusetts. The present winter is as yet warm and dry, and cloaks and overcoats have scarcely made their first appearance. This however is unusual. Stormy days, with their damp and chilly atmosphere, often occur for several weeks in succession, and when the weather does become tranquil, the roads, instead of presenting a bright pathway of snow, are impassable from mud and water. The winters of the northern states are indeed fierce and stern, and bear heavily on those of feeble health and slender frame; but were the sturdy farmer of New-England compelled for a single season to draw homeward through mud and mire his firewood and his lumber, you must guarantee him many a bright and beautiful day to induce him to exchange climates.

The China is the favorite shade-tree of this and many of the southern towns. It has a rich and dark green foliage, which is never disturbed by vermin, and remains the latest of the season. In almost every yard there are also seen the sycamore, the Spanish mulberry and the mimosa. Of vines, the white and yellow jasmine, the woodbine, and the bamboo are the most frequent. They grow in the

forests, and on the alluvial bottoms, overtopping the wild shrubbery, and hanging in waving festoons over the creeks and rivers. In the season of blossoms they form one of the most beautiful features of southern scenery.

The peach is the most abundant of the fruit trees of Georgia. It was cultivated by the Indians. It excels in variety, but not in flavor, those of New-Jersey. The fig and pomegranate are excellent fruit, and are easily raised. On the low-lands of the south the apple and pear never flourish. For three seasons they are very thrifty; blossom, bear an indifferent fruit, and decay during the fourth. On the northern declivities of the Cherokee hills, however, there are some good orchards, with summer apples ripening in June and the winter in October. The lemon and orange are mentioned in our geographies as fruits peculiar to, and abundant in this and the adjacent States. It is true that these fruits are found in a few of the lower border counties, but they are dwarfish and unpalatable. In no part of the Union, save the peninsula of Florida, and the newly acquired *provinces* of New Leon and Tamaulipas, are the lemon and orange brought to a state of perfection.

The population of Savannah is about fourteen thousand, more than half of whom are negroes. The present or Christmas week is the holiday time of the slaves; their annual and only period of relaxation and freedom. Early on Christmas morning they come in crowds from the neighboring rice plantations with a few shillings each, which are speedily exchanged for trinkets, confectionary and whiskey. Occasionally one more considerate than the rest will purchase shoes or some article of clothing. They manifest a great buoyancy of spirits, and are full of talk and laughter. During this week they are allowed to traffic for themselves, and visit their acquaintances; privileges of which they avail themselves to the utmost of their ability. Toward sun-down they begin to disperse, and after dark scarcely one is to be seen, the city authorities forbidding them to be out after nine. They pass the night in singing and dancing; the favorite amusements of the negro. The next morning a smaller crowd collects together; for some have hired themselves to their masters, or to other citizens; and thus the number diminishes from day to day, till the night before New-Year's, when all return to commence their annual labor. To a descendant of the Pilgrims, the existence of slavery, in its most lenient and favorable form, must appear unnatural and forbidding. Not that he regards the slave as overburthened with toil, or destitute of suitable food and clothing; these and all other physical comforts he usually possesses in abundance. But the system is inconsistent with his views of equal rights and universal freedom; sentiments which he has cherished from his earliest years, and which he can never abandon.

There are two classes of agriculturalists in this country who possess a sort of natural monopoly; the advantage of receiving an unusual profit in proportion to the labor employed and the capital invested. They are the rice-planters of Georgia and South Carolina and the sugar-planters of Louisiana. Nine-tenths of all the rice consumed in, or exported from the United States, is raised on the

sea-coast and islands between Cape Fear and the northern boundary of Florida. This species of grain can only be raised with profit on wet and marshy ground ; and to insure a certain and abundant crop the soil must be kept in a uniform state of moisture. It is only that portion of the coast and the islands which is overflowed by the tides that is capable of this, a quantity quite limited in its extent. A mound is thrown up on the edge of the shore high enough to prevent the overflowing of the tides. The lowlands are then intersected with canals, opening through the mounds to the ocean. A gate closes each of these openings, which is only raised during the dry summer season, when the rice fields are irrigated by allowing the salt water to pass through the gateways and overspread the surface. The expense of preparing these lands for culture is nearly fifty dollars to the acre. The grain is sown in March and is gathered the first of October. The cultivation of rice is attended with more exposure than that of cotton, and is far more unhealthy.

It is very profitable, and some of the large planters realize an annual income of ten thousand dollars. During the summer months they reside with their families among the highlands, and remain on their plantations only in the winter season.

Savannah, which is the oldest town in the state, was founded by OGLETHORPE, one hundred and fourteen years ago. In the Revolution it was the scene of several sanguinary conflicts, and was for some time in the possession of the British troops. Here fell the gallant PULASKI, to whose memory a beautiful monument is erected in the public square. Both the bar and the pulpit of Savannah are noted for their ability. The Hon. J. M. Berrien, and Judge Wayne, of the Supreme Court, reside here. Among the most noted literary men of the city are the Hon. R. M. Charlton, one of the ablest contributors of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and Col. H. R. Jackson, now commanding the Georgia regiment in Mexico. Your readers will admire with me the following impromptu lines by the latter, written by camp-light, near Camargo, last September :

WHERE Rio Grande's turbid waves  
Roll with a current strangely fleet,  
We placed them in their desert graves,  
Beneath the many-leaved muskeet.  
No mother bends her weeping head  
Above the spot where they are laid ;  
The south wind, as it murmurs by,  
Hears not a sorrowing sister's sigh.

The muffled drum with measured tone  
Beat the sole dirge the mourners gave ;  
The trumpet's mouth pealed forth alone  
The ' Requiescat ' o'er their grave.  
And yet from death's last agony  
Their spirits rest as peacefully  
As though they had not closed their race  
Far from their fathers' burial place.

O, Rio Bravo ! when in war  
Shall meet the foe our lessened ranks,  
We'll think of where they sleep afar,  
Upon thy chaparral-covered banks.  
Up, soldiers, up ! and sternly swear  
By all your souls the dearest hold,  
No Mexic' plough shall run its share  
Amid their free-born Georgia mould.



## LETTER SECOND.

THE PINE AND MAGNOLIA: CULTIVATION OF COTTON: PECULIARITIES OF SOUTHERN AGRICULTURE:  
THE GEORGIA FEMALE COLLEGE.

Macon, (Ga.), Jan. 9, 1847.

MACON, the largest interior town of this state, is at the western terminus of the Central rail-road, one hundred and ninety-two miles from Savannah. It is a ride of ten hours, over a level country sparsely settled, and of a thin barren soil. The first object that strikes the attention of a traveller is the occasional sight of an alligator as he splashes away from the sudden approach of the cars. They are an unsightly, hideous animal; the most loathsome of all quadrupeds. In size they are smaller than those of South Florida, are cowardly, and dangerous only to calves, pigs and ducks. The first part of the route is through a pine and cypress region, the last through one of oak and hickory.

Although the appearance of a southern pine forest is monotonous, perchance tiresome, it is by no means repulsive or forbidding. The trees are tall and erect, without a branch save at the top. There is no brush or underwood, for the fire annually sweeps over the ground and removes the rubbish. You may drive any where with a buggy, and on horseback may dash off at your pleasure in pursuit of the deer or fox. They are the pitch-pine of North Carolina, but are not as productive. The pitch is obtained by cutting an inclined notch in the tree, inserting a small spout, and placing a rough wooden trough underneath.

Once in a while in crossing a creek you meet with the magnolia, the most magnificent of southern trees. It is found only in a rich and moist soil. Its trunk is tall, and free from limbs. The leaves are large, and of a deep glossy green. Its blossoms, which appear the first of June, are oval like the water-lily, white, and often eight or ten inches in diameter. They scatter a rich fragrance through the unbroken forest. Like the wild southern eagle, which a century ago made its hiding-place among its branches, it is rarely domesticated.

Macon has a population of four thousand souls. About sixty thousand bags of cotton are annually brought to this place from the surrounding region. The culture of cotton is well nigh the sole occupation of the planters of Middle Georgia. It is their surest and speediest method of making money, and has the advantage of always being a cash article. In order to secure the largest crop possible, the planter sows but little grain and plants but comparatively few acres of corn. His bacon, which is the leading article of food among the slaves, is brought from Tennessee. His mules, horses, cattle, and often his flour, are from the same state. The low price of cotton for a few years past has led many, however, to change their policy, and to raise their own stock and provisions.

Cotton is planted in March. The seed is sown in rows like corn; in the spring months it requires a warm sun. The blossoms, which begin to appear the first of June, closely resemble the holyhock. It is an annual plant, with an average height of four and a half, and

on rich bottom lands sometimes reaching that of eight feet. The picking of this staple of the South is more tedious than its cultivation. Commencing the first of September, it usually continues till after New-Year's. A common hand will daily pick about sixty pounds of clear cotton, and when the crop is large, a group of hands are often to be seen picking on one side of a field, and others ploughing for a new crop on the opposite side. Among the large planters it is not unfrequent to see a single field of five hundred acres. Cotton exhausts the soil more than corn or grain. About two hundred and forty thousand bales are annually raised in the middle portion, and three hundred thousand in the whole of this state. The average weight of a bale is five hundred pounds, and the average price, the present year, is eight cents a pound. A planter with forty hands will raise two hundred bales annually, which, at the above-stated price, amounts to eight thousand dollars—a handsome yearly income. The price of cotton, however, for the last six years has been an average of less than six cents per pound. The cotton growers, with a judicious use of their profits, would become a very wealthy community. The present crop in Georgia alone is worth nine millions of dollars.

Wheat and oats are raised in this region, though not as abundantly as at the west. They are sown in October, and mature and are gathered the ensuing May. Corn is easily raised here. It is planted in the month of February, in rows, with each stalk standing alone. It often reaches the height of sixteen feet. The stalk is never cut in mid-summer, but the leaves are stripped from it by the negroes, and tied in small bundles till they are dry. They are then thrown into stacks, and are called by the Georgians 'fodder.' Corn and fodder are the winter food of cattle, horses and mules. During the most of the year they range at large, and live on browse and wild grass, except those which perform labor.

A cotton-growing is not a grazing region. There is no haying season here. The Georgian who has never travelled has probably never seen a scythe. There is no grass except a scattering coarse and wiry species, which is of little value for stock. It is a matter of surprise to the people of a grazing region how so many acres can be tilled by the southern farmer. They do not take into account that there is no breaking up of the turf, and no obstruction from rocks. A single mule will plough in a fresh soil as much as three pairs of oxen would in Vermont. Beside, the plough is used in weeding, instead of the hoe; a process far more speedy. It is not surprising, then, that a single hand will tend twenty-five acres of corn, or eighteen of cotton. There is nothing in the face of the country southward which the Yankee who makes his residence here so frequently notices and deeply regrets as the absence of the green turf. Among the most vivid of the recollections of his native land is that of the velvet sward which covers the hills and valleys, and cheers and enlivens the scenery of New-England.

To the north of Macon, on an eminence overlooking the town, is the Georgia Female College. The location is favorable; the

building spacious and convenient. It was established eight years ago; to use the language of the trustees, 'for the purpose of giving to female education a more systematic, thorough and extended course than is now to be obtained in our best seminaries.' The institution is under the direction of the Methodist Conference. At first it encountered many obstacles, but at length won its way to popular confidence and favor. For several winters past I have visited the institution, and am familiar with the method of instruction. The faculty are talented, laborious and faithful in the discharge of their duties. The course of study occupies four years, though many of the young ladies enter a year or more in advance. The present number of students is above one hundred. It is a fault of this and other southern female institutions, that the pupils complete their studies and come out into society as educated young ladies at too early an age, before their mental powers are developed. In their public examinations also there is sometimes too much of the 'ad captandum' effort; as if the public expectation must at all hazards be pampered and gratified; while in doing this there is a tendency to neglect the more substantial, practical and matter-of-fact discipline. That system of education is best which prepares the young of either sex to most successfully fulfil the duties of maturer years.

## LETTER THIRD.

VARIETY OF SOIL AND CLIMATE IN GEORGIA: THE 'WIRE-GRASS REGION': BOX AUULE AND ITS CITIZENS: LIMITED MEANS OF EDUCATION SOUTHWARD.

*Dooly County, Jan. 17, 1847.*

TRAVELLERS who pass through this state, tarrying only a few weeks in each of the principal towns, boarding at public-houses, conversing with cotton-buyers, stage passengers and hangers-on at the hotels, are greatly mistaken if they imagine that they have become acquainted with the character, habits and views of the mass of the people. These towns are half made up of adventurous Yankees and foreigners, and the society here is no type of the native Georgian. But let him go into one of the retired farming counties, into the 'wire-grass region,' as the more isolated of the lower part of the state is here called, among a population born, bred and never having travelled out of their native state, and he will there meet with the primitive, unsophisticated citizen.

No state has a greater variety of soil and climate than Georgia. The upper section includes the Cherokee Hills, rough and rocky, like New-Hampshire. In mid-winter there are brief flights of snow, and in mid-summer, cool and gushing fountains of water. Then comes the middle section; the land rolling, but not hilly, and the climate warm, but not unhealthy. Here the most of the population and the principal towns are located. The crops are most abundant in this section, and the people wealthiest and most intelligent. Then come the low-lands, the most southern and largest section of the state, from one of the counties of which I am now writing. The soil is too thin and sandy to raise cotton, except in

small and detached patches, on which the 'spotters' have settled. They depend on their herds and on hunting more than on planting for a livelihood. The country is an unbroken range, intersected by no fences, and much of it never seen by its owners. The cattle and hogs are marked by their owners, who collect them but rarely. Neighbors are four or five, and often ten miles distant.

Once in a while, however, you will find half a dozen cabins in proximity. Of these, two are groceries, in one of which is kept the post-office, visited once a week by the mail on its way toward Florida. Here also once a month the Justice's court is held, in which are tried the petty offences of the vicinity. On such occasions all the male population, from fifteen upward, are brought together, and numerous and momentous are the subjects which are taken into consideration. Politics are discussed, the prospect of the crops canvassed, recent marriages and deaths enumerated, the largest exploits in hunting, fishing, horse-racing and fighting recounted, and the greatest quantity of whiskey drunk. The last practice is fearfully prevalent. It need not be added that it is a most fruitful source of social and domestic misery.

A few years ago it was the fortune of the writer to pass his first winter southward in one of these retired settlements. It was known in the vicinity by the name of Box Aucle. Our host was a man busily occupied in the discharge of various and dissimilar duties. He was inn-keeper, grocer, tax-receiver and justice of the peace. During the Christmas holidays there was an unusual number of visitors in Box Aucle. They had come together for traffic and for social purposes. Of rude exterior and frontier habits, they were frank, jovial and kindly disposed; men with whom you could sit down and talk long and laugh loudly. It was the foible of some of them that toward night they on some days became garrulous, impetuous and noisy. On New-Year's evening, after the most sedate portion of the citizens had left, the residue became exceedingly boisterous. It was evident that the grocer had been unusually busy in a particular department of his traffic. Some were bandying harsh epithets, and others were beating the air with premonitory gestures. Matters were evidently verging to an unpleasant crisis. Just then Ned Banks, who was usually the Nestor of the crowd, and whose large clumsy head was never at a loss in devising expedients, made his way into the midst of the company, and shouted at the top of his voice:

'Hallo, boys! I've a motion to make. Who 'll second?'

'Let's have the motion,' said the crowd.

'Well, then, I move that we give the first stranger who comes along a sound old-fashioned flogging!'

'Done! done at once!' shouted the crowd.

Now by some means it happened that Ned Banks knew that in all probability the first stranger who would come in sight was an old rival of his, whom he would not regret to see soundly beaten. So he stationed six of the most belligerent outside the door, with orders to dismount the first traveller who should make his appearance.

Our own curiosity, if not our sympathy, was aroused to see what unfortunate wayfarer should first present himself before this formidable body-guard of Box Aucle. In a few minutes, who should appear, leisurely jogging along in his time-worn sulky, but Captain John Hanson, whose kind attentions we had received a few weeks previous, while boarding at the same house in Milledgeville. He was a member of the Assembly from a border county, and having performed his duties as a legislator, was just returning to his constituents. He was a cool, calculating, yet 'rough and ready' man of fifty; and had lived too long in the 'wire-grass' region to misunderstand the character of that peculiar class of 'b'hoys' who dwell there. So when two of the foremost seized the bits of his horse, looking around with an indifferent air, 'Well, fellows, what now?' said he.

'O! nothing, nothing; only we've sworn to give the first strange old hoss that comes along this road an up-and-down beating!'

Now an old-fashioned Georgia flogging is no boy's play, and the prospect of one would have disconcerted the nerves of a person of less experience and feebler courage than Uncle John Hanson. But the Captain knew well the men he had to deal with.

'Right! right!' said he, with a loud care-for-nothing laugh; 'right, my good fellows! You've hit on the smartest trick I've heard of these twelve months. But let's all hands liquor first, boys, for I'm as dry as a school-master's biscuit.'

So, throwing down the reins, he leaped down among the crowd as confidently as if they were sworn friends. Suiting the action to the word, he led the way to the grocery, and throwing down a couple of silver dollars, said to our host:

'Friend, give us each a hot whiskey-punch, and do n't be sparing of your gourd of sugar.'

While the company were enjoying the liberality of the Captain, he took occasion to express his admiration of the village of Box Aucle and its inhabitants. He had in former times passed through the place, but never before had the pleasure of an acquaintance with its citizens. He declared that if he could dispose of his property below he would himself become a resident. Furthermore, if he should hear any one speak disparagingly of the said settlement or its citizens, he should resent the insult on the spot. A fresh supply of punch was now ordered, and two silver dollars were again thrown upon the counter. By this time Captain John Hanson had become the hero of his audience. He had subdued every belligerent feeling, and as darkness was fast coming on, he bade the crowd good night, amid their loud cheers and best wishes, and in a few minutes was out of sight of the village of Box Aucle.

This low-land section of the state contains twenty-six thousand square miles, and a population of a hundred and fifty thousand; an average of less than six to a square mile. There are very few slaves among them; not more than a fourth of the population. In so champaign a region the scenery is exceedingly monotonous, and it is rare that a person can have a view of more than two miles dis-

tance. The houses are cabins built of logs. You may ride a hundred miles and not see a framed house. The labor of building each is nearly the same ; but every man can build the former for himself, no mechanical skill being necessary, while the latter requires the aid of a carpenter. Meeting-houses are rare, and those which *are* seen are rudely constructed. Often the church-going people ride fifteen or twenty miles to attend meeting.

As there is no common-school system in Georgia and the neighboring states, the education of the young is left to be regulated by the means and wishes of each individual family. In a region so sparsely settled and poverty-stricken as that from which I am now writing, it can hardly be said that 'the school-master is abroad;' yet the saying is literally true. The school-master *is abroad*, and always has been. The ardent wish of every good man here is, that Heaven may hasten the day of his visitation. In a promiscuous crowd not more than every third man can read or write, and this is the ultimatum of his education.

It is an ancient maxim, that mankind do not appreciate the advantages of which they have never known the loss. Were any of the young people who have always enjoyed the privileges of the free-school system to be deprived of them by a removal to this section of the Union, they would soon place a more just estimate upon their value. Thrice fortunate are the sons and daughters of the poor man whose lot has fallen in a region where the elements of knowledge are as free as the air and sun-light of Heaven ; who are not doomed to pass the golden days of childhood and youth without culture, until the habits are formed, and sensuality and indulgence have blunted every natural impulse for improvement. MONADNOCK.

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S O N N E T

TO THE KIND LADY WHO EXITTED MY PURSE.

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BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

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THE poet says, 'Who steals my purse steals trash ;'  
 But when he wrote that theft-provoking line  
 It cannot be he had a purse like mine ;  
 Such dainty net-work for his slippery cash.  
 From this good hour shall Fortune smile on me ;  
 For gold and silver cannot choose but come,  
 And make these walls of silk and steel their home,  
 Nor from this fairy-prison wish to flee.  
 I will confine within this tasselled cell  
 The captured Mexican, the brilliant Franc,  
 Eagles, (when caught,) and coins of highest rank ;  
 And in this other silken room shall dwell  
 The ragged children of the soulless bank ;  
 For this snug home each bill shall thank fair L. —.

W. W. F.

## D R E A M S   O F   T H E   L O V E D .

BY OLIVE H. FRAZER.

My heart is lone and sad !  
Sweet strains of music on the zephyr float,  
Appealing to the heart in each deep note,  
To wake glad echoes by their magic spell,  
And all of grief and dark despair to quell—  
To make the spirit glad !

Mine gives it no response !  
Waked from a dream of glory not to be,  
Too beautiful for eyes of earth to see ;  
And when recalled from bliss, how deeply then  
I longed to languish into it again ;  
But that could be but once !

To dream we dwell above  
This weary earth, with all its pain and wo,  
And see its mad ambition all below ;  
Its thirst of wealth and pomp, its love of power,  
To all forget, and breathe for one short hour  
An atmosphere of love !

To breathe it—not alone !  
How few are they who never gladly met  
Eyes whose deep truth they could not well forget ;  
Destined to meet them in that world of bliss,  
In which the pain and sorrowing of this  
Are all unfelt—unknown.

'T was thus I met the loved ;  
They whom mine eyes had kindled fondly o'er,  
When the whole soul gushed through affection's door,  
And found its silent eloquence returned,  
From hearts in which love's flame had brightly burned,  
Whose truth had oft been proved.

'T was sweet to meet them there ;  
Those dear, kind faces, in that land of dreams ;  
To meet again their eyes' love-laden beams ;  
Again to hear their voices, and to feel  
The witchery of their presence o'er me steal ;  
Yet was the dream too fair !

Such scenes, so bright and brief,  
When earthly duties call the spirit back,  
That has been roaming on ethereal track,  
Make it a stranger in a dreary wild,  
And the full heart, that late with rapture smiled,  
Is wrapped in robes of grief !

*Mecklenburgh, (N. Y.), January, 1847.*

## THE ISRAELITISH MAIDEN.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

'But it's not her air, her form, her face,  
Though matching beauty's fabled queen;  
But the mind that shines in every grace,  
And chiefly, in her sparklin' e'en!' — Burns.

On a low divan, in an apartment of a princely dwelling in the environs of D —, sat two maidens, young and fair. In those two words how much are comprised of love, of joy, of hope, of grace!

'Oh precious hours! oh golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time!

A book was in the hand of one, and her cheek was flushed. Its dark hue, and the whole contour of the countenance, proclaimed clearly her descent from the house of Abraham. The face of the maiden who sat by her side no less plainly revealed *her* origin; a beautiful scion of the Saxon race.

'Oh, Bertha, my cheek burns, and my blood is fevered, to read the wrongs suffered by my forefathers! Though but a work of fiction, the history of the past, my own limited experience, and their present condition, all tell me the picture is life-like and true. Old Isaac and his noble daughter are no less living personages than weak King John and his unworthy satellites; than the worshipped knight of the tournament and the proud lady of the ring!'

'But, Adah, you cannot admire old Isaac!'

'No, but I pity; and believe that oppression, wrong, reviling and contempt, crushing him to the earth, so exasperated and embittered his spirit, that he became, as did his suffering progenitor, 'a worm and no man!'

'I know, Bertha, that my people were then, and are now, a proverb for meanness, extortion and cupidity; but I know too that the name of Gentile and Christian cannot soon be dissevered in their minds from hatred, cruelty and oppression!'

'Yes, Adah, the ancient glory of your people *has* long since departed. And yet I have been taught to honor and mourn for them. Into their hands were committed the oracles of God. Patriarchs, prophets, priests and kings were Israelites, as were the Holy Apostles. Jewish blood was shed upon the cross, and they were our Lord's kinsmen in the flesh!'

'Yet the times are changing, Adah. A sympathy and interest is dawning for your people. Judea will yet lift up her head among the nations. Graver heads than mine predict it, to say nothing of the inspired penmen. But in the mean while grieve not: if you could but know some dear ones I could name, I think you would be



softened a little toward us. The past would be forgiven ; you would not stop to inquire whether Jew or Gentile, but rather sigh :

‘ I know that I love thee, whatever thou art !’

‘ Thou knowest that I love *thee*, Bertha.’

‘ Nay, give me not thy whole heart ; reserve a little space for my beloved brother ; neither let him crowd me quite out.’

‘ Never fear, Bertha ; thy brother will scarce deem it worth his while to win a smile from a daughter of the proscribed race.’

‘ Go smooth your raven hair, and don your brightest looks. He *will* love you, for my sake if not for your own.’

A few points in the previous history of the two maidens may here be told. Their friendship had been formed at school ; taken root then, and ripened since. Adah’s parents were not living : she the adopted daughter of an uncle, a man of uncounted wealth ; a Jew of high descent, nurtured in all the prejudices of his nation. His lineage could be traced from generation to generation ; almost to the palmy days of the Holy City. Yet in the place where they dwelt, he lived apart ; he associated only with his own people. Though mingling with men in the busy mart and crowded thoroughfare, he was to them socially a stranger and an alien. To the qualities of his heart and the true lineaments of his mind they were the entirest strangers. Perpetually, betwixt them and him, ‘ there was a great gulf fixed.’ It could not be passed. There were neither sympathies, desires nor affections in common to bridge it over. Oh ! wonderful fulfilment of prophecy ! — their very name is a name of reproach !

Little Bertha Linton was the first to break the spell, and like a sun-beam, to cross the threshold of that stately mansion. The heart of old Solomon softened and warmed toward the children of the Christians for her sake. Sweet Bertha ! gentle and meek ; were there more like thee, the world would soon be evangelized.

Though often wearied and soul-sickened by the exact attention to forms, fasts and observances, the clinging to a lifeless body from which the spirit has long departed, no look of disgust nor smile of ridicule ever crossed her face.

As the lengthened shadows betokened the approach of evening, Adah and Bertha would take their accustomed stroll through the shaded avenues and beautiful gardens, whose bright flowers lent perfume to the air. There would they hold sweet converse, linked together arm-in-arm as heart to heart. And as Bertha discoursed of the great world, of its glittering pleasures, the bright scenes she had passed through, her descriptions sent a thrill of delight through Adah’s frame, and a longing possessed her soul to participate in those fascinations so brightened to her view by the youthful imagination of her friend, in such mournful contrast with her own secluded and monotonous life. And then a look of sadness crossed her face, as she said in mournful accents :

‘ Bertha, such joys are not for me, a despised Jewish maiden.’

All the efforts of the light-hearted Bertha were at such times required to dissipate the sad memories of the past and forebodings of the future, that came crowding on her view; and they were generally triumphant. By her mild demeanor and gentle sweetness, and by some coaxing and pleading too, Bertha obtained the old man's consent that Adah should return her visit, and spend a month at Riverside.

One week has passed since Adah came to Riverside. It was a charming rural place; the lawn of the deepest green; flowers the most fragrant, songsters the sweetest; its surrounding willows the most graceful, to which the bright oriole never failed to return each spring, to build her nest; springs the clearest and softest; meadows the most luxuriant; shadows at sun-down the most beautiful, and noon-day quiet the most dreamy.

To Adah, time flew on swift pinions. The days were passed delightfully in walks and drives and pic-nics. With many of Bertha's friends she sympathized and assimilated, as though one faith, one hope animated them. They no longer eyed her with reserve and mistrust, but gazed with looks of admiration and approval on her beautiful countenance, which, hitherto saddened and thoughtful, now beamed with content and happiness.

CHAPTER SECOND.

'ALL men honor the skilful leech; from land to land he goes,  
Safe in his privilege; the sword of war  
Spare him; kings welcome him with costly gifts;  
And he who late had from the couch of pain  
Lifted a languid look to him for aid,  
Views him with brightened eyes, and blesses him  
In his first thankful prayer.'—SOUTHERN'S *THALASSA*.

ADAH had once before met Edward Linton; she now saw him every day. His life was devoted to the 'healing art,' and his attachment to his vocation was romantic; nay, even chivalric. An universal benevolence, a missionary spirit, seemed to have animated him in the choice of a profession. Never was being more endowed by nature to win confidence and affection, and to diffuse peace and repose by his presence, than he. His gentle voice, quiet demeanor and truthful words, made the sufferer to feel that if there was help in arm of flesh the cunning of *his* hand would be blessed. A conscientious mind, illumined understanding and sympathizing heart would insure the blessing. The mild spirit and tone of Bertha and her brother, as they conversed with Adah on the Religion of the Cross, awakened interest and inspired confidence, if it did not bring immediate conviction to her mind. Day by day her prejudices grew fainter, and by-and-by a consciousness, full of peace and joy and hope, pervaded her spirit, that the faith must be a holy one which wrought such blessed effects.

Adah could not choose but admire the character of the young physician, for she was of a kindred mind and heart, and could ap-

preciate his noble virtues. Love is founded on admiration ; it begins with it. Some hold that 'Pity is akin to Love;' I am sure that Appreciation is a near relative, at least with superior beings, where love is inseparable from respect and esteem ; those names so despised by lovers.

A friend once said to me : 'I hate the word *esteem* !' 'Why ?' I asked. 'Because,' said he, 'it is the word women use when they reject the addresses of a lover : 'I esteem, but cannot love you ;' 'I shall ever *esteem* you.''

'They may esteem without loving, but be assured,' said I, 'those whose love is worth the possessing cannot love without esteeming.'

*Pity* may have preceded young Linton's love for Adah ; for he *did* most deeply sympathize with her in the isolated position in which she lived, and her shrinking sensitiveness to the contumely heaped upon her people. Let us analyze no more, but simply say :

'He loved her for the wrongs that she had suffered,  
And she loved him that he did pity her.'

The same great poet hath it :

'THE course of true love never yet ran smooth ;'

and my story forms no exception to the general rule. Uncle Solomon was inexorable. In vain did even Bertha plead. Adah thought that nothing short of a miracle could move him, and the day of miracles was passed. Yet over the spirit, if not over matter, they are wrought every day ; in stubborn wills subdued ; inveterate habits overcome ; tastes, desires and opinions changed. God in his providence is hourly bringing mighty things to pass, which man in his blindness attributeth to accident, chance, time—any thing but His power working in us, 'to will and to do of His good pleasure.' Adah meekly and patiently resigned herself to what she deemed inevitable. She rarely saw Bertha. In vain her brother persuaded to disobedience. Gratitude, affection and maiden reserve all forbade. Yet they sometimes met ; and hope did not altogether give place to despair.

#### CHAPTER THIRD.

'WATCHMAN, tell us of the night !  
What the signs of promise are ;  
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height  
See that glory-beaming star !  
Watchman, doth its beauteous ray  
Aught of peace or joy foretell ?  
'Traveller, yes ; it brings the day,  
The promised day of ISRAEL !'

ONE only child had Uncle Solomon—the child of his old age, the child of his love, the child of his hopes. The little David was in the house 'a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love ; a resting-place for innocence on earth ; a link between angels and men ;' a link between his earthly parent and his angel-mother in Heaven.

DAVID SOLOMON!—a name how full of hallowed associations; how the old man's heart yearned toward the little being! If 'old Uncle Solomon' had his weak point it was his idolatrous love for the little David. For him he toiled and strove; for *his* sake he bore neglect, injustice and buffeting. He was the quickener, the rewarder, the crown of 'all the labor which he labored to do under the sun.'

Little David Solomon was a bright boy; his eyes sparkled, and his dark locks curled in rich redundancy about his healthful cheek. He had numbered four summers, when one autumn evening his father missed the sound of his little pattering feet in the hall, as he was wont nightly to come in to greet him, on his return from the city. On entering the house he saw nothing of his little favorite; but hastening to his sleeping room, he found him lying on his low pallet, and Adah seated by his side, with anxiety and fear imprinted on her face, for *she* loved the little one with somewhat of the love of a mother for her child. He tossed restlessly from side to side, parched with fever, and his mind wandering and unquiet.

The old man took him in his arms: the little boy knew him not. Wild and incoherent, he screamed with terror as he gazed. The strong man was bowed. He lifted up his voice and wept. Never had Adah seen him so moved before. He said at length, in a voice hoarse with emotion: 'Adah, it is a sickness unto death! Something in my heart tells me there is no hope!'

'Be not so soon disheartened, my dear uncle. Little David has doubtless caught the malignant fever we have so much dreaded; but it may, by the blessing of Heaven, be allayed.'

The physician who had long attended the family, and his father before him, was summoned. He came; endeavored to look wise, and shook his empty head. He prescribed remedies, but without avail. Though more peaceful and quiet, the little boy's mind still wandered and his pulse was quick and wiry. Yet it was touching to hear from his lips, in his deliriousness, words which sweetly showed forth his innocence and affection. Once he clapped his little hands together with a sad glee, and spake of 'bright birds,' and 'gay flowers,' and of his 'sweet cousin Adah.'

The medical man came again. He gave them little hope. Adah sat by the side of the sufferer during the long night-watches. The foot-steps of the sorrow-stricken parent, as he paced the floor of the ante-room, (for he could not stay beside his child, to whom he was as a stranger,) fell upon her ear. A thought flashed upon her mind: 'If we could but have young Linton's counsel!' She stole silently to the side of her uncle and named her wish. He gave instant consent; nay, caught at her proposal as a drowning man clutches the last plank.

Before the day dawned a messenger was on his way to the young physician, with a note from Adah, beseeching him to come instantly and save, if it might be, their little David.

Never was greater celerity exhibited than in obeying this summons. In a little while Dr. Linton stood before the sick child, by

the side of Adah and the disheartened father. Though he spoke no word of encouragement as he gazed upon the face of the little sufferer, yet a light beamed from his countenance, and a ray of hope irradiated the hearts of both father and daughter. And thus vibrating between hope and fear, passed two more weary days. Linton rested not day nor night. All that human skill and foresight could devise, was resorted to. The result neither he nor they, nor any man could foretell. They could only fall down on their knees in humble, adoring submission before Him who 'giveth the increase;' who is the hearer of prayer. The fervent petition of faith was heard, and it was answered. The little David awoke from a deep sleep on the morning of the third day; quiet and refreshed, although weak. The fever-wildness was quite passed away, and the crimsoned cheek was now pale and cool!

Oh! the rush of joy and gratitude, the ineffable tenderness, which glowed in the father's heart, as he beheld the little child of his love restored to himself, and once more smiling peacefully and sweetly in his face!

He turned to his preserver. 'The blessing,' said he, 'of the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, be upon thy head! He has made *thee* His instrument in restoring to me my boy. How can I ever thank thee?—how ever repay thee?

'You can more than repay me, a thousand times ten thousand fold!'

'Ask any boon thou wilt; it is thine.'

Electrified with delight, Linton thought only of *one* boon: 'Give me your daughter; the daughter of your adoption, the child of your love!'

'It is a high price,' said Solomon smiling, 'but as thou hast won her, I give her to thee, with my blessing on you both!'

'Were they really married, then?'

'Of course; and what is better still, by the blessed influence of young Linton's example, and the meek and gentle Bertha's, no long time elapsed before Adah cast in her lot with her new family in spiritual as well as temporal things; and his people became her people and his SAVIOUR her SAVIOUR.'

#### THE LIFE OF LOVE.

Unthought in this existence placed,  
Awhile we tread the dreary waste;  
What can give light  
To cheer the sight,  
And drive away this dreary night?

With cunning's aid and toil and stealth  
We press the search for barren wealth;  
So peace of mind  
We cannot find  
But lose the core and taste the rind.

Ambition's tale if we believe  
We find its promises deceive;  
And led astray,  
We lose our way:  
Ambition shines but to betray!

Rejecting wealth and empty name,  
Love's torch alone burns still the same;  
Still pure and bright  
It lends its light  
To cheer us through the troubled night.

## THE MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

BY A CAMBRIDGE STUDENT.

I.

FATHER, the angel of day is retiring  
 To his rest in the heavenly fold,  
 And the sky and the clouds wrap around him  
 Their mantles of azure and gold.

II.

So the Angel of Life which Thou gavest  
 Is drooping away from my breast,  
 And soft through the sorrowful twilight  
 'T is limning the place of its rest.

III.

Now I stand on the broad shore of nature,  
 And beyond me the happy land lies;  
 And I hear the melodious voices  
 Of spirits ascending the skies.

IV.

Ranks upon ranks, O I see them !  
 As they climb up in garments of light ;  
 Like the beautiful stars in their courses,  
 Through the wonderful fields of night.

V.

FATHER, THY hand led me forth on the desert,  
 Where was nought but the sky and the plain,  
 And I 've labored to find out the pathway  
 Which would lead to THY mansions again.

VI.

But as I passed o'er the waste and the waters,  
 Oft the sad tear of sorrow would start ;  
 And I gathered two beautiful flowers,  
 And twined their sweet leaves 'round my heart.

VII.

Often I looked to those sweet leaves in sadness,  
 And they warned from the cross-paths of strife ;  
 O there's many a tear-watered flower  
 Has read us the lessons of life !

VIII.

FATHER, I 've cherished these beautiful flowers,  
 For to me they were load-stars of love ;  
 I know they will perish in nature —  
 Let them bloom in THY gardens above.

J. A. S.

## THE REIGN OF THE PEOPLE.

IN THREE PARTS: PART THIRD.

THE joy of the friends on thus meeting was great. Their former friendship was renewed. The circumstances of their position endeared them still more closely; and Auguste insisting upon Henri's taking up his abode with him, they lived together as brothers. Their companionship mitigated, though it could not banish, the anxieties each felt; for both feared for their country, and neither could avoid cherishing the liveliest apprehensions for the baron and his daughter.

Nor were their fears on either hand ill-founded. In the contest between the Assembly and the Municipality, during the week succeeding the tenth day of August, Auguste perceived with pain the declining influence of his party, the popular desertion of their principles, which he considered of vital importance, and the erection of an extraordinary tribunal, whose functions were so ill-defined, and whose creation was so unwillingly extorted from the Assembly, that it seemed to him destined to be but a powerful instrument of judicial murder. As for Henri, the forcible ascendancy of the Commune seemed only to fortify his mind in the view he had now adopted; oscillating between extremes, the peace and order of an energetic monarchy appeared preferable to the chequered and bloody fortunes of popular sway. It was in vain that his friend discoursed with all the eloquence of a passionate conviction upon the excellencies of a truly republican régime. In vain did he summon up all the resources of his party-philosophy to give comfort for the present and hope for the future. Henri would receive no comfort for what he considered the ruin of his country, nor entertain any hope of her recovery from the blow.

While the young men were thus divided in opinion as to the extent of the national danger, they entirely agreed in their anxiety for the fate of the baron and Emilie. Indeed Henri's surmises seemed dictated by such an absorbing interest, that old suspicions awoke in Auguste's mind, and it was not long before he discovered the secret. So far from expressing displeasure, however, he was gratified, and gave assurances of his countenance with Emilie, if circumstances should favor their search. That search had now been continued at intervals for several days. Roland, the Minister of the Interior, a personal friend of his youthful admirer and partisan, had used his efforts in vain. The omnipotent Minister of Justice, Danton, affirmed that he knew nothing of their place of refuge, and the prisons even had been examined. Henri, from prudential motives, had continued ostensibly one of the people; he visited the Jacobins, and

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‘I am your friend, Sir,’ said the manly voice of Henri ; ‘I am of your city, and I think you knew me there ; Henri Graubner, of Lyons.’

His heart palpitated as he spoke, for he knew not whether the baron had recognized him, begrimed as he was, in the attack on the Tuilleries. The reply reassured him, and the trio immediately entered into conversation upon their respective circumstances. Without waiting however for the details, Henri at once informed them of the vigilant search instituted for every adherent of the fallen dynasty, and he declared that their retreat was not secure for an hour ; he therefore proposed their instant departure with him to the hotel of Auguste, where a place of concealment was ready, their wants could be ministered to without suspicion, and the earliest information also being obtained of every movement, the best means could be adopted for protection. But at the mention of his son’s name the baron’s pride was aroused, and neither the expostulations of the friend nor the entreaties of the daughter could gain his assent to the proposition. Baffled in his attempts, Henri begged that Emilie



might at least visit her brother, and he would speedily return with her again; but the poor girl refused with tears to desert her father for an instant. During a momentary absence she had just incurred fearful dangers, and she trembled as she thought of the condition of her parent, had any thing ill befallen her. Disappointed and chagrined, Henri took his leave, with a promise to Emilie to return with her brother.

When the happy discovery was communicated to him, Auguste's gratification was not unmixed; for he had begun to think that his father had effected his escape from the city. He had just returned from the Assembly, where the session had been unusually stormy. Sharing in all the agitations of the capital upon the rumored advance of the Prussian army to the frontiers, the news of the capture of Longy, which had come that day, had excited a ferment sufficient to warp the judgments of the most moderate of the deputies; while the menaces of the municipality awed those who still retained their self-possession. Not content then with decreeing death against any one who should propose surrender to the foe, the most stringent measures had been taken to detect and imprison every dangerous person. Auguste knew that in the close search which would shortly be set on foot, his father could not possibly escape discovery in his present refuge; and it was wonderful to him that he had so long baffled pursuit. Nor on the other hand was he at all confident of being able himself effectually to secure his parent, even if humbling himself before him, and neglecting no means in his power, he should finally prevail on the old man to accept his protection. Harassed with these conflicting thoughts, he returned with Henri. Haughty as the baron was, and sternly as he conceived his heart hardened against his son, paternal affection proved too strong for his determination; and without a word of explanation, they embraced and mutually forgave.

It did not now demand much effort from any one to accomplish their departure. Fortunately they arrived without accident at their destination. Here Auguste pointed out the hiding-place he had prepared. It was a simple closet behind the wainscot, the heavy hangings concealing the secret entrance. It had formerly been used to store valuables. Many of the houses in Paris contained similar recesses; but unfortunately their insecurity was in proportion to their number. It was Auguste's hope however that the police, thus far unable to discover his father, would believe him to have escaped from the capital; while his own high position as a member of the nominally-ruling party in the state, joined to the democratic character of his companion, would save him from suspicion and consequent investigation of the premises. Two or three days passed in tranquillity, and they all began to indulge hope. The baron, only retiring when some stranger arrived, seemed less melancholy in the midst of his family. Henri's respectful and devoted but manly attention to Emily fostered her attachment and inspired her with new esteem for him. No longer dwelling in a lordly castle, inequality of condition ceased to enkindle her pride, or raise her too high for

her own happiness ; and they had already begun to devise plans of escape from the city, when their tranquillity was interrupted.

It was the fair twilight of a summer's evening ; and as Henri re-entered the gates, from the performance of a duty (assigned him by his club) with the camp outside the barriers, he was struck with astonishment at the profound and unnatural silence resting upon the immense capital. The street, a few hours before so populous and lively, seemed very sombre and desolate. He walked on amazed. Still every thing appeared only calculated to augment his wonder. No gay groups thronged the gardens ; he met no animated companies, discussing the events of the day. The shops, wont to be so brilliantly attractive, were all closed and dark ; even the Palais Royal, the scene of such wild revelry a year before, and which continued a popular resort while Phillip Egalité lived, was desolate ; the fall and play of the fountains awoke only the echoes, and the great churches, whose solemn repose had been intruded on by patriotic women, in preparing necessaries for the camp, looked still again, and undisturbed. To his surprise he saw two armed guardships stationed upon the winding river. The flying pace and terrified visages of the few persons he encountered did not prevent his inquiring what had happened to cause this unnatural state of things : he now learned that the Assembly had closed the barriers for forty-eight hours, and the police of the Commune were about to visit every house and seize every man against whom rested the shadow of an imputation. They had done this with the design of rooting out the traitors in their midst, who were supposed to be ready to coöperate with the invading army ; and, as their distorted fancy suggested, about to murder wives and children, while their protectors were advancing with the army ; and thus they intended not only to gain possession of the persons of those who had plotted treachery, but all the disaffected, and at once utterly to disconcert and render nugatory every embryo plot and cabal. Stimulated by the thrice-repeated sentiment of Danton, that boldness alone could preserve them in the crisis, they had allowed him to dictate this measure as the first exercise of their resolution. But although the leading Jacobins and the Municipality were in the secret, they were not at all aware of the awful evening of the deed ; the gates, as we said, were accordingly closed for two days. No exit from the city was permitted, on any pretext whatever, and any one discovered in the fields in the neighborhood of the city was to be stopped. When the drum beat, each citizen must repair to his house and await the official visitors ; while during the night the streets and lanes were to be illuminated, to make sure that they were clear even of carriages ; and to crown all, in order that the inexorable commissioners might arrest every person not found at his own home, all the Sectional Assemblies and the great Tribunal itself adjourned for the two days !

Such was the measure whose immediate effects Henri already perceived ; and as he quickened his speed to a run, he heard the wary and interrupted knock of the muffled hammer within many a barred door, vainly preparing a place of concealment. He found

his friends collected, calm and resigned to whatever fate awaited them. They had been informed of the danger, and though they yet hoped that discovery might not be inevitable, they endeavored to be prepared for it. Stifling the expression of his feelings, Auguste contemplated every avenue and chance of present and future escape. He too felt that discovery might possibly be avoided; but if found, what would be his father's fate! If escaping immediate execution, or neglected in the prison, would not its noxious atmosphere and solitude prey upon his life? There was indeed one hope; his own services and the friendship of the Minister of State; that hope however was abated by the reflection that Roland was not the prime mover in these measures, nor was it in his power to free any one suspected, from the jurisdiction of the recently-instituted tribunal, which was entirely under the influence of the Commune, where Danton reigned supreme. Still it was almost his only hope, and he clung to it. Mournfully and quick the moments now glided, on to the decisive instant; tearful were Emilie's eyes, as she took one long embrace of her father, it might be the last; Henri, mute but resolved, looked on; he clasped her cold hand; she read his calm stern look, and despair fell crushingly upon her soul. At this moment the mournful tap of the drum was heard in the distance, sounding sharp and clear in the unbroken stillness. Hastily closing the little panel door, Auguste adjusted the cumbrous hangings in natural folds, and all awaited the result.

It was a strange progress, that of the Commissioners of Search. Over the silent city the sullen single peal of the bells announced the first hour after midnight, and issuing from the Hotel de Ville, with heavy tramp and the rattle of arms, their noises only made the universal stillness more appalling. It seemed a march through a city of the dead; but as the band diverged, and spread through the thousand thoroughfares, lighted up with the blaze of day, confusion and terror soon changed the scene. Shouting and laughing, the soldiers of the Commune marched on, thundering at open doors and battering down those which offered the least impediment. The crashing of glass, and the falling timber of partitions suspected of affording a lurking place, mingled with the protestations and cries of those hurrying to the Hotel de Ville and the different prisons, and still through all the steady advance of the guards and officers, with the monotonous beat of the drum, left no hope.

Sinks and garrets were no hiding-places then. Half suffocated between feather-beds; half drowned in cisterns, the wretched culprits were dragged forth. Sometimes fear defeated its own end, and the secure wretch perished in his lurking-place. Wainscottings nailed too tightly upon them, pressed to death, or too closely-bunged casks suffocated the unhappy fugitive: not unfrequently the groan of unendurable agony indicated but too accurately the refuge of the victim.

Nearer still sounded the footsteps of the relentless band, and louder grew the uproar in the Quartier Lepelletier. Pale and trembling, Emilie knelt in prayer. With a wise forethought Henri

had gone to his former lodgings, the better to preserve his democracy from suspicion, and thus be more able to assist the baron in any emergency consequent upon his arrest. And now they are in the court; they ascend the stairs; Auguste goes to meet them; without hesitancy, the officers and men throng into the room; and well-practised by this time, they proceed at once to tear down the hangings and sound the floor. The master remonstrated. 'Sir,' said the chief of the division, 'we know that the Count de Chabotte is here; if you will surrender him, well; if not, your apartments may be destroyed in the search.'

At these terrible words, pronounced in a business-like way, Emilie already nearly dead from excess of terror, could endure no longer. She threw herself at the feet of the stern soldier: 'Save, save my father!' she chokingly ejaculated, and fell motionless before him.

'That's a royalist girl, comrades,' said the brutal chief; 'had n't we better take her too?'

Here is the order of the Commune that she shall be untouched,' said one of the men, coming forward.

'How now? Where did this come from?' replied the leader.

'I informed on that condition, Sir,' said the man.

'Then you shall be yourself arrested. Seize him! To the Communes with him! Let them release him!'

This deluded man, the same whom Henri had knocked down in his pursuit of Emilie, having recovered from that blow, determined to discover something of her, and had patiently watched the premises and awaited her coming out. He had seen Henri's exit and return, and had followed the party unnoticed to the present abode. Finding himself so far baffled, he gave information of the occurrence to the police, upon the condition we have mentioned; supposing that, her defenders being arrested, the victim would be helpless. The Commune, by the aid of Danton's previous information, were at no loss to identify the person of the old man, and though they gave the promise, they were not unwilling to condemn its requirer; when, as we have seen, he fell into their hands as a 'suspected' person. Hardly had he been marched off, when the object of their search was drawn from his concealment, and three men were deputed to conduct him to the committee of the section, where he was to undergo a preparatory examination; and as Emilie remained still insensible, the disorderly gang soon withdrew, without carrying out their captain's suggestion. Auguste would very gladly have accompanied his father, but his apparently dying sister demanded all his attention. The father's mind was made up; and with one glance of mingled agony and love toward them, he turned to proceed upon his way, apparently unmoved.

Long and assiduously did her brother bathe the icy temples of the prostrate form before him. He chafed her hands, and used all the restoratives in his possession. With the morning light the patrol withdrew to the trial of their arrests — their nocturnal prey. The dismal tapping of the drum ceased, and men ventured into the streets

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It did not now demand much effort from any one to accomplish their departure. Fortunately they arrived without accident at their destination. Here Auguste pointed out the hiding-place he had prepared. It was a simple closet behind the wainscot, the heavy hangings concealing the secret entrance. It had formerly been used to store valuables. Many of the houses in Paris contained similar recesses; but unfortunately their insecurity was in proportion to their number. It was Auguste's hope however that the police, thus far unable to discover his father, would believe him to have escaped from the capital; while his own high position as a member of the nominally-ruling party in the state, joined to the democratic character of his companion, would save him from suspicion and consequent investigation of the premises. Two or three days passed in tranquillity, and they all began to indulge hope. The baron, only retiring when some stranger arrived, seemed less melancholy in the midst of his family. Henri's respectful and devoted but manly attention to Emily fostered her attachment and inspired her with new esteem for him. No longer dwelling in a lordly castle, inequality of condition ceased to enkindle her pride, or raise her too high for

her own happiness ; and they had already begun to devise plans of escape from the city, when their tranquillity was interrupted.

It was the fair twilight of a summer's evening ; and as Henri re-entered the gates, from the performance of a duty (assigned him by his club) with the camp outside the barriers, he was struck with astonishment at the profound and unnatural silence resting upon the immense capital. The street, a few hours before so populous and lively, seemed very sombre and desolate. He walked on amazed. Still every thing appeared only calculated to augment his wonder. No gay groups thronged the gardens ; he met no animated companies, discussing the events of the day. The shops, wont to be so brilliantly attractive, were all closed and dark ; even the Palais Royal, the scene of such wild revelry a year before, and which continued a popular resort while Phillip Egalité lived, was desolate ; the fall and play of the fountains awoke only the echoes, and the great churches, whose solemn repose had been intruded on by patriotic women, in preparing necessaries for the camp, looked still again, and undisturbed. To his surprise he saw two armed guardships stationed upon the winding river. The flying pace and terrified visages of the few persons he encountered did not prevent his inquiring what had happened to cause this unnatural state of things : he now learned that the Assembly had closed the barriers for forty-eight hours, and the police of the Commune were about to visit every house and seize every man against whom rested the shadow of an imputation. They had done this with the design of rooting out the traitors in their midst, who were supposed to be ready to coöperate with the invading army ; and, as their distorted fancy suggested, about to murder wives and children, while their protectors were advancing with the army ; and thus they intended not only to gain possession of the persons of those who had plotted treachery, but all the disaffected, and at once utterly to disconcert and render nugatory every embryo plot and cabal. Stimulated by the thrice-repeated sentiment of Danton, that boldness alone could preserve them in the crisis, they had allowed him to dictate this measure as the first exercise of their resolution. But although the leading Jacobins and the Municipality were in the secret, they were not at all aware of the awful evening of the deed ; the gates, as we said, were accordingly closed for two days. No exit from the city was permitted, on any pretext whatever, and any one discovered in the fields in the neighborhood of the city was to be stopped. When the drum beat, each citizen must repair to his house and await the official visitors ; while during the night the streets and lanes were to be illuminated, to make sure that they were clear even of carriages ; and to crown all, in order that the inexorable commissioners might arrest every person not found at his own home, all the Sectional Assemblies and the great Tribunal itself adjourned for the two days !

Such was the measure whose immediate effects Henri already perceived ; and as he quickened his speed to a run, he heard the wary and interrupted knock of the muffled hammer within many a barred door, vainly preparing a place of concealment. He found



his friends collected, calm and resigned to whatever fate awaited them. They had been informed of the danger, and though they yet hoped that discovery might not be inevitable, they endeavored to be prepared for it. Stifling the expression of his feelings, Auguste contemplated every avenue and chance of present and future escape. He too felt that discovery might possibly be avoided; but if found, what would be his father's fate! If escaping immediate execution, or neglected in the prison, would not its noxious atmosphere and solitude prey upon his life? There was indeed one hope; his own services and the friendship of the Minister of State; that hope however was abated by the reflection that Roland was not the prime mover in these measures, nor was it in his power to free any one suspected, from the jurisdiction of the recently-instituted tribunal, which was entirely under the influence of the Commune, where Danton reigned supreme. Still it was almost his only hope, and he clung to it. Mournfully and quick the moments now glided on to the decisive instant; tearful were Emilie's eyes, as she took one long embrace of her father, it might be the last; Henri, mute but resolved, looked on; he clasped her cold hand; she read his calm stern look, and despair fell crushingly upon her soul. At this moment the mournful tap of the drum was heard in the distance, sounding sharp and clear in the unbroken stillness. Hastily closing the little panel door, Auguste adjusted the cumbrous hangings in natural folds, and all awaited the result.

It was a strange progress, that of the Commissioners of Search. Over the silent city the sullen single peal of the bells announced the first hour after midnight, and issuing from the Hotel de Ville, with heavy tramp and the rattle of arms, their noises only made the universal stillness more appalling. It seemed a march through a city of the dead; but as the band diverged, and spread through the thousand thoroughfares, lighted up with the blaze of day, confusion and terror soon changed the scene. Shouting and laughing, the soldiers of the Commune marched on, thundering at open doors and battering down those which offered the least impediment. The crashing of glass, and the falling timber of partitions suspected of affording a lurking place, mingled with the protestations and cries of those hurrying to the Hotel de Ville and the different prisons, and still through all the steady advance of the guards and officers, with the monotonous beat of the drum, left no hope.

Sinks and garrets were no hiding-places then. Half suffocated between feather-beds, half drowned in cisterns, the wretched culprits were dragged forth. Sometimes fear defeated its own end, and the secure wretch perished in his lurking-place. Wainscottings nailed too tightly upon them, pressed to death, or too closely-bunged casks suffocated the unhappy fugitive: not unfrequently the groan of unendurable agony indicated but too accurately the refuge of the victim.

Nearer still sounded the footsteps of the relentless band, and louder grew the uproar in the Quartier Lepelletier. Pale and trembling, Emilie knelt in prayer. With a wise forethought Henri

had gone to his former lodgings, the better to preserve his democracy from suspicion, and thus be more able to assist the baron in any emergency consequent upon his arrest. And now they are in the court; they ascend the stairs; Auguste goes to meet them; without hesitancy, the officers and men throng into the room; and well-practised by this time, they proceed at once to tear down the hangings and sound the fíoot. The master remonstrated. 'Sir,' said the chief of the division, 'we know that the Count de Chabotte is here; if you will surrender him, well; if not, your apartments may be destroyed in the search.'

At these terrible words, pronounced in a business-like way, Emilie already nearly dead from excess of terror, could endure no longer. She threw herself at the feet of the stern soldier: 'Save, save my father!' she chokingly ejaculated, and fell motionless before him.

'That's a royalist girl, comrades,' said the brutal chief; 'had n't we better take her too?'

Here is the order of the Commune that she shall be untouched,' said one of the men, coming forward.

'How now? Where did this come from?' replied the leader.

'I informed on that condition, Sir,' said the man.

'Then you shall be yourself arrested. Seize him! To the Communes with him! Let them release him!'

This deluded man, the same whom Henri had knocked down in his pursuit of Emilie, having recovered from that blow, determined to discover something of her, and had patiently watched the premises and awaited her coming out. He had seen Henri's exit and return, and had followed the party unnoticed to the present abode. Finding himself so far baffled, he gave information of the occurrence to the police, upon the condition we have mentioned; supposing that, her defenders being arrested, the victim would be helpless. The Commune, by the aid of Danton's previous information, were at no loss to identify the person of the old man, and though they gave the promise, they were not unwilling to condemn its requirer; when, as we have seen, he fell into their hands as a 'suspected' person. Hardly had he been marched off, when the object of their search was drawn from his concealment, and three men were deputed to conduct him to the committee of the section, where he was to undergo a preparatory examination; and as Emilie remained still insensible, the disorderly gang soon withdrew, without carrying out their captain's suggestion. Auguste would very gladly have accompanied his father, but his apparently dying sister demanded all his attention. The father's mind was made up; and with one glance of mingled agony and love toward them, he turned to proceed upon his way, apparently unmoved.

Long and assiduously did her brother bathe the icy-temples of the prostrate form before him. He chafed her hands, and used all the restoratives in his possession. With the morning light the patrol withdrew to the trial of their arrests — their nocturnal prey. The dismal tapping of the drum ceased, and men ventured into the streets

once more. With the first blush of day, Henri hastened to learn the fate of all he held most dear on earth. Sad indeed was the sight which greeted him! By his aid Auguste was enabled to summon a physician, and to their unspeakable joy, toward noon Emilie revived a little from her death-like swoon.

Snatching the first moment, Auguste hastened to Roland to discover the fate of his father. The minister did not know, but he felt so deep a sympathy for his young friend that he left the pressing calls of his office, and accompanied him to the department of Danton: he found him surrounded by officials and buried in the details of the last night's work. 'He could attend to nothing now,' he said; 'the State demanded his energies;' but at Roland's earnest entreaty, he agreed to receive and hear Henri the next evening. During the intervening time Auguste made up his mind to throw himself wholly upon the mercy of the Dictator. He perceived indeed that it was his only chance; there could be no doubt that his father had fought for the king on the tenth of August, and had been high in honor and repute under the monarchy; and he could not deny that should the foreign army appear under the batteries of Paris, the old veteran would be among the very foremost to raise the banner of sedition. There could be no doubt therefore of his condemnation if he came to trial.

As for escape, the keen surveillance exercised by innumerable deputies at the barriers discouraged it entirely. Auguste was not acquainted with Danton. He had seen him appear several times at the bar of the assembly, and had derived no very favorable impressions; but Roland, who knew him well, and though often thwarting never was hated by him, recommended an appeal to his kinder feelings; beneath that unprepossessing exterior, he said, a gentle heart beat, and the sympathies of a generous nature were not entirely extinct in him. Hardly daring to hope, but nerved by the crisis, at the appointed time Auguste was ushered into the presence of the 'Dictator;' for he was indeed Dictator. In that tumultuous hour, when consternation pervaded all ranks, and pictured the Prussians already encamping within the capital, when the panic-struck assembly would have retreated behind the Loire, and when the patriotic populace wavered for want of a leader, one man stood forth, wise and calm. To his superior coolness and energy all rival leaders, during the moment of exigency, were compelled to defer, and Robespierre and the Jacobins, alike with the Girondists in the Assembly, succumbed to his superiority.

He sat alone. Lists of names of doomed men covered his table, and he was apparently studying a plan of the prisons of Paris, for at that very time he was revolving in his mind that scheme of horror so soon destined to have its terrible development. His large strong eye scanned his visitor from head to foot as he entered, and Auguste trembled as he met the imperious look. Danton was not displeased at this involuntary tribute to his power, and his features relaxed as he referred to Roland's recommendation, and motioned the bearer to present his wishes.

With a voice husky from emotion, he detailed the circumstances of the case. He admitted his father's loyalty, but over against this he set his own long allegiance to the republican cause, and the evils he had endured in consequence. He dwelt upon the services of the baron in former days to their common country, and alluded to his advanced age, both as a reason for clinging to old opinions and as a claim to sympathy. As he went on to describe not only his own fate, but that of a daughter, a sister, a fair maiden, as involved in the decision, and moreover, as dependant also upon it, the happiness of another as ardent a Jacobin as ever shouted in the Cordeliers, (for such was Henri's reputation,) Danton was moved. It was not any thing so peculiar in the circumstances; it was the mournful and touching tone in which Despair and Hope struggled together, the imploring eye, every accent and gesture, bespeaking the deepest filial love, and that too toward one who, by his own confession, had cast him off for his republicanism, that found a sympathetic chord in the heart of this man; and when he finally declared that he would pledge his honor that his father should leave the country without an hour's delay, if released, the executioner relented. There was a pause for a moment as the speaker ceased. Danton thought perhaps he was thinking of his own fair wife, and perhaps he caught a shadowy image of his own fate, torn from his heart's idol and consigned to a public death. He consented to the release. 'This is the thirty-first of August,' said the Minister of Justice; 'to-morrow will be the first of September. On the morning of the second the pardon and passports shall be ready.' Pouring out his expressions of fervent gratitude to the preserver of his family, Auguste withdrew. Danton's parting words were, 'Remember, on the morning of the second; be prepared.'

With this glad news Auguste regained his rooms. What was his surprise to find all deserted. During the two days since the domiciliary visit, Emilie had rapidly regained strength; Auguste had been absent since three o'clock, and Henri soon appearing, set his mind at ease about her; for, regardless of every thing but her father, she had persuaded Henri to accompany her to the prison, with the design of visiting her parent and returning speedily. She had found him so feeble and apparently failing, however, that she had remained with him, to cheer and comfort him. It mattered little, Auguste said, as release was so near at hand; and on the next day, the first of September, the two made preparations for their departure. They arranged a rapid conveyance to Havre, from whence they could easily avail themselves of the first vessel going to England or America.

The morning of the second of September rose cloudless upon Paris. How dark was to be its setting on that devoted city! Auguste remembered that Danton had given a strange emphasis to the word *morning*, in fixing the time for the reception of his papers. Ill-defined suspicions rose in his breast, and he remained at home during all the forenoon, in expectation of their arrival. But none came, and scarcely knowing what to fear, he regretted that he had allowed Henri to leave to attend to the journey; for if he sought

Danton, they might come in his absence. At length, however, he concluded that the best plan would be, as he had waited so long, to try to find Danton, who might, he thought, have forgotten the matter. But he did not find him at the Commune, and when he got to the Jacobins, he was told that the minister had just left for the Cordeliers; in short, he hunted for him ineffectually during the remainder of the day; for Danton was in fact visible to no one on that day, save the emissaries of his dark plot. With gloomy feelings, Auguste returned home; and here to his surprise he found that a messenger had called with papers for him, and declaring them to be of too much importance to leave, had set out for the assembly, supposing Auguste to be there. It was now night-fall, and there was no resource but to await his return in patience. The messenger had been arrested by one of the disorderly patrols, through mistake, and though he easily exculpated himself, he was detained some time, and Auguste waited in vain.

During these hours the plot of Danton had hastened to its consummation. We have seen Emilie on the morning of this day visit her father in the prison, and remain with him; for an unwonted feeling of horror seemed to pervade the place, to which none were insensible. Preparations appeared making for something important. The gaoler looked alarmed, and as he cautiously removed the knives from the table at dinner, he muttered some words to the effect that 'the young woman had better go home.' But these suspicious circumstances only confirmed Emilie in her determination to remain and share her father's fortunes.

About dark the inmates of the prison were alarmed by the deep reverberation of the alarm gun, and the clang of the tocsin sounded unusually prolonged. Shortly after, the populace, men and women, raging like furies, stormed around the Abbaye; from her position at the window, Emilie could see and report to her father all their proceedings. Throwing down the huge gate of the court-yard, they called for the keys of the cells, and commenced the appalling work without delay, amid unearthly yells and gestures of the wildest description: for the mob, vast even for those days, was rendered furious by the murders they had already been committing, and they panted eagerly for slaughter. The terrified jailers yielded readily to all their demands. Their rude preparations completed, a gang, without waiting to unlock them, tore down the wicket-gate, and one after another dragged the miserable prisoners into the main hall, which opened into the court.

Here, at the end opposite the entrance, on an elevated seat, a rough table before him, sat one of the most ferocious of the rioters, who had been named their judge by acclamation. It was the plebeian, Maillard. Torches flamed around him, and gave a more than funereal hue to that Court of Death. Himself fresh from murder, the robes of the judge were drenched in blood; a drawn sabre yet reeking lay before him, and his repulsive face was rendered ghastly by a deep cut, which was still bleeding. Around him were his self-constituted officers, brutal and scarred and stained with gore like

himself; while ever and anon he smiled grimly as he crossed off one more name from the list in his hand and directed the victim to the door; the unsuspecting man often went voluntarily. The gate swung behind him; the forest of pikes and swords received him, and the mangled corpse was tossed on with savage exultation, until a louder howl announced that a new victim was thrust out to them.

It was after a momentary pause in the proceeding, during which, as if to inflame them still farther, wine had been given to the assassins, that the baron was brought before the merciless tribunal. Mailard's eyes gleamed with delight, as he drew his mark against the title of nobility, and simply asking if the name was correct, consigned him to 'La Force.' But Emilie clung around the old man's neck, and as the horrid sight burst upon her with the closing door, her agonizing screams and supplications to the slayers seemed to melt even their hearts. Despair gave her new courage; she rushed first to one and then to another; kneeling before them, she clung to the arms upraised to strike. For the moment pity prevailed, and she was allowed to conduct her charge nearly through the dense mass in safety. By her side, during all that perilous progress, alternately commanding and entreating, now defending and now almost assailing, was one of the roughest of the sanguinary crew; he seemed determined to protect her at the hazard of his life. Already had he received several slight sabre-cuts, but intent only on his end, he did not turn to avenge them.

Two thirds of the court-yard was now passed. But the people on the outside, who rarely got a chance at a living victim, seemed resolved not to forgo this opportunity. In vain did Emilie, her fair skin polluted with the dripping gore, torn and almost mangled, beseech and imprecate in turn. In vain did her defender struggle against the throng fast inclosing him. In vain did he strive to persuade his comrades, declaring that the girl and her father were republicans unjustly condemned. Many women who had as yet only seen the deaths at a distance, clamored for blood. Henri, for it was he, who had mingled with the mob, determined to save the baron or fall in the effort, was now all but exhausted; a sword pierced the uplifted hand of the old man, and a rude arm clutched the daughter in its embrace. Grasping his pike, Henri braced himself for the attack; he was resolved at least to kill the most blood-thirsty of the wretches about him, before he and his companions were sacrificed; but as he gave one last glance around, he saw turning through the great gate an officer of the Commune, and to his glad surprise, Auguste was with him; and he shouted with the energy of desperation. Spurring their jaded horses recklessly through the mob, trampling them down indiscriminately in their hot haste, the commander displayed the broad scarf of authority, and before the rabble had rallied from their surprise sufficiently to defy them, they seized the destined victims and bore them away.

A post and passports had been all provided, and the united family, insensible from terror and wounds, dashed along the road to Rouen. A few hours spent in that town revived and reassured them suffi-

ciently to speak of their escape ; and Auguste informed them that he had remained at his hotel in great anguish, fearing to go, and still more fearing to stay, until the uproar convinced him that a new massacre was in progress. Coupling what he saw with Danton's emphatic words to him, a horrible surmise entered his mind : like a madman he ran to the office of the minister, summoning no one, and refusing to be restrained by any of the attendants, he burst from room to room till he found Danton. Claspings his knees, he had only strength to ejaculate, 'The Count ! the Count ! my father !' Even in the midst of the enormities then perpetrating by his order, such an anomaly was the heart of this man, that he was agitated by the kindest anxiety for the baron, whom he had supposed already in safety. Instantly summoning a mounted guard, he commanded the leader at his peril to rescue the Count de Chabotte, but without implicating the name of the minister. We have accordingly seen their opportune arrival.

We may not follow farther this scene from the French Revolution. Suffice it to say, that the humbled circumstances and the heroic self-devotion of Henri prevailed over any lurking scruples of the noble exile ; and Auguste had the happiness of seeing his sister and his friend, united, upon English shores. For a short time he remained there with them ; then he returned to his post in the Convention. Unlike the nobility of France, this hour of danger seemed to him to demand the presence and counsel of her sons. His patriotism was indeed sincere and ardent ; too devoted, unhappily, for his own welfare ; for on the same spot where Democracy decapitated the King, he and his associates perished with the same high fortitude.

E. G. P.

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T H E M A R I N E R ' S A D I E U .

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BY E. CURTISS HIME.

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' My Native Land, good night ! ' — BYRON .

FAREWELL ! farewell, my COUNTRY dear !  
 Thou 'rt sinking in the boundless sea ;  
 The wail of wintry winds I hear,  
 That bear my white-winged bark from thee ;  
 Far inland tower the cold pale hills, in shrouds of snow,  
 Like spectres of the summer hours, with looks of wo.

The rainbow's robe that autumn gave  
 For change of garb to forests green,  
 Has fallen on the lowly grave  
 Of Summer's faded Queen.  
 Farewell again, my own loved COUNTRY dear,  
 While sounds of wintry winds are in my ear.

*U. S. Sloop 'Albatross,' at Sea, Nov. 28, 1846.*

## THE LOVER'S INVOCATION.

BY MRS. JAMES HALL.

## I.

'Come to the trysting, come !  
The night is cold and drear,  
The stars shine dim from their shrouded home,  
Bring me sweet morning here :  
The morning and the summer's smile  
Are in thy presence rife,  
Though the breath of the wintry wind the while  
Breathes chill o'er the tide of life !'

## II.

The cold night passed, and the icy morn,  
And sun-beams waked the flowers of spring,  
And incense gifts on the light breeze borne,  
Rose from their gay enamelling.  
And still it sounded low,  
That sad imploring strain,  
The prayer that passed where the flower-scents go,  
No'er to return again !

## III.

'Come to the trysting, here !  
The glorious moon is high,  
The stars are burning warm and clear  
Far up the vaulted sky ;  
But the breath of flowers is breathed in vain :  
All heavily and drear !  
And the star-light loads my heart with pain ;  
Thou dost not meet me here !'

## IV.

Spring's glories from the earth are gone,  
The rosy flowers lie crushed and dead ;  
The song has ceased in forest lone,  
The summer minstrels all are fled.  
List ! for the wailing cry,  
List ! for the sorrowing moan ;  
Seeks it in yonder blessed sky  
Love's blossom, lost and gone ?

## V.

'Come to the trysting now !  
Love's voice is not in vain,  
If earth yet holds thy being, thou !  
Come to my heart again.  
No more ; and from the stars above  
I hear thy summons now,  
It calls me by thy changeless love,  
Come to the trysting, thou !'



## E A S T E R N   S K E T C H E S .

BY JOHN F. BROWN, ESQ.

In the latter part of August last, I received instructions to proceed from Constantinople to Erzeroom, the capitol of ancient Armenia, on business of an official nature. I left the former place for Trebizond, on the south-east shore of the Black Sea, in one of the British Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, called the 'Achilles,' and reached there in two and a half days and three nights. From Trebizond I travelled post on horseback to Erzeroom in four days and three nights, and after spending a couple of weeks there, returned in about the same length of time in the month of October. I was the first officer of the government of the United States who had travelled so far East, or even visited any portion of the Asiatic shores of the Black Sea. The route was new to me; the season was favorable; I set out with those feelings bordering on enthusiasm with which it seems to me any one is naturally animated on visiting countries yet unknown to him; especially such countries as those of the East, where every spot on which the eye or foot rests is of mythological, historical, as well as great natural interest. When time and circumstances permitted me, I made some hasty and consequently but imperfect notes of what I saw and the impressions which I received. What interests me I imagine must more or less interest others; my most useful and entertaining companions were the works of Apollonius and Xenophon, and to spare you the trouble, I give you the benefit of the researches which I made in them respecting the past history of the places I saw or visited.

As if to spare you also from the oft-repeated descriptions of the Bosphorus, I left Constantinople in a shower of rain. Its beauties were therefore viewed under a disadvantageous aspect, and its many and very picturesque hills and villages were almost constantly hidden from view by fog and mist. In the harbor and the Sea of Marmora the wind was southerly, and several vessels were seen struggling against the current to enter the Golden Horn and Bosphorus; but as the steamer approached the Black Sea, twelve miles distant, the wind was found blowing from the north, and quite as many ships there were slowly making their way down the Straits.

The ship *Argo*, commanded by Jason, piloted by Idmon, and manned by fifty-four of the most illustrious heroes and braves of Greece, sailed from Pegasus of Magnesia, by order of the king of Iolcus, Pelias, for Colchis, on the eastern coast of the Black Sea, now called Circassia. It is natural to suppose that Idmon was acquainted with the waters which he was about to navigate, and that Anceus, one of the crew who succeeded him on his death in the Black Sea, also

possessed more or less knowledge of the shores along which he was to sail. The real object of the voyage it is now difficult to ascertain, unless it were simply to carry off one of the handsome females for which Circassia is still celebrated throughout the East, and fleece Éétes, the king of Colchis, of some object of value and ambition, for in this the heroes succeeded admirably.

Among the ancient writers, Apollonius, of Rhodes, has left an interesting and minute account of the incidents of the voyage. By his account, Jason took leave of his aged mother and bed-ridden father with the same painful emotions felt by young sailors in these Godless days. He called together his companions, as a modern master of a craft collects his crew, previous to getting under way; and the sacrifices of bullocks to Apollo, and the libations of wine to Bacchus, made by these ancient mariners, may be regarded as the origin of the beef and grog provisions of the present day, which doubtless had their origin on that memorable occasion. One striking usage of that period was, that the crew, on important occasions, such as getting up the anchor, setting sail, or passing a dangerous point, appeased the elements by pouring a portion of their wine into the sea; a custom which the wisdom of the age has turned to a better use, to the great economy of the liquid and the comfort of seamen generally. It may also be mentioned, that among the crew was a famous musician, named Orpheus, who for want of a modern violin, played upon a lute; and in a manner familiar to the navigators of this century, the Argonauts frequently wiled away the dullness of a calm evening by dancing to his exciting strains.

The Argo, at first with oars, and subsequently under sail, kept near shore, along the coast of Thessaly, Macedonia and Thrace. At Lemnos her crew made a protracted stay among the inhabitants, who seem to have been all females, of doubtful character. Thence coasting by the Chersonesus, they entered and passed through the Dardanelles; following the right coast of the Propontis (Sea of Marmora,) they stopped at the promontory of Cyzicus, where they met with a serious adventure, and killed, in the darkness of the night, the king of that place, who had been very hospitable to them. After this, continuing along the same side of the Sea of Marmora, they reached Bythinia, where one of them named Pollux killed in single combat its king Amycus. They next entered the Bosphorus, where, if I did not precisely accompany them, I followed in their wake in a steamer which bore the name of Achilles, an individual who was yet a youth when the Argonauts undertook their voyage.

There are many spots on the Bosphorus which I always view with interest, and which, as a prelude to other remarks connected with them, it is proper I should mention to you. Among these is the locale of the modest Mausoleum of the celebrated Capudan Pacha of Suiliman Second, Barbarossa, who after being the terror of the Mediterranean for many years, found a resting-place where the valiant Argonauts spent a short time, preparatory to rowing up the Bosphorus. At the narrowest part of the straits, Mahomet Second erected the Castle of Raomely, and passed his troops over during

his successful attack upon the capital of the degenerate Greeks of the Lower Empire, where Darius built a bridge of boats on which to pass his army, when he invaded Thrace and Scythia. Opposite the bay of Buyukdéré, near the entrance of the Bosphorus, on the Asiatic shore, is an elevation called the Giant's Mountain, where some Islam dervishes, show the traveller a tomb which they say is that of Joshua, but which is doubtless that of Amycus, king of the Bebryces, killed by Pollux, one of the Argonauts. Beside these, most of the points now covered with villages and beautiful country seats, the residences of the modern Byzantines, were in ancient times the scenes of mythic altars and pagan temples.

The steamer, beside a goodly freight of British manufactures for the ports of Samsoun, Sinope and Trebizond on the Black Sea, had a large number of deck passengers, and a few in the cabin for the same places. Fifteen years ago, not more than twenty vessels under English colors traded in the Black Sea, and most of the cotton manufactures sold in Turkey were made in the United States. At present the number is increased to some two hundred, and by dint of imitation, and the economy of steam, the cottons are all made in England, and only retain the name of 'American.' Two Austrian steamers ply between the Danube and the capital, two Russian between the latter and Odessa, and an Austrian, a British, and a Turkish steamer trade between Constantinople and the southern ports of the Black Sea as far as Trebizond. A few years ago the Ottoman government made an attempt to retain the trade of its coasts for its own vessels, but yielded the principle to its foreign policy and interests. Some five thousand vessels under different colors now annually pass into and out of the Black Sea, and with few exceptions they mostly proceed there in ballast for cargoes which they convey to Europe.

The passengers of the 'Achilles' were Turks and Armenians, returning to the principal ports on the Asiatic side of the Black Sea, and from thence to their residences in the interior of the country. A few of them were small traders, who had visited the capital to purchase goods; but the greater part were individuals of the lowest grade of life, who, having left their homes, almost without means, made their way to Constantinople, in the hope of gaining there the subsistence which their own country, or it should rather be said, its authorities, refused them; and were now returning with their hard-earned gains, to enjoy them, if possible, among their families. From ten to fifteen thousand persons are carried annually to the capital from the ports beforementioned, and nearly as many return. Sometimes they have not the means of paying their passages, and are taken on board in the expectation that they will not leave the steamer, on their arrival, until friends who have preceded them redeem them, out of their own gains. In consequence of the steamers belonging to different companies, the spirit of competition frequently reduces the fare to a trifle.

After passing the castles which command the entrance into the Bosphorus from the Black Sea, the motion of the steamer increased,

the rain fell at times in torrents, and the deck-passengers audibly lamented the discomforts of their exposed situation. As the coast on either side stretched away from the stream, I felt that I was truly entering into the celebrated Euxine ; a sea almost as much dreaded by modern and more expert mariners as it was in the time of ancient Greece, or the period of the voyage of the Argonauts along the coast which I was about to visit. Apollonius has described their cruise, the second on record, with classic grace. At that time the sea was called the *Axin*, or 'Inhospitable,' on account of the barbarous nations which inhabited its coasts ; subsequently, when it became better known, the name was changed to that of the *Euxine*, or 'Hospitable ;' and though the character of its people is changed for the better, as it has not one good harbor for the tempest-tossed vessel on all its southern or eastern shore, the former appellation is still better suited to it than the latter. It generally presents, as it now did, a dread aspect of fogs and clouds, and as far as my eye reached they hung over it, so that it really seemed to be the dark Hades, beyond which there is nothing living. The Achilles passed out into the sea, nearer to the European than the Asiatic shore, and I had a near view of the Cyanæan islets ; those rocks which Phineus informed the Argonauts 'lay at the extremity of the Straits, and which no mortal had been able to pass. They are,' he added, 'innumerable, and often unite so as to form but one. Agitated waves boil over their summits, and the shores echo the sound of the shock.'

From Phineus's account of the dangers which the Argonauts would encounter in their passage of the Bosphorus and Euxine, it is shown that the current of the former at that period must have been much more violent than it is at present. 'Before attempting the passage,' says he, 'let fly a dove ; if it passes freely, row on strongly, without delay ; your safety will depend more upon the strength of your arms than upon the vows which you may put up to Heaven. I do not however forbid you to implore it, but in that moment do not depend upon any thing else than your own efforts and intrepidity. If the dove perishes in the Straits, return ; for to give up to the gods is the wiser part. Were your vessel even made of iron it could not but be broken to pieces against the rocks.'

It is interesting and curious to remark the conduct of the adventurous navigators on their arrival at the spot where I now for the first time found myself. Apollonius says : 'Arrived at the crooked Straits, bordered by threatening rocks, they tremblingly advanced into the middle of the current, which continuing to repulse them, they were driven so near as to hear the noise of the waves beating against the rocks. Euphemius mounted the prow of the vessel, held the dove in his hand, and each one of his companions, excited by Tiphys, rowed with all his strength. After passing the last point on the European shore, they witnessed what no mortal ought to see after them. The Cyanæan rocks opened and remained apart. At the sight of this their fears increased ; Euphemius let go the dove ; each one raised his head and followed its flight with his eyes. Suddenly the rocks approach each other, and unite with a frightful

noise; the waves are thrown afar, the air shakes, the roaring sea rushes into the crevices of the rocks, the shores are covered with foam, and the vessel was whirled round several times with rapidity. The dove, however, escapes the peril with the loss only of its tail. The Argonauts cry out for joy; Tiphys excites them more and more to ply their oars, so as to pass with rapidity between the rocks, which were once more opening. Each one trembles and obeys, when suddenly the waves which had just broken against the shore pressed them into the very centre of the fatal passage, where death, hanging over their heads, and the sight of the immense sea, which now lay spread out before them, froze their hearts with fear. At this moment a mountain-wave arose before them; they inclined their heads, and thought to be swallowed up. Tiphys, by a skilful manœuvre, avoids the danger; but the waves, falling again with violence into the sea, lifted up the vessel and drove it far astern. Euphemius hastened here and there to exhort his companions, who doubled their efforts; but the wave which carried them away drove them twice as far back as the strength of their arms could move them forward. Their oars now could not resist such violence, and bent like bows. However, a new wave rises behind them, and their vessel, gliding on the summit of the watery mountain, was precipitated a second time in the midst of the rocks, where, to crown their horror, a whirlpool held and seemed to chain them! Already these enormous masses agitate the two shores with a horrible noise; but Minerva, leaning her left hand against one of them, pushes forward the vessel with her right. Rapidly as an arrow the ship passes between the rocks, which broke against the extremities of the stern of the ship. The goddess, now seeing them out of danger, reascends to the summit of Olympus; and the rocks becoming immovable, remained ever afterward adjacent to each other.'

Of the entymon of the word *Cyanææ*, I am ignorant; but the other name which these islets bear, namely *Symplegades*, signifies the *united*; and Pliny, in explanation of this says, that from a side view they seem so. They are a cluster of low rocks, some thirty or forty feet high, and a white marble column stands on the highest of them, firmly imbedded in the rock. It has several holes in its summit, as if to hold a statue; and some of the old writers on the Bosphorus say, that it bore a dedicatory inscription in Latin to Cæsar Augustus.

On the opposite side of the entrance to the Bosphorus I could distinguish the Asiatic *Cyanææs*, the Colon Rock, and Riva, the Rhebus of the Argonauts; beyond them the sea stretches away to the south, until the coast wholly disappears from view. Before me here and there, spread over the face of the waters as far as the misty atmosphere permitted me to distinguish, I saw sails, mostly bound for the Straits. To me there is no more striking object than a distant sail on an open sea; and I can only account for the impression by imagining the feeling of *loneness* to be one of the elements of beauty. Some of these vessels, as we passed them, proved to be Turkish 'Black Sea crafts' of a peculiar shape, rising high and peaked at the stem and stern; and my attention was called to an interesting

fact, that almost all of them had a white sheep-skin, with the fleece outward, attached over the extreme end of the prow, either as a charm to shield them against the storms of the Euxine, or for the less romantic purpose of simply protecting the sails from chafing against it; which of the two I know not; but the custom seems legitimately descended from the times of the Argo, whose cruise was connected, in a manner at present fabulous, with a golden fleece at Colchis. The water of the Black Sea is so fresh that it makes no salt in the boilers of the steamers which navigate it; and even, I am informed, in the course of a couple of voyages cleanses out of them whatever salt may have been formed in the Mediterranean.

Before the evening shades set in, I took a survey of the shores I was leaving. Looking over the stern of the receding steamer, I beheld on my right the Thracian coast, black and barren, while on my left the Bythinian heights were covered with forests. I need not add that my eye rested on these classic shores with no ordinary interest; and though without making any sacrifice to appease the ancient gods of the treacherous element over which I journeyed with pleasant speed, I could not but offer up a silent prayer for my safe return.

During the night it rained very hard, accompanied by thunder and lightning; but by seven o'clock in the morning it cleared up, and I enjoyed a view of the coast, which is celebrated for the beauty of its scenery. To my regret we had passed in obscurity the many spots visited by the Argonauts, as well as the Greek troops, whose memorable retreat, as described by their talented commander and historian, Xenophon, gives additional interest to their many natural beauties. Some of the names which these spots bore at that period have been handed down to the present day. The 'Black Cape' of these 'ancient mariners' is called in Turkish 'Cara-Boorun,' meaning the same; the stream called by them the 'Calpis' is now the 'Carpa;' the river known to them as the 'Sangarius' is called the 'Sakaria;' and other names are equally near to the ancient denominations. Where these valiant heroes reposed they erected or found altars already erected to their *Mythi*; they offered sacrifices to their protective spirits, or poured libations into the element which bore their vessel, so as to appease its commanding deities.

All day long we had a succession of high mountains, deep ravines, green hills, (some cultivated to their very summits,) perpendicular cliffs of stupendous height, and the valleys occupied by villages, many in the most romantic spots. The shores, when not immediately acclivitous, ascended from point to point and from summit to summit, covered with forests of rich foliage, until the more distant mountain-heights were lost in the clouds and mists. Sometimes two hills, each rising to a peak, stand side by side, with a deep ravine between them, down which flowed a stream; while the background was closed in by a high and craggy mountain. At others, the shore ran up to a steep point, seeming to present an insurmountable surface; and yet it was covered with cultivated fields, separated by hedges, and varied by portions of forest-land. It is said that the

inhabitants of this portion of the coast of the Black Sea, called the *Laz*, grow Indian corn on the sides of mountains so steep as to require the planter to tie himself to a tree, lest he slip down the declivity. The immediate shore at some points presented masses of detached crags overhanging the sea, as if ready to plunge into the deep water beneath. Here the chief resource of the inhabitants is wood and coal; and in the steepest acclivities I perceived shoots, down which the former rushes to the edge of the shore, or plunges into the sea beneath. Near the mouth of one chasm, between two hills, I remarked a detached rock, around which is an ancient wall, probably built by the Greeks of the Lower Empire, or the Genoese, who in the fourteenth century possessed extensive settlements on this coast. No more picturesque objects can be fancied than the little hamlets on the mountain-side, half-hidden among thick foliage, and faced by cultivated fields, many more than a thousand feet above the level of the sea, with a pathway winding gradually along the acclivity, around the points, across the ravines, now lost among the trees, and now continuing in sight, until reaching the habitations. Some of the mountain-peaks had been burnt, and were now covered with trees of a faded and yellow foliage, presenting a variety of color as wild as pleasing. With the glass the houses appeared wretched in the extreme, built of wood, one story high; and in place of a log constructure, like the cabins of our western country, they were simply frames covered with coarse boards. At some points the earth was streaked with white lime-stone, and at others with a green color, or red. Each portion of the coast was pointed out to me as presenting some distinguishing figure, known to the mariner; and it must be but a bleak and dreary residence during the winter season, when cold and violent gales from the north prevail. No more inhospitable shore can be imagined than that I passed along, and its perpendicular cliffs offer certain destruction to whosoever, as a matter of dire necessity, runs his ship on it. Some of the rocks are Cyclopean, and so regular as to seem the work of man. At other spots we perceived small Turkish vessels, pulled up on the beach for protection against the waves; at the mouths of the streams others were building, in such desert places, and so much in the midst of green trees, that they seemed to be a natural production of the soil, unaided by art. In fine, the high and more distant mountains, the craggy cliffs, the green sides, the deep valleys, the forests, the hamlets, the fields of varied colors, together formed a rich, wild scenery, of unequalled beauty.

Later in the day the steamer lay close by the shore, so that I could easily distinguish the inhabitants ploughing, cutting timber and attending to their flocks. Frequently I saw into the many caverns in the steep bluffs, into which the waves of the sea were dashing with remarkable violence, the spray breaking into mist like vapor. Toward ten o'clock, P. M., we had reached Cape Karempi, having seen only at a distance the spots where the Argonauts landed, when proceeding along the coast. Apollonius says, that on the third day after their departure from the court of Phineus, they were quietly

sailing along the country of the Mariandynians; the wind failing, they stopped with joy at the promontory of Archarusias, (Cape Baba,) where Jason related the story of the perils they had escaped to the King Lycus. In the society of this personage they spent some time before again setting sail; and on their way to the Argo, a ferocious wild boar, numbers of which now abound all along the coast of the Black Sea, killed their pilot, named Idmon, whose loss they mourned with bitter sorrow. One of their companions, Anceæ, offered himself and was accepted to fill his place; from which it would appear that he was already acquainted with the coast. Eleven days were lost by them before they finally sailed; they at length set sail at day-break. After meeting some streams which they saw, he relates that they passed near Calichorus, the tomb of Sthenelus, who, having accompanied Hercules in the war against the Amazones, whose country is farther east, died here of an arrow-wound. Knowing that the Argonauts, his ancient friends and companions in arms, were approaching, the deceased prayed to the goddess Proserpine to permit him to see them for a moment. The goddess, touched by his petition, allowed his shade to leave the lower regions, and from the summit of his elevated tomb he looked down with an affectionate longing at the passing vessel. The figure of the departed warrior appeared to them just as it did on the day of his departure for the aforementioned war, with a shining casque on its head, ornamented by a purple-colored plume. It did not however long remain in view, but hastily retired into that region of darkness about which we know so little. Filled with wonder and alarm, they lowered their sail, neared the shore, and visiting the tomb of the departed hero, poured libations and burned sacrifices over it to appease his manes; then with a fair (westerly) wind they departed, and hastily continuing their voyage, fell in with the gentle stream Parthenio, now called Bartinaï. In the night they passed the town of Sesame, (Amastris,) and in the heat of the following day doubled the promontory of Carambis, now Cape Karempi. After this, losing the breeze, they were obliged to renew their oars, and advanced along the coast to Sinope.

I remarked that soon after rounding Karempi the shore fell off into a gulf-like form, gradually becoming more and more distant. Unlike the Argo, the Achilles still however had a good westerly breeze, which with the steam wafted us onward at the rate of ten miles an hour, so gently and pleasantly, that the vessel seemed almost motionless. From stem to stern she made no movement, and her rock was as soft and quiet as that of a cradle. The rain, though now not falling near us, was evidently wetting the distant villages, and seemed at times to chase us. Thunder was heard roaring, deep-toned, among the mountain-summits. I cannot but endeavor to convey to you an idea, however imperfect, of one more scene, which I, later in the day, enjoyed. A ravine ran down into the sea, where a few huts had been erected, and a vessel or two were run upon the beach. On either hand were mountains, gradually rising to the height of a thousand feet, or more; farther in, across a val-



ley, ran an uneven and craggy hill, covered with tall trees, while behind them, more distant, were peaks rising to the height of some three thousand feet; one of them, which projected into the valley, appearing like the sudden termination of a huge cylinder, its edge furred with trees, and its surface streaked with white and bare rocks. Alongside of it rose a little peak, like a pigmy figure beside a giant. Beyond these and across the ravine were several other craggy heights, their summits quite thrust into the clouds and mists. To the right there was a comparatively table-land, on which were numerous hillocks, having a most venerable and gray appearance, reminding me of the descriptions of the peaks of the Andes, or the Himalahs; some looking like castles of romance, the trees, as their giant guards, standing sentry at their sides. Summit after summit succeeded each other, the last rising higher than the preceding, until the last ridge was partially hidden by the light and feathery rain-clouds, which finally obscured the view.

*Constantinople, November, 1846.*

#### A P R E L U D E .

If our readers knew to whose pen they were indebted for the following spirited lines, the introduction to a poem which will be continued in another number, they would recognize in the writer a favorite contributor, who has heretofore given them the greatest pleasure by his communications, in prose and verse, to this Magazine.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

In silence and sadness cometh the Night;  
In joy and gladness cometh the Night;  
In glory, majesty and might  
Cometh the Night!

But tell me again: what of the Night?  
Has it a look of calm delight?  
Are the watchers out? are the winds asleep?  
How looks the sky? what saith the deep?

Silently the Night comes on,  
The first of the moon and last of the sun  
Are blended that they seem but one;  
The stars are few that out of the blue,  
The high and scattering haze look through;  
But far below, like a wassail-cup,  
A small white cloud floats slowly up,  
And up and down from the quiet sea  
The lightning playeth noiselessly.  
The little white cloud would be at rest,  
It hath couched its head and smooth'd its breast,  
But sleepeth not; for aye and ever  
And whithersoever

As willeth the wind, it fain must do,  
Falling away like a ship hove-to;  
And momentarily, as it falls away,  
The voiceless thought of the busy day  
Around its weary head doth play.

Thus of the Night: the stars are few,  
The scattering haze it hides the blue;  
The sea is murmuring deep, not loud,  
The lightning plays with the little white cloud,  
And only the voices gentle and meet  
For the ear of the Night will the wind repeat;  
For the wind it cometh from there-away,  
And only this has the wind to say:  
The Night comes silently.

What more of the Night? Has it a power  
To shadow forth the changeless hour,  
The midnight hour of a night to some  
Whose morning-light shall never come?  
What saith the Night?

Silent and voiceless, answering not,  
But with a noiseless step, like one  
Whose eye thou durst not look upon,  
Oh! fearfully the Night comes on!  
For out of the darkness and the gloom  
Shall come to thee in thy lonely room  
The secret thought and vision of dread;  
And forms of the living with looks of the dead  
Shall rise about thy desolate bed;  
And fearful words be whisper'd there  
Of a Night whose endless watches are  
Ever in darkness and despair;  
And ever changing, ever the same,  
Remorse and terror and guilt and shame:  
Ever the same the vision of dread,  
Ever the same the face of the dead,  
And ever the same and over all,  
Speechless, hopeless, like a pall,  
The look of wo unutterable!

Look yet once more, and let thine eye  
Soar upward, and beyond the sky.  
Comes there a morning ever bright,  
A morning of Eternal Light?  
What of the stars that gem the Night?

Messengers they, come down to say  
That God's bright Heaven lies there-away!  
Oh! gently and kindly the Night cometh on;  
Like unto one who waiteth upon  
The sick and the dying, the weary and sad;  
One whose coming shall make thee glad!  
For till the morrow the cares that press  
And weigh thee down with weariness,  
The doubt and fear, which are ever near  
In a life which is but sad at best;  
The wordless grief and fruitless quest  
And trouble and sorrow — *shall be at rest*;  
And the beautiful Night shall bring to thee  
A promise of that which soon shall be;  
The vision of a happier home,  
Where care and sorrow shall never come.  
For in glory and power and wisdom and might,  
Like the presence of God, cometh the Night!

## The Egyptian Letters.

NUMBER FIVE.

LETTER FIFTEENTH.

FROM ABD' ALLAH OMAR, TO SEYD AHMED EL HAJI, CHIEF SECRETARY OF THE GRADES AT CAIRO.

Few things in this world are more remarkable or more common, than the great fondness people have for that which they call their own, and the great desire they manifest to receive the praises of others. If a person makes a new discovery or invents a new article, straightway he makes the same known to a friend, with a desire that he should give him praise for his ingenuity. Does a man write a book, he immediately sends it to some one with an intimation, perhaps a formal request, to take notice of it in the public prints, which means that it is expected the work will be praised. Praise ensues, because the praiser expects in his turn, whenever occasion offers, to be requited in the same manner.

On these occasions, it is of course necessary that the writer who is to deal out the encomiums will have tested the merits of the discovery, seen the newly-invented article put to the purpose for which it was designed, and read the book he is called upon to commend. Whether this is done, is more than doubtful, seeing how indiscriminate praises are often given, and how frequently more commendation is bestowed than the subject will bear. But if they who are called upon to stamp the worth of things after this manner are obliged to submit them to the test I have mentioned before forming their opinions, what must be the hardship endured by those who are requested to give currency to quack medicines? And if it should be *one* person only who is required to pass judgment, and recommend a variety of nostrums all at the same time and quickly, his condition must be truly wretched.

With what kind of pleasure could a writer set down to compose a panegyric, while he was swallowing 'Wynkoop's infallible cure for the Fever and Ague,' having the hair removed from his chin by 'Gouraud's incomparable cream,' while it was made to grow upon his head by the use of 'Beal's never-failing Restorative,' at the same moment drenching himself with 'Sands's Sarsaparilla,' and submitting to the effect of 'Comstock's certain Pain Extractor.' Would any human being under such varied torments be disposed to speak well of any one thing while he was a living martyr to the application of so many at the same time? No; flesh and blood could not stand it, and he would condemn the whole *en masse*, while he wished the inventors at the bottom of the sea.

This inconvenience is avoided in this manner; these inventors or

projectors choose persons of ready pens and quiet consciences to bring into notice each specific separately. Thus the praiser of the 'Infallible Cure for the Fever and Ague' is not required to extol the virtues of soap, while the man of soap avoids the 'infallible cure;' he on whom devolves the duty of lauding 'Sands's Sarsaparilla' would be entirely out of his element if he touched upon the never-failing 'Pain Extractor.'

In this way all confusion is avoided; each person confines himself to the particular nostrum that suits his taste; and of course is able to write more clearly and be more laudatory on one than if he undertook to dilate upon all. I doubt not this method is found to be good, the more so as the practice seems to be universal; beside, for the convenience of those who resort to these beautifiers and infallible remedies, a certain part of a public paper is devoted to advertisements of these articles, to which is appended the recommendations that have been written elsewhere for the purpose of coaxing people to use them.

But of all the subjects that require praise, flattery and every cajoling art to make it popular, none needs more than the newly-discovered process of putting people into a deep sleep at any time, day or night, sick or well, in good humor or bad; in short, whether they will or not; and during the period of this somnambulism performing the most painful surgical operations without the patient moving or even heaving a sigh. This, like all new theories, has to contend with many obstacles, yet the cures performed are very astonishing. Drawing teeth and cutting off limbs during sleep are operations now so common that they are spoken of as ordinary occurrences.

What would you think of a person whose feet turned inward, having his legs taken from his body, re-set with the toes out to the first position, so that on awakening he was able to dance the polka in a becoming manner?

A young lady of eighteen, after sitting before a hair-dresser four hours, had the mortification to discover that her coiffure was, through the clumsiness of the man, totally unfit to appear at the ball, being not at all after the last Parisian touch. Provoked at this misfortune, yet too weak to bear another four hours' sitting, she was mesmerized, her head taken off without her being sensible of pain, and after a few hours' sleep she awoke much refreshed, her head where it should be, and her hair dressed '*a ravir*.' These two last experiments I cannot vouch for, not being present at their performance, but being related in the newspapers, there can hardly be a doubt of the facts having actually occurred.

There is a collateral branch of this system, called clairvoyance, by which a person, after being put into a proper state, may with his eyes closed see clearly through a stone wall, or accurately describe at New-York the contents of a room or the occupation of a person at New-Orleans, or any other distant place. As it strikes me, this is an invention that ought to be suppressed by authority. It is putting a deadly weapon into the hands of an individual, that may be used for improper purposes. No one likes to have his private affairs, his

little sayings and doings pried into and reported to all the world, very probably too in a perverted form. Suppose a lady whose husband has been long absent in a distant land should wish to console herself in her lonely state by a *tête-à-tête* with a second or third cousin, a young officer of the army, or one of the navy from a long cruise; her other half, by the clairvoyant process, would see what was going on, and not being able to hear the innocent conversation, would be apt to think the couple were too near each other. He would immediately become jealous and unhappy. Or suppose farther, that a gentleman removed to a distance from his domestic comforts, should be discovered in close conference, in his bed-chamber, with his youthful clear-starcher, who was handling his linen like one accustomed to it; or what is very natural, that he should be near to the chambermaid while she was modestly and in the kindest manner sewing on one of his buttons; the wife might think she saw her husband in a dangerous position, and feel quite uneasy, when in truth the man might be as pure as an icicle. In short, men and women at a distance from each other may be placed in situations apparently less equivocal, and their most innocent intentions or occupations be much misunderstood. I think therefore you will agree with me, that this discovery should not receive favor, but be pronounced 'useless, burdensome and dangerous.'

No where is observable more of puffing, flattery and self-adulation than in the public journals. When a new paper is to be established, one of the first things to be done is to engage the labor of a certain number of what are called puffers-up. This is a class of men found in many places, who work for small wages, payable chiefly in kind, who having little reputation for taste or literature, seek to bring themselves into notice by soliciting the favor of others to new works. That which is brought from afar is most valued. Thus you will often see a paragraph taken from a supposed or real journal a thousand miles off, that will bestow a world of praise on a paper of the city, and proclaim in sounding terms the wide circulation it enjoys in the interior. This increases the number of its readers, and obtains for it the lucrative patronage of persons in trade, who like to have their names made visible far and wide, and the articles they deal in made known to those who come to the city. The city papers never fail to let their readers know how well they are thought of abroad, and a few of them have in a prominent part a list of all these flattering testimonials, which it is pretended are written in all countries from Dan to Beersheba; places never heard of before, got up by the John Smiths and John Browns, who are every where to be found, ready instruments for all those who want to use names.

This system is now so universally in vogue that no newspaper is expected to succeed without adopting it, and a large portion of current literature is indebted to the same means for bringing itself into notice.

The whole is rather disgusting, yet in a country where the inhabitants are determined to go ahead, and are unscrupulous about the

means, they must and will have recourse to all and every method, even if it should not be a commendable one. At the same time I am not so cynical as to wish to dispense with a well-turned compliment when it is courteously applied, nor do I object to a spice of flattery; which, when bestowed with tact and delicacy, is pleasing not only to him who receives but to him who gives. When managed with judgment it often conciliates enemies, and may be made a means of retaining friends. An anecdote, derived from a high source, will best illustrate my meaning.

When Solomon was told that the Queen of Sheba intended to make him a visit, he determined to receive her with all the magnificence his court could display and with every demonstration of respect due to so distinguished a personage. Beside arraying the interior of his palace with every work of art which his own taste could suggest, or the skill of the East could invent, he caused the floor of the apartment through which the Queen was to pass on her way to salute him on his throne, to be laid with looking-glasses.

This novel display excited, as it well might, the admiration not only of the city but of all Judea. The Queen approached, and looking before her, discovered as she believed, a limpid sheet of water, tranquil and shining like a molten mirror. Being unwilling to injure her dress by allowing it to touch what she thought was water, she raised her garments as she advanced to the elevated spot where Solomon sat to receive her. In doing this she exhibited parts of her limbs just above the ankles, which the people here, profane though they are, never mention. This was an unfortunate display, but what was worse, it appeared that these parts were covered with hair, and Ya Emeen (O Trustworthy!) who shall say it? this was red! I should not venture to relate the circumstance where it not so well authenticated as to leave no doubt of its being a melancholy fact.

Here was 'a go,' to use the words of the profane; enough in modern times to have stopped a funeral or felled a troop of horse, riders and all. Solomon slightly curled up his lip, as you and I should do, had we been present, for he was a little disconcerted, never having seen any thing of the kind before, though a person, as we all know, of profound wisdom, and very knowing in every thing that was in any way connected with the feminalities. With admirable presence of mind however, he composed his countenance almost immediately, while in the most gracious manner he bent toward her Majesty and said: 'There is nothing new under the sun.' The Queen on her part, perceived her mishap, and the impression she had made, yet with great propriety and ready wit advanced toward the king, complimented him in the most adroit manner on his great wisdom and splendor, at the same time added: 'Behold the one-half was not told!' The spectators were lost in admiration at the very delicate manner the royal personages had each slid out of this little *embarrass*, while the King and Queen continued passing compliments to each other till they separated; which they did with many

tokens of mutual regard. Solomon 'gave unto the Queen all her desire, whatsoever she asked,' while her Majesty, in return, gave spices, and very much gold and precious stones.

*New-York, twenty-second day of the }  
Moon Show'nal: Hagira, 1260. }*

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### Letter Sixteenth.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

A FEW days ago I went with my friend in the white cravat to visit a gentleman who inhabits a large mansion in a fashionable quarter of the town, who from small beginnings has amassed an ample fortune, takes his ease, and dresses himself every day 'in purple and fine linen.' Individuals of this species, when they leave the counting-house, which hitherto they have been accustomed to make their *studio*, are invariably at a loss to know what they shall do with themselves, or how they shall fill up vacant hours. Never before having had a moment of leisure from toil of mind or body, both continue to require the same stimulus by the same pursuit; and being educated imperfectly, or solely with a view to their calling, the instant they are removed from the usual routine they find themselves without internal resource to sustain them in the new sphere they are attempting to move in. In consequence of this deficiency, in nine cases out of ten the sober industrious man falls into bad habits; to turn gentleman and take to drink is not unusual; or if he avoid either of these sins, he goes into the country, thinking to enjoy a tranquil life, surrounded by the beauties of nature. He soon finds however that nature has no charms for a mind like his; that agriculture requires knowledge he is too old to learn, and a kind of labor for which he has no fondness. He passes a wearisome life, full of vain regrets, or perhaps returns to his former business, in which he is pretty sure to be unsuccessful, having lost his skill for want of constant practice. There is a class who nevertheless are determined to be gentlemen; keep in the city; own up-town lots; do nothing except nurse the gout or the dyspepsia; have a handsome house, rich furniture, horses and carriages, and above all, pictures. Let me describe to you one of these fresh-made gentlemen, with all the distinction his money has bought for him.

On entering the house, the marks of wealth are visible in the quantity of rich furniture, supposed to be all for use, and bright ornaments, known to be all for show; the two main apartments which communicate with each other by wide doors, left open, give to the two the air of one entire piece. Here is displayed, one would be inclined to think, all the gentleman's riches, so great is the quantity of moveables crammed into one moderate-sized space; seats of various forms, many of them for show, being too frail for use without risk of being brought to the ground; the chimney-piece loaded with candle-sticks, girandoles, vases and smelling-bottles; while suspended from the ceiling is a chandelier, of sufficient dimensions for any mosque in Cairo, if such things were permitted there. Tables in

the centre and different parts of the room, on which are laid elegantly-bound books, with gilt edges; all placed in so studied a manner as plainly to show that they are never *studied*. These various articles are arranged with evident attention to produce the best effect to the eye, and are so fresh in appearance as leave no doubt that they are meant merely as ornaments to be exhibited on special occasions. The walls are entirely covered with paintings or engravings, piled one above another, so as to give the room the air of a shop where such articles are sold, or a gallery where they are exhibited for money. They are placed, not according to beauty, or excellence of design or execution, but rather according to dimensions; as those who pack merchandise into boxes put a large parcel here and a small one there, that no space may be lost. The windows of the apartment being only at each end, and these shrouded with rich drapery; it happens, as you may well imagine, that three-fourths of the paintings are in a false light, and their beauties, if they ever had any, cannot be brought out. If perchance one is seen more conspicuous for its finish than another, its beauty is impaired by being found in bad company. A work of merit, a Madonna or a Claude, has for a *pendant* a common engraving of a 'View of the White-House at Washington,' or a lithographic impression of 'Robinson Crusoe' on his desolate island, surrounded by his goats and parrots; a painting of Apollo is *tête-à-tête* with that of a late President; one in all the simplicity of nature, the other in full regimentals; and the Virgin Mary is on friendly terms with Black Hawk.

In the midst of this accumulated mass of glaring colors, this incongruous assemblage of beauty and deformity, arranged without method, sits the master of the house; his eyes turned first to one side then to the other, with the self-satisfaction of one who says to himself, 'These are mine.' He receives you with cordiality, evidently pleased that you have chosen a propitious hour for the visit, when he is present to display his wealth and make public his taste for the fine arts. He follows your eyes to see where they will rest; and when he thinks they are not directed to the objects he most prizes, will with a complacent air point to those most worthy your regard, being careful to add how he obtained them and how much they cost. In a house thus bedecked, the most curious object is the man; to see with what pleasure he views the signs of his opulence, and how self-satisfied he feels that by his riches he has been able to purchase what he believes to be taste. You soon see how far his judgment is to be relied upon, even in objects that may in themselves possess merit. It is not certain that he has a correct idea of even the subject; he knows nothing of the artist, or his peculiar talent; and as to the detail of the art, such as judgment in grouping, correctness of light and shadow, harmony of coloring, expression, and the like, he carefully avoids to discuss these points, for this is a knowledge his wealth could not buy. It seems to him sufficient that his walls are covered.

Our Holy Prophet (on whom be blessings!) forbids us to have



pictures or statuary, lest we fall into idolatry. Yet this is no check to my feeling a sensation of pleasure at viewing objects of art. I cannot if I would withhold my delight while contemplating the bold conceptions of Michael Angelo, the rich coloring of Titian, or the soft beauties of Claude; even marble warms me into sympathy. I indulge freely in the pleasure of beholding the just proportions of Apollo, the graceful form of Venus de Medici. I am affected by the woe of Niobe, and the agony of Laocoon draws from me a feeling of compassion.

It appears to me that these are the feelings that finished compositions in the fine arts are calculated to inspire. When the mind has a perception of beauty and sublimity, it is on the way to acquire true taste; which consists not in the pleasure derived by the senses merely, but rather from the discriminating power of the mind, which selects subjects that warm the imagination and elevate the thoughts. They who go below this may have a certain degree of taste, but it is of a limited range, formed entirely by the gratification of the senses, not by any operation of the mind. A person may be born with lively sensibility, and yet not be deeply affected by the works of art; this effect is acquired mainly by a studious investigation of nature, assisted by judgment in comparing it with the works of distinguished masters. It is not sufficient that a painting be true to nature; it must go beyond the original from which it is copied, in order to give a direction to the sensibilities. This is performed by the creative power of the artist, is called expression, and produces a harmonious effect. I apprehend farther, that taste once acquired may lose much of its purity by permitting the mind to dwell on inferior objects; with these we may become so familiarized as to forget the original standard which was once our guide, and may become at last pleased with fantastic forms we once should have shrunk from. We may come to set value on imitations of tame scenery, and feel none of the enlivening emotions which the artist produces by giving greater expression to natural objects.

Some people are born with more aptitude than others to receive external impressions: the physical faculties may be more acute in one person than in another, and education is a powerful means of giving to the reflecting powers a higher tone. The rising sun is an object of pleasure to all; but how much more must be the emotion of pleasure felt by the cultivated man than that felt by the clown! And then the imaginative powers must be brought into exercise to stimulate and enlarge the range of the understanding; yet care must be had to keep it within proper bounds, that the conception should be just.

It is not to be supposed that those who are much engaged in the ordinary concerns of life, who are absorbed by the cares and duties of business or a profession, can possess (or if they had it, can retain,) the power of nicely discriminating the beauties of nature or art. This is and must be the peculiar privilege of the man of leisure, who is an habitual observer, and whose mind is kept vigorous by constant exercise.

Taste needs to be nourished and disciplined, like every other faculty we wish should be active and true, the more so when the frequent view of grosser objects blunts the imagination, that quality on which taste is mainly founded. Persons of quick perception and warm temperament are no doubt those who soonest feel the full effect of pleasurable objects, and retain them longest; yet even these higher-endowed persons will need to regard the works of art very frequently to keep up the train of agreeable emotions.

Let the rich buy paintings; it is not an ill-advised outlay of superfluous wealth. Even if they do not bring taste with them, they lead the way to acquire it, beside being one of the means of ennobling the mind. But the rich should keep in remembrance that it is not from the multitude and great variety of the works of art that ideas of beauty are derived, but rather by the choice selection of a few of the works of distinguished artists, the contemplation of which will mature the judgment and awaken loftier sentiments.

*New-York, twenty-seventh day of the }  
Moon Shaw'wal: Hegira, 1260. }*

#### Letter Seventeenth.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

THE pleasure I derive from frequent intercourse with my friend in the white cravat is greatly enhanced by the instructive lessons he is kind enough often to give me. He is a man past the meridian of life; has seen much, and judiciously observed; has read much and reflected; beside which, he possesses an even temper and a tranquil mind: all these combined, make me listen to his conversation with constant pleasure, and I retain with satisfaction the knowledge he is kind enough to impart.

One day, with the thoughtlessness of youth, I expressed my surprise at seeing old people gay, when as I supposed age must have weakened their means of enjoyment, and diminished the circle of companions who were accustomed to join them in those lively recreations which blunt the sense of care and smooth the current of life as it passes. I asked if the aged had the power of creating pleasures suited to their years; whether this power was inherent or whether it develops itself as time advances; in short, I wished to learn how to receive without murmuring the burden of years as they approached, and when they did come, to know *how to be old*.

My friend smiled at my request, and in his quiet way, answered me in the following words:

'I look upon it as a great art, that of knowing how to be old; that is, to know how to bear with cheerfulness and dignity the change which takes place in our faculties, both mental and physical, as we advance in years; and I see so many persons who submit to their destiny with bad grace, that I think one should be taught in youth the best method to bear old age. Some people put on the old man before their time, while others try to appear young after old age has laid his hand upon them. In the first instance it is the mind that has

given way first; in the second, it is the body that has yielded before the mind, and in each case the person is in fault. Some people imagine that by appearing old they are thought to be wise, as taciturn people are supposed to know much because they say little. By appearing old, too, sympathy is excited, and the world is kind enough to overlook without reproof the foibles of old men. In the second instance, of old men endeavoring to be thought young, vanity lies at the bottom. The show of physical strength we do not possess is sure to bring down ridicule on him who practices the deception. The true way is not to resist, but to yield with grace. As Time approaches, receive him with cheerfulness and he will treat you with lenity. If he should inflict a wound, good humor will hide the scar.

Some complain of their lot, as if it could be avoided; become sour and out of temper, as if this would make it better. Some consider themselves warranted by years and gray hairs to transgress against the conventional forms of society, and to say and do things which are in themselves improper. They claim much indulgence for their own failings, which they rather encourage than repress, and grant none to the difference of manners and new modes of thinking of those who are younger than themselves. To correct this habit the old should not retire from the world too soon, or rather, they should do so gradually, as years increase, and they should often meet and converse with persons younger than themselves; by which means they keep pace with the times, while their manners and conversation retain freshness, without the gravity of years degenerating into rigor and asperity. Both are gainers by the intercourse; in the young it suppresses levity by the respect age generally inspires, and the old accustom themselves to submit to the improvements which time produces in mind as well as in matter. The interchange of thought is like friction to stiffened limbs; it keeps up their elasticity. Above all, it prevents old men falling into the too common vice of selfishness.

They who in early life have been so fortunate as to have teachers who directed their minds to the study of such subjects as invigorated and enlarged their intellectual powers, are much to be envied. If they have studied with method and gained the knowledge which has been useful in their intercourse with their fellow men, they have acquired a standing in society and been resorted to as men whose judgments might be relied upon to decide doubtful questions; and in being thus serviceable to the world they have increased the sum of their own happiness, and laid a foundation for the strength of mind which never fails to sustain old age. A cultivated understanding, while it gives us just grounds for self-esteem, elevates us in the eyes of mankind, and what is more, furnishes us with a repository whence we may always draw wholesome reflections and pleasant recollections, to be called up when old age unfits us for reading. But it must be borne in mind that to form the character, much depends on the manner we are instructed. It is not difficult to give good principles, but their effect may be destroyed by the mode

they are instilled. We may be taught to perform virtuous acts from bad motives.

There must be a period when men advanced in life take little interest in books, and when the infirmities of age prevent them from sustaining conversation ; then it is that they are thrown on their internal resources, and he who is rich has more enjoyment than he who is poor. Reflection must then come in, to prevent the mind from becoming inert for want of action, and reflection will be more or less pleasing as the understanding has been properly cultivated, or suffered to waste its energies in idleness or unworthy pursuits. The training in early life to the habit of reflecting on what one reads and sees, is a good way of preparing the means to bear old age in a becoming manner : it gives solidity to the character, and enables one to account for and view with equanimity of temper the many inconsistencies that abound among mankind.

It is, I think, possible to teach youth the rudiments of the knowledge how to be old ; not by making young people put on the habits, manners and notions of old persons, but by directing their minds in such a way as to fit them to bear with propriety each period of age as it advances.

Some people say, ' Read a great deal and you will know a great deal.' This does not follow. Most people *do* read a great deal, but few read with method, or make a good selection of subjects. In this case the mind is full of ideas ; but they are so packed together that no single one is uppermost, and a man may thus be really ignorant though overflowing with learning. Such a man has read too much and reflected too little. There are many men who are not readers, and many of the laboring classes have no leisure to read, supposing they had the inclination ; yet we as often see these persons happy as we do students or habitual readers. It is because they observe and reflect whenever they are not engaged in the active duties of their calling. This is a proof that books are not the only requisite to contentment.

We are all fond of quoting the sayings of the ancients, and the names of many of them are held in well-merited respect by posterity. They must have been men of sound minds and of great observation ; but their knowledge could not, much of it, have been acquired by reading, for books and manuscripts were not so abundant in their time as they are now. Their knowledge of men and the rectitude of their moral sentiments must have been the result of close observation and constant reflection. It is worthy of notice that a habit of reflection gives a controlling power over the thoughts ; enables us not only to direct them to the contemplation of proper objects, but to fix them upon subjects by which the mind may be kept in wholesome exercise, and the recollections be made pleasing. The reflecting man compares things with each other, by which means his judgment becomes correct and his decisions just. He is not led to form hasty determinations, but rather to weigh with calmness the subjects that are submitted to him, and thus his character is marked by

solidity. He cannot fail of gaining the respect of his fellow-men, and as a consequence be elevated in his own estimation and increase the sum of his own happiness. For self-esteem, when founded on a good understanding, and indulged in rationally, is a powerful incentive to virtue, and to be virtuous is to be contented.

Thus far I have endeavored to show the importance of cultivating the understanding, the happy effect it produces on the character, and the influence it has, to create means to promote the comfort of old age. It is not however the sole means; there is another which is equally necessary, and which requires early culture to render it one of the blessings of life, and form one of the ingredients of good character. I mean the Imagination. This is a power of the mind by which may be created images of scenes which have no real existence, and which may not be like any of the objects that surround us. This power is in us for the seeming purpose of quickening the reasoning faculties, for we see in real life that without it the mind becomes heavy, and makes no onward progress in acquiring new perceptions. When the scenes thus created are founded on nature, we say the person who conceives them has a well-regulated imagination; on the other hand, when they greatly depart from nature, we say he has a disordered imagination. If the departure from nature be slight, we say the image is colored; but when it is at total variance and the process is continued long and steadfastly, the person loses control over his thoughts and becomes what we call deranged, which means that his intellect has become disordered by an improper use of it; and when this irregular application of the intellect is directed toward any of the passions by which any one of them is called into action in a strong degree, the person's case is desperate.

The power of the imagination is very great, and increases in strength the more it is exercised; it will therefore at once be perceived, that unless we begin early to give it a proper direction, and keep it within the bounds of reality and virtue, we are raising against ourselves a force that must overwhelm us, even before age, if left to itself, could accomplish the work. A more dismal spectacle cannot be exhibited than that of an old man with an imagination beyond his control; who habitually suffers his thoughts so to wander and dwell on improper objects as no longer to have the power of regulating them. He has ceased to be a creature of reason, at the moment when of all others the realities of life should be present to his mind. I incline to the opinion that the imagination never leaves us; that it is strong even in advanced life, when the passions are supposed to be weak, but being directed to objects where the passions are but little brought into play, and being unaccompanied by enthusiasm, it is not so apparent as it is in youth.

The liability of the mind to mixed emotions is a cause why the imagination may be made the source of pleasure, and also the fountain whence may spring much pain. If the understanding has been strengthened by proper culture, it may in most cases check its wanderings and form with it an alliance which will have a wholesome influence on the character. The understanding, like a sober matron,

may give wise counsels when leading in the strait path of life, while her more lively follower may enliven the journey by a sprightly tale. The one will pursue her onward course with a firm step, while the other will occasionally go astray to gather flowers by the wayside. The imagination left to its own guidance soon misleads its votary. It elevates him at first by high expectations, which proving false, he flies to the other extreme, and is kept in dread of evils which may never befall him.

'*Une imagination forte produit l'événement même,*' says Montaigne. But there is a permitted range to the imagination, which is productive of real pleasure, and gives a stimulus to the functions of life, by exciting sensibilities and tastes which form the elements of high moral feeling. While the purest moral thoughts may be debased by the power the imaginative propensities possess of bringing them into alliance with animal sensations, it must yet be observed, by way of counterbalance, that objects of sense merely may be ennobled by ideas of beauty and order. If the imaginative tastes have been disciplined, the old have a medium of enjoyment, and may be said to live a second time the life they have passed. Memory is the first of the mental powers which gives sign of the decay of our vital energies; the imagination in some degree supplies its place by giving new action to the thinking faculties, and thus filling up the vacuum which might exist in the mind.

It is innocent, and a fit subject to engage the mind with, the imagining how we should act under untried circumstances; it may serve to prepare us to perform our duty, should the circumstances we paint to ourselves ever occur. We may safely indulge the pleasing vision which represents us as doing praiseworthy actions, for it may excite us, when under the influence of sober reason, to put into practice the virtue we only thought of. And the imagination is in the exercise of its legitimate functions when it presents to us subjects worthy of imitation, which harmonize with truth, and are adapted to our condition. We may figure to ourselves the new enjoyments we should experience by an improvement of our worldly state, and may imagine modes by which these enjoyments may be heightened. While the old, by the decay of memory, are prevented from drawing a full measure of pleasure from recollections of the past, and the realities of life may cease to produce their accustomed excitement; the exercise of the imagination offers a resource against weariness, and awakens the thoughts to new hopes of the future. The old may be permitted a wider scope for their visions, there being less danger to the intellect than if they were in the full use of all their vital functions.

In contemplating the objects of domestic life which surround them, the old may indulge freely in the pleasing anticipations of the future welfare of their near relatives or offspring, and thus derive a merited reward for the care they have bestowed upon the objects of their affection. A person with a cultivated understanding, as I have supposed one to be, and who has been an observer, cannot be wanting in the power of creating other sources of mental enjoy-

ment, such as those derived from impressions made on the mind by the works of art or the beauties of nature. Objects of taste, the experiments of art and the improvements of science, may by rapid combinations of the imaginative powers be made subservient to the purpose of self-gratification, and occupy the thoughts with delightful recreation. The state of mind thus produced will influence the disposition to cultivate the social feelings and open the heart to the strongest impulses of natural affection. And what purer source of satisfaction can a sensible and warm-hearted person possess than in contributing to the comfort of others by his sympathy in their joys and sorrows; and, by showing them the tranquil pleasures he has acquired, teach them *how to be old.*

You have no doubt already perceived, dear Ahmaad, that my friend has mounted one of his hobbies. I think it advisable to stop him here, that you may not become wearied by the ride, intending hereafter to tax your patience by listening to much more that he said on the same subject.

*New-York, seventh day of the Moon }  
Zoo'ickadah: Hagira, 1900. }*

#### T H E E N D .

'Is all our hopes and all our fears  
Were prisoned in life's narrow bounds;  
If, travellers through this vale of tears,  
We saw no better world beyond;  
Oh! what would check the rising sigh,  
What earthly thing could pleasure give?  
Oh, who would venture then to die?  
Oh, who would venture then to live?' — BOWRING.

#### I.

WHAT shall the end be? to sleep in dull silence,  
Forever beneath the lone valley's cold sod?  
To moulder to dust, both the soul and the body,  
And never to look on the face of a God?  
Is this then the end to which we are hast'ning?  
And was it for this, our miracle-birth?  
The thought then, how cheerless, how sad, and how dreary,  
That when life is o'er, this head, weak and weary,  
Forever must lie on the cold lap of earth!

#### II.

But no! the heart sickens at such a sad picture,  
And revolts at the Infidel's boasted belief;  
Then turns, and by faith sees that glorious future,  
Where Jesus vouchsafed to the crucified thief,  
That all who believed should meet him in Heaven;  
Should sing a new song, and repeat the glad story  
Of love to His name who is 'mighty to save,'  
And 'strong to redeem' from the bonds of the grave,  
The spirit immortal, and waft it to glory.

*New-York, January, 1847.*

## L I N E S

WRITTEN TWENTY YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

DEAR wife, some twenty years have flown  
 Since you and I agreed to marry;  
 That you were rather young, I own,  
 But then I was too old to tarry.  
 In single state full long enough  
 I'd lived, and wished to try the double;  
 Friendship I'd found but meagre stuff,  
 And Fame an evanescent bubble.

From books no more a solace came,  
 To soothe me in my lonesome times,  
 And writing prose seemed very tame,  
 And still more stupid stringing rhymes.  
 The drama I pronounced a bore,  
 I cared not for a mimic passion,  
 Or plots and characters of yore,  
 When solemn nonsense was in fashion.

There was a vacuum in my heart,  
 A sort of strange and constant longing;  
 And through my brain what thoughts would dart,  
 How many shapes go wildly thronging!  
 My feelings, that were like a feather,  
 Became so heavy, sad, peculiar;  
 At first I guessed it was the weather,  
 And then my ancient sweet-heart, JULIA.

But when the former grew quite warm,  
 And quite as warmly smiled the latter,  
 I found that neither sun nor storm  
 Nor gentle JULIA was the matter:  
 'Who is it, then?' I madly cried,  
 'It must be some such charming fairy;  
 A lovelier one,' my soul replied,  
 'Delicious, dear, enchanting MARY!'

At first you doubted, then refused  
 To listen to my sudden wooing,  
 But when you paused and wily mused  
 Upon your charms and my undoing,  
 Your tender breast relenting knew  
 Something of Love's sublime emotion,  
 And finally repaid the true  
 Deep fervor of my soul's devotion.

Sweet wife! did I not tell you sooth  
 That we should always love each other,  
 That I would always be in truth  
 Your more than husband, father, brother?  
 Ah! what have you not been to me!  
 My hope, my joy, my pride, my treasure,  
 Since twenty years have flown with thee,  
 Like dreams of pure unruffled pleasure.

FALCON



## THOUGHTS ON MEDIOCRITY.

BY 'THE DOCTOR.'

THE blessing of mediocrity, that middle state, neither rich nor poor; neither famous nor insignificant; neither ugly nor handsome; neither tall nor short; neither fat nor lean; on a level; a fair sample of what man can be; enjoying what man can enjoy; not dying in one's youth, nor living down to the 'slippered pantaloons;' is supposed very wise and pious to wish for, but practically very poor to have. With your leave, kind reader, we will endeavor, according to our poor ability, to show the true happiness of a state *you* are probably trying to avoid.

The unhappiness of wealth lies in this, that it disappoints the hopes. The rich man is disappointed. Not that wealth has it not in its power to do much good and compass noble ends; not that it has not great privileges. But it is not every thing. If man expanded in heart as his purse swelled; if his intellect grew with his pocket; if his moral views extended with his domains; if man were not man, but an angel, wealth would bring untold blessings, and I would pray for it as I pray now for a contented mind. But what is the case? The boy, yes, the man, sees what he might do with it; he pines for it; works for it; drudges for it; and has it. Where is he now himself? He has contracted habits of mind and body in his acquisitions which he cannot throw off; he has outraged nature. He did *not* grow in benevolence as he increased in money. He occupies an elevation, to be sure. He is on a high mountain, and is chilled by the thin air. He is a wonder to his neighbors; an object of envy to many; but wealth does not bring him peace necessarily. He thought it would. It clogs him; it is weighty. The dollars sunk the sailor who jumped overboard to swim to land from a sinking ship with his pockets full of specie. We say, wealth acquired disappoints the hopes; and hope is necessary to happiness; hope for some great end. This the man of moderate fortune always may have. He is constantly bettering his condition, getting nearer and nearer to his object. His interest is awake; life is full of excitement to him. There is a curtain soon to be raised which shall display a magnificent scene. He is like the boy sitting in the theatre, before the curtain rises. The noise and din of life is the music of the orchestra to him; soon, very soon—next year, perhaps—his hopes will be fulfilled! *We* hope not, for human happiness. For then he will be like the same boy going home at twelve o'clock at night from his stolen pleasure, to find himself *locked out*. He has come to the end of the play, and is in the cold street without rest.

But look at genius. It is an *excrecence*; unnatural, even if beautiful. Too large fruit breaks the branches of the tree. Our

medical books tell us fat is a disease. Eat a piece of that huge porker slaughtered lately in Boston, weighing eight hundred and fifty pounds, and ten to one you eat a fever or a dysentery. 'What has become of the geniuses?' we ask; 'have they been happy men?' A thousand voices from the crowd cry: 'I would be willing to suffer all that genius ever suffered; its pangs and crosses; its poverty and neglect; woes that out-speak the Newgate Calendar; only let me be famous, like Shakspeare or Milton; only let me die in the midst of conquest, like Alexander! What glory to die in despair, like Brutus! what splendid horror! No; I think I would be Bonaparte, strutting about in military boots upon St. Helena, and imagining the white-crested waves that beat upon the rocky prison to be troops of white-plumed horsemen coming furiously to the charge!' 'And I,' lisps an ambitious little miss of sixteen, 'should like to die like Mithith Jordan, on a thofa, after fathinating a printhe; my heart broken with tender melancholy!'

Genius is good to look at, not to take. It pays for its high vocation. It coins its blood; its sweet voices are sighs from a broken heart; its pathos is real wo; and that sound that comes to our ears, softened by distance, is a piercing shriek of agony where it originates. Be a Byron, my youngster, penning burning words about a wife you loved, separated from you by seas, and worse still, by an incapacity to understand a poet's soul; see your daughter turn away from you as if you were a snake; and with a heart yearning for love and affection, be desolate and lonely like him — and you had better be an apothecary or measure tape.

But perhaps, my reader, you aim at political distinction. You are now only a voter in the sixth ward. Nobody knows you but your baker and butcher and milk-man. They *know* you, and mean to know you. You can't get away from them. Let me ask you, is this small fame always agreeable? Would you not like sometimes, about quarter-day, to be unknown even to these three humble individuals? What then will be your state when, mounted on a chair above the multitude, not only the baker and butcher and milk-man look after you, but twenty millions cry out at once 'Mr. Polk!' What hope of escape? There is no corner where you can be unknown for a moment; you cannot any more look at the new prints in the book-sellers' windows; you cannot lounge any more, and read the papers at ease. You are the cockerel on the top of the meeting-house steeple; every body can see you that wants to, and you feel every gust of popular air. You obey the strongest party, as the aforesaid cockerel obeys the strongest wind; and the most you get for your eminence is the title of 'fickle.' Depend upon it, you are better off as an humble voter in the sixth ward.

'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'

Is the glitter of royalty, the pomp of courts, any recompense for the fear in which most princes live? Would you be Louis Philippe, and ride in a carriage to be shot at every now and then? Compare a ride in your neat buggy out to Harlœm with that of a king in his

coach-and-four, trembling with every turn of the wheels lest a musket-ball pass through his head. Have you read history for nothing? Do you still pine for eminence? Become a candidate for office in a country-district, and see the things that will be said of you. The dear people of the opposite party will fish up something true, and invent what cannot be proved. You may be elected; but while you gain office, ten to one you lose character and standing in your community. The fact may be, you are not good enough to be eminent. Dirt is a very good thing in a garden, but bring it into the house and it becomes odious.

Here is a young lady who grows thin because she is not a belle. Has she considered what the life of a beauty is? To be flattered by every body, besieged with 'blarney' and lies, mock affection and insincere friendship; to be stared at in the street, and to be conscious that beauty is preferred to worth; to feel inferior and be superior in place; to be obliged to still every true emotion of the heart; never to love, but to be married in obedience to what the fashionable world says she ought to do; finally to wear paint and false hair, false teeth, and to be false in every thing; and dying, give directions about the grave-dress, as becoming or not. My dear young lady, be a milk-maid; dress your rich tresses in the glass of the still water; love some honest lad who will doat upon you; become the mother of good men; die with some sense that you have not lived in vain; leave the memory of good deeds to the poor; that you were a good mother, a kind neighbor, a nice house-keeper, a frugal wife; and such a reputation is worth all the homage beauty receives, a thousand times over.

And you, Sir, would be tall, and knock your new hat to pieces in a stage-coach; find your feet dangling out of bed in a country-inn, on a cold night; pay extra for your broad-cloth cloak; wear low-heels, and let your feet into the mud; fall in love with a short woman of fortune, and give up the match to escape ridicule; make a constant obeisance in garden-walks; never taste a mouthful of warm soup, and live upon cold potatoes, on account of the distance between the plate and your mouth, every morsel being cooled in a long current of air; be called 'lathy' if you are lean, and 'a monster' if you are fat. Have you considered, Sir, all these conditions of escaping your modest mediocrity of five-feet-six?

Truly he is most happy who occupies a middle ground as to money, fame and size. The respectable men and women of the world enjoy life, while the extremes are miserable; the one from surfeit, the other from hunger. It might be shown that there is a near resemblance between the highest (so called) and the lowest society. The same reckless disregard of public opinion; only in the one it is called independence, in the other desperation. Kings and heroes murder, and attain their ends by violence, and so do robbers and house-breakers. *Very* fashionable people turn night into day, and so do thieves and cut-throats and gamblers. Dandies change their dress many times in a day, and so do those who disguise themselves for plunder or to escape the police. The wealthy ride in coaches;

than the hoarse voice of the boatswain was heard : ' All hands up anchor, ahoy ! ' It was soon secured, and all sail set for the Sabine, Lieutenant Madison wishing first to get possession of the armed boats. The shoal water at the mouth of the Sabine runs off a long distance, and the schooner had again to be anchored and the boats despatched ; now, under charge of the sailing-master, Mr. King, and a midshipman. The boats of the Lynx were necessarily small, for she was but about one hundred tons' burthen, and it was advisable not to overload them with men, lest it should impede them in pulling, as the boats they were after were described as being very fast.

Just before night Mr. King left with his two boats and ten men, with instructions to guard the mouth of the river closely during the night, so as to prevent the boats escaping, and at day-light to ascend the river until he found them. He had not however proceeded far before they were in sight, and the chase commenced. For two hours the boats from Galveston held their own, but after that our boats gained rapidly, and the chase soon terminated by the piratical boats running ashore, and the men jumping out and concealing themselves in the immense cane-swamps which arise on the sides of this stream near its mouth. Mr. King, finding it impossible to get the men, and aware of the anxiety of his commander to proceed at the earliest moment to the Calcasieu river, in hopes of securing the privateer, took his two prizes (both fine boats) in tow, and before the sun had left us for the day, he was on board. The captured boats could not be hoisted in, but were soon dropped astern ; and again the little Lynx spread her canvass, looking northerly for the Calcasieu. The distance between the mouths of these rivers, the reader must recollect, is not great ; and as the morning broke, the pilot pointed out the mouth of the river ; and when abreast of it, and as near as safety would permit the schooner to be carried, she was anchored, and preparations were commenced to ascend the river. Lieutenant McIntosh was ordered to take command of the expedition, and Purser Fanning, since dead, volunteered to command one of the boats. The two prize-boats were selected, from their size and for being equally fast with those of the Lynx. One week's provisions for twelve men and their officers, a musket and pistol for each, and good tarpaulins for keeping them dry, were provided, and the expedition started.

There was but little of interest for the first fifty or sixty miles. The land on each side of the river was low ; the river itself sinuous and abrupt in its turnings, but gradually becoming more fresh, with less current. About the commencement of the second night, however, after having passed through several lakes, some of which were so large as to make it difficult to see the opposite shores, the river contracted ; the land became more elevated, with a most luxuriant and large growth of forest-trees. The pilot now informed Lieutenant McIntosh that it would be necessary to proceed with great caution, as he believed they were getting in the neighborhood of the search. The oars were immediately muffled, and the boats

## A V I S I T T O L A F I T T E .

THE following authentic narrative of stirring adventure is derived from an eye-witness of the interesting events which it describes. We cannot permit it to pass to our readers without remarking that it is to such men as the brave and wary officer who had command of the boats on the occasion referred to, that the United States' Navy is indebted for its high renown throughout the world. It may be proper to add, that a prominent incident of that excellent and popular work, 'Conquest and Self-Conquest,' is confirmatory of the authenticity of one scene in the present narrative.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

IN the winter of 1819, when the late Commodore Patterson commanded the United States' naval forces in the Gulf of Mexico and on the coast of Louisiana, the United States' schooner *Lynx*, then commanded by the gallant and lamented Lieutenant J. H. Madison, was ordered to cruise between the mouths of the Mississippi river and the harbor of Galveston, at which place LAFITTE had a force of some three hundred and fifty men. The prizes captured from the Spaniards by the privateers of Lafitte were taken to Galveston, and in lieu of money the crews were paid off with certain portions of the cargo, which ultimately were irregularly introduced into the United States, in boats through our western rivers, the Sabine, Memento and Calcasieu. It was to prevent this illicit trade, and to protect our citizens on that coast, that decided the Commodore to give the *Lynx* that destination.

On arriving off the Memento river the schooner was brought to anchor, there not being sufficient water on the bar for her to enter. Boats were despatched immediately, under charge of her First Lieutenant, (the present Commander J. M. McIntosh,) who, very soon after getting into the river, overhauled a fishing-boat, from a settlement some distance up the river, and learned from the crew that two armed boats, with some eight or ten men in each, had left the previous night for the Sabine; that these boats belonged to Galveston, and that the men pretended to be cruising under authority from Lafitte. They had ascended the rivers Memento and Calcasieu, and in many instances had robbed the citizens and horribly abused the females. Lieutenant McIntosh also ascertained that a small privateer, cruising under the orders of Lafitte, had captured on the Campeachy bank a Spanish schooner, and had succeeded in getting the privateer and schooner over the bar of the Calcasieu river, had ascended it some hundred miles, and were still trading with the inhabitants, who were few and widely scattered apart; and that apprehension was felt that after disposing of their goods they might maltreat them. It was soon discovered that one of the crew of the fishing-boat was more intelligent than the rest, and a pilot, for they seldom visited rivers except for the purposes already alluded to; there was therefore little time lost in making an agreement with him and taking him to the *Lynx*. The information was no sooner communicated to the active and vigilant commander of the schooner

than the hoarse voice of the boatswain was heard : ' All hands up anchor, ahoy ! ' It was soon secured, and all sail set for the Sabine, Lieutenant Madison wishing first to get possession of the armed boats. The shoal water at the mouth of the Sabine runs off a long distance, and the schooner had again to be anchored and the boats despatched ; now, under charge of the sailing-master, Mr. King, and a midshipman. The boats of the Lynx were necessarily small, for she was but about one hundred tons' burthen, and it was advisable not to overload them with men, lest it should impede them in pulling, as the boats they were after were described as being very fast.

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There was but little of interest for the first fifty or sixty miles. The land on each side of the river was low ; the river itself sinuous and abrupt in its turnings, but gradually becoming more fresh, with less current. About the commencement of the second night, however, after having passed through several lakes, some of which were so large as to make it difficult to see the opposite shores, the river contracted ; the land became more elevated, with a most luxuriant and large growth of forest-trees. The pilot now informed Lieutenant McIntosh that it would be necessary to proceed with great caution, as he believed they were getting in the neighborhood of the search. The oars were immediately muffled, and the boats

took different sides of the river, to prevent the possibility of passing the vessels. As they ascended the river it still contracted, until the limbs of the immense forest-trees touched and formed a canopy which excluded almost the sight of the stars. It had now become intensely exciting. The darkness of the water—for it becomes, after ascending a hundred miles up, almost black—the trees shutting out the heavens, and the dreadful howlings of wild beasts, apparently immediately over the boats; the screeching of that night-bird, the owl, and the bellowing of some hundreds of cattle pursued by the barking wolves, and dashing in their fury along the banks of the stream, all combined to make the scene one of wild and exciting adventure.

Just previous to the dawning of day the loud crowing of a fowl indicated an approach to some habitation, and the pilot desired the boats might be checked. They were pulled to the middle of the river and made fast to a sawyer to await the day-light, which soon appeared, when there was discovered a short distance above, on the right bank of the river, a log-house, enclosed with what is termed a Virginia fence. The landing-place was soon reached, and Lieutenant McIntosh and his companion, Purser Fanning, proceeded to the house, and after some little time they succeeded in awakening the inmates.

As the door opened, a figure presented itself which it would be difficult to describe. He (for it proved to be a man) bore all the marks of having worked hard, lived hard, and being about to die hard. He was tall, but had become as gaunt a skeleton as Dr. Edson, and his countenance was of that ghastly hue which so strongly marks the subjects of that horrible disease, the fever-and-ague. After exchanging the usual salutation of 'Good morning,' he asked:

'Strangers, is you from Galveston?'

'Yes,' was the reply.

'Is you some of Lafitte's people, and has you any thing to trade?'

'Yes.'

'Well then, if you takes my advice, you 'll keep a sharp look-out, for the militia is up and a'ter the captain and men of one of your vessels that 's up here stowed away.'

The morning being damp with a heavy dew, the officers had on pea-jackets, which concealed all traces of uniform; and Lieutenant McIntosh quickly discovered that with a little management the privateer and her prize was in his grasp. He asked if the militia had captured any of the men.

'No, they was a little bit too quick for 'em. You see, strangers, I gi'n 'em a hint that the militia was coming; the captain of militia come a'ter me, but this d—d fever-and-ague had me so fast I could n't go; so I ax't him what was the muss, and he told me that so soon as he could get men enough he was to take the pirates, for he called 'em all pirates.'

'Well, do you know what has become of the captain of the privateer and his crew?'

'No, I do n't; but I guess, a'ter they hid the vessels, they tried

for Galveston; but I thinks they will have a scramble 'fore they catch it.'

'We would like very much to find the vessels, so that we could put our goods in them, for we have only open boats, and then we will go away until all is quiet again.'

'Well, strangers, I 'll tell you; but I guess it 's worth a trifle, as no one but me knows.'

'Oh, yes; you shall have ten dollars. Is that enough?'

'Yes.'

'Well, now, where are they? Be quick, for we must get out of the way of your militia.'

'You must pull up the river for a quarter of a mile, on the left-hand side; look sharp, and you 'll see a bayou; the mouth is little, but it grows big a'ter you 're in. You goes into this 'ere bayou, and I guess a'ter you pull 'bout say one mile and a quarter, you 'll see the privateer.'

'Can you get to the vessels by land from your house? and how far is it?'

'Oh, certain you kin; it is 'bout a mile, I guess.'

'Have you a horse?'

'Yes, he is there, back of the house.'

'Now walk down to the landing, and see our boats and our goods.'

This was soon accomplished; but when it was discovered that the boats contained no goods, the astonishment of this ignorant man may be imagined, but not easily described. Lieutenant McIntosh now called to one of his best men, directing him to get his musket and come ashore, which was promptly done. He then ordered him to take charge of the countryman, to allow him to get on his horse, but to take the bridle himself, and make him go to the vessels, and if he arrived first, to remain until he came. The distance was soon pulled in the boats, and the vessels found. Their sails were unbent, running-rigging unrove and put below; and, from the cocoa about the deck of the prize-schooner, it was evident that her cargo had been taken out. All hands were soon employed in bending sails and reeving rigging; and in the mean time the man arrived, leading the horse by the bridle, and the ghostly-looking informant astride of him.

'Now, Sir,' said Lieutenant McIntosh, 'you have so far directed me correctly; tell me where the cargo has been concealed, and I will let you go back to your house. I see there has been a cargo of cocoa landed, and if I do not find it, you shall be taken to New-Orleans and be tried for dealing with pirates.'

'So help me God, stranger, I do n't know where the *cuckeho* be; but this I tell you, them pirates, as you call 'em, axt me for some bulls'-hides to cover up the goods; and they tell'd me when they come to take 'em away, they would pay me; so I gi'n 'em twelve. You see, if I had n't gi'n 'em they would taken 'em, any how.'

Satisfied that the cargo was somewhere in the neighborhood, Purser Fanning was directed to take one of the boats and pull close to the shore down the bayou, and wherever he saw any thing which



would indicate that a landing had been made, to examine, and if successful in finding the cargo, to fire a musket, and immediately to commence with his crew to remove it as near the water for re-shipping as practicable. The report of a musket was soon heard, and the prize-schooner being now ready, the privateer was taken in tow, and with a light breeze proceeded down about half a mile and anchored a short distance from the shore, to take again aboard the cargo discharged from her but a few days before. The informant in the mean time had been permitted to return alone to his house, with a promise never again to have any thing to do with pirates. The taking the cargo on board, consisting of bags of cocoa and Peruvian bark, was soon accomplished; the anchor was weighed and the vessels towed out of the bayou by the boats, when they commenced descending the river, and about night-fall reached the spot they had left so early in the morning. The men had had a most fatiguing time since they had left the schooner, and Lieutenant McIntosh determined to let them have a comfortable night's rest. They were therefore ordered, so soon as they had their suppers, to go below in the vessels; but they preferred the decks, swearing they had 'seen too many d—d centipedes and scorpions in the bloody crafts to venture under deck.' At day-light the next morning some of the men bent the sails and rove the rigging of the privateer, while the others were cutting a good load of wood to ballast her, and which would be very useful in the *Lynx*.

About mid-day, every thing being prepared, sail was made down the river, and on the third day after, the expedition reached the *Lynx* without accident. No time was to be lost, for the captain yet hoped to get possession of the men who had been chased ashore in the *Sabine*. The schooner with the prizes were soon once more under way, and stretching southerly for the *Memento* river. On arriving there, the two prize schooners were sent in and anchored, there to remain under charge of an officer and a few men, until the return from Galveston, for which port sail was made with all despatch.

The weather had become exceedingly foggy, and the captain, supposing from the run that he must be off Galveston, hove to, in hopes that the fog would disperse. Toward meridian, a breeze sprung up which soon carried off the fog, and at the same moment revealed the harbor of Galveston and a sail-boat standing in for it. The schooner's position made it an easy matter to cut the sail-boat off; but this being discovered, she bore up and made for shoal water on the opposite side from the town of Galveston. The boats of the *Lynx* were soon in chase, but the boat was beached, and the men running for the woods before the schooner's boats landed; shore however was made, and one of the men captured, who, with the boats, was brought on board. The *Lynx* had anchored just outside Galveston bar.

The captured man was in a wretched condition. He had on no shoes, his feet were lacerated and torn with briars, and dreadfully swollen; his countenance was scarcely human, and he appeared almost unconscious of what he said or did. He was questioned by

the captain, but nothing of importance could be elicited. The men were going to their dinner, and he was placed in one of the messes. In a very short time one of the men of the mess came to Lieutenant McIntosh and reported that the man he had ordered in their mess had eaten up every thing most voraciously and was craving more, and would kill himself if not stopped. The surgeon was directed to see what was the matter, and the fact communicated to the captain. The surgeon reported that, from some cause unknown to him, the man was certainly eating too much, and must be allowanced. This induced the captain to have a farther examination; and the poor creature was encouraged to relate who he was and where he came from. After a severe struggle, and with tears flowing from his eyes, he acknowledged he was one of the crew of the boats chased ashore in the Sabine; that before they left the boats they had thrown all their arms into the river, and that they had been ever since working through the forest in hopes to reach Galveston; that they had arrived on the point opposite, the night before, and made a large fire as a signal, and that Lafitte had sent the boat we had taken to bring them over; that during the time, they were so driven by hunger that they had drawn lots who should be killed to sustain the rest; that it had fallen to the lot of an Italian, who was bled to death, and then devoured! For some days the bones were carried in their pockets and sucked for nourishment; and had they not arrived on the night they did, they were again to eat lots for another victim. So soon as these facts were known, Lieutenant Com. Madison sent his First Lieutenant to Lafitte, demanding the surrender of the men to him as pirates, who had been committing depredations on citizens of the United States. The officer was met by Lafitte at the usual place of landing with every demonstration of respect, and courteously invited to his dwelling, which was accepted. Lieutenant McIntosh now handed to Lafitte the written demand of his commander. It was attentively read, apparently some two or three times, when Lafitte observed: 'I am most truly happy that you have succeeded in tracing those vagabonds thus far, and that you will be enabled to identify them by the capture of one of the crew. Assure your commander, Sir, that they will be all taken; they cannot now escape me; and it will afford me very sincere pleasure to deliver them over to him, to be dealt with as pirates. They have been acting under no authority from me, nor from any person connected with this government.' An officer was sent for, and directed to launch Lafitte's fast-pulling gig, and when manned, to report it. When this was done, Lafitte ordered him to proceed to the opposite side of the river, and to bring the men to him who had been chased on shore by the boats of the United States' schooner Lynx. He then turned to Lieutenant McIntosh, and said: 'It will be some time in the night before my boat will return, and as you have not more than time to get on board your vessel before dark, and as our bar is a dangerous one to those unacquainted with it, I will not detain you to answer in writing the letter of your commander, but will do so to-morrow when he sends for the men.'

Lieutenant McIntosh thanked him for his consideration and politeness ; took leave, and regained the *Lynx* as night set in ; but some considerable danger attended his progress, for a brisk breeze springing up from the South, there was a bad sea on the bar and outside of it. He had been on board but a very short time, before the wind and sea increased so much as to make it necessary to get underweigh and 'claw off' from the land. The wind continued to increase, and before morning had risen to a perfect gale. It was a night of much anxiety, for the schooner was on a lee-shore and had to be severely pressed to gain an offing. The weather for some five or six days prevented a return to Galveston ; it finally moderated, however, and on a fine afternoon she made the harbor and stood in for her former anchorage. On looking with spy-glasses, something like a gallows was seen on the low sandy point which forms the entrance to the port, with something suspended from it. This certainly was not there when the schooner left, and whether intended for a mark, or what else, could not be decided, even after she had gained her anchorage. The schooner again at anchor, Lieutenant McIntosh was once more directed to take the largest of the boats, proceed in, and bring out the men, if they had been caught.

As the boat neared the low sandy point, it was discovered that what had attracted so much attention on first making the land, was a gallows with a body suspended from it. Again the Lieutenant was received with courtesy, and was informed that the men were all ready to be given up, with the exception of the leader, who was hanging on the gallows on the point. 'Tell your commander,' said Lafitte, 'I found the principal of this gang so old an offender, and so very bad a man, that I have saved him the trouble of taking him to the United States, and hung him myself!' He now read to Lieutenant McIntosh his communication to the commander of the *Lynx*, who politely asked, before it was sealed, if he might see the letter of Captain Madison to Lafitte, to which this was a reply. The request was acceded to : after reading it the Lieutenant stated that he regretted, after the kindness and courtesy which he had received from Captain Lafitte, and his exertions to procure the men, to decline being the bearer of such a letter to his commander. There were expressions which he deemed discourteous, and threats which would be offensive to that officer. Lafitte quickly replied, that nothing of the kind was intended ; that it might arise from his imperfect knowledge of the language ; and that if Lieutenant McIntosh would be so kind as to point out the exceptionable parts, he would with pleasure erase them. This was done, the letter copied, read aloud and sealed, and Lieutenant McIntosh received it, and parted with Mr. Lafitte ; not however until he had advised him by no means to attempt to cross the bar with his boat so deep as she then was with the additional men, if there was the slightest increase of wind, or if night should overtake him before he reached it.

It was getting late in the afternoon, and the weather was threatening ; yet being anxious to get on board his vessel, the attempt was made ; but night coming on, and finding a rough sea on the bar,

it was abandoned, and the boat put about and again headed for the lights of Galveston. Lafitte had anticipated it, and had placed a look-out to report the return of the boat; and on meeting Lieutenant McIntosh, expressed his great pleasure at his return; for he said, 'Your boat would have been lost had you attempted to cross the bar with this wind. I hope you will feel perfectly at home with me; your men shall be taken good care of, and your prisoners secured until you can make another attempt to get on board.' The utmost hospitality was extended to the Lieutenant, and a free and easy conversation took place. Lafitte was asked if he did not sometimes feel himself embarrassed in his position, having around him men of every nation and of all varieties of character, and as it were alone in case of mutiny. He replied: 'Never in the least. I understand the management of such men perfectly, and I keep them under good control, as you have just seen, from the prompt manner in which your prisoners have again been ironed, and a sentinel placed over them, by my order. I know precisely how far to go, and I would have saved your commander all trouble in relation to these men if I had dared, for I would have hung every man of them. But I saw, Sir, that to have hung up another would have been the moment to have questioned my power. I made it appear that I considered the example sufficient, and retained my control.'

The next morning nothing could be seen of the Lynx. She had during the night been again driven to sea, and one week elapsed before she was again in sight. During this period every thing was done to make Lieutenant McIntosh's time pass most pleasantly. A fowling-piece with ammunition was at his command; the various pleasant games which are usually resorted to were introduced; and when the hour arrived for his departure, the officer felt that he had passed a pleasant week with no common man; with *one who*, if he had his vices had also his virtues, and who possessed a courteous and gentlemanly deportment, seldom equalled and not to be surpassed.

'T H O U A R T T H E M A N !'

Thou art the man! stand forth and lay  
That shrouded bosom bare;  
Show to the world what dark designs,  
What guilt lie brooding there:  
Banish the glance, the smile of scorn  
Thine eye hath shed, thy lip hath worn;  
Nor dare condemn, in word or thought  
The deed thy brother's hand hath wrought.

Thou art the man! The paths of sin,  
Together ye have trod!  
Think'st thou the prints thy feet have left  
Are fainter to thy God?  
Though high the honors of thy name,  
And his the felon's brand of shame,  
The darling sins thou lov'st to nurse,  
Deeply as his, shall work thy curse.

*New-York, February 13th, 1847.*

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Thou art the man! Recall to mind  
That dark and fatal hour,  
When first thou heard'st Temptation's voice,  
Nor durst resist its power.  
That moment stamped thee to all time,  
One of the brotherhood of crime;  
And can'st thou mark with tearless eye  
Thy fellow's guilt-bought misery?

Thou art the man! Then lowly kneel;  
Kneel to the dust, and pray!  
Perchance e'en yet a pard'ning grace  
May blot thy sin away.  
No more presume, with judgment stern,  
Thine erring brother's suit to spurn:  
Lest Heaven cut short thy guilty span,  
And God proclaim, 'Thou art the man!'

MARTIN.

## M O R N I N G   L I F E .

I HEARD a voice from Heaven, saying, to the troubled world, 'Be still!  
Day and night, forever praying, supplicating, 'Peace! be still!'

'Lo! ye pass away like shadows, and no print upon the hill  
Shall tell that ye have come and gone, but the grave — and that, how still!

'But seek ye for that Life more blest, Life that passeth not away,  
And the blessing of His love shall rest and abide with you alway.'

And wondering at those words, behold! all things grew bright and fair,  
And the glories which that voice foretold seemed painted on the air:

As the earth were lingering on it's way, within some charmed space,  
Where the bright sunshine warmer lay; some angel's resting-place.

Beautiful beyond all picturing, the days that were to be!  
Each rounded like a golden ring of wedded symmetry.

Oh! the golden, rounded day so long! the night so wonderful!  
The iron will so firm and strong; the bounding heart, so full!

Up and away with the roving cloud, was the mountain-top on high,  
But not as our strong hearts so proud; not so near the starry sky.

But all the great and wondrous things that God each day had given,  
The sleeping-thought, with purer wings, at night took home to Heaven.

And we took no thought what moment God might change our pleasant home,  
Striving only for a joyous greeting when the hour should come.

Thus with high resolves and holy came we to the crowded strand,  
Doubtless many a warm companion there would join our pilgrim band.

But the tumult and the clashing of wild voices in uproar  
Closed around us like the dashing breakers on the hollow shore.

On the world went with its groaning, falling up and down the stairs,  
Cursing, howling and bemoaning, in the hurrying crowd of cares.

Then I said, 'My comrades listen to the words we heard of old,  
And forget not all the wonders which that angel-voice foretold.'

'Let us join this grand procession, leading downward to the grave,  
With firm step, and words of welcome to the generous and brave.

But with lofty gesture, scorning backward to his realm of Night,  
*As a lie upon the morning, a black lie upon the light;*

That butt and mock and laughing-stock, the damnable and damning curse,  
The fool, the knave, the pimp, the slave, '*the humbug of the Universe!*'

Thenceforth we shall lightly borrow trouble from the great world-crowd,  
And all weariness, all sorrow, be but shadows of a cloud.

Like that wondrous cloud o'er ISRAEL, stormless held by God's own hand,  
Under which the mighty hosts marched onward to the promised land.

Thus like music wafted slowly landward from the tossing sea,  
Shall our life, though poor and lowly, shall our homeward journey be.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**TWENTY-SIX YEARS OF THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR AND MANAGER.** By FRANCIS COURTNEY WEMYSS. In two volumes. pp. 618. New-York: BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY.

A WORK which intersperses with a varied personal narrative, sketches, anecdotes and opinions of celebrated actors, could hardly fail to prove of interest; and we must concede to Mr. WEMYSS the credit of having furnished us with a lively, gossiping book, which although somewhat carelessly written, affords matter for instruction as well as amusement. We look, for example, upon the early history of the author, the stern repulses and the little sympathy which he met with, as replete with wholesome warning to parents and guardians. A blow from a fraternal hand drove him to seek at first the precarious fortunes of an actor; and untimely ridicule and ribaldry prevented his resuming the mercantile pursuit to which he had early been educated, and to which he had been tempted to return, from the privations and disappointments of a young actor's career. It seems a just retribution, that the man who led him to hope the most, but who did all he could to prevent the fruition of that hope, in his profession, should twenty years after have been compelled, in his helpless senility and superannuation, to apply, and in vain, for permission to act under Mr. WEMYSS's management in an American theatre. Thus did the whirligig of time bring round the manager's revenges. We have often thought what the *tension* of an actor's feelings must be on a first appearance; but Mr. WEMYSS gives us the best impression of the sensation which we remember to have encountered. 'Never shall I forget,' he says, 'the dreadful sensation I experienced, as I heard the prompter's bell ring to begin the play. My mouth became perfectly parched, my tongue refused its office, and, dressed as I was, one word would have prevented my attempt. *Stage-fright!* I will not attempt to describe it; actors know too well what it is; and auditors, who see no difficulty in acting, should be placed but once before the lamps, in a crowded theatre, to make them silent critics forever. Like WILLIAM the Conqueror, I made a stumbling entrance to my future throne. Wishing to appear erect, and not to lose an inch of my height, I was carrying my head with martial precision, when my toe caught in the stage-carpet, bringing me to a kneeling position before the mighty BARBAROSSA, not in the most graceful manner. This added to my fright, and induced a facetious member of the company to declare, at the end of the performance, that if I wanted my voice again, it would be found in the folds of the green curtain, beyond which not a sound had penetrated!' We are glad to perceive that Mr. WEMYSS pays a deserved tribute to BOOTH, as the 'only actor who could success-

fully measure strength with the great KEAN ;' and this too without imitation, or servile mannerism. Here is a scene worth recording. It occurred at the York Theatre, in 1815 :

'THE play was 'The Fortune of War,' the after-piece 'The Wandering Boys,' in which MANSEL, famous for a well-written 'Defence of the Stage,' was acting 'Count de Croissy,' when a gentleman in the dress-circle of boxes suddenly placed his feet upon the cushion of the hand-rail, and holding himself in that position by the pillar of the boxes, with scarcely breath enough to make himself distinctly heard, demanded that the performance should cease, until he addressed the audience. This was met by hisses and cries of 'Turn him out!' until amid the uproar the name of 'BONAPARTE' was heard, followed by a cry of 'Hear him! hear him!' He proceeded nearly thus, his agitation choking his utterance : 'Gentlemen : I have the pleasure to inform you that NAPOLEON BONAPARTE has surrendered himself a prisoner of war (dead silence, every one intent upon catching the next word,) to Captain MAITLAND, of HIS MAJESTY's ship Bellerophon!' The whole audience rose ; cheer followed cheer ; the men waved their hats, the ladies their handkerchiefs ; 'God Save the King' was called for ; the whole company, male and female, appeared upon the stage and sung the national anthem, the audience joining in the chorus. At the conclusion three cheers were given ; 'Rule Britannia' was played by the band, and three-fourths of the audience immediately left the theatre, to talk of the wonderful news, and to ask each other if it could be possibly true.'

We have this very characteristic anecdote of Mr. MACREADY, which will be recognized as unquestionably authentic by any one who has ever heard that eminent tragedian repeat the three words in BYRON's play of 'Werner,' which occur in the simple exclamation of the unhappy father, 'Good God, ULRICK!' In Philadelphia 'there lies the scene.' 'In rehearsing the play of 'Virginus,' an occurrence took place which caused a hearty laugh at the expense of Mr. WILLIAM FORREST, (brother to the tragedian,) who was the 'Icilius.' Caught by the natural tone and manner of MACREADY, who, turning suddenly, said : 'Will you lead VIRGINIA in, or do you wait for me to do it?' 'Whichever you please, Mr. MACREADY!' was the ready answer, followed by such a laugh as only actors can enjoy. He even deceived the acting manager, Mr. COWELL, old and experienced as he was, in a similar manner, in WILLIAM TELL. When speaking to young WHEATLEY about his shoe being untied, COWELL said, rather pettishly, 'Do n't keep us here all day, Mr. MACREADY, about the boy's shoe ; go on with the rehearsal.' These are compliments to the colloquial skill of MACREADY as great as was ever paid to any actor by his professional brethren.' Mr. COURTNEY, an estimable uncle of our author, in one of his letters to him, at an early period of his dramatic career, gave him the good advice to keep his temper always before an audience. That this advice was followed, appears from a little incident which occurred to him while assuming the part of a light-comedy hero at a provincial theatre :

'THERE is an expression of the author's, frequently used in this character during the dialogue, of 'In for it again!' which proved a source of much annoyance to me on this occasion, but is too good a joke not to be recorded. A gentleman in the boxes, who did not appear to relish my acting, and who must have been something of a wit, having his patience worn out, repeated the words of 'In for it again' after me, thus : 'Yes, by Heaven! you are in for it only, for I will be hanged if you can play it! I wish you good-night!' and he immediately left the boxes. This produced a roar of laughter, not only from the audience but from the actors, which must have ruined the whole play had I not good-naturedly added at the first pause, 'Well, NOW I AM IN for it, sure enough!' which was received by a round of applause, and the play passed off without farther interruption.'

We may 'gossip' hereafter touching many pencilled passages in the volumes before us ; but at present we are compelled to pass the 'Life of an Actor and Manager' to our readers, without farther extracts. It is a pleasant, readable work ; for in it figure prominently all the most celebrated actors, English and American, of the last forty years ; and actors are always an interesting class of the community ; whether successfully winning their way to fortune and renown, or struggling with the adversity which seems most easily to beset them. They are the 'abstract and brief chronicles of the time,' and could n't be spared from the world 'on no account.'

LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS AND KEEPERS OF THE GREAT SEAL IN ENGLAND, from the Earliest Times to the Reign of King GEORGE the Fourth. By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, A. M., F. R. S. E., etc. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THESE three handsome and capacious volumes embrace the lives of many of the mightiest of England's great intellects. 'HISTORIES,' says the author in his preface, after Lord BACON, 'do rather set forth the pomp of business than the true and inward resorts thereof; but LIVES, if they be well written, propounding to themselves a person to represent, in whom actions, both greater and smaller, public and private, have a commixture, must of necessity contain a more true, native and lively representation.' In writing the lives of those who have successively filled a great office, there is unity of design as well as variety of character and incident; and there is no office in the history of any nation that has been filled with such a long succession of distinguished and interesting men as the Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England. The most eminent men of the age, if not always the most virtuous, have been selected to adorn it; and the narrative of their lives is replete with instruction, since it is a history of England's constitution and her jurisprudence. We are not surprised to learn that a second edition of the work was at once demanded in England, and that 'it is found on every table;' for there is, as is justly claimed, a sort of romance belonging to the true tale of many of those who are delineated, and the strange vicissitudes of their career are not exceeded by the fictions of novelists or dramatists. We have had great enjoyment in the perusal of these volumes, and would fain have our readers partake the pleasure. The dedication to the author's son, and his frank, straight-forward and manly preface, give us the best assurance that the qualities of his heart are not exceeded by his natural intellect and the riches of his acquirements.

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Conducted by JARED SPARKS. Volume Twelve: Second Series. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

THE lives of Commodore EDWARD PREBLE and WILLIAM PENN are included in this number of a series of works, the merit of which has been acknowledged by that best of all tests, the liberal patronage of the public. The narrative of the life and public services of Commodore PREBLE will be found plain and accurate; and although several sketches of this distinguished officer have from time to time appeared, yet until now no biography which contains all that should be known has been published. In several particulars the author has been compelled to differ from the writers who have preceded him; but without assailing others, it is due to him to say, that his own views have been stated in terms entirely respectful toward all. The papers in the possession of the Commodore's family were placed at the writer's disposal, and upon these materials he seems chiefly to have relied. 'They consist principally of original letters and documents received in the course of that brave officer's official duty, and copies of his own official letters to the various functionaries with whom he maintained a correspondence. Valuable information however was also obtained from other and hitherto inaccessible sources. An excellent portrait of the brave Commodore fronts the title-page. The life of the good WILLIAM PENN, the founder of Pennsylvania, is made up from an abundance of authentic matériel, including many family papers in possession of PENN's grandson in England.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAGIC, PRODIGES AND APPARENT MIRACLES. From the French of EUSEBE SALVERTE. With Notes by ANTHONY TODD THOMPSON, M. D., F. L. S., Etc. In two volumes: pp. 629. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS learned, highly instructive and most entertaining work is an elaboration of researches heretofore prosecuted by the author, and given to the public in brief, many years ago in the '*Esprit des Journaux*' of Paris. The principle which guided him in his various researches was that 'which distinguishes two very strongly marked forms of civilization, the *fixed* form, which formerly governed almost the whole world, and which still subsists in Asia; and the *perfectible* form, which more or less reigns throughout Europe, although it is not there fully developed; nor has it, as yet, borne all those fruits which its elements permit us to anticipate in its progress to perfection.' The author indicates his theory in a few words: 'When the improbability of a fact is the chief objection to the belief in its reality, the evidence which attests it regains all its value, if the improbability be proved to be only apparent. Can a similar test be applied with success to the greater part of the prodigies and assumed miracles related by the ancients? It is more reasonable, then, to admit the truth of the facts, and the accuracy of their explanation, than to condemn as impostures those recitals, of which modern discoveries have frequently demonstrated the truth.'

SONGS OF THE SEA, WITH OTHER POEMS. By EFES SARGENT. In one volume. pp. 208. Boston: JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

THE present edition of Mr. SARGENT's poems has been carefully revised, and contains the first and only complete and authorized collection of the writer's poetical pieces. Many of these have appeared in the different periodicals of the day, including among them the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and have been widely admired. Mr. SARGENT has much delicacy and beauty of thought, and his versification is often uncommonly felicitous. This will account for the ease with which his descriptive pieces are wedded to music, and their wide popularity in the hands of an accomplished vocalist like Mr. DEMPSTER. We have often admired a picture in a beautiful setting, which is embraced in one of the neatest and most finished of Mr. SARGENT's poems, 'The Light of the Lighthouse;' and though sadly pressed for space, we cannot forebear quoting a few stanzas from it here:

'A FAIRY thing, not five years old,  
So full of joy and grace,  
It is a rapture to behold  
The beauty of her face!  
And O, to hear her happy voice,  
Her laughter ringing free,  
Would make the gloomiest heart rejoice,  
And turn despair to glee!

'The ocean's blue is in her eyes,  
Its coral in her lips;  
And, in her cheek the mingled dyes  
No sea-shell could eclipse;  
And, as she climbs the weedy rocks,  
And in the sunshine plays,  
The wind that lifts her golden locks  
Seems more to love their rays.

'When the smoothed ocean sleeps unstirred,  
And, like a silver band,  
The molten waters circling gird  
The island's rim of sand,  
She runs her tiny feet to lave,  
And breaks the liquid chain;  
Then laughs to feel the shivered wave  
Coil down to rest again.

'And, when the black squall rends the deep,  
The tempest-cradled maid,  
To see the white gulls o'er her sweep,  
Mounts to the balustrade:  
Above her head and round about,  
They stoop without alarm,  
And seem to flout her threatening shout,  
And her up-stretching arm.'

THIS brief reference to Mr. SARGENT's beautifully-executed volume, which rather indicates its mere existence than its many merits, will yet, we may hope, call the attention of our readers to a book from the perusal of which we are certain they will derive much enjoyment.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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EXTRAORDINARY ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES IN THE EAST.—We commend to the attention of our readers the following interesting letters, now first given to the public. We shall have the pleasure of laying before them a continuation of these interesting papers, at such intervals as they may reach this country. Mr. LAYARD's letters are transmitted to Mr. KELLOGG, an American gentleman, a citizen of Ohio, now travelling on the Continent, who transmits them to his brother, resident at Cincinnati:

*Florence, November 26, 1846.*

‘MY DEAR BROTHER: I have not been able until this moment to send you extracts from Mr. LAYARD's letters from Nimrod; but you will not regret the delay to comply with your request in this matter, when you learn that I have received another from him, even more interesting than the first, from which I shall also send you extracts. I do not know that you will take as much interest in perusing his letters as I have, yet if you feel but half the pleasant excitement that I do, I shall be well repaid for the trouble of transcribing them. You may remember that Mr. LAYARD was one of my travelling companions in Asia Minor last year, and from what I know of him, I can scarcely call to mind a person so admirably qualified in all respects for prosecuting such laborious researches as those in which he is now engaged. He is young, of a hardy and enduring constitution, has resided several years in the East, is acquainted with the oriental languages, and speaks the Persian and Turkish fluently. He has moreover received a liberal education, having graduated with honor at one of the first universities in England. He is enthusiastic and indefatigable in every thing he undertakes, and plentifully endowed with courage, prudence and good nature. With this brief view of the character of the man, let us now turn to his account of the wonderful discoveries he is making among the ruins of one of the most ancient and illustrious cities of the world. His first letter is dated

*Nimrod, (near Mosul,) March 23, 1846.*

‘MY DEAR KELLOGG: You will scarcely make out where I am. I must tell you that after leaving Stamboul, I made for the South, and after crossing Asia Minor, found myself at Mosul, on the banks of the Tigris, some three hundred miles north of Bagdad. You may remember the discoveries made by the French consul, M. BOTTA, in this part of the world.\* I think you saw some drawings by FLANDIN. I have been

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\* MONS. FLANDIN was employed for some time in making careful drawings from the ruins at Mosul, with the design of publishing them; and on his return to Paris he stopped a few days at Constantinople, where I had the pleasure of seeing his works. I was greatly astonished at the high state of art

working away in the neighborhood of Nineveh, to look after similar remains, and you will be glad to hear, with very great success. After examining various mounds around Mosul, I set seriously to excavate among some ruins called *Nimroud*, and believed by the Arabs to be those of the city built by the mighty hunter himself. They are situate about six hours below Mosul, near the junction of the Zab and Tigris.\* They may be the ruins of Nineveh; such is the opinion of one of our best orientologists, or perhaps those of Resen, mentioned in Genesis. They are undoubtedly of the very highest antiquity; but I wait until I have proceeded much farther, to form any decided opinion upon the precise epoch to which they may be referred. I can only tell you that they are Assyrian, and that while many of the fragments discovered are evidently of a much earlier period than those of Khorsabad, (the ruins excavated by the French,) the whole building appeared to have been built under the same dynasty of kings, though perhaps in a previous reign. The principal mound is very large, being about sixteen hundred feet in length. My first excavation brought me on walls with inscriptions in the cuniform character. I soon found that I had got into a palace that had been buried for many centuries. Sculptures soon followed the inscriptions; and I have now cleared out several chambers, the walls of which are covered with figures. The Turks as usual threw all manner of impediments in my way, and my work is now suspended until I receive the necessary firman from Constantinople, which I trust will be very shortly. As you have seen FLANDIN's drawings, I need scarcely give you a description of the sculptures, as they resemble in most particulars those of Khorsabad. They are religious and historical.† The first consist of large figures (about eight feet in height) probably divinities; bulls and lions with human heads, and with wings, bird-headed figures, etc. The second, of sieges, battles, warriors, horses, kings, etc. They are all cut in low relief on marble, except the winged bulls and lions, the heads of which are in full, and the bodies in very high relief: the latter are usually gigantic; some of the bulls measuring *fourteen feet* in length. The sculptures are executed with great spirit, and show a very considerable knowledge of the arts. They are greatly superior in these respects to those discovered in Egypt. They are evidently painted. Some of the colors, principally the

which existed at the remote period to which the originals are referred. Nothing that I had seen of Egyptian sculpture equalled some of them, either in the spirit of design or the beauty of the execution; so that I can readily acknowledge the truth of Mr. LAYARD's observations in regard to those he has just brought to light.

\* ACCORDING TO HERODOTUS, Nineveh was upon the Tigris, and PLINY says the same thing, adding that it was built on the left bank of the river: others place it upon the right. DIONODORUS however says it was upon the river Euphrates. Mosul is upon the right bank of the Tigris, which is deep and rapid, and about seven hundred feet wide. TAVERNIER, in his '*Voyage de Perse*,' relates an ancient tradition of the country, which says that the city of Nineveh, after having become penitent under the denunciations of the Prophet JONAH, returned after forty years to their former iniquities; that God overthrew the city; and that the inhabitants were buried beneath the ruins, with their heads down, and their feet upward. Another tradition says that the Prophet JONAH was buried there. A beautiful mosque is erected over the supposed burial-place, and the people hold it in so great veneration that no Christian is permitted to enter, except in a secret manner, by particular favor, and by a gift of money. In the centre of the mosque is the sepulchre of JONAH, covered with a splendid Persian carpet of silk and silver. Thus tradition adds its testimony to the proofs that recent discoveries are unfolding in regard to the site of the ancient capitol of Assyria.

† THESE may be some of the 'graven images' of their gods, alluded to by the Prophet NAHUM, first chapter, fourteenth verse; and it is possible that the 'molten images' may likewise be found, upon a farther examination of the great palace.

blacks, still remain. The walls were formed by blocks of marble (in which the sculptures occur) about nine or ten feet in height, and varying from six to ten feet in breadth; and were generally exceedingly thick; the space between the marble being filled up with earth or mud-bricks. Above the marble were placed layers of bricks richly painted. They have generally retained their colors perfectly; the blues and greens are particularly brilliant, and laid on thickly with a glazing, or varnished over. I wish I could send you some of them to examine. The blue much resembles *ultra marine*.<sup>\*</sup> The flooring of the chambers is either marble (slabs covered with inscriptions) or bitumen. The latter substance appears to have been in very great use. Such are the results of my labors hitherto. I have no doubt that when I am able to carry on the excavation on an adequate scale, I shall discover a vast number of things of the highest interest. As yet only a small corner of the mound has been explored. I am employed from sunrise to sunset in copying the inscriptions.

Yours very faithfully,

To M. K. KELLOGG, Esq., Florence.

A. H. LAYARD.

Mr. LAYARD's second letter is dated:

Mosul, 10th August, 1846.

SINCE I last wrote to you, the chief impediments that were in the way of my proceedings have been removed. I have obtained a firman from the Porte, giving me full permission to excavate and remove; and I am now only waiting for pecuniary support from our government to enable me to carry on the work on an adequate scale. In the mean while I have not been idle. Some twelve or fourteen chambers have already been opened, and a large number of sculptures, in the highest preservation, discovered. I have just packed and forwarded twelve specimens to England. The subjects, as I mentioned to you I think in a former letter, may be divided into two kinds, the religious and the historical; they are both equally interesting. In the former, every day brings forth some discovery of interest and importance. That the connection which you mention exists between all the religious and mythological systems of the ancients I have no doubt whatever. That the Greeks borrowed their myths and religious traditions from the Egyptians, and other people who had preceded them in civilization, is evident; that the Persians borrowed theirs from the Assyrians will, I think, be proved by the discoveries at Nimroud; that personifications of the attributes of the DEITY, similar to those adopted by the Egyptians and Greeks, existed in the temples of Babylon at the remotest period, (these images of human-headed bulls, of lions, etc.,) is stated by the most ancient writers, and tradition did not bring them from the West, but the East. I was engaged on this letter when a man brought me a head which I at first took to be an Indian idol, or rather an idol from Central America, so completely it resembles some of those hideous countenances given in STEPHENS' travels in that region. On examining it, I find a long cuniform inscription engraved on the crown of the head, which stamps it at once as an Assyrian relic; but in all my researches I have found nothing similar: it gives rise to new reflections and ideas. I have described to you, I think, the religious figures usually met with at Nimroud. They are the lion with the head of a man and the wings of a bird; of these I have several pairs; two truly magnificent; the bull with similar head and wings; human winged figures in various draperies, and human figures with the heads and wings of the eagle. There are many small groups

<sup>\*</sup> It is probably smalt.

representing combats with these and other monstrous animals, all of which are no doubt myths, and will hereafter bear interpretation. The historical subjects are chiefly interesting for the insight they afford into the manners and customs of the ancient Assyrians, their mode of warfare, the state of the arts, etc. From an examination of them there results a conviction that this people had risen to the greatest power; that they were highly civilized, acquainted with most of the machines of attack and defence which were in use previous to the discovery of gunpowder, and whose invention is generally attributed to the Greeks and Romans; and that they had attained a very remarkable proficiency in the fine arts. In the latter they greatly excelled the Egyptians, and approach nearer the Greeks than any nation of antiquity. I have some specimens which are remarkable proofs of this, particularly a lion-hunt, in which the king is represented in his chariot drawn by three horses, accompanied by a charioteer. He is discharging an arrow at a lion who is springing upon the chariot. Another lion, wounded by several arrows, has fallen under the horses' feet. There is a simplicity and at the same time a spirit in this bas-relief worthy of Greece, and the drawing of the two lions is really extraordinary, and would not have disgraced an Athenian. Unfortunately the Assyrian artist was unable to convey expression to the features; it wanted but this to place him in the rank of civilized art. The sculpture itself is executed with great delicacy; the proportions are most carefully preserved, and the ornaments, though rich, do not detract from the simplicity of the whole. The sculptures, as in Egypt and Greece, were painted. Like the Egyptians, the Assyrians used paintings extensively in their rooms, and some of their colors were of extraordinary brilliancy, particularly the blues (which I suspect to be nearly pure lapis-lazuli,) and the reds. The details show an extraordinary delicacy and perfection in the working of metals, and in the weaving of wool, silk, or whatever material they used; and this appears at all times to be a sign of very advanced civilization. For instance, in a sword the hilt is formed of two lions struggling together, beautifully executed; the top of the scabbard is formed of two lions' heads, the lower part by two entire lions; the bracelets have heads of animals; the chairs and thrones are supported on lions' paws; baskets are formed by two eagles back to back, with outspread wings; the string of a bow is passed through an eagle's beak; in fact some such ornament occurs wherever it can be introduced, and always executed with great truth and spirit. The draperies are covered with embroidery, groups of figures, flowers, scroll-work, and every variety of design. I have somewhat improved in the use of the pencil, and can now, without difficulty, make exact if not very artistic drawings of what I find.'

'In answer to Mr. LAYARD's first letter I recommended to him to make plaster casts of some of the most interesting pieces of sculpture, in order that fac-similes of them might be sent to Europe; and availing myself of the experience of Mr. Powers in making moulds in plaster, I was enabled to send to Mr. LAYARD a concise and simple description of this process.' Continuing his letter, he observes:

'Mr. POWERS' memoranda put me in possession of all I want. There are, however, some objections to the use of plaster moulds; first, no good plaster can be made here; and secondly, the moulds are too bulky and weighty for the long transport to Europe. I shall therefore only use it for large entire heads. For bas-reliefs I have invented a method which answers capitally. There is a kind of glutinous matter here, produced from a root called Kizais. With this matériel and the commonest

brown paper I make a very thick paste, then beat over the sculpture sheets of dampened brown paper with a clothes-brush, until the whole surface, with the minutest mark, is completely given; this is to prevent the paste from sticking to the marble. Over this I plaster the 'papier-maché,' (made with the Kizais,) until it is about an inch thick. When this is dry I fasten a rod of wood behind it to prevent its warping, then take off the mould and pack it in saw-dust. I have sent several of these moulds to Bagdad, where good plaster is to be found, and they have answered admirably. They have these great advantages: they are as light as a feather, take up little room, cannot be broken, and may be made by almost any man in the country. Of course, if the government (English,) takes up the thing as they ought to do, all the finest things will be sent entire to Europe, and I shall only take casts of those bas-reliefs which are too much injured to bear removal.' . . . 'I need only add that the character used in the inscriptions is of the Babylonian class of the cuniform; the most complicated of the three into which that writing is now generally divided; that we are now making good progress in decyphering it, and shall probably be able before long to make something out of the inscriptions; and that the language appears to be of the Semetic family, allied to the Chaldee, Hebrew, etc. Major RAWLINSON, our Consul at Bagdad, is the most successful laborer in the field, and has already rendered great service to literature and philology by his inquiries into the other branches of cuniform writing.'

'The superiority of the Ninevite sculptures to those of Egypt inclines me to the opinion that the Greeks received their first knowledge of the arts from the Assyrians instead of the Egyptians. There is certainly more similarity between the Grecian and Ninevite than between the Grecian and Egyptian. It is quite probable that the Phœnicians, who carried their elegant and unrivalled manufactures into all parts of the Mediterranean, and who planted colonies in so many places on the borders of that sea, should likewise carry with them a knowledge of the arts as they existed in the mother-country. Tyre and Sidon being the capital cities of Phœnicia, (a province of Syria, or Assyria, as it was sometimes called,) it is likely that they excelled in all those arts and sciences which were known among the inhabitants of the most distant parts of Assyria. We know that the Tyrians and Sidonians were most esteemed among the ancients for their skill in astronomy, arithmetic, commerce, manufactures and navigation, and that we are indebted to them for the invention of glass, linen and even of letters. May we not conclude, then, that a people so enlightened, with cities so filled with princes and nobles, had arrived at some excellence in the fine arts, and that they spread a knowledge of them into all their colonies; thus laying the foundation of that perfection which has been the glory of Grecian art?'

'The excavations which Mr. LAYARD is now prosecuting with such great results are entirely owing to his own enterprise, for the ruins are some twenty or twenty-five miles from those discovered near Mosul. History will be much indebted to him for his useful labors, and we cannot but hope that the British government will lend its aid in carrying on one of the most important researches of the present day, and thus lay a just claim to a share of that honor which one of its citizens is sure to receive for his exertions in so noble a cause. I remain, my dear brother, most affectionately yours,

MILNER K. KELLOGG.

'Mr. S. I. KELLOGG, Cincinnati, O.

A RARE LITERARY ODD-FISH is the veritable personage described below, whose sayings and doings are hereafter to regale our readers. 'Mr. MOTH' has a biographer who has always delighted the public with his graphic limnings in these pages. Indeed we can hardly doubt that the conversations with 'Mr. MOTH' will prove even more various and attractive than the record of the memorable interviews with the great SEATSFIELD, which will be held, we are sure, in fresh remembrance:

READERS of this Magazine! I wish to introduce to your better acquaintance BLANK MOTH, Esquire. 'Mr. MOTH, THE PUBLIC.' I do not know Mr. MOTH's Christian appellation, and greatly question whether he could tell you himself. I have observed that his name is always written in his books 'Mr. MOTH,' simply; prænomen, cognomen, agnomen; *et cetera, desunt*. Mr. MOTH is perhaps, at the present period, the most modest man in this brazen generation. His own name alarms him. He avoids recognition in the street by a constant habit of close confabulation with the bricks of the side-walk. Those who know him and his ways always accost him with a plain 'How d' ye do, Sir?'—never 'Mr. MOTH.' While the directory-man was going his rounds to take the names of the citizens, the following label was pasted on his door: 'Mr. MOTH; single man. No other inmates. Please not to ring; very ill. For other information inquire at book-store below.'

Knowing, as I do, Mr. MOTH's peculiarly shrinking nature, it is a rude thing, I acknowledge, to lug him in thus unceremoniously to the great gaping world of KNICKERBOCKER-takers. But I know that he never looks at a magazine, shunning them as he would those which contain powder. I know that he has no 'd—d good-natured friends' to tell him of his immortalization; few persons know him at all; and none will stare at him an instant longer in consequence of this apparent publicity. 'A fig for your great fortunes!' quoth the celebrated DUDLEY WARD; 'Lord DUDLEY, give me six hundred pounds a-year and the first-floor over a book-seller's shop.' Such, to a man who had known the world, life and its gewgaws; London life and its inanities; foreign life and its dissatisfactions; courts and their trumpery; wealth and its weariness; such, I say, seemed of this existence the *summum bonum*, the totality, and as transcendentalists call it, the *entirety* of being. This, or something resembling this, is the happy condition of my worthy friend. Not in London, to be sure, but in Boston; not six hundred pounds, precisely, but just so many dollars per annum; not the first floor, but the—the—not the garret, but the third story. Such is the condition of my blessed MOTH. The book-seller below told me confidentially, (do n't mention it, my dear PUBLIC,) that his father was a tailor, who sent his boy to college, and after his parchment, would fain have put him to the paternal shears, and buttoned him up in the straight-jacket of the 'profession,' as each artisan emphatically articulates his calling. The vulgar occupation ill suited with the propensities of the rebellious pupil; though an *anser* was its emblem, it poorly responded to the ambition of the young graduate, and answered not at all his loftier desires. He had no taste, no genius for it; he found nothing in it worthy his aspirations; and as the adage tells us, 'E nihilo, nihil fit,' the result was that he never made a fit, though he was doomed to many a fit of disgust, and his mates and journeymen unanimously pronounced him no tailor. The Lydian, the Sapphic, the Asclepiæan, were all the measures he cared about; and often, while fixing the *cæsura* of a verse, he made such a *cæsura* in the cassimere, and spoiled his garment with so many false

quantities, that the old gentleman banished him from the shop, and swore he was fit only for a book-keeper, a minister, or some of the lower vocations, in which genius was not a *sine quâ non*.

Mr. MORN is not a member, not even an honorary one, of the 'Mutual Admiration Club.' He is in fact rather of the *nil admirari* sect, and as little given to admire as he has been successful in obtaining admiration for himself. Of course the ill-natured world says that envy is at the bottom of his sarcastic spirit; that he is only

'A disappointed author turned reviewer;'

and that he is more capable of pecking at the deeds of others than of doing any thing for himself. But this I believe to be a harsh judgment. To me he seems a fair man; a disappointed one I doubt not that he has been; but that condition he has long ago out-grown. It is a great thing for a man to be disappointed early in life, and to get beyond it. For an old fellow of sixty to be disappointed is like a stroke of palsy; the shock withers him; he dries up. But there is a healthy nipping of ambition from which a stout young Christian may recover and be all the better for the blow. He must not be a delicate lad; no fine and frail-natured KEATS; the seasoning is too severe; but if he be one of your hard close-fibred fellows, somewhat cross-grained withal, he may survive it and be sounder for it, and less liable to be split and warped by each variation of that unstable atmosphere that surrounds our social existence — opinion. Such an one is paper-proof now; aiming at no height, he is exempt from falls; putting himself in nobody's way, he fears no kicks. His confidence comes partly, too, from a sense of the littleness of the ephemeral things about him. He may be lampooned in a magazine, but he knows the satirist is neither HORACE nor BOILEAU nor POPE, and the leaden shaft is pointless for him: it pierces him not, and is as the chalked ribaldry on a brick wall which no man regardeth. Once the 'Examiner' might have exanimated him with an icy breath of blame; the 'Spectator' made a spectre of him by one withering word; the 'Democratic' demolished him with a clumsy dab of dispraise; but now, thanks to a tough brain and a good stomach, he is invulnerable to journals and penny papers; the sneers of coteries and the slaps of 'able editors;' malice domestic, foreign quarterlies — nothing can touch him further. Such is the leathery, placid, intrenchant, rhinoscerostic, blissful condition of the ever-gentle and unruffled Mr. MORN.

I first had the distinction of meeting Mr. MORN in the bookstore of those indefatigable purveyors to the nation of all that is sound in theology, pure in morality, sweet in fancy or amusing in biography — MESSRS. MUNROE AND COMPANY. I had just been safely delivered of a small volume of poems; 'a poor thing,' as TOUCHSTONE says, 'but mine own.' As I was looking over the books upon the counter, and admiring the effect of my own name amid the genteel, dapper little volumes — *quorum pars parva fui* — up comes my worthy friend MUNROE, with a joy-imparting beam in his face, and says to me: 'Did you see *the* article this morning?' Now although '*the*' is counted by grammarians a definite article, the article in question seemed to me so very indefinite, spite of my friend's emphasis, that I confessed myself at a loss. 'O,' quoth he, 'an article in the Review about your poems. He wrote it — Mr. MORN wrote it; that's Mr. MORN;' pointing at the same time to a serio-ludicrous looking little man, in a long blue surtout, who stood poring over a new translation from RICHTER, called 'Fruit, Flower and Thorn Pieces.' 'Mr. MORN,' continued my friend, 'is a great reader and a great critic; a man, Sir, of uncommon literary abilities; a tenant of ours, too; his rooms are up stairs.'



'Oh, you keep a critic then, I see, as the Oak-Hall man keeps a poet?'

'Not at all, Sir; Mr. MORN is not a man to be paid for his opinions. You must be acquainted with him, and then you'll understand him better. Come, let me introduce you.'

I observed that Mr. MORN, although standing at some distance from us, appeared aware of my friend's intentions. Something we had said caught his ear, and he watched us for a moment out of the corner of his eyes. As we were about advancing toward him, he shifted his position, put the book he was looking at under his arm, and edged his way along the counter with an evident design of escaping. Before he had time however to dive at the shop-door, Mr. MUNROX headed him, and detaining him by the arm, insisted on making him acquainted with the young gentleman whom he had so favorably mentioned in his critique. Mr. MORN, with a kind of awkward courtesy, gave me his hand, and said he was about to take his coffee at Mrs. HAVENS', and asked me would I join him? Though I would as soon take a dram as coffee at eleven in the forenoon, I accepted his invitation, and accompanied him to his place of refectation. The room luckily was empty. We took our places at a little marble table in a snug corner, and the HAZE of the pot brought us our Arabian punch. Finding it impossible to swallow my beverage, delicious as it was, at that unusual hour, I called for a plate of macaroons and indulged myself with a nibble now and then, while contemplating with admiring pleasure the serene satisfaction with which my comrade 'reinforced the radical moisture' by prolonged and frequent sups; and having reached the sugared bottom of the porcelain, ordered another cup, with just a little less of the milk.

Mr. MORN now began to talk, and taking up the book he had bought from MUNROX's said: 'There's a book, Sir, I advise you to buy; 't is by that queer fellow RICHTER, a man whom I used to think *only* queer; but I took up a volume of this work last night, just as I was getting into bed, and the first thing I did this morning was to go to the shop for the second part. There are great things in it, Sir — great things.'

'I'm surprised to hear you say so,' I replied, 'for I always thought RICHTER a little rickety in his head-furniture.'

'Ay, that's a common enough notion. Many folks won't allow of any sort of sanity but their own; they have no idea of a 'fine frenzy.' Hundreds of worthy straight-forward people think EMERSON mad; any man whose eye doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, is with them a subject for a straight-jacket.'

'But who can comprehend the Sphinx?' said I.

'Not he,' answered Mr. MORN, 'who does not feel the beauty of this stanza:

'THE babe by its mother  
Lies bathed in joy;  
Glide its hours uncounted,  
The sun is its toy:  
Shines the peace of all being  
Without cloud in its eyes,  
And the sun of the world  
In soft miniature lies.'

'It will not do to say that a man who can so feel and express all that an infant is has no true poetry in him. EMERSON has not sufficient art, I grant ye; he ought to make his verses smoother, and he could. He not only has out-o'-the way thoughts, but he likes an out-o'-the-way style of speaking them. This may be bad taste, but depend upon it 't is his chief weakness.'

'You think him then perfectly clear-headed?'

'Most absolutely ; but let me tell you that 'clear-headed,' with most people, means empty-headed ; as we say a room is clear when the moveables are gone. Now in this sense a country representative's head is clearer when he sits in the House after dinner, during a sleepy speech, and thinking of nothing at all, than a mathematician's when deep in some hard theorem. The coach-man's head is clear as he sits drumming his heels against his box, waiting for a job. He has no puzzled countenance, no bewildering visions. 'T is the men who think, and ask themselves questions, that wear mysterious eyes and use inexplicable words. 'T is not to be expected that one who weaves the fibres of his brain into quaint net-work of curious patterns should be altogether so plain-spoken as one who winds off in one continuous line the tow-thread of a vulgar imagination. He who wanders amid the country, spinning sweet fancies from woods and waterfalls and rocks, will find no listeners in the clowns he meets on his way. In their foolish ears his wise speeches will sleep ; or as EMERSON himself says :

" KNOWLEDGE this man prizes best,  
Seems fantastic to the rest ;  
Poandering shadows, colors, clouds,  
Grass-birds and caterpillar shrouds,  
Boughs on which the wild-bees settle,  
Tints that spot the violet petal,  
Why Nature loves the number five,  
And why the star-form she repeats :  
Lover of all things alive,  
Wonderer at all he meets,  
Wonderer chiefly at himself,  
Who can tell him what he is ?  
Or how meet in human elf  
Coming and past eternities !"

This was my first talk with Mr. MOTH. It was abruptly ended by the entrance of one of the literati, whose presence appeared to overawe my friend. 'Let us adjourn to my room,' said he ; and we took our leave of Mrs. HAVEN and her coffee-pot.

'SILENT BUT ELOQUENT COMPANIONS.'—Such is the felicitous designation given to books by WASHINGTON IRVING ; and fully infused with the spirit of his essay seems the writer of a communication entitled '*Libri Veteres*.' Omitting a portion of the opening, which would strike the reader, we think, as more familiar to his ear, we invite attention to the following well-considered and well-expressed thoughts : 'We tread with reverential pace the gloomy aisles of some ancient cathedral. The echoed step, the solemn, subdued shade, the lofty arch, receding in dim obscurity ; these check the laugh of heedless mirth, hush the voice and soften the step. Worthy to be compared with these are the feelings of awe inspired by the view of ancient volumes or antique manuscripts. I know not whether any sympathetic chord exists in the reader's heart which can beat in unison with these feelings, but with me there are peculiar sensations connected with the sight of old worn books. The same principle that lends such potency to the awe-inspiring in architecture, that of association, finds if possible a more extended sphere in a collection of books. That principle which transports us from the present to former times, causing the 'dead Past' to live again and move before us, also accompanies us to that solemn burial-place of mind where so much is entombed of the precious riches of mental excellence. When I see volume after volume, shelf after shelf of goodly tomes, fancy pictures all the pain and suffering that were endured, perchance even to death, before the world re-

ceived them. The days of anxious, careful study ; the nights of weary writing ; truth inspiring, creditors annoying, fame beckoning, hunger urging. Ah ! the drudgery of brain-work ! 'They who labor for a livelihood by the pen do truly 'earn their bread by the sweat of the brow.' But now this is all over. The restless brain is quieted, the hand is withered ; their work is done ; their mission in this world has reached its consummation, and they have passed to the land where all things are forgotten. These volumes are the memorials of the course of Death. As I gaze upon them, all this comes crowding on my mind. I feel the influence of by-gone days surround me, as if the departed spirits of other years yet lived and bore me company. I see their pale forms slowly glide by me ; I hear their low-uttered, mourning tones of suffering and wo ; I feel myself withdrawn into the invisible and eternal world ; into the presence of those who 'being dead yet speak.' The old decayed binding, the antiquated text, the curious, quaint phraseology — there is much of mournfulness and much of sanctity in these. Look at that copy of Sacred Writ ; two centuries old, blackened by time, worn by usage ; how recollections of the spirit-stirring period that called it forth throng upon the memory ! When that OMNIPOTENT WILL that placed the luminaries of heaven in their varied courses sent forth as of old his ministering spirits with the decree, 'Let there be light !' quickly did obedience attend the divine behest, 'and there *was* light !' Rays of celestial radiance streamed from the unsealed page, throwing their bright beams on the dark places of the earth. The path of truth was rendered plain, and hosts of strong-minded men sprang forward to follow it with zealous determination. CRANMER, CALVIN, LUTHER, MELANCTHON, hailed with pious exultation the Book of Books.

'But go with me back to an epoch more ancient ; count time by thousands of years rather than by centuries. Read the time-consecrated roll. Listen to the strains in which ancient Greece sang the plaudits of her defenders and heroes ; look on the field of strife ; see the struggling forms of the combatants ; listen to the cries of the wounded and the shouts of the battle ! Roll up the manuscript, and where is it all ? They have passed away into the unbroken silence and the darkness of the grave ! Time claimed them as his heritage ; he set upon them the signet of oblivion. But the genius of the poet and the historian Time could not subdue. Again do the subjects of their rhyme and story act their varied parts like the images of a vision of the night, and then — are gone ! Think of the varied scenes through which those books have passed. Trace that manuscript through the multitude of events where it was either actor or witness, and follow it through the numerous hands that transmitted it to us. Sent forth originally, ornamented by the beautiful art of the skilful penman, laden with the precious lore of Grecian literature, it bestowed delight upon the man of letters, seated in his study ; the scholar drew from it lessons of instruction as he walked with slow and studious step the garden of the teacher or the classic grove ; gradually it fell into desuetude, became obsolete, thrown aside as mere rubbish ; then some poetaster of the day removed the fruits of former labor and study to make space for his transient, frivolous productions. Those had a speedy transit, and again was the parchment thrown out of use. Then some zealous Christian, desiring the transmission of the life-giving Word, effaced the labors of his predecessors, and substituted sacred epistle or holy narrative. Then, as the darkness of ignorance and the clouds of superstition covered the human heart and intellect, did the words of truth make way for some saintly legend and pious deceit — *some holy lie*. But then was the veil of blackness gradually raised ; modern art removed successively

the different impressions on the parchment, until it resumed its primitive form and signification.\* And again, disregarding all the purely mental purposes to which they may be applied, how much that is mechanical is connected with printed volumes ! It was not the work of an instant to transpose the skin that enclosed joyous physical life to the parchment that now bears the manifestation of spiritual life. It is no slight task to convert the plant of the field, which speaks of heavenly wisdom, to the paper which bears the record of man's teaching, which speaks of earthly wisdom. I speak of this mechanical idea as associated with books, not that it may be smiled upon and disregarded, as a thought of but little worth ; for in truth it is a matter for serious reflection. Mechanism, physical labor, handicraft, is the very existence and well-being of millions constituted as we are, and exerting an illimitable influence. It is labor, not metaphysical speculations nor social theories, but strenuous labor, which is conquering the world. Let the wise man heed this. Despise not labor, for it is the strong arm and cunning hand, moulding the machine and the engine, that is shaping the destiny of nations.' We are gratified at the assurance that our new correspondent intends to resume, on another occasion, the train of thought here commenced.

GOSPEL WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have received a printed document from the brother and sister of the author of the pamphlet entitled '*Lo Here ! and Lo There !*' referred to in our last number, and do with pleasure make its statements as widely public in our pages as were the charges upon which they are based. Both brother and sister are members of the Shaker society, the former having joined it some five years ago. The young lady affirms that it was from her own free and deliberate choice that she united with the people called Shakers ; and that she has never been flattered, enticed or unduly persuaded by any one or more of this society to take this step ; but that, on the contrary, she was repeatedly admonished by its leaders to 'weigh well the matter she had in view ;' and that their advice to her was to 'count well the cost' before she undertook so important a work. 'With me,' she declares, 'it has not been a hasty nor an inconsiderate step, but a matter that has been attended with prayer and much serious reflection. It is several years since I learned from my brother something of the faith and principles of the Shakers, which seemed to me very rational and consistent, and evidently to accord with the teachings and example of CHRIST.' She subsequently visited the Society where her brother resided, when she 'gained a still more favorable impression toward the people and their principles ;' and not long after, 'from a full sense of her responsibility to GOD as her CREATOR, and her duty to herself and her parents, she made her final choice ; and now intends firmly to maintain the position she has taken.' We give the remainder in her own words :

'SINCE I have united with this people I have been home, and openly and fairly stated my convictions, determinations and reasons for making this choice, so that my parents were reconciled to it ; and I gave all who desired it an opportunity of conversing with me and of making all candid inquiries respecting my faith ; and soon after my return I wrote several letters home expressive of my thankfulness and satisfaction for the choice I had made ; and all was peace and quietness until my brother H — came to see me and expressed his unwillingness to my remaining, and his determination to use compulsion if I would not go willingly away. I told him that it was from the exercise of my reason and understanding that I had taken this step, and that if he wished to get me away he

\* Thus we have the *palm-leaf*, which DR QUINCY, in his '*Suspensio de Profundis*,' makes the basis of some reflections, notable for their beauty and moral truth :

must go to work and show me my error, and that he must be calm and sit down and reason; but this he utterly refused to do, saying that he did not come to reason, but to take me away; and threatened, if I would not go then, that he would come with force the next week strong enough to accomplish it. Still I was in hopes he would see the folly of such measures and give it up; but the next week, on Tuesday morning, I was informed that some men had called and requested to see me; and I went from the building where I was at the time engaged, across the door-way to the house where they were, and met my brother F — in the hall, when he asked me if I would walk down to the other house with him; we turned to go and met H — on the steps.

They both asked me repeatedly if I would go home with them, but I would not consent, and H — told me that every thing was prepared and I *must* go. I now saw that their purpose was to take me, whether I was willing or not, and I made an attempt to get into the house; they both attempted to hold me, but in doing so only got my cloak, so that I reached the door-step, when they both caught hold of me again and held me fast, and H — set up calling for help from his accomplices, whom he had in reserve for that purpose. At this juncture, those under whose protection I had placed myself, not willing to see me dragged off in this ruffian-like manner, assisted in liberating me from their grasp; but no blows were struck on either side, as he has represented.

The next week he came with a number of men in the evening, and served a writ of *habeas corpus* on one of the members of the family for retaining me contrary to my feelings, and insisted on my going immediately with him and his men to Albany; but failing in thus getting me into his power, he went home and wrought up the feelings of my aged father by his slanderous and evil reports, making him believe among other things that I was insane; and they both came, determined to take me away, and father said that it was their intention to confine me in a lunatic asylum. But I am of lawful age, and, thank God, live in a country whose government guarantees to all religious freedom and liberty of conscience; and I am determined not to be compelled to act contrary to my conscientious views of right and wrong.

This statement is confirmed by her brother, also, as we have said, a member of the Society; who adds, that it was with the consent and approbation of her parents that she joined the society; her father saying that 'if she could make up her mind to live contented with the Society, she would escape a great deal of trouble,' and her mother declaring that she 'felt as if she were giving a child to the Lord.' We have now placed the charges in this case against the Shakers, and the explicit denial of the parties most particularly interested in them, before our readers; and with the impartiality of a judge, we submit the whole without farther comment to that great jury, THE PUBLIC. . . . A FRIEND, who had just returned from the 'City of Notions,' gave us two or three days ago some of his 'experiences' in his peregrinations thereabout. Among other curious peculiarities of Boston, he took occasion to mention one which he encountered in a ramble he had after a julep, or some some other inspirative fluid. It would seem that bibatorial propensities in the 'Literary Emporium' are under a sort of moral check; that is, *before the world*. A refectory, like FLORENCE's or WINDUST's, with mirrors, paintings, and 'the rose' temptingly displayed, with all the garniture of cut and colored crystal, would be 'tabooed,' and its proprietor would literally '*clear himself*' before six months. They do these things in Boston (and some others) quietly, in dark houses, generally up some alley, or in a by-street. Well, our friend was thirsty; for it was an August day, and very dusty. He wandered from Long-Wharf up State-street, looking about him for some such insignia as one sees sticking out about Water, Broad and William-streets, setting forth that 'mint juleps,' 'sherry-cobblers,' 'egg-nogg,' 'oysters in every style,' may be obtained there. All these sententious placards were *non est*. As good luck would have it, however, he met a Bostonian, with whom he had been made acquainted a few days before, to whom he 'named his views.' He was forthwith led to a small shop, the sign of which set forth that 'tobacco, snuff and segars' were sold there. His friend, instead of purchasing the weed in any of its varieties, inquired of the presiding divinity if the back-room was open? 'Yes,' she replied. They 'sank the shop' at once, for a clean delightful boudoir. In a nook in the corner stood what in old times was called a cupboard, and in this were 'the materials' for almost any sort of potable, from humble port to imperial tokay; in a word, the choicest of liquors and liqueurs; with all the varied accessories with which persons who imbibe season their different liquids; a

supply as full as the catalogue of spices and condiments in glorious JOHN WAYNES' kitchen. Lemons, oranges, pine-apples, strawberries, indeed *every thing* calculated to make a tasteful summer libation, were in immediate proximity with cubes of crystal which had been ruthlessly robbed from Long-Pond when its waters were in fetters. Before the first bead of the luxuriant, snow-crowned, pine-appled, be-strawberried julep had passed his lips, he turned and whispered, 'Here comes one of 'O. F. M.' ('our first men.')

Entering from the shop-door, with a firm but cautious step, there advanced a man of some eighty years. He was in full preservation; even the bloom had not left his cheek. A life of frugality and temperance had left him that, although he still bore about him the unmistakeable and ineffaceable imprint of time. 'In a few minutes after,' says our informant, 'my friend excused himself, and left the old gentleman and myself tête-à-tête together. Being rather of a social turn, I entered into conversation with him; first about general matters, such as rail-roads, steamers to England, etc.; but happening incidentally to touch on Bunker Hill and its monument, I found I had struck the vein: for I had before me a living witness of the Great Battle, 'able and willing' to give me a personal account of it. 'I was a 'prentice-boy in Boston,' said he, 'when the war broke out. My father lived in Concord, and was a red-hot Whig. My master 'took sides' with the British; I believe because he could not get his property away from Boston in time, and he had too much to lose. On the morning of the battle I heard the cannons firing, and saw the red-coats defiling through the streets. Pretty soon my master told me to shut the shop; and right glad was I to do it; for just across the way stood about the tallest house in the town, and I knew the occupants, and that the roof commanded a full view of the battle-ground. I mounted up there, as you may suppose, considerable quick. It was such a good place to see from that when I got there I guess there was as many as a dozen red-coats there, a-lookin' on too. I could see though, easy enough, that they were mighty uneasy. I heard the roar of the cannon from the ships, but I could not get a good view of the hill on account of the smoke. After a while a breeze sprung up, and I could n't help taking up one of the long spy-glasses that lay around, and with that I could see the hill and the whole fight as plain as day. It had only jest begun. A company or regiment of Britishers marched up, followed right off by another. They had almost reached the top, when a long streak of white smoke puffed out and rolled right down over 'em. The breeze was now pretty brisk, and as it wafted the cloud away we could discover nothing of the proud ranks that had marched up so gaily; but where I thought they *would* have stood, there lay rows of prostrate men. It seemed very curious to me; and boy as I was, I could n't help calling out to the officer whose glass I had: 'Hello! Captain!' says I, 'your men are falling down! I see a hull lot on 'em a-lyin' on the grass!' 'Oh, ay, said he, 'that is a part of the discipline; it is what we call a '*ruse de guerre*;' a trick in the art of war. They 'll rise presently, you 'll see, and carry every thing before 'em.' But now another column of red-coats marched up the hill; a line of smoke puffed out jest as it did before, and *they* lay down right away too; 'cept some few, who went off as if they were lame. 'Captain,' says I, 'do you see that?' 'Yes,' says he, 'I do; but they 'll get up again when they hear the sound of the trumpet.' 'Oh, yes!' says I, 'like as not; but I guess when they hear that sound it will come from a darn'd sight louder trumpet than any that you 've got in your army; that trumpet won't be blow'd till resurrection morning!' And I was pretty nigh right,' added the old patriot; 'for I'm blow'd if it's been blow'd yet, any how.' These were 'the times that tried

men's souls,' down east. . . . THERE is sage advice to young lovers in the annexed timely Valentine. Heaven save our young readers every where from shilly-shallying coquettes, female or male! If there is any thing, by-the-by, more contemptible than the latter, we have never had the ill-fortune to encounter it:

## A VALENTINIAD.

'T is wise in us to imitate the birds,  
And choose as they do, early in the year;  
What ails thee, lover? give thy passion words;  
Speak out thy spirit, if it be sincere.

'T is wisdom, boy, to circumscribe thy choice;  
Be not a large admirer of the whole;  
Reward thy faithful fondness with a voice,  
So shall affection have more strength and soul.

'Select thy goddess; worship only her,  
And she of all will seem alone divine;  
Not Jove himself—poor devil!—can transfer  
Thine adoration to another shrine.

'T is a strange frenzy, this of admiration;  
Into its depth no reason ever delves:  
Plain sense digs on, but mad Imagination  
Lifts us high up, and robs us of ourselves.

'Each cannot have the brightest and the rarest,  
All cannot be alike supremely blest,  
Yet every lover thinks his virgin fairest,  
And every maid believes her swain the best.'

T. W. F.

St. Valentine's Day, 1847.

'I PROPOSE,' writes an always agreeable correspondent, 'to be something of a sportsman, and a Yankee to boot. 'Guess' then my chagrin at being outwitted as I once was, when on a gunning expedition in the western part of this State. There were eight of us, each armed with a rifle, which said rifles were kept loaded from sun to sun. After a somewhat fatiguing forenoon's tramp, we stopped at a 'lodge in the wilderness'; a sort of hostelry much frequented by sportsmen; and there, after eating and drinking our fill, it was proposed to shoot at a target, some forty yards distant, and the one who shot widest from the mark was to foot the bill. The proposition was agreed to. The target consisted of a pine board, about two feet square, with a 'bull's-eye' in the centre. I was the last to fire; all had hit the board, although there were some poor shots. Conscious of my own skill, I took but careless aim; but what was my surprise to learn that I had not hit the board at all! Of course I paid the bill. During the afternoon I learned that one of my kind friends had, while my back was turned, at the 'lodge,' *drawn the ball*. I said nothing, but bided my time. Not many days after we were similarly situated 'down to Rehab.' The same 'good-natured friend,' during my absence, drew the ball from my rifle, unobserved, as he supposed. After dinner he bantered me somewhat on my late shot, and offered to bet the day's expenses of the company that I could not hit a moderate-sized tree that stood some fifty yards from the door. I accepted the bet, provided he would add a new hat on our return to the settlements. This was agreed to. I fired, and of course my ball was buried in the centre of the oak, much to my friend's amazement. I had that morning put *two balls* in my rifle. So you see, I 'had him there.' . . . Thus Magazine cannot gratify the ambition of the '*Anti-Slavery Journal*.' The vituperation and intemperate foul-mouthed denunciations, which we are assured are always its only noticeable characteristics, preclude even the contemptuous notice which, rather than none, it evidently seeks at our hands.

We cannot cater to the bad appetite which doubtless grows with every thing that it finds a chance to feed upon. Indeed, we quite begrudge sufficient space to say, that our 'mission' may be solely 'to entertain and amuse,' but that the 'mission' of that journal, judging from the only number of it that we have ever seen, or ever shall see, seems only to abuse. We leave it to its instincts. . . . We have received a little book entitled '*A Juvenile Guide or Manual of Good Manners*,' consisting of counsels, instructions, and rules of deportment for youth of both sexes, in the Society of the Shakers. It has been sent us 'to aid our search for the tracks of the '*Old Knick*,' in that society, and to show us what 'is taught there by system and by rule.' We consider it, from a cursory examination, a very good little manual, and one which we should not hesitate to place in the hands of our own little people. We find in it many things to admire, and few to dissent from. Some of the assumptions, however, seem a little extravagant; as for instance: '*Audible* laughter is *disgusting*.' Not quite *that*, brethren; although a *guffaw* may become so. Who will send us a *Shaker Bible*? We have a report, scarcely so favorable, of a book thus denominated. But we should prefer to judge for ourselves. . . . A NOTORIOUS scamp was brought not long since before an Onondaga Justice of the Peace, charged with the high misdemeanor of gambling. He was accused of having 'come the strap-game' over a native. The portly Justice, wishing to decide understandingly, requested the culprit to give him a sample of his skill. 'The party' instantly produced a leather strap, gave it a scientific whisk across the bench, and remarked: 'You see, Judge, *the quarter* under this strap?' 'What!' interrupted the dignified functionary; 'do you mean to say that there *is* a quarter there?' 'Sartain!' was the reply. 'No such thing,' said the Justice. 'I'll go you a dollar on it,' said the prisoner. 'Agreed!' exclaimed 'the Bench.' With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when lo! there *was* the quarter! 'Well,' said the astonished SHALLOW, 'I would n't ha' believed it if I had n't seen it with my own eyes! There is your dollar; and you are fined *five dollars* for gambling, contrary to the *statue* in such case made and provided!' The elongated countenance of the discomfited gambler required no additional evidence to testify his appreciation of 'the suck.' . . . MAY we be 'thrust through the weasand' if the very first paragraph of ERICETUS's '*Reflections on Human Will*' did not remind us of the remarks of a 'high-flown' country clergyman to his congregation, some of whom had complained that his general language in the pulpit was not sufficiently simple for their easy comprehension. 'Dearly-beloved brethren,' said he, one Sunday morning, just before naming his text, 'my oral documents on a recent occasion having encountered your vituperation, I hope it may not be deemed an instance of vain eloquence or supererogation if I here laconically promulgate that, avoiding all syllogistic and aphoristic propositions, whether physically, philosophically, politically or polemically considered, either in my diurnal peregrinations or nocturnal lucubrations, they shall be hereafter definitely and categorically assimilated with, and rendered congenial to, the caputs and occiputs of you, my most superlatively-beloved auditors!' We believe there was no complaint of the minister's language after this lucid exposition of his future course in respect of plainness; but *our* auditors, we fear, might not award to 'ERICETUS' so much favor. We are unwilling to 'try it.' . . . WESTERN New-York seems to be one of the favored haunts of the 'brothers and sisters of the Nine.' NANCY HINKS herself could hardly excel the author of '*The Three Thayers*,' a poem which had its origin in the county of Erie. We know of nothing in American literature more terribly sublime than



A RARE LITERARY ODD-FISH is the veritable personage described below, whose sayings and doings are hereafter to regale our readers. 'Mr. Moth' has a biographer who has always delighted the public with his graphic limnings in these pages. Indeed we can hardly doubt that the conversations with 'Mr. Moth' will prove even more various and attractive than the record of the memorable interviews with the great SEATSFIELD, which will be held, we are sure, in fresh remembrance:

READERS of this Magazine! I wish to introduce to your better acquaintance BLANK Moth, Esquire. 'Mr. Moth, THE PUBLIC.' I do not know Mr. Moth's Christian appellation, and greatly question whether he could tell you himself. I have observed that his name is always written in his books 'Mr. Moth,' simply; prænomen, cognomen, agnomen; *et cetera, desunt*. Mr. Moth is perhaps, at the present period, the most modest man in this brazen generation. His own name alarms him. He avoids recognition in the street by a constant habit of close confabulation with the bricks of the side-walk. Those who know him and his ways always accost him with a plain 'How d' ye do, Sir?'—never 'Mr. Moth.' While the directory-man was going his rounds to take the names of the citizens, the following label was pasted on his door: 'Mr. Moth; single man. No other inmates. Please not to ring; very ill. For other information inquire at book-store below.'

Knowing, as I do, Mr. Moth's peculiarly shrinking nature, it is a rude thing, I acknowledge, to lug him in thus unceremoniously to the great gaping world of KNICKERBOCKER-takers. But I know that he never looks at a magazine, shunning them as he would those which contain powder. I know that he has no 'd—d good-natured friends' to tell him of his immortalization; few persons know him at all; and none will stare at him an instant longer in consequence of this apparent publicity. 'A fig for your great fortunes!' quoth the celebrated DUDLEY WARD; 'Lord DUDLEY, give me six hundred pounds a-year and the first-floor over a book-seller's shop.' Such, to a man who had known the world, life and its gewgaws; London life and its inanities; foreign life and its dissatisfactions; courts and their trumpery; wealth and its weariness; such, I say, seemed of this existence the *summum bonum*, the totality, and as transcendentalists call it, the *entirety* of being. This, or something resembling this, is the happy condition of my worthy friend. Not in London, to be sure, but in Boston; not six hundred pounds, precisely, but just so many dollars per annum; not the first floor, but the—the—not the garret, but the third story. Such is the condition of my blessed Moth. The book-seller below told me confidentially, (do n't mention it, my dear PUBLIC,) that his father was a tailor, who sent his boy to college, and after his parchment, would fain have put him to the paternal shears, and buttoned him up in the straight-jacket of the 'profession,' as each artisan emphatically articulates his calling. The vulgar occupation ill suited with the propensities of the rebellious pupil; though an *anser* was its emblem, it poorly responded to the ambition of the young graduate, and answered not at all his loftier desires. He had no taste, no genius for it; he found nothing in it worthy his aspirations; and as the adage tells us, 'E nihilo, nihil fit,' the result was that he never made a fit, though he was doomed to many a fit of disgust, and his mates and journeymen unanimously pronounced him no tailor. The Lydian, the Sapphic, the Aëlepidæan, were all the measures he cared about; and often, while fixing the cæsura of a verse, he made such a cæsura in the camimere, and spoiled his garment with so many false

quantities, that the old gentleman banished him from the shop, and swore he was fit only for a book-keeper, a minister, or some of the lower vocations, in which genius was not a *sine quâ non*.

Mr. MORN is not a member, not even an honorary one, of the 'Mutual Admiration Club.' He is in fact rather of the *nil admirari* sect, and as little given to admire as he has been successful in obtaining admiration for himself. Of course the ill-natured world says that envy is at the bottom of his sarcastic spirit; that he is only

'A disappointed author turned reviewer;'

and that he is more capable of pecking at the deeds of others than of doing any thing for himself. But this I believe to be a harsh judgment. To me he seems a fair man; a disappointed one I doubt not that he has been; but that condition he has long ago out-grown. It is a great thing for a man to be disappointed early in life, and to get beyond it. For an old fellow of sixty to be disappointed is like a stroke of palsy; the shock withers him; he dries up. But there is a healthy nipping of ambition from which a stout young Christian may recover and be all the better for the blow. He must not be a delicate lad; no fine and frail-natured KEATS; the seasoning is too severe; but if he be one of your hard close-fibred fellows, somewhat cross-grained withal, he may survive it and be sounder for it, and less liable to be split and warped by each variation of that unstable atmosphere that surrounds our social existence — opinion. Such an one is paper-proof now; aiming at no height, he is exempt from falls; putting himself in nobody's way, he fears no kicks. His confidence comes partly, too, from a sense of the littleness of the ephemeral things about him. He may be lampooned in a magazine, but he knows the satirist is neither HORACE nor BOILEAU nor POPE, and the leaden shaft is pointless for him: it pierces him not, and is as the chalked ribaldry on a brick wall which no man regardeth. Once the 'Examiner' might have exanimated him with an icy breath of blame; the 'Spectator' made a spectre of him by one withering word; the 'Democratic' demolished him with a clumsy dab of dispraise; but now, thanks to a tough brain and a good stomach, he is invulnerable to journals and penny papers; the sneers of coteries and the slaps of 'able editors;' malice domestic, foreign quarterlies — nothing can touch him further. Such is the leathery, placid, intrenchant, rhinoscerostic, blissful condition of the ever-gentle and unruffled Mr. MORN.

I first had the distinction of meeting Mr. MORN in the bookstore of those indefatigable purveyors to the nation of all that is sound in theology, pure in morality, sweet in fancy or amusing in biography — MESSRS. MUNROE AND COMPANY. I had just been safely delivered of a small volume of poems; 'a poor thing,' as TOUCHSTONE says, 'but mine own.' As I was looking over the books upon the counter, and admiring the effect of my own name amid the genteel, dapper little volumes — *quorum pars parva fui* — up comes my worthy friend MUNROE, with a joy-imparting beam in his face, and says to me: 'Did you see *the* article this morning?' Now although '*the*' is counted by grammarians a definite article, the article in question seemed to me so very indefinite, spite of my friend's emphasis, that I confessed myself at a loss. 'O,' quoth he, 'an article in the Review about your poems. He wrote it — Mr. MORN wrote it; that's Mr. MORN;' pointing at the same time to a serio-ludicrous looking little man, in a long blue surtout, who stood poring over a new translation from RICHTEA, called 'Fruit, Flower and Thorn Pieces.' 'Mr. MORN,' continued my friend, 'is a great reader and a great critic; a man, Sir, of uncommon literary abilities; a tenant of ours, too; his rooms are up stairs.'

'Oh, you keep a critic then, I see, as the Oak-Hall man keeps a poet?'

'Not at all, Sir; Mr. MORN is not a man to be paid for his opinions. You must be acquainted with him, and then you'll understand him better. Come, let me introduce you.'

I observed that Mr. MORN, although standing at some distance from us, appeared aware of my friend's intentions. Something we had said caught his ear, and he watched us for a moment out of the corner of his eyes. As we were about advancing toward him, he shifted his position, put the book he was looking at under his arm, and edged his way along the counter with an evident design of escaping. Before he had time however to dive at the shop-door, Mr. MUNROE headed him, and detaining him by the arm, insisted on making him acquainted with the young gentleman whom he had so favorably mentioned in his critique. Mr. MORN, with a kind of awkward courtesy, gave me his hand, and said he was about to take his coffee at Mrs. HAVENS', and asked me would I join him? Though I would as soon take a dram as coffee at eleven in the forenoon, I accepted his invitation, and accompanied him to his place of refection. The room luckily was empty. We took our places at a little marble table in a snug corner, and the HERR of the pot brought us our Arabian punch. Finding it impossible to swallow my beverage, delicious as it was, at that unusual hour, I called for a plate of macaroons and indulged myself with a nibble now and then, while contemplating with admiring pleasure the serene satisfaction with which my comrade 'reinforced the radical moisture' by prolonged and frequent sups; and having reached the sugared bottom of the porcelain, ordered another cup, with just a little less of the milk.

Mr. MORN now began to talk, and taking up the book he had bought from MUNROE's said: 'There's a book, Sir, I advise you to buy; 't is by that queer fellow RICHTER, a man whom I used to think *only* queer; but I took up a volume of this work last night, just as I was getting into bed, and the first thing I did this morning was to go to the shop for the second part. There are great things in it, Sir—great things.'

'I'm surprised to hear you say so,' I replied, 'for I always thought RICHTER a little rickety in his head-furniture.'

'Ay, that's a common enough notion. Many folks won't allow of any sort of sanity but their own; they have no idea of a 'fine frenzy.' Hundreds of worthy straight-forward people think EMERSON mad; any man whose eye doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, is with them a subject for a straight-jacket.'

'But who can comprehend the Sphinx?' said I.

'Not he,' answered Mr. MORN, 'who does not feel the beauty of this stanza:

'THE babe by its mother  
Lies bathed in joy;  
Glide its hours uncounted,  
The sun is its toy:  
Shines the peace of all being  
Without cloud in its eyes,  
*And the sun of the world  
In soft miniature lies.'*

'It will not do to say that a man who can so feel and express all that an infant is has no true poetry in him. EMERSON has not sufficient art, I grant ye; he ought to make his verses smoother, and he could. He not only has out-o'-the-way thoughts, but he likes an out-o'-the-way style of speaking them. This may be bad taste, but depend upon it 't is his chief weakness.'

'You think him then perfectly clear-headed?'

'Most absolutely ; but let me tell you that 'clear-headed,' with most people, means empty-headed ; as we say a room is clear when the moveables are gone. Now in this sense a country representative's head is clearer when he sits in the House after dinner, during a sleepy speech, and thinking of nothing at all, than a mathematician's when deep in some hard theorem. The coach-man's head is clear as he sits drumming his heels against his box, waiting for a job. He has no puzzled countenance, no bewildering visions. 'T is the men who think, and ask themselves questions, that wear mysterious eyes and use inexplicable words. 'T is not to be expected that one who weaves the fibres of his brain into quaint net-work of curious patterns should be altogether so plain-spoken as one who winds off in one continuous line the tow-thread of a vulgar imagination. He who wanders amid the country, spinning sweet fancies from woods and waterfalls and rocks, will find no listeners in the clowns he meets on his way. In their foolish ears his wise speeches will sleep ; or as EMERSON himself says :

“ KNOWLEDGE this man prizes best,  
Seems fantastic to the rest ;  
Pondering shadows, colors, clouds,  
Grass-birds and caterpillar shrouds,  
Boughs on which the wild-bees settle,  
Tints that spot the violet petal,  
Why Nature loves the number five,  
And why the star-form she repeats :  
Lover of all things alive,  
Wonderer at all he meets,  
Wonderer chiefly at himself,  
Who can tell him what he is ?  
Or how meet in human elf  
Coming and past eternities ? ”

This was my first talk with Mr. Moth. It was abruptly ended by the entrance of one of the literati, whose presence appeared to overawe my friend. 'Let us adjourn to my room,' said he ; and we took our leave of Mrs. HAVEN and her coffee-pot.

'SILENT BUT ELOQUENT COMPANIONS.'—Such is the felicitous designation given to books by WASHINGTON IRVING ; and fully infused with the spirit of his essay seems the writer of a communication entitled '*Libri Veteres*.' Omitting a portion of the opening, which would strike the reader, we think, as more familiar to his ear, we invite attention to the following well-considered and well-expressed thoughts : 'We tread with reverential pace the gloomy aisles of some ancient cathedral. The echoed step, the solemn, subdued shade, the lofty arch, receding in dim obscurity ; these check the laugh of heedless mirth, hush the voice and soften the step. Worthy to be compared with these are the feelings of awe inspired by the view of ancient volumes or antique manuscripts. I know not whether any sympathetic chord exists in the reader's heart which can beat in unison with these feelings, but with me there are peculiar sensations connected with the sight of old worn books. The same principle that lends such potency to the awe-inspiring in architecture, that of association, finds if possible a more extended sphere in a collection of books. That principle which transports us from the present to former times, causing the 'dead Past' to live again and move before us, also accompanies us to that solemn burial-place of mind where so much is entombed of the precious riches of mental excellence. When I see volume after volume, shelf after shelf of goodly tomes, fancy pictures all the pain and suffering that were endured, perchance even to death, before the world re-

ceived them. The days of anxious, careful study; the nights of weary writing; truth inspiring, creditors annoying, fame beckoning, hunger urging. Ah! the drudgery of brain-work! They who labor for a livelihood by the pen do truly 'earn their bread by the sweat of the brow.' But now this is all over. The restless brain is quieted, the hand is withered; their work is done; their mission in this world has reached its consummation, and they have passed to the land where all things are forgotten. These volumes are the memorials of the course of Death. As I gaze upon them, all this comes crowding on my mind. I feel the influence of by-gone days surround me, as if the departed spirits of other years yet lived and bore me company. I see their pale forms slowly glide by me; I hear their low-uttered, mourning tones of suffering and wo; I feel myself withdrawn into the invisible and eternal world; into the presence of those who 'being dead yet speak.' The old decayed binding, the antiquated text, the curious, quaint phraseology — there is much of mournfulness and much of sanctity in these. Look at that copy of Sacred Writ; two centuries old, blackened by time, worn by usage; how recollections of the spirit-stirring period that called it forth throng upon the memory! When that OMNIPOTENT WILL that placed the luminaries of heaven in their varied courses sent forth as of old his ministering spirits with the decree, 'Let there be light!' quickly did obedience attend the divine behest, 'and there *was* light!' Rays of celestial radiance streamed from the unsealed page, throwing their bright beams on the dark places of the earth. The path of truth was rendered plain, and hosts of strong-minded men sprang forward to follow it with zealous determination. CRANMER, CALVIN, LUTHER, MELANCTHON, hailed with pious exultation the Book of Books.

'But go with me back to an epoch more ancient; count time by thousands of years rather than by centuries. Read the time-consecrated roll. Listen to the strains in which ancient Greece sang the plaudits of her defenders and heroes; look on the field of strife; see the struggling forms of the combatants; listen to the cries of the wounded and the shouts of the battle! Roll up the manuscript, and where is it all? They have passed away into the unbroken silence and the darkness of the grave! Time claimed them as his heritage; he set upon them the signet of oblivion. But the genius of the poet and the historian Time could not subdue. Again do the subjects of their rhyme and story act their varied parts like the images of a vision of the night, and then — are gone! Think of the varied scenes through which those books have passed. Trace that manuscript through the multitude of events where it was either actor or witness, and follow it through the numerous hands that transmitted it to us. Sent forth originally, ornamented by the beautiful art of the skilful penman, laden with the precious lore of Grecian literature, it bestowed delight upon the man of letters, seated in his study; the scholar drew from it lessons of instruction as he walked with slow and studious step the garden of the teacher or the classic grove; gradually it fell into desuetude, became obsolete, thrown aside as mere rubbish; then some poetaster of the day removed the fruits of former labor and study to make space for his transient, frivolous productions. Those had a speedy transit, and again was the parchment thrown out of use. Then some zealous Christian, desiring the transmission of the life-giving Word, effaced the labors of his predecessors, and substituted sacred epistle or holy narrative. Then, as the darkness of ignorance and the clouds of superstition covered the human heart and intellect, did the words of truth make way for some saintly legend and pious deceit — *some holy lie*. But then was the veil of blackness gradually raised; modern art removed successively

the different impressions on the parchment, until it resumed its primitive form and signification.\* And again, disregarding all the purely mental purposes to which they may be applied, how much that is mechanical is connected with printed volumes ! It was not the work of an instant to transpose the skin that enclosed joyous physical life to the parchment that now bears the manifestation of spiritual life. It is no slight task to convert the plant of the field, which speaks of heavenly wisdom, to the paper which bears the record of man's teaching, which speaks of earthly wisdom. I speak of this mechanical idea as associated with books, not that it may be smiled upon and disregarded, as a thought of but little worth ; for in truth it is a matter for serious reflection. Mechanism, physical labor, handicraft, is the very existence and well-being of millions constituted as we are, and exerting an illimitable influence. It is labor, not metaphysical speculations nor social theories, but strenuous labor, which is conquering the world. Let the wise man heed this. Despise not labor, for it is the strong arm and cunning hand, moulding the machine and the engine, that is shaping the destiny of nations.' We are gratified at the assurance that our new correspondent intends to resume, on another occasion, the train of thought here commenced.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have received a printed document from the brother and sister of the author of the pamphlet entitled '*Lo Here ! and Lo There !*' referred to in our last number, and do with pleasure make its statements as widely public in our pages as were the charges upon which they are based. Both brother and sister are members of the Shaker society, the former having joined it some five years ago. The young lady affirms that it was from her own free and deliberate choice that she united with the people called Shakers ; and that she has never been flattered, enticed or unduly persuaded by any one or more of this society to take this step ; but that, on the contrary, she was repeatedly admonished by its leaders to 'weigh well the matter she had in view ;' and that their advice to her was to 'count well the cost' before she undertook so important a work. 'With me,' she declares, 'it has not been a hasty nor an inconsiderate step, but a matter that has been attended with prayer and much serious reflection. It is several years since I learned from my brother something of the faith and principles of the Shakers, which seemed to me very rational and consistent, and evidently to accord with the teachings and example of CHRIST.' She subsequently visited the Society where her brother resided, when she 'gained a still more favorable impression toward the people and their principles ;' and not long after, 'from a full sense of her responsibility to God as her CREATOR, and her duty to herself and her parents, she made her final choice ; and now intends firmly to maintain the position she has taken.' We give the remainder in her own words :

'SINCE I have united with this people I have been home, and openly and fairly stated my convictions, determinations and reasons for making this choice, so that my parents were reconciled to it ; and I gave all who desired it an opportunity of conversing with me and of making all candid inquiries respecting my faith ; and soon after my return I wrote several letters home expressive of my thankfulness and satisfaction for the choice I had made ; and all was peace and quietness until my brother H — came to see me and expressed his unwillingness to my remaining, and his determination to see compulsion if I would not go willingly away. I told him that it was from the exercise of my reason and understanding that I had taken this step, and that if he wished to get me away he

\* Thus we have the *palm-pest*, which DR QUINCY, in his '*Suspiria de Profundis*,' makes the basis of some reflections, notable for their beauty and moral truth.

must go to work and show me my error, and that he must be calm and sit down and reason; but this he utterly refused to do, saying that he did not come to reason, but to take me away; and threatened, if I would not go then, that he would come with force the next week strong enough to accomplish it. Still I was in hopes he would see the folly of such measures and give it up; but the next week, on Tuesday morning, I was informed that some men had called and requested to see me; and I went from the building where I was at the time engaged, across the door-way to the house where they were, and met my brother F—— in the hall, when he asked me if I would walk down to the other house with him; we turned to go and met H—— on the steps.

They both asked me repeatedly if I would go home with them, but I would not consent, and H—— told me that every thing was prepared and I *must* go. I now saw that their purpose was to take me, whether I was willing or not, and I made an attempt to get into the house; they both attempted to hold me, but in doing so only got my cloak, so that I reached the door-step, when they both caught hold of me again and held me fast, and H—— set up calling for help from his accomplices, whom he had in reserve for that purpose. At this juncture, those under whose protection I had placed myself, not willing to see me dragged off in this ruffian-like manner, assisted in liberating me from their grasp; but no blows were struck on either side, as he has represented.

The next week he came with a number of men in the evening, and served a writ of *habeas-corpus* on one of the members of the family for retaining me contrary to my feelings, and insisted on my going immediately with him and his men to Albany; but failing in thus getting me into his power, he went home and wrought up the feelings of my aged father by his slanderous and evil reports, making him believe among other things that I was insane; and they both came, determined to take me away, and father said that it was their intention to confine me in a lunatic asylum. But I am of lawful age, and, thank God, live in a country whose government guarantees to all religious freedom and liberty of conscience; and I am determined not to be compelled to act contrary to my conscientious views of right and wrong.

This statement is confirmed by her brother, also, as we have said, a member of the Society; who adds, that it was with the consent and approbation of her parents that she joined the society; her father saying that 'if she could make up her mind to live contented with the Society, she would escape a great deal of trouble,' and her mother declaring that she 'felt as if she were giving a child to the Lord.' We have now placed the charges in this case against the Shakers, and the explicit denial of the parties most particularly interested in them, before our readers; and with the impartiality of a judge, we submit the whole without farther comment to that great jury, THE PUBLIC. . . . A FRIEND, who had just returned from the 'City of Notions,' gave us two or three days ago some of his 'experiences' in his peregrinations thereabout. Among other curious peculiarities of Boston, he took occasion to mention one which he encountered in a ramble he had after a julep, or some some other inspirative fluid. It would seem that bibatorial propensities in the 'Literary Emporium' are under a sort of moral check; that is, *before the world*. A refectory, like FLORENCE's or WINDUST's, with mirrors, paintings, and 'the rosy' temptingly displayed, with all the garniture of cut and colored crystal, would be 'tabooed,' and its proprietor would literally '*clear himself*' before six months. They do these things in Boston (and some others) quietly, in dark houses, generally up some alley, or in a by-street. Well, our friend was thirsty; for it was an August day, and very dusty. He wandered from Long-Wharf up State-street, looking about him for some such insignia as one sees sticking out about Water, Broad and William-streets, setting forth that 'mint juleps,' 'sherry-cobblers,' 'egg-nogg,' 'oysters in every style,' may be obtained there. All these sententious placards were *non est*. As good luck would have it, however, he met a Bostonian, with whom he had been made acquainted a few days before, to whom he 'named his views.' He was forthwith led to a small shop, the sign of which set forth that 'tobacco, snuff and segars' were sold there. His friend, instead of purchasing the weed in any of its varieties, inquired of the presiding divinity if the back-room was open? 'Yes,' she replied. They 'sank the shop' at once, for a clean delightful boudoir. In a nook in the corner stood what in old times was called a cupboard, and in this were 'the materials' for almost any sort of potable, from humble port to imperial tokay; in a word, the choicest of liquors and liqueurs; with all the varied accessories with which persons who imbibe season their different liquids; a

supply as full as the catalogue of spices and condiments in glorious JOHN WATERS' kitchen. Lemons, oranges, pine-apples, strawberries, indeed *every thing* calculated to make a tasteful summer libation, were in immediate proximity with cubes of crystal which had been ruthlessly robbed from Long-Pond when its waters were in fetters. Before the first bead of the luxuriant, snow-crowned, pine-appled, be-strawberried julep had passed his lips, he turned and whispered, 'Here comes one of 'O. F. M.' ('our first men.')

Entering from the shop-door, with a firm but cautious step, there advanced a man of some eighty years. He was in full preservation; even the bloom had not left his cheek. A life of frugality and temperance had left him that, although he still bore about him the unmistakeable and ineffaceable imprint of time. 'In a few minutes after,' says our informant, 'my friend excused himself, and left the old gentleman and myself tête-à-tête together. Being rather of a social turn, I entered into conversation with him; first about general matters, such as rail-roads, steamers to England, etc.; but happening incidentally to touch on Bunker Hill and its monument, I found I had struck the vein: for I had before me a living witness of the Great Battle, 'able and willing' to give me a personal account of it. 'I was a 'prentice-boy in Boston,' said he, 'when the war broke out. My father lived in Concord, and was a red-hot Whig. My master 'took sides' with the British; I believe because he could not get his property away from Boston in time, and he had too much to lose. On the morning of the battle I heard the cannons firing, and saw the red-coats defiling through the streets. Pretty soon my master told me to shut the shop; and right glad was I to do it; for just across the way stood about the tallest house in the town, and I knew the occupants, and that the roof commanded a full view of the battle-ground. I mounted up there, as you may suppose, considerable quick. It was such a good place to see from that when I got there I guess there was as many as a dozen red-coats there, a-lookin' on too. I could see though, easy enough, that they were mighty uneasy. I heard the roar of the cannon from the ships, but I could not get a good view of the hill on account of the smoke. After a while a breeze sprung up, and I could n't help taking up one of the long spy-glasses that lay around, and with that I could see the hill and the whole fight as plain as day. It had only just begun. A company or regiment of Britishers marched up, followed right off by another. They had almost reached the top, when a long streak of white smoke puffed out and rolled right down over 'em. The breeze was now pretty brisk, and as it wafted the cloud away we could discover nothing of the proud ranks that had marched up so gaily; but where I thought they *would* have stood, there lay rows of prostrate men. It seemed very curious to me; and boy as I was, I could n't help calling out to the officer whose glass I had: 'Hello! Captain!' says I, 'your men are falling down! I see a hull lot on 'em a-lyin' on the grass!' 'Oh, ay, said he, 'that is a part of the discipline; it is what we call a *ruse de guerre*;' a trick in the art of war. They 'll rise presently, you 'll see, and carry every thing before 'em.' But now another column of red-coats marched up the hill; a line of smoke puffed out just as it did before, and *they* lay down right away too, 'cept some few, who went off as if they were lame. 'Captain,' says I, 'do you see that?' 'Yes,' says he, 'I do; but they 'll get up again when they hear the sound of the trumpet.' 'Oh, yes!' says I, 'like as not; but I guess when they hear that sound it will come from a darn'd sight louder trumpet than any that you 've got in *your* army; that trumpet won't be blow'd till resurrection morning!' And I was pretty nigh right,' added the old patriot; 'for I'm blow'd if it 's been blow'd yet, any how!' Those were 'the times that tried



men's souls,' down east. . . . THERE is sage advice to young lovers in the annexed timely Valentine. Heaven save our young readers every where from shilly-shallying coquettes, female or male! If there is any thing, by-the-by, more contemptible than the latter, we have never had the ill-fortune to encounter it:

## A VALENTINIAD.

'T is wise in us to imitate the birds,  
And choose as they do, early in the year;  
What ails thee, lover? give thy passion words;  
Speak out thy spirit, if it be sincere.

'T is wisdom, boy, to circumscribe thy choice;  
Be not a large admirer of the whole:  
Reward thy faithful fondness with a voice,  
So shall affection have more strength and soul.

'Select thy goddess; worship only her,  
And she of all will seem alone divine;  
Not Jove himself—poor devil!—can transfer  
Thine adoration to another shrine.

'T is a strange frenzy, this of admiration;  
Into its depth no reason ever delves:  
Plain sense digs on, but mad Imagination  
Lifts us high up, and robs us of ourselves.

'Each cannot have the brightest and the rarest,  
All cannot be alike supremely blest,  
Yet every lover thinks his virgin fairest,  
And every maid believes her swain the best.'

T. W. P.

St. Valentine's Day, 1847.

'I PROPOSE,' writes an always agreeable correspondent, 'to be something of a sportsman, and a Yankee to boot. 'Guess' then my chagrin at being outwitted as I once was, when on a gunning expedition in the western part of this State. There were eight of us, each armed with a rifle, which said rifles were kept loaded from sun to sun. After a somewhat fatiguing forenoon's tramp, we stopped at a 'lodge in the wilderness;' a sort of hostelry much frequented by sportsmen; and there, after eating and drinking our fill, it was proposed to shoot at a target, some forty yards distant, and the one who shot widest from the mark was to foot the bill. The proposition was agreed to. The target consisted of a pine board, about two feet square, with a 'bull's-eye' in the centre. I was the last to fire; all had hit the board, although there were some poor shots. Conscious of my own skill, I took but careless aim; but what was my surprise to learn that I had not hit the board at all! Of course I paid the bill. During the afternoon I learned that one of my kind friends had, while my back was turned, at the 'lodge,' *drawn the ball*. I said nothing, but bided my time. Not many days after we were similarly situated 'down to Rehab.' The same 'good-natured friend,' during my absence, drew the ball from my rifle, unobserved, as he supposed. After dinner he bantered me somewhat on my late shot, and offered to bet the day's expenses of the company that I could not hit a moderate-sized tree that stood some fifty yards from the door. I accepted the bet, provided he would add a new hat on our return to the settlements. This was agreed to. I fired, and of course my ball was buried in the centre of the oak, much to my friend's amazement. I had that morning put *two balls* in my rifle. So you see, I 'had him there!' . . . This Magazine cannot gratify the ambition of the '*Anti-Slavery Journal*.' The vituperation and intemperate foul-mouthed denunciations, which we are assured are always its only noticeable characteristics, preclude even the contemptuous notice which, rather than none, it evidently seeks at our hands.

We cannot cater to the bad appetite which doubtless grows with every thing that it finds a chance to feed upon. Indeed, we quite begrudge sufficient space to say, that our 'mission' may be solely 'to entertain and amuse,' but that the 'mission' of that journal, judging from the only number of it that we have ever seen, or ever shall see, seems only to abuse. We leave it to its instincts. . . . We have received a little book entitled '*A Juvenile Guide or Manual of Good Manners*,' consisting of counsels, instructions, and rules of deportment for youth of both sexes, in the Society of the Shakers. It has been sent us 'to aid our search for the tracks of the '*Old Knick*,' in that society, and to show us what '*is* taught there by system and by rule.' We consider it, from a cursory examination, a very good little manual, and one which we should not hesitate to place in the hands of our own little people. We find in it many things to admire, and few to dissent from. Some of the assumptions, however, seem a little extravagant; as for instance: '*Audible* laughter is *disgusting*.' Not quite *that*, brethren; although a *guffaw* may become so. Who will send us a *Shaker Bible*? We have a report, scarcely so favorable, of a book thus denominated. But we should prefer to judge for ourselves. . . . A notorious scamp was brought not long since before an Onondaga Justice of the Peace, charged with the high misdemeanor of gambling. He was accused of having 'come the strap-game' over a native. The portly Justice, wishing to decide understandingly, requested the culprit to give him a sample of his skill. 'The party' instantly produced a leather strap, gave it a scientific whisk across the bench, and remarked: 'You see, Judge, *the quarter* under this strap?' 'What!' interrupted the dignified functionary; 'do you mean to say that there *is* a quarter there?' 'Sartain!' was the reply. 'No such thing,' said the Justice. 'I'll go you a dollar on it,' said the prisoner. 'Agreed!' exclaimed 'the Bench.' With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when lo! there *was* the quarter! 'Well,' said the astonished SHALLOW, 'I would n't ha' believed it if I had n't seen it with my own eyes! There is your dollar; and you are fined *five dollars* for gambling, contrary to the *statue* in such case made and provided!' The elongated countenance of the discomfited gambler required no additional evidence to testify his appreciation of 'the suck.' . . . MAY we be 'thrust through the weasand' if the very first paragraph of ERICETUS's '*Reflections on Human Will*' did not remind us of the remarks of a 'high-flown' country clergyman to his congregation, some of whom had complained that his general language in the pulpit was not sufficiently simple for their easy comprehension. 'Dearly-beloved bretheren,' said he, one Sunday morning, just before naming his text, 'my oral documents on a recent occasion having encountered your vituperation, I hope it may not be deemed an instance of vain eloquence or supererogation if I here laconically promulgate that, avoiding all syllogistic and aphoristic propositions, whether physically, philosophically, politically or polemically considered, either in my diurnal peregrinations or nocturnal lucubrations, they shall be hereafter definitely and categorically assimilated with, and rendered congenial to, the caputs and occiputs of you, my most superlatively-beloved auditors!' We believe there was no complaint of the minister's language after this lucid exposition of his future course in respect of plainness; but *our* auditors, we fear, might not award to 'ERICETUS' so much favor. We are unwilling to 'try it.' . . . WESTERN New-York seems to be one of the favored haunts of the 'brothers and sisters of the Nine.' NANCY HINKS herself could hardly excel the author of '*The Three Thayers*,' a poem which had its origin in the county of Erie. We know of nothing in American literature more terribly sublime than

that 'most fowl and dreadful crime,' the murder of LOVE, as described below. 'The history of the poem,' writes a welcome correspondent, 'is this: 'Soon after the execution of the THAYERS at Buffalo in 1825, an old man, a citizen of that place, came to the office of the *'Buffalo Journal'* with that effusion of his muse, which he left, with a request that it might be published. The editor took charge of the manuscript, but out of respect for the old man's friends, who were known to him as very respectable, he declined publishing it at that time. Some eight or ten years afterward, when the old rhymester had been gathered to his fathers, and the authorship was supposed to be forgotten, the editor would fain have published the poem, but unfortunately the manuscript could not be found. A notice was inserted in the *'Journal'*, offering 'quite a sum of money' for a copy, but none was forthcoming. It is unnecessary for me to state here how I came in possession of the enclosed copy; but I can assure you that it is a literal transcript of the original, now in the close custody of a friend. I send it to you *'verbatim, et literatim, et spellatim.'* And now let the reader perpend these melancholy lines, the like of which is not often encountered:

IN England severl years ago  
the sun was plesent fair and gay  
John Love on board of a ship he enterd  
and sailed in to a merica

Love was a man very perseverin  
in making trades with all he see  
he soon ingaged to be a sailor  
to sail up and down on Lake Erie

he then went in to the southern countres,  
to trade for furs and other skins  
but the cruel French savag Indians  
came very near of killing him

But God did spare a littel longer  
he got his luding and cum down the lake  
he went in to the town of Boston  
where he made the grate mistake

with Nelson Thair he made his station  
thru the summer for to stay  
Nelson had two brothers Isaac and Israel  
love lent them money for there debts to pay

Love lent them quite a sum of munney  
he did be friend them every way  
but the cruel cretres they couldn be quiet  
un til tha had taken his sweet life away

One day as tha ware all three to gether  
this dreadful murder tha did contrive  
tha a greed to kill Love and keep it secret  
and then to live and spend thare lives

On the 15th evening of last desember  
in ateen hundred and twenty-four  
tha invited Love to go home with them [floor  
and tha killed and murdered him on the

First Isaac with his gun he shot him  
he left his gun and went away  
then Nelson with his ax he chopt him  
till he had no life that he could perceive

After tha had killed and most mortly bruise'd him  
tha draw'd him out whare tha killed thare hogs  
tha then carried him of apease from the house  
and deposited him down by a log

The next day tha ware so very bold  
tha had Loves horse ariding round  
Some ask'd the reason of Loves being absent  
tha sed he had clerd out and left the town

Tha sed he had forg'd in the town of Erie  
the sheriff was in persuit of him  
he left the place and run a way  
and left his debts to collect by them

Tha went and forg'd a pour of turney  
to collect Loves notes when tha ware doo  
tha tore and stamp to git thare pay  
and severl nabors tha did sue

After tha had run to a high degree  
in killing Love and in forgery  
tha soon ware taken and put in prison  
Whare tha remained for thare cruelty

Tha ware bound in irons in the dark dungeon  
for to remain for a little time  
tha ware all condemned by the grand Jury  
for this most fowl and dreadful crime

Then the Judge pronouncd thare dredful sentens  
with grate candedness for to behold  
you must all be hanged until your ded  
and lord have mercy on your souls.

'THEY tell' an excellent story of BURCHARD, the revivalist; not of him, exactly, either, but of what happened at the close of one of his meetings. He was in the habit of addressing his congregation in this wise: 'I am now going to pray; and I want all that desire to be prayed for, or to have any of their friends who are absent prayed for, to send up their names on a piece of paper.' On the occasion to which we refer, there was at once sent up to the desk quite a pile of little slips of paper,

with the names of persons on whose behalf he was to 'wrestle,' as he said, 'with the ALMIGHTY.' A pause soon ensued, when he said, 'Send 'em up! send 'em up! I can pray for five thousand just as easy as I can pray for a dozen. Send 'em up! If you hav n't any paper, get up and name the friend you want prayed for.' At this stage of the proceeding a man whom we shall call OZIEL BIGGS, a stalwart person of six feet and a half in his stockings, a notorious unbeliever and a confirmed wag to boot, rose in the midst of the congregation, a mark for all, and amidst the winks and becks and smiles of the auditory, said: 'Mr. BURCHARD, I want you to pray for JIM THOMPSON!' The reverend petitioner saw, from the excitement in the audience, that OZIEL was a 'hard case.' 'What is your name, Sir? — and who is Mr. THOMPSON?' 'It's JIM THOMPSON; he keeps a tavern down in Thompsonville, and I keep a public house a little below him. He is an infernal scoundrel, and I want you to give him a lift.' 'But,' said Mr. BURCHARD, 'have you faith in the efficacy of prayer? Do you believe in the power of petition?' 'That's n'ther here nor there,' responded OZIEL; 'I want you to try it on him!' . . . THE troublous war in Mexico monopolizes all kindred themes of interest. We know of an old lady, an inveterate reader of newspapers, who complains that 'somehow or other she does 'nt enjoy her murders' of a morning any more,' by reason of the wholesale slaughter of which she reads in the bulletins from the army! . . . 'The Young 'Un,' in the 'Spirit of the Times,' (they do say) he is one of the best of all good fellows, but we mean to see for ourselves,) says he did n't write the 'Yankee at the Dentist's,' in that 'spirit'-ed journal. Very well, then; 'N. S. M. J.,' and we 'give in.' We thought it was himself who covered that large piece of bread with so small a piece of borrowed butter, but it seems that we were mistaken. The other article which he mentions as having written for the 'Spirit' we did not have the pleasure of seeing. The last words there on a small subject. . . . CONUNDRUMS we do not greatly affect; and must therefore be excused in the eyes of 'M.' for declining his extensive batch. There are 'quips and quillots' which seem actual conundrums, but yet are none. Of such is this: 'Why does a chicken cross the street? Are you 'out of town?' Do you 'give it up?' Well, then: 'Because it wants to get on the other side!' The ensuing is not amiss: 'Why are we led to infer that DAVID and JOSHUA were intemperate men? Because DAVID, when he went out to meet GOLIATH 'on the field of honor' 'took a sling;' and JOSHUA, previous to his attack on the walls of Jericho, 'took a horn,' and gave a 'regular blow-out!' . . . How beautiful is this tribute to *Patience*; a gem from the mine of THOMAS DEKKER, who wrote in 1638:

'PATIENCE! why, 't is the soul of peace:  
Of all the virtues 't is nearest kin to heaven:  
It makes men look like gods. The best of men  
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,  
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,  
The first true Gentleman that ever breathed.'

THE western journals along the 'range' of the Ohio and Mississippi seem to be quite unanimous in welcoming back once more the fine *Steamer New-Hampshire* from its winter voyagings to its old route on those rivers. Our obliging correspondents, the Messrs. ALLENS, who have so long commanded that popular steamer, will make any of our western travelling readers safe and happy on their well-appointed and staunch boat, which they regard with a pride and affection that we can quite easily appreciate, from the similar sentiments which we entertain toward the 'craft' that has carried our professional 'loves, and fortunes' pecuniary, for so many years. Let us

hope to see 'the boys' one of these days on their 'own peculiar ground,' or rather water; for if we are rightly informed, the 'New-Hampshire' is not an 'old stick-in-the-mud,' but is bound in all safety, and at *sufficient* speed, to be 'put through.' Success to her and her's! . . . NEITHER of the three last arrivals from England has brought us the continuation of the interesting and widely popular '*St. Leger Papers*.' A note from our correspondent however assures us that a number will be transcribed for us in time for our next number. . . . JOSEPH C. NEAL, the capital 'Charcoal Sketcher,' in his limning of '*Tribulation Trepid, a Man without a Hope*,' thus admirably hits off that class of people who are never so happy as when they are miserable:

'How are you TREPID? How do you feel to-day, Mr. TREPID?'  
 'A great deal worse than I was, thank'ee; 'most dead, I am obliged to you; I'm always worse than I was, and I do n't think I was ever any better. I'm very sure, any how, that I'm not going to be any better; and, for the future, you may always know I'm worse without asking any questions; for the questions make me worse, if nothing else does.'  
 'Why, TREPID, what's the matter with you?'  
 'Nothing, I tell you, in particular; but a great deal is the matter with me in general; and that's the danger, because we do n't know what it is. That's what kills people; when they can't tell what it is; that's what's killing me. My great grand-father died of it, and so will I. The doctor's do n't know; they can't tell; they say I'm well enough, when I'm bad enough; and so there's no help. I'm going off some of these days, right after my great grand-father, dying of nothing in particular, but of every thing in general. That's what finishes our folks.'

'MRS. RAMSBOTTOM' herself could hardly exceed the blunders of the man who walked into the office of a Judge of Probate, in a neighboring state, and asked: 'Are you the Judge of Reprobates?' 'I am the Judge of Probate.' Well, that's it, I expect. You see, my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner!' . . . We have been several times to the *American Museum* to see the moving panorama as it spread out before the eye of GREEN, the distinguished aeronaut, and his companions, on their air-voyage from 'Vox-al Ge-yard'n' as the exhibitor terms it, to Mayence in Germany. The whole varied scene, from the start in London to the termination of the voyage, is inimitably natural and picturesque. It is pronounced to be a very faithful representation, by all who have seen it. The illusion of the rising of the balloon and the continual widening of each new horizon, is complete. This exhibition would alone repay frequent visits to the museum. But then TOM THUMB, the brave, sprightly, talented, renowned little General, has returned with honorable trophies from all the crowned heads and royal families of Europe, and daily and nightly holds his crowded levees at Mr. BARNUM's marble palace, which in five years, should the proprietor live, will rival any similar establishment in Europe. . . . Our friend DEMPSTER, (who has met in Great Britain with the distinguished success as a vocalist which we predicted for him,) while on a recent visit to an opulent friend resident at Windsor, took occasion to visit the grave of GRAY; and he has kindly forwarded to us a well-written description of all he saw and felt in the 'country church-yard' which the poet has immortalized, together with several leaves gathered from the 'ivy-mantled tower,' and others which once helped to deepen the 'yew-tree's shade' that 'spread thereby.' A recent sketch of the same scene in these pages alone prevents our publishing the very beautiful description of our esteemed friend; who, we are delighted to hear, has been received with great kindness in the best social and literary circles of the metropolis, as he well deserved to be. . . . THE annexed parody upon '*She Wore a Wreath of Roses*' is from a clever Boston correspondent, from whom we shall be glad to hear again. He is a hateful old bachelor, no doubt; but even *that* 'class of the community' are not totally depraved. We know many of them who have never committed any spe-



which it commends: 'The *Vocal Musical Institution* which Mr. MEIGS has recently formed in our city, promises to surpass all others yet established for the advancement of choral music in classes. The arrangements which he has undertaken, regardless of expense, in engaging Mr. LODER, with his superior band, and the best masters that could be obtained in each department of his choral classes, cannot fail to introduce a source of musical gratification hitherto but partially or imperfectly enjoyed among us. The strict observance of time, harmony, expression and equally-poised vocal powers, which Mr. LODER and his talented assistants have adopted, will, if supported by the invigorating stream of public munificence, form a projectile point of rivalry in choral music, not to be excelled in the European institutions so celebrated for their performances in the choral compositions of HANDEL, BEETHOVEN, MOZART, HAYDN, and our modern distinguished theorists. In short, this institution gives evidence of a zeal and ability for the encouragement of vocal talent on a scale never before attempted in the United States. Mr. ANDREWS, of the Tabernacle, has been successfully employed in training a select number of youths of both sexes in the rudiments of the choral department, at the Mechanics' Institute in Chambers-street. The diagrams he has adopted are large, and can be seen by two hundred pupils in every part of the spacious room, and appear well calculated for communicating a thorough knowledge of the notes in a plain and simple manner. This choral school was established by Professor MAPES, whose superior attainments have long distinguished him as a scientific pioneer in clearing away obstacles in the paths of knowledge and science, through which gifted genius may pass to honor and renown worthy of the advancing spirit of the age.' . . . 'I was complaining the other evening,' remarked a friend to us not long since, 'of being greatly annoyed by some villanous dogs, whose nightly howlings had kept me awake until two or three o'clock every morning for a week; when one of my listeners observed, 'Why, you can easily rid yourself of them. Why do n't you take a little '*Vox Populi*,' said he, 'and sprinkle it upon a piece of meat, and throw it over to them? You'll find it'll fix 'em before morning.' '*Vox Populi*!' said I; 'do n't you mean something else? Is n't it *Nux Vomica*?' 'W-e-ll, y-e-s; I guess that is it!' The reader will not be long in inferring that it could n't have been 'any thing else.' . . . We have before us the proceedings of the '*New-York Academy of Medicine*,' on the occasion of its recent formation, together with the constitution and by-laws of the same. Nearly two hundred members, constituting and including the most eminent of the medical profession in the city, assembled together, and with the most perfect harmony adopted resolutions, by which they separate themselves from irregular practitioners of every description, and express their united determination to promote the character, interests and honor of the fraternity, by maintaining the union and harmony of the regular profession of the city and its vicinity, and aiming to elevate the standard of medical education. The honor of the Presidentship of the Academy was most appropriately and with entire unanimity conferred upon JOHN STEARNS, M. D.; a physician whose long and extensive practice, with the highest skill and success in his almost divine science, not less than his preëminent kindness and benevolence of heart, have endeared to thousands of our citizens. His address, delivered on the occasion of assuming the chair, at the first regular meeting of the Academy, is a forcible illustration of the high vocation of the conscientious medical practitioner, and a fearless exposition of the danger and wickedness of empiricism. We commend it to a wide perusal, for the high aims which it inculcates. . . . INDULGE us, reader, in a little gossip concerning

art, and cognate matters. And 'we are led to remark in the first place,' that we are well-pleased to see that Mr. JOHN P. RIDNER has established an agency for that valuable Fine-Arts publication, the '*London Art-Union Journal*,' in this city. It is a work so well known among artists and amateurs that it is hardly necessary to direct the attention of that class of our readers to it. We understand that the '*Art-Union Journal*' is very widely circulated in this country, but not to so great an extent as it deserves to be. To the ornamental artist, (a class which is every day growing larger in this country,) the '*Art-Union*' is as necessary as the Bible to a preacher; and to the connoisseur who would keep *au courant* with the artistic doings of the world, it is of equal importance. The embellishments of the work are of the highest order of art, and the original essays from the pens of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. HALL, J. B. PYNE, and many others of great merit, are by no means the least valuable features of it. And now, a word or two of some of our artists. We are glad to announce to the many friends of WILLIAM PAGE, that he will return to this city in April next, and make it for the future his permanent home. Mr. PAGE, we hear, has accomplished some marvels in portraiture since his abode in Boston, and we learn with pleasure that his picture of RUTH, said to be a work of great beauty, will be exhibited in this city before it is sent to Europe. — Mr. C. L. ELLIOTT, among other remarkable and most faithful portraits of several of our prominent citizens, has been putting the finishing touches of his facile pencil to the life-size full-length picture of Governor BOUCK, for the collection at the City-Hall, for which he receives a thousand dollars. It is one of the very best pictures that has come from his skilful hand. The figure is easy and natural in attitude, the drawing and coloring faultless, and the face a screeching likeness, that 'bites' at first sight; to say nothing of the felicitous accessories; the 'old white horse,' the famous 'white hat,' and the quiet unostentatious homestead of the Governor on the picturesque banks of the Schoharie; all of which are admirably depicted. — We have just seen another miniature from the popular pencil of OFFICER. It is of a lady, in the highest social ranks of the metropolis; and there is a charm in the expression, a force of color, and a clearness and depth of light and shadow, which we have not seen surpassed by this able artist. The picture takes in three-quarters length of the figure. The lady is a blonde; her dress of light-blue silk, which forms a cool mass in good contrast with the crimson chair, and a curtain of a purplish-brown. Tasteful and effective accessories, also, are an antique vase, which repeats as it were the color of the hair; and above it, glimpses of a cool gray sky; the whole well harmonized, clear, transparent and delicate. Mr. OFFICER does full justice to what has been termed 'the aristocratic style,' the high-bred air and manner of his fair sitters in the 'upper circles.' — Who that *could* do so has failed to see the new picture by LEUTZE, now exhibiting (*gratis*) at the Art-Union room in Broadway? In conception, composition, drawing and color we consider it the best picture that ever came from the hand of this gifted artist; and among the best, if not the very best picture we ever beheld. We say thus much now, that our metropolitan readers may go and see it. — EDMONDS, DURAND, HUNTINGTON, INGHAM, CHAPMAN, GRAY, MATTESON, and 'the lave,' have not been idle, we suspect; and we have an impression that the National Academy, which opens early in April, will confirm the truth of our surmises, as well as the previous reputation of these and other of our artists; of all of whom 'more anon.' — THERE is a good deal doing in sculpture in town at this moment. BROWN has at his rooms a bust of BRYANT, full of life and nature, which he is about transferring to marble. He



has also re-modelled a charming female head, formerly from his less-practiced chisel, which now beams with a calm beauty that is almost angelic. He is also modelling a superb altar-piece in bas-relief, for Grace Church, which struck us, from the mere drawing, to be a very fine composition. Mr. LAUNITZ has nearly completed a very beautiful life-statue of the lovely and lamented Miss CANDA, who was killed many months since, in jumping from a carriage which was conveying her to an evening party, and while the horses were running away. Nothing could be more exquisite, more sweetly graceful and feminine, than the lovely face and figure of this statue. It is to adorn the niche of a noble marble monument which an afflicted father has commissioned Mr. LAUNITZ to execute and erect in the Greenwood Cemetery. Mr. HORACE KNEELAND is bringing to completion his large equestrian statue of WASHINGTON. The figure of the 'Father of his Country' has been executed from a superb model, and sits his noble charger like a centaur. This equestrian statue, when finished, will place Mr. KNEELAND in the front rank of his brother professors. Mr. J. H. BEARD has been for some time engaged in modelling the figures for his poetically-conceived representation of '*The Last of the Red Men*.' When we last saw them, we could not fail to remark that the artist was imbuing them with the true feeling and spirit. We shall have more to say of this group hereafter. . . . 'Boom! boom! boom!' upon the stormy night-air comes the sound of the big fire-bells of the metropolis! We have just descended from the house-top, whence we had a wide view of the city, widening and narrowing to the eye, as the flames rose and sank, and forcibly illustrating one of BURKE's elements of the 'sublime and beautiful.' How the engines rattle along the streets!—how the brave firemen shout to their lagging companions! J. HONEYWELL, who sends us these original lines, illustrates the prevailing cry at this moment in the thoroughfares:

'Do n't you hear the bell, boys?  
Turn out! turn out!  
Its booming peals are on the air,  
While all around is lurid glare;  
Do n't you hear the bell, boys?  
Turn out! turn out!

'Do n't you see the light, boys?  
Turn out! turn out!  
Start up the engine's rattling wheels,  
And spurn the pavement with your heels;  
Do n't you see the light, boys?  
Turn out! turn out!

'Up and man the brakes, boys!  
Play on! play on!  
O! cheerily bright the Croton leaps,  
Where crackling embers fall in heaps;  
Up and man the breaks, boys!  
Play on! play on!

'Never faint nor flag, boys!  
Play on! play on!  
For where we pour the steady stream,  
See, all is white with hissing steam;  
Never faint nor flag, boys!  
Play on! play on!

'Stop the hydrant's rush, boys!  
All out! all out!  
Foreman, stay your trumpet-calls,  
Charred and blackened are the walls;  
Stop the hydrant's rush, boys!  
All out! all out!

'Now give o'er your fun, boys!  
All out! all out!  
The fitful gleams in darkness die,  
Along where smouldering ruins lie;  
So give o'er your fun, boys!  
All out! all out!

We have had occasion, two or three times recently, to join our western friends at the well-spread board of RATHBUN, whose new and spacious hotel in Broadway, near Cortlandt-street, is acquiring a reputation second to none in the city. The presiding spirit which made the old 'Eagle' at Buffalo so long and so favorably known to the public, is evident here; and the parlors, the larder, the wines, the nice apartments, the clean beds and capacious bed-rooms; and above all, the noiseless, watchful assiduity of the host himself, (a 'host in himself,') proves that Mr. RATHBUN has forgotten nothing that is at all worthy of being remembered in the art and mystery of hotel-keeping. . . . We shall resume in our next, and continue until com-

pleted, the capital papers commenced in our last, '*The Oregon Trail, or a Summer out of Bounds.*' We can promise a rich treat in the perusal of these authentic and interesting sketches. . . . M — tells a pleasant anecdote of a kind-hearted school-examiner, who looking over the writings of the pupils, said: 'If you keep on in this way, you will make first-rate penmen; and then, fearing that he had not included the girl-scholars in this praise, he added, 'and *pen-women* too!' SOUTHEY, in '*The Doctor,*' thinks there might be distinctions of this sort; a *sex*, for example, for the male and female shirt, as *she-mise* for the woman and *he-mise* for the man! . . . THE old established house of BANGS, RICHARDS AND PLATT have a various and very extensive trade-sale of books, stationery, stereotype plates, etc., commencing on the twenty-second instant. The simple announcement of this fact will be notice sufficient to secure the attention of our readers to the sales of a house so long and favorably known to the public. . . . WE trust that our town-readers will not forget to contribute liberally to the '*House of Industry and Home for the Friendless,*' one of the most practical and beneficent charities in the metropolis. It is designed as an asylum for females of good character, who are 'poor and sorrowing, with none to help them.' . . . WE cannot answer 'C.'s query. We can only infer that the harps which the 'ancient covenant people' hung upon the willows were *Jews'-harps*. In fact they must have been. . . . THE '*Letters from the Gulf States*' will attract the attention of our readers. They are from the pen of a gentleman who had previously travelled much at the south, and become familiar with its inhabitants. He will sketch from time to time southern peculiarities, embracing the face of the country, the people, with incidental references to mineralogy, Indian relics and reminiscences, slaves, and their peculiarities, etc. . . . WE have but this word to say of two of our principal theatres: that, at the Park, AUGUSTA, with the lightness and grace of the early mists of morning, has been delighting crowds of admirers in '*The Giselle,*' while at the Bowery, 'our MARY' TAYLOR has been filling that large and attractive establishment with rows upon rows of 'uman 'eads,' which seemed absolutely 'turned' with delight at her personation of '*Cinderella.*' The '*New-York Opera-House,*' late the 'Greenwich-Theatre,' corner of Hudson and Varick-streets, is becoming a popular place of resort. It has been thoroughly renovated and beautified; is conducted with marked order and good taste; and we are glad to add, that the Italian dancers, headed by CHIOCCA, are filling the house with pleased auditors. We look to see this house liberally patronized by the public. . . . FEBRUARY, being on a short allowance of 'days, ended just before we went to press; making us a 'little late in the day' for the first. Guess we can be forgiven once. . . . HERE we are, at the end of our tether, and four pages of 'Gossip' left out. Well, 't will keep, 'expect.' . . . THAT is a capital anecdote of 'KENTUCK' in the '*Spirit of the Times,*' illustrating the thickness and insensibility of a negro's heel. Ten or twelve 'color'd pussons' were snoozing in one of their cabins with their feet to the fire, when one of them suddenly exclaimed: 'I smell foot a-burnin'!' Presently he added, anxiously: 'Who foot dat a burnin'?' Receiving no answer, he reiterated the question with still more emphasis: 'Who foot dat a-burnin', I say? Dat yourn, Cuff?' Still no answer; when, drawing himself up, he reached his hand toward his feet, and exclaimed: '*My foot burnin', by Golly!*' and quietly stretched himself out to sleep again. . . . NUMEROUS articles, some from old and many from new correspondents, have been received and accepted during the month. They will be more particularly referred to in our next.

LITERARY RECORD.—The Brothers HARPER must have the 'place of honor' in our record of the best new publications for the month. Beside the often-recurring numbers of the '*Pictorial History of England*,' (a work remarkable for the excellence of its numerous engravings, its fine white paper and good printing,) and those of the '*Pictorial Shakespeare*,' of which kindred praise is predicable, we have before us the following works: '*The Institutes of Medicine*,' by MARTIN PAYNE, M. D.; a labored and comprehensive volume, adapted as well to the student in medicine as to the more advanced; the author having aimed at all compassable method, for the advantage of the former, and such illustration as might not seem irksome to the latter; the elder D'ISRAELI's '*Sketches and Characters of English Literature*,' concerning which it is only necessary to say, since we have before noticed the volumes, that the present is the fourth edition: '*The Farmers' Companion*,' by the late Judge BUEL, of Albany, (whose chair was so long occupied by one not less loved and lamented, the late WILLIS GAYLORD,) containing essays on the principles and practice of American husbandry, an address prepared to be delivered before Connecticut Agricultural and Horticultural societies, and an appendix, containing tables and other matter useful to the farmer; '*A System of Intellectual Philosophy*,' by Rev. ASA MAHAN, President of the Oberlin Collegiate Institute, which for six or eight years past he has been in the habit of delivering to the successive classes of that institution. The work has been loudly called for, and the propriety of the 'call' will, we doubt not, be sustained; '*The Lives of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, Hernando Cortes and Francisco Pizarro*,' the first the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, the second the conqueror of Mexico, and the third the conqueror of Peru; with '*Questions in Geography*,' adapted to any of the approved geographies extant; to which is added a concise description of the terrestrial globe.' The writer is RICHARD GREEN PARKER, A. M., author of '*Aids to English Composition*.' . . . FROM MESSRS. CAREY AND HART we have a very valuable work in '*Wilson's History of Mexico*,' comprising Historical Sketches of the Indian Tribes, a description of American Antiquities, with an inquiry into their origin and the origin of the Indian tribes; History of the United States, with Appendices showing its connection with European History; History of the present British Provinces, Mexico, Texas, etc. This comprehensive title well sets forth the completeness of execution which is the characteristic of this valuable and timely volume. We wish we could say as much for the '*Statesmen of America in 1846*,' by Mrs. SARAH MYTTON MAURY; a volume bearing unmistakeable marks of female snobbishness, full of ridiculous self-conceit, the most transparent, fulsome flattery, the grossest blunders, and every species of bad material and worse execution; and yet, such is its source, the book is not even worth cutting up. We are glad that we can praise the next work from the press of the same publishers. '*An Author's Mind; a Book-full of Books, or Thirty Books in One*,' edited by TUPPER, author of '*Proverbial Philosophy*.' This is a book, and one worth having. A very useful booklet is ODENHEIMER's translation of the celebrated '*Treatise of Joach. Ringelbergius de Ratione Studii*,' from the edition of VAN ERPE, with a preface and appendix by the translator. The treatise will be found invaluable to classical, medical, legal and theological students. . . . MESSRS. WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY, Boston, have issued, in two well-executed volumes, the sequel to GEORGE SAND'S '*Consuelo*,' '*The Countess of Rudolstadt*.' We have not as yet perused them; a fact which can scarcely be predicated, we may suppose, of those of our readers who have read their spirited precursor. . . . WE are enabled, even at a cursory glance, to see that MESSRS. EVERTS AND WYCKOFF's '*Scriptural School-Reader*,' containing well-chosen selections, appropriately joined and divided, from the Sacred Scriptures, is a work possessing claims to the attention and patronage of American schools. Our reasons for this belief we may perhaps set forth hereafter. . . . AMONG the late publications of MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM, are '*Supernaturalism in New England*,' an interesting collection by our old correspondent, the gifted WHITTIER; TSCHUDI's '*Travels in Peru*,' from which we have derived much entertainment and instruction; and '*Probabilities: an Aid to Faith*,' by TUPPER, author of '*Proverbial Philosophy*.' These are all good works. . . . AMONG the '*New Music*' which has been sent us, are two pieces which we make room especially to mention. The first is '*General Worth's Grand March*,' by Mr. CHARLES PERABEAU, one among the most accomplished teachers of the piano in the metropolis. The '*March*' is a production of great spirit, and has already become widely popular. The second is that beautiful and original production, '*The Maiden's Lament*,' as sung by Mlle RACHEL. The music is by LINDPAINTER, and the English words by C. BEAUFORT BURKHARDT, Esq. It is already a favorite upon a thousand pianos. . . . WE have several new publications, among them 'Col. M'KENNEY's Reply to KOSCIUSKO ARMSTRONG,' '*The Flowers of Fable*,' '*Report on the Literature Fund*,' '*The Rector's Christmas Offering to his Parishioners*,' '*Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline and Philanthropy*,' '*Treatise on the Horse's Foot*,' Reports of the Utica and Bloomingdale Asylums, DUNNIGAN's '*Library*,' etc., of which 'more anon.'

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## TROPICAL ORNITHOLOGY.

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'EACH brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;  
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between  
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree,  
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea.

'In short, all rare and beauteous things that fly  
Through the pure element, here calmly lie  
Sleeping in light, like the green birds that dwell  
In Eden's radiant fields of Asphodel!'—LALLA ROOKE.

It has been wisely remarked, that 'There is neither waste nor ruin in nature.' Every thing that constitutes a part in the wonderful economy of the material universe, however insignificant it may be, according to our delusive ideas of comparison, or limited in its immediate influence upon surrounding objects, has nevertheless an essential service to perform in the chain of being, which has been absolutely established by its beneficent MAKER, and to which its mysterious instincts direct. The path and duty of all animals are circumscribed within certain narrow limits; which bounds are impassable by them, and consequently they continue the same throughout successive generations. They are not creatures of social change. The beaver builds its dam, and the birds their nests, in precisely the same manner as they were accustomed to do a thousand years ago. The progressive principle belongs to man alone, and is the great prerogative of his superiority; indeed it is the line of demarcation between mind and instinct.

To the ignorant, that which dies and decays appears to be forever lost; whereas the very decomposition which fills them with apprehension and dread is not the symbol of annihilation, but the natural process of transition from one state of existence to another; and it is as certain that the original particles with which a body in one

state was composed will in future be employed again, as that the mighty laws of nature are unchangable: that *matter* does not die, but is merely changed, may conclusively be demonstrated by chemical analysis. As we gradually advance in the delightful study of nature's works, we are more and more struck with the increasing magnificence of creation, and the perfect adaptation of all its minute and subservient parts. New objects of interest arrest our attention at every step, as with redoubling zeal and ardor we press forward. The appearance of the different quadrupeds gives us strange emotions of pleasure; the beauty of the flowers and their sweet perfume, the splendor of the birds and their bewitching melody, fill us with delight; and as we gaze upon the enchanting landscape which is stretching with its flowery fields far beyond our mental horizon, we begin to realize that this is a beautiful world; that its sources of true pleasure are fruitful, and that not a bird nor an insect, nor even a single green blade of grass, is made in vain.

The whole natural kingdom is divided by Cuvier into four great divisions, the first of which is termed '*Animalia Vertebrata*,' and includes all animals having a skeleton or frame-work of bone. This great division is again divided by the same distinguished naturalist into four classes, which are severally styled *Mamalia*, *Birds*, *Fishes* and *Reptiles*. To the second of these we propose devoting our attention in this essay; but as the order is very extensive, we shall confine our remarks mainly to the consideration of those birds which inhabit the torrid zone, only noticing those which are remarkable for beauty of plumage, or other extraordinary characteristic.

The fecundity of life in the tropics is truly wonderful. The lakes and rivers teem with fish, and the balmy groves are enamelled as it were with gorgeous flowers and flying gems. Indeed, every grove and copse seems here to be animated with beauty, perfume and song. It is almost impossible to give the stranger an adequate idea of the magnificence of the forests in these generous climates. The trees generally are large, and of singularly variegated forms, interlaced together with creeping vines and ornamented with brilliant parasites, even in their topmost branches. Palms of prodigious height and of imposing appearance may be seen towering above and amid the luxuriant wilderness of perennial verdure, while on almost every bough we see some bright-winged bird. Sometimes we are startled by the sudden whirr of a gay-crowned manakin, or the emerald or ruby glare of some beauteous humming-bird. If on Brazilian soil, we may occasionally hear the metallic notes of the *Uraponga*, or bell-bird, breaking the silence of the sylvan shades with its solemn and imposing sound. This bird is extremely solitary in its habits, and is remarkable for having a curious fleshy pendule under its chin, as well as for the singularity of its note, which when heard in the forest somewhat resembles the tones of a distant bell. It belongs to the genus *Ampelis*, which includes several other species, of the most splendid plumage. The predominant tints of this genus are white and claret color, ultramarine-blue and purple,

glistening brown and richest scarlet, which are pleasingly contrasted in the several species of 'pompadora,' 'cotinga' and 'carnifex.' From the noise which they make while feeding, these birds have been called 'chatterers,' by which name they are well known among English and American naturalists. Their principal food consists of a kind of berry, which is found abundantly in some parts of the forest; but they are often seen in large flocks, carrying on a destructive warfare against the shining insects which are continually flitting in myriads through the air.

But of all the various genera of birds which inhabit the forests of tropical America, none are more wonderful in form, more splendid in plumage, or more interesting in their habits, than the 'Ramphastos,' or Toucans. These singular birds, on account of their confinement to tropical America, the extreme timidity which characterizes them in their natural state, and the solitude of their haunts, have been, until of late years, but little known to naturalists. The genus has about twenty species, which have been separated into the two sections of Toucans and Aracarès, according to their general color, which in the former is black, and in the latter, green. The great peculiarity of the Toucan is the vast size of its bill, which in some species is nearly nine inches in length. This enormous member is very thin and cellular, and consequently much lighter than its appearance to a stranger would be likely to indicate; and what is exceedingly curious in its formation is, 'that those parts calculated for giving it strength are not solid bone, but two very thin laminæ; thus giving the maximum of strength in the minimum of substance.' How strikingly is the wisdom of nature manifest in this wise construction!

Of this genus the 'Ramphastos Brazileuris' is the largest species, which, when full-grown, is about twenty-seven inches in length, from the tip of its tail to the extremity of its bill. Its general color is black, but under the throat the feathers are fine, and of pure white. Its bill is of the largest class, and is richly marked with red and yellow, beautifully blended together. The exquisite lustre of this curious member, however, fades shortly after the death of the bird, no artificial means having as yet been devised for preserving it.

The Toucans derive their principal sustenance from fruit, but when in a state of captivity, they learn to eat flesh of all kinds. Their favorite food is the Assahy berry, and their mode of eating it is exceedingly curious. They first seize the berry in the extremity of their beak, and by a sudden twitch throw it several feet into the air; as it falls they catch it again, and swallow it entire, without the slightest effort at mastication. They confine themselves mostly to lofty trees, where they sit with their beaks directly facing the wind, thus overcoming a power, which if exerted on their broadside, might considerably disturb their comfort and equanimity. Their flight is straight forward from one place to another, and it is seldom that they make a curve while on the wing. Their eyes are so constructed that they cannot see distinctly ahead, yet their vision on the side is



remarkably acute. The hunter must be acquainted with this circumstance, or he will find it almost impossible to get a shot at them. They build their nests in the hollow of old trees, and make a small circular opening immediately in front. The female lays but two eggs, on which she sits, and with her formidable beak protruding from the port hole of her fortress, she is able effectually to protect herself, and repel all monkeys, serpents, or other animals or reptiles, who may be disposed to invade her sacred premises.

The English word Toucan is derived from the Brazilian name Tucano, and the generic term of 'Ramphastos' applied to the entire race, was invented by Linnæus from 'ramphos,' a bill, on account of the immense size of that organ.

Although it appears strange to the superficial observer, that a bird of such splendid plumage as the Toucan should be supported by such uncouth feet, and burdened with such an apparently disproportionate beak, yet nothing is more certain, than that nature, in these seeming defects, has some wise though latent object in view, for she is the unerring minister of Him 'who doeth all things well.'

Among the numerous genera of birds which inhabit tropical countries, none are more universally known and admired than that of the Parrots, to which we now propose giving a limited consideration. These birds are not only remarkable for the symmetry of their forms and the beauty of their plumage, but more especially for the wonderful intelligence and instructive ingenuity which many manifest while in a state of domestication. They derive, however, much of their celebrity, from their peculiar faculty of committing and repeating words and sentences, which singular talent, with few exceptions, is confined entirely to birds of this race. The manifestations of memory in some species of this extraordinary genus is indeed surprising. By proper and assiduous attention, they have been taught, not only to repeat words, but even entire verses. In this, the writer speaks from actual experience, having seen one, while in Brazil, which was able to repeat several lines of Portuguese poetry. His master had taken great pains with his education, and had frequently refused offers of large sums for his purchase. He was excessively loquacious, and his merry voice could be heard in tones of laughter and conversation from morning until night, to the great annoyance of the adults, but amusement of the juveniles, throughout his notorious neighborhood. Birds of this genus, in their natural state, are very wild, and were it not for their harsh notes and noisy chattering while feeding in their native woods, it would be exceedingly difficult for the hunter to discover their favorite haunts, on account of the general resemblance of their plumage to the emerald green foliage in which they seclude themselves.

The genus *Psittacus* or Parrot is very extensive, including nearly two hundred species, which have been divided into two great sections, according to the shape of their tails. The first of these consists of those having wedge-shaped tails, such as the Maccaws, Lories, and Paroquets, while the second includes those having short and

even tails, such as the 'parrots proper,' the splendid Cockatoos and beautiful Ground-Parrots of New Holland.

The majestic family of the Maccaws inhabit the recesses of the interminable forests of South America, and are quite numerous in the interior of the Guianas and Brazils. They become easily domesticated, but in this state are exceedingly mischievous, and seem to take pleasure in dissecting the different articles of furniture with their powerful beaks, with which they can even extract a firmly imbedded nail. The Red and Blue Maccaw is about three feet in length, and may be considered the most splendid of the family: his head, neck and breast are of a brilliant vermillion red; the middle wing coverts are yellow, tipped with bluish-green; the lower part of the back, upper and under tail coverts are pale azure and dark blue; while its extensive tail is composed of red and blue feathers, beautifully variegated with the different shades of each. I can never forget one noble specimen of this species, who shared with us the luxuries and delights of the 'Roscenia Denazere' in Brazil.

He was a gorgeous bird, and one to whom the similarity of our situation, and the delightful solitude of our charming resort, had rendered us exceedingly attached. During the day, he was accustomed to spend many of the hours in rambling through the embowered avenues of the garden, and in climbing successively the numerous fruit trees which were drooping with the weight of their golden and crimson fruit. But, ever attentive to our call, he would on such occasions immediately abandon the sweetest orange or most delicious gauva, to make his appearance before us. He was an excessively awkward bird, (but for this he was somewhat excusable, having been deprived by captivity from the refinements of social intercourse,) and by his grotesque motions he occasioned us a great deal of merriment. Whenever breakfast or other meal was ready, we were notified of this agreeable fact by the ringing of a small bell which we had procured for this purpose. On receiving this intelligence, our favorite bird, without any previous toilet preparations, would repair to the banquet table, and having stationed himself upon the back of one of the chairs, would wait patiently for the arrival of us, his humble servants. And, although it may appear rather wonderful, yet it is nevertheless a fact, and justice to his memory requires that we should state it, that while at table he always conducted himself with the greatest propriety, and never in any case made any sudden and unpremeditated attack upon the viands, which were laid out in attempting array before him. At last however our feathered companion was seized with some mysterious illness (mysterious indeed to us) for under our united efforts to save his life, he unfortunately died!

The parrot is a bird noted for longevity, and frequently attains the age of sixty and seventy years. One is mentioned by M. Le Vallant, as having lived in a state of domesticity for near ninety years. When this distinguished naturalist saw it, it was in a kind of lethargic condition, and had lost both its sight and memory. In youth, it had been celebrated for its colloquial powers, and was so docile in its

disposition as to fetch its master's slippers and call the servants whenever required. Its memory began to fail at the age of sixty.

But the most extraordinary parrot on record is one which was carried to England by Colonel O'Kelly, and which was there sold by him for a hundred guineas. This bird could express his desires in a manner nearly approaching to rationality, and was able moreover to sing several songs in excellent time and tune. It is recorded also, that if in whistling an air it accidentally passed over a note, it would revert to the bar where the oversight occurred and complete the tune with perfect accuracy. Although this account appears almost incredible, yet having procured it from a standard English work, I think it may with some leniency be relied upon.

Parrots through obstinacy sometimes refuse to eat, inasmuch that instances have been known where they have actually died from self-starvation. But those of the most stubborn nature, however, are often subdued by tobacco smoke, but this means never fails to disturb the placidity of their temper. Consequently the cure is often worse than the disease.

The remaining three divisions of the genus *Psittacus*, severally termed Cockatoos, Lories and Ground Parrots, are natives of New-Holland and the East-India islands. The former are distinguished by their great size and the singularity of their beautiful crests, which they are able to erect or depress at pleasure. The birds of this division do not possess the colloquial powers of the true parrot, being seldom able to acquire more than two or three words, beside their own native cry of cockatoo, from which the tribe derives its name.

The Lories are distinguished by their slender bills, but more particularly by their bright plumage, the ground color of which is red; they are abundant in the luxuriant groves of the Moluccas and other Eastern Islands.

Although parrots are occasionally found far beyond the tropical limits, especially in the southern hemisphere, yet the equatorial regions, however, must be considered the metropolis of the family. Here they throng the magnificent forests of Africa and America, and fill every balmy grove with their shrill and discordant notes; although some species are rather coarse in plumage, and others resplendent with abruptly-contrasted colors, yet no one can behold the splendid Maccaws of Amazonia, the bright plumaged Lories, or the royal Cockatoos of New-Holland, especially in the wild woods of their native land, without 'acknowledging them to be among the most beautiful and striking of the feathered race.'

In the wonderful chain of animated nature, birds appear to rank next after insects, and those of the latter which are furnished with wings, resemble in many respects the minimum of the former. Any one who gives strict attention to the consideration of the myriads of insects and life-teeming atoms which surround us; which partially compose the purest element we drink and the sweetest air we breathe, cannot fail to observe a gradual chain of mental develop-

ment, from the first buddings of mysterious instinct, to the sublimest genius of man.

A chain corresponding to this, and no less interesting, exists in the material world, in the connection and analogy of animated beings. How pleasing, not only to the eye of the naturalist, but to every eye which has any perception of the beautiful, is the analogy between the butterfly and humming-bird; the connecting link between the bird and insect creation! In size, the former is often superior, and in coloring sometimes more variegated, although not so exquisite or magnificent as the latter, but in their general appearance and habits there is a palpable similarity. They both frequent flowery gardens, and are occasionally seen at the same time sipping honey from the heart of some blooming rose or other fragrant flower. Indeed, so nearly allied are some of the most minute species of the humming-bird, that the ancient naturalists hardly knew whether to assign it a place among birds or insects.

The beauty of humming-birds has been highly extolled by both naturalists and poets, and well do they deserve all the praise which has been bountifully lavished upon them. They are the sportive inhabitants of the torrid zone, and are exceedingly numerous throughout the Guianas and Brazils, where they may be seen in the warm sunshine, extracting sweets from every opening flower. The splendor of their plumage is perfectly indescribable, which, while reflecting the solar rays, resembles the bright gleaming of burnished metals or precious stones; they have therefore been appropriately titled with the various names of emerald, ruby, topaz and amethystine, according to the several species. The natives of some of the islands where they abound, in the language of a beautiful metaphor, style them 'winged flowers;' while in Brazil they are poetically termed among the Indians, 'berjar fleur,' which literally interpreted, signifies, 'to kiss a flower.'

Sometimes these little ornithological gems are seen congregated together in large numbers, buzzing around and inhaling the perfumes of a blossoming tree. While so engaged they often fall an easy prey to the desires of the naturalist.

These magnificent little winged sprites are not confined entirely within the limits of the tropics, but are occasionally seen in high latitudes, sometimes even flitting about in the midst of a snow storm. Their metropolis, however, like that of the parrots, is in the warmer parts of America, where they sport in wanton mazes during the live-long day, fulfilling the object for which they were designed, in the inscrutable economy of Providence.

Only two species of this brilliant genus are found in North America: the 'northern' and the Nootka Sound 'humming-bird.' The former is a beautiful bird, and is well known throughout the United States. Wilson, the American Ornithologist, eloquently says of him: 'He is one of those few birds that are universally beloved, and amid the dewy serenity of a summer's morning, his appearance among the arbors of honey-suckles and beds of flowers is truly interesting.'

'When morning dawns and the blest sun again,  
Lifts his red glories from the Eastern main,  
Then through our woodbines, wet with glittering dew,  
The flower-fed humming-bird his round pursues;  
Sips, with inserted tube, the honeyed blooms,  
And chirps his gratitude as round he roams,  
While richest roses, though in crimson dressed,  
Shrink from the splendor of his gorgeous breast;  
What heavenly taste in mingling radiance fly!  
Each rapid movement gives a different dye,  
Like scales of varnished gold the dazzling show,  
Now sink to shade, now like a furnace glow.'

Thus wrote Alexander Wilson, the father of American Ornithology; a man of genius, and possessed of the finer and nobler attributes of human nature; one who spent a great portion of his life in the forest shades, by the sparkling brook-side and on the banks of the flowing river, in the contemplation and study of Nature's animated creation; and whose name is as immortal as the noble science in whose pursuit he lived, and labored, and died.

One of his last requests was, that his body should be buried where the birds might carol over his grave, which beautiful sentiment has been happily poeticised:

'He asked to be laid where the birds might sing  
Their matins around his tomb,  
Where the earliest grass of the year might spring,  
And the earliest flowers might bloom.'

'They made his grave by the old church towers,  
Away from the haunts of care,  
There breathes the odor of summer flowers,  
And the music of birds is there.'

The genus *Trochilus* includes at least one hundred and fifty distinct species. The most remarkable of these are the 'Paradise,' 'Magnificent,' 'Whiskered,' and one which, for want of another name, we have styled 'The Carupe Hummer.' The first of these is extremely rare, and is particularly noted for having two long tail feathers which are entirely bare, except at the tip, which is tufted. The second is probably the most splendid of the genus; it is full seven inches in length and of the most exquisite plumage that fancy can conceive. Its throat is of the richest topazine, and the lower parts of its body of brightest ruby; its back is of rufous brown and its tail coverts green with metallic reflections. It is peculiar for having two long tail feathers which very curiously cross each other. It is found along the luxuriant banks of the Amazon, and in various sections of the Guianas. The third species is a perfect little harlequin; he has been styled 'The Whiskered Hummer,' on account of his having six feathers on each side of his head, which when erected form a kind of parachute, which seems evidently designed to enable the bird to check instantaneously the velocity of its downward descent. The fourth species was found by us during our southern rambles at Carupe, an estate in the Brazilian province of Para. It is distinguished by having its bill curved upward and flat at the extremity, which fact makes it an anomaly in the race.

These little birds are sometimes agitated with the fiercest passions. They frequently assail birds of a huge size, and if disturbed during

the period of incubation will even venture to attack man himself. The males often battle with each other, on which occasions the combat is never relinquished until one of them is completely discomfited or killed. Wilson says he has seen our native hummer attack the king-bird, and in his turn assaulted by an humble-bee, which after a few moments of hard fighting he succeeded in putting to flight.

The habits of humming-birds differ very much in the various species. Some are exceedingly solitary, and wander alone through the mazes of the luxuriant foliage, concealing themselves in the recesses of the impenetrable forest, and seldom venturing into the verdant meadows, or near the abodes of civilization. Others again live in the vicinity of populous towns, and frequent without apprehension the most public gardens and thoroughfares, while some haunt the embowered streams, and feed upon the numberless insects which skim their glassy surfaces. Their home is amid the sunshine and among flowers; and whatever may be their absolute utility in the economy of creation, yet they are among the few beautiful works upon which Nature has especially exercised her poetical genius.

But leaving the forest, with its beautiful birds and delightful shades, we will proceed to speak a few words of the birds which inhabit the marshy *campos*, as well as those which haunt the gentle stream.

Among those which inhabit the former, the Scarlet Ibis (*Tantalus Ruber*) and Roseate Spoonbill (*Platalea Ajaja*) may be specified as the most brilliant and interesting.

The Scarlet Ibis (*Tantalus Ruber*) when full grown measures about twenty-three inches in length and thirty-seven in extent. Its beak is five inches long, and is quadrangular at its base. It is sharp-ridged and curved downward. During the first six months of its existence this bird changes its plumage from black to gray, and indeed becomes perfectly white before the conclusion of the year. It then begins gradually to assume a red appearance, which at the close of the third year settles into a rich and glowing scarlet. It is then truly a magnificent bird.

The Roseate Spoonbill (*Platalea Ajaja*) is one of the most extraordinary species of the feathered tribe. The adult of either sex is two feet six inches in length, and about four feet in extent. The bill of the bird, from which the generic name of the race is derived, is generally about four or five inches in length, and of a form somewhat resembling that of a spoon. The Spoonbill is often seen in company with the Ibis, and like that bird does not attain its perfect plumage until the third year. However, it is a much rarer bird. Its adult plumage is of a roseate cast, while the feathers on the shoulders are of the most exquisite vermilion. There is but one other species included in this singular genus, which on account of its diminutive size has been called the 'Dwarf Spoonbill.' The Ibis are sometimes seen in flocks of several hundreds, which at a distance appear like clouds of crimson, floating in the air, while not more than six or eight Spoonbills are ever seen together. The Ibis are very shy birds, and it requires considerable stratagem to approach them while on the campo; during the dry season, when the campos become

parched by excessive heat and the absence of rain, these birds are more accessible by the sportsman. At this period of the year the Ibis frequent in large numbers the banks of the little streamlets which intersect the plains in all directions. The hunter, having discovered their rookery, pursues them cautiously in his noiseless canoe, concealed from view by the thick bushes which shade the streamlet's banks. Swiftly he glides along; the dip of his paddle is faint and the glance of his eye is quick. At length he arrives near the spot where the Ibis are assembled; raising his gun, he deliberately takes his aim, and the shrill and piercing report which soon startles the silence of the scene, announces the death knell of at least one of the winged naiads of the stream.

The rookeries or nesting-places of the Ibis are not undeserving of a passing notice. These are generally situated in the midst of the campos, in the near vicinity of running streams, and are only found in remote and uncultivated places. The nests are constructed in a rude manner, of leaves and sticks, and are built on a certain species of reed, which forms a dense thicket on the banks of streams, and which is wholly impenetrable on account of the sharp thorns with which the bushes are provided.

These rookeries are only tenanted by the Ibis during the dry season, the rainy months rendering them perfectly unfit for occupation: throughout this period they wander in small parties, roosting during the night in the forest. The Ibis become very much attached to their rookery, and notwithstanding their great natural timidity, it is almost impossible to drive them away from this their prairie home.

The Ibis and Spoonbills are occasionally found along the shores of our most Southern states, but are far more abundant on the humid marshes of the Guianas and Brazils. They may be easily domesticated if taken while young, but in this state are quite uninteresting in their habits, and altogether destitute of the gorgeous plumage which distinguishes them in their wild and natural condition. Although many persons have engaged in the pursuit of these birds from motives of a pecuniary character, yet the excessive timidity of their disposition, as well as the loneliness of their solitary resorts, has prevented scientific men from acquiring much information concerning the social habits which are peculiar to them in their native wilds.

The Flamingoes are a race of birds somewhat resembling the Ibis in general appearance, but are much taller, as well as more ungainly in their actions. They were in high consideration among the ancient Romans, who made use of them at their public entertainments as a luxurious article of food, and also offered them as propitiatory sacrifices to their mythological deities. These curious birds assemble together in large flocks, and while seen marching at a distance, they present a most singular spectacle, somewhat resembling that of a military company; and the regular evolutions which they go through with in their extraordinary peregrinations,

have a strong tendency to strengthen the spectator's belief in such a supposition.

On the discovery of America, large numbers of flamingoes were seen marching along the shores, who appeared to be quite tame, and manifested little fear or apprehension at the sight of the white men. They have since, however, been so eagerly sought after by hunters, that they are now comparatively scarce, and can hardly be approached without the aid of stratagem. Like the unfortunate aborigines who once shared with them, in blissful security, the swampy shores and luxuriant marshes of tropical America, this curious race of birds is rapidly disappearing from the world, and will probably be totally extinct before many years shall have expired. The advancement of civilization renders the labors of these birds unnecessary in the economy of nature, and with their native forests and swamps, they are rapidly fading away forever.

Would our limits permit, we might speak of the numerous species of cranes, some of which are above six feet in height; of the solitary herons, and the bitterns, 'those well known birds of desolation,' which frequent the tropical marshes and campos; but for the present we will confine our remarks to the consideration of those birds which dwell near the brook-side, and those which enliven the groves with their morning and evening songs.

We will now take a glance at the Trogons. These are a rich family of birds, which inhabit moist and sultry forests. Although not generally very symmetrical in form, yet their plumage is as fine and glistening as that of the humming-bird. They appear to be of a gloomy disposition, being found on the banks of streams, in wild and sequestered localities. Their habits, so far as known, are extremely solitary and uninteresting. They may be seen during the day, sitting in moody silence on the branches of overhanging trees, occasionally uttering in a melancholy strain, their plaintive note of *Cumair*, which has been given as a generic name to the entire family. Of this singular tribe, the 'Trogon Magnificens' is the most remarkable species. Indeed, it is surpassed by but few birds in beauty. Its general plumage is of emerald green, with metallic reflections, while its tail is composed of very delicate feathers, and is upward of two feet in length. It is found principally in Mexico, but is frequently seen in various sections of the luxuriant Guianas.

But the most celebrated and interesting of the stream birds are included under the genus *Alcedo*, or Kingfisher. These are quite numerous in warm climates, and are indeed found in all countries without the frigid zones. They differ very much in size, the largest species being more than twelve inches in length, while the smallest is considerably less than that of our common ground-sparrow. The plumage of some of the species is very fine and brilliant, being equal in the family of the Jacamas to that of the Trogons or humming-birds.

These birds are found in the neighborhood of meandering brooks, whose various windings they traverse with meteor-like quickness. At times they may be seen perched on a dry limb, watching eagerly



for their prey; and whenever one perceives with its piercing eye a little fish swimming beneath in the flowing tide, it darts eagerly into the water, and generally secures it; should it fail, however, in one attempt, it immediately varies its situation on the jutting bough.

Among the ancients, the Kingfisher was a bird beloved by poets and respected by philosophers; by the former, because like love-lorn swains it was accustomed to frequent the shades of romantic groves, and seemed to delight in the rippling of streams and the gentle murmuring of cascades. By the latter, because it was superstitiously believed that it had a controlling influence over the winds and waves. Hence, the derivation of its poetical name of Halcyon, and of those days of unusual stillness of the atmosphere called 'Halcyon days.' On these days the kingfishers were observed to be particularly industrious, as on account of the clearness of the air, and the absence of evaporation from the surface, they were enabled to carry on their fishing transactions with more than usual success.

There is a peculiar and indescribable charm about brook scenery, which in the tropics captivates us with its enchanting verdure, and beauty. There is a solemn grandeur connected with the boundless ocean, which overwhelms the mind with awe; there is a mild tranquillity reflected from the mirror-like surface of a placid lake, that awakens the finest and most tender sensibilities of the human heart, and who is there among the lovers of nature that is not impressed with feelings of profound admiration in the contemplation of some mighty river, which, having spent its childhood amid the mountain peaks, is now distributing its fertilizing influence throughout the luxuriant plains and valleys below? But aside from these, there is a calm beauty about the noiseless stream, which silently, or with gentle rippling, flows through the magnificent foliage of a tropical forest, which is too lovely and exquisite for either pen or pencil portrait.

In relation to the notes of birds, it may here with truth be remarked, that with few exceptions, birds of brilliant plumage, such as Toucans, Parrots, et cetera, have harsh and disagreeable cries, and also the contrary of this rule is generally correct; viz: that the most delightful songsters are usually of dull and unprepossessing appearance. This is the case with the nightingale, mocking-bird, and many other species whose voices gladden our gardens and our groves.

Although there are comparatively but few birds immediately within the tropics which are gifted with the faculty of song, yet there are many which inhabit the islands and countries just without its limits. Among these may be mentioned the 'Canary-bird' and the 'Nightingale.' The former inhabits those islands near the western coast of Africa, well known as 'the Canaries.' Here perpetual summer reigns throughout the year, while the perfume of the groves, the gentle rippling of streams, and the melodious carolling of the birds, have a tendency to impress the stranger with an idea that he is wandering amid the enchantments of fairy land.

Canary birds display considerable intelligence in captivity, and

have been taught to go through with pantomime performances of a singular and amusing character. They often live many years in confinement, and in this state, appear to be as happy and songful as in their own native wildwoods. Grief and melancholy seem to be strangers to them, and their life seems like a pleasant dream.

But the sweetest and most inimitable of all songsters is the nightingale. This universally-admired warbler is migratory in its habits, inhabiting the different countries of Europe during the summer, while at the approach of winter it retires to the warmer climates of Asia and Africa. It is a very solitary bird, and conceals itself in thick hedges and coppices, from whence it pours forth its harmonious song of delight. The power and compass of its voice is truly wonderful. A musician who was sauntering through the avenues of one of the public gardens in France, stopped to listen to the charming strains of two nightingales, who were warbling in a neighboring bush. Having a fine German flute with him, he raised it to his lips, and breathing a plaintive air, endeavored to entice the birds into a musical contest. For a few moments they continued silent, but at length they broke forth into a strain, harmonizing perfectly with that of the musician. He then raised the pitch a third, but the birds soon carried theirs above him. He then raised it an entire octave; but the birds, as if in derision, immediately raised theirs a third still higher. The musician then, acknowledging their superiority, abandoned the contest, to listen to their exquisite song of exultation and joy.

The nightingale was a great favorite of the ancient poets, who bestowed upon her the beautiful name of 'Philomela.' Virgil thus feelingly writes :

'*QUALIS populea mœrens Philomela sub umbra,  
Amisos queritum fœtus, quos durus aratur  
Observans nido implumes detraxit et illa,  
Flet noctem, ramoque fideus miserabile carmen,  
Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet.*'

Which has thus been elegantly and adequately translated :

'*AS PHILOMEL, in poplar shades alone  
For her lost offspring pours a mother's moan,  
Which some rough ploughman, marking for his prey,  
From the warm nest unfledged hath dragged away,  
Perched on a bough, she all night long complains,  
And fills the grove with sad repeated strains.*'

But into the various accounts of this bird, strange exaggerations have crept. An old English cyclopædia says : 'It is not to its power of song alone that this bird owes its celebrity. Wonderful stories are told of its oratorical powers. Gesner gravely relates that two kept at Ratisbon spent whole nights in discoursing on politics; and Pliny states that Germanicus and Drusus educated one so perfectly that it delivered speeches, both in Latin and Greek !'

The nightingale builds its nest near the banks of running streams, where it warbles forth its enchanting song, which, whether heard breaking upon the midnight silence of a crowded city, or in the sequestered retreats of the country, is sweeter than the mellow tones

of the lute, as it falls with tender cadence on the ear, entrancing the very soul with its celestial melody.

There are but few persons who have an adequate and just appreciation of the several uses and intents of the feathered race; consequently the study of ornithology is less attended to than its interest and importance seem to demand. The rapacious species of birds are evidently intended for preserving the purity of the atmosphere by devouring all such unburied carrion whose natural decomposition would create pestilence and disease. The water-birds generally coöperate in this employment, by destroying different species of reptiles, which would otherwise increase too rapidly, rendering the waters stagnant with their corruption, and filling the air with poisonous and putrid vapors. The smaller land-birds seem intended for destroying such insects as prey upon food useful for man; and it is probably a fact, that the harvests of the farmer would be more productive and less subject to disease, if the numerous little birds which frequent their grounds were suffered to pursue their several labors without molestation. They are also useful in disseminating seeds more universally over the surface of the earth. Beside, it is a correctly-ascertained fact, that of all the innumerable species of birds which exist, not one is poisonous; and being the purifiers of the atmosphere, the disseminators of plants and herbs, and the destroyers of certain insects which are pernicious after the object of their creation has been fulfilled, they may justly be included among 'the guardians of the human race.'

As nations increase in age they generally become more refined, and are disposed to render greater deference to the works and wonders of nature. And who, in reviewing the history of the world, and observing the never-failing progress of human events, can deny that the prospects of the present age present a subject for human congratulation? Wars are rare, and far less sanguinary than formerly; the arts and sciences are flourishing under the benign influence of public encouragement, and the study of nature itself is more attended to and patronized.

To the student of nature, the strongest and most encouraging inducements are offered. Unlike other pursuits, it never satiates, but leads us gradually onward, enlarging our vision at every step, until at last an interminable prospect of beauty is laid out before us. Every rock and tree and flower—every quadruped, bird, fish, or insect—and indeed every thing in which the genius of nature is manifest, has powerful claims upon our attention, and affords a subject for delightful meditation. Then it matters not whether we wander amid the stupendous solitudes of the mountain, or loiter amid the perfumed groves and luxuriant meadows of the valley; whether we bask in the sunshine of perpetual summer, or dwell amid the ice and snows of the frigid zone; for we have still a pursuit which is substantial as well as noble, and from which we can, under all circumstances, derive the most unlimited comfort and satisfaction. Indeed, the study of nature is a blissful labyrinth, in whose enchanted recesses we can seclude ourselves in seasons of

adversity and trouble ; where the remembrance of past pleasures will cast a halo around a desponding moment, and turn our thoughts ' from Nature up to Nature's God.'

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THE MYSTERY OF LIFE AND DEATH.

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BY MISS JOSEPHINE BROODGOOD.

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Oh ! who can scan life's mystery,  
Or find the golden clue  
Which safe shall guide us while we live,  
And bring us rightly through ?  
Oh ! would that one passed hence away  
Could tell us what he knew !

Alas ! where shall we seek the truth ?  
How know what must await  
The traveller to another land,  
Who cannot see his fate  
Until the veil itself be raised,  
And knowledge comes too late !

Oh ! could but *one* return to us  
From that far land of dreams,  
How blessed the truths revealed to earth,  
Enlighten'd by such beams !  
And knowing all that follows death,  
How safe to pass its streams !

But there is *One* who tasted death,  
To whom we all must cling,  
In that dark hour when on our brows  
The last cold damps shall spring ;  
O'er whom the grave no vict'ry found,  
Nor death could bring a sting.

To those who trust not to the blood  
So freely for us shed,  
For strength and light, and would evoke  
A spirit homeward fled,  
Jesus has said that such an one  
' Would not believe the dead.'

But *He* will guide the suffering one,  
And calm the troubled breast,  
For *He* hath said to those who mourn  
And have their sins confessed,  
' Come unto me, ye weary ones,  
And I will give you rest !'

## RUNNING A BLOCKADE IN THE LAST WAR.

BY NED BUNTINE.

BE it known unto the many who with commendable good taste peruse the monthly records of 'OLD KNICK.,' that the writer of this yarn has an uncle in the United States' navy, one Captain JACK BOWLINE, who has spent nearly fifty years of his life upon the ocean; a warm-hearted, hard-faced, jolly old fellow, whose head is as full of historical yarns of the past as his body is of shot-marks and scars of battle. Often has he cheered my sad spirit with his lively tales, and winged many an hour with his yarns of adventures which occurred during the last war with England, in which he commanded the privateer-schooner 'Hope,' a beautiful clipper of about one hundred and fifty tons, and two thirty-two pounder pivot-guns. One of these yarns I here commit to paper, in as nearly as possible his own language:

'We were lying in New-York harbor, just betwixt Governor's Island and the Battery, when the fleet that chased the old Constitution so hard was blockading the channels at both ends of Long Island, keeping such a sharp look-out along shore with their frigates and tenders that not a craft dare stir out of her anchorage. This made me as cross as an English man-o'-war's-man on short rations; for I was lying in port, feeding a crew, keeping my craft on expenses, and all that; and it did n't suit my free-born nature to be cooped up like a stray pig in a strange pen, when I knew that money was to be made on blue water, if I could only reach it. So one day I mustered the crew aft, and spun them off a bit of a speech; told 'em that it was all humbug for us to lie there doing nothing, and asked 'em if they would stand by me to the last if I would try and run the blockade; telling 'em at the same time that I intended to let the craft sink before she should be captured; that the stars-and-stripes should never come down from the schooner's truck while *she* floated above water.

'The crew gave me three cheers, and that was all the answer that I wanted; so I gave orders to re-stow the hold, clean up the arms, and get every thing ready for sea. I intended to take the first nor'-west wind and dark night, and try the run.

'I did n't have long to wait before the night and nor'-wester came. It was indeed a fine night for my work. The wind came fitfully off the land in squalls; the heavy black clouds that tumbled along between the stars and the earth made every thing as dark as the middle of a tar-bucket, and the rain came down as if the caulking of the sky had all fell out.

'Soon after the darkness had got fairly settled, I called all hands and reefed our sails down snug, then roused up the anchor and got

under way. I set the main-sail, close-reefed fore-top-sail and jib, and with the wind on my starboard quarter, stood down the bay, steering by compass and soundings.

'It was uncommonly dark, and once in a while the squalls would sweep down the bay, bellying out our scant sails, and bending the creaking spars over the bows, while the craft quivered like a dry leaf in the autumnal blast.

'We showed no light, and kept as quiet as a mouse when the cat is in its vicinity, as we neared Sandy Hook, for we knew that the tenders of the fleet would lay close in under the land, so as to make a lee, as also to keep a look-out for coasters, or the like of us, who might take the advantage of the weather, and try to give them the slip.

'We kept on very well till we were clear of the point of the Hook, and were stretching out over the middle-ground in a little under three-fathom soundings, when I, who was standing for'ard by the heel of the bowsprit, with a night-glass in my hand, trying to send my eye ahead into the darkness, suddenly caught a glimpse of a dark object, close aboard and directly ahead of us. I had scarcely sung out: 'Hard-a-port your helm!' to the steersman, when luffing up in the wind a little, we passed close alongside of a large schooner, which was lying-to on the off-shore tack, with her close-reefed foresail set. As we swept past her, I saw at once that she was a man o' war, and at the same time her officer of the deck hailed us:

'Schooner ahoy! Who are you? Heave to, or I'll fire into you!

'I was so completely thrown aback by this sudden meeting, that I forgot to answer him, and on we swiftly swept in the darkness, without even giving him a light to show where we were. But he was pretty good at guessing, for within four or five minutes a shot came whizzing along, not more than forty or fifty fathoms to leeward of us, and then we could see the lights glancing about her decks, as all hands were called, and we knew that he was making sail in chase.

'Light ho!' sung out a man from aloft, and then in an instant added: 'Lights ahead, and on both bows, Sir!'

'Then before the words were out of the topman's mouth, my first lieutenant sung out from the quarter deck, 'Lights on the weather quarter and beam, Captain Bowline!'

'I clambered aloft, and took a look with my glass, and saw that we were completely hemmed in. A circle of lights surrounded us, all of which I knew came from the enemy's shipping, and to crown the whole, and make a bad fix worse, the rascal whom I had passed but a moment before, commenced throwing up signal-rockets to show where our schooner was.

'As my glass swept around that circle of lights, I thought that I'd got myself in a bad scrape, and wished from the lowermost locker of my heart that my little craft was back at her old anchorage, for the prospect of hard knocks and no prize-money was not particularly brilliant just at that moment. But I determined to get clear if I could; and hurrying down to the deck, made the crew set the to-

gallant sail and square-sail. Then I had a light run up at each mast-head, as the schooner astern of me had already done, so as to deceive the ships ahead of me, which lay in such a position that I must pass close by them. The fellow astern now knew me by my bearings, and he soon showed, by the change in his bearings and the motion of his lights, as they swung to and fro from his bending spars, that he was following in my wake under a press of sail. He kept continually sending up rockets and blue-lights, and I imitated as nearly as possible each signal that he made, for I knew that if the heavy ships outside of me once smelt the rat, and found out who I was, a single broadside would be dose enough for my poor little schooner.

‘Apparently exasperated at our good imitations, the craft astern yawed from her course and fired a couple of shots at us, but as we paid no attention to her harmless shots, and she only lost ground by firing, she stopped it and pressed on in chase. We too cracked on every thread of canvass which our craft would bear, knowing that every thing depended on passing the ships outside without receiving a fire from them.

‘Once more I took my glass and went forward to pick the best spot to pass their line. Just ahead of us were two lights pretty close together, which I thought, from the heights at which they hung, might be suspended from the gaffs of frigates or corvettes, and I made up my mind to run boldly under the stern of the rearmost of them, and try to pass myself off as one of their tenders, knowing that nothing but a stratagem could save me. So, still showing similar signals to those of the schooner astern, I held my course. In a few minutes we neared the sternmost ship, and then I saw by her lighted ports that she was a three-decker line o’ battle ship. I reckon I was a *leetle* skeered, just then, but I did n’t tell my men so, and they seemed to be as cool as white bears on an iceberg.

‘As we came within hail of the seventy-four, a gruff English voice shouted through a trumpet :

‘Schooner ahoy ! Is that the Nereide ?’

‘Thank God, for *that* hint !’ thought I, as I answered :

‘Ay, ay, Sir !’

‘What’s in the wind ?’ he again hailed. ‘Your signal-officer must be drunk ; we can’t understand you. Explain yourself !’

‘I’m in chase of a bloody villain of a Yankee, that’s trying to run the blockade !’ shouted I.

‘Oh ! very well !’ he answered ; ‘I hope you’ll catch the sneaking scullion !’

‘So do I, and keep him after he is caught ; but ‘*hopes*’ are slippery things, as the old woman said of the eels which she was skinning, when she lost them overboard !’

‘Another moment and we were beyond his hail, and outside of the line of ships, bowling off at the rate of eleven or twelve knots. In a few minutes we doused every light, then altered our course four points to the southward, and were in a few moments hidden from the enemy by the darkness.

‘I soon saw the pursuing schooner run under the stern of the

seventy-four, and then, by the new signals made, knew at once that my stratagem had been detected. The seventy-four fired guns, and at once the lights of the whole line commenced changing their bearings, and I saw that a general chase had been ordered. I did n't care now, however, for I knew that my little craft had the heels of 'em, and with the darkness to aid me, I felt assured of escape.

'Before day broke, I was away down off the Capes of the Delaware, with every thing astern of me hull-down, and as I shaped my course for the West-Indies, I laughed to think that the Englishman's 'Hope' had proved so slippery!'

'WEEP NOT FOR THE DEPARTED.'

BY E. CURTIS DIMS.

I.

Why weep for the departed?  
For the captive spirit free?  
The loved ones, and true hearted,  
Who have crossed Life's wintry sea?

II.

Ye say that they have faded,  
Like the early flowers of spring,  
And that their graves are shaded  
By the willow's drooping wing:

III.

That reptiles now are creeping  
In the midnight dark and lone,  
Where the friends ye loved are sleeping,  
Where the night-winds make their moan:

IV.

And ye weep that youth and Beauty  
In their bloom should thus decay,  
That DEATH should do his duty,  
And summon them away!

V.

Know ye not that withered flowers,  
When the winter's storm are o'er,  
Bloom again, in beauty's bowers,  
On the laughing streamlet's shore?

VI.

Know ye not that voiceless rivers,  
Bound with Winter's icy chain,  
Bright rosy Spring delivers,  
And that they sing again?



## THE OREGON TRAIL.

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN.

## BREAKING THE ICE.

'T is merry in green-wood — thus runs the old lay —  
 In the gladsome month of lively May,  
 When the wild bird's song, on stem and spray,  
 Invites to forest bower:  
 Then rears the ash his airy crest,  
 And the beech in glistening leaves is drest;  
 And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,  
 Like a chieftain's frowning tower.'

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

BOTH Shaw and myself were tolerably inured to the vicissitudes of travelling. We had experienced them under various forms, and a birch-canoe was as familiar to us as a steam-boat. The restlessness, the love of wilds and hatred of cities, natural perhaps in early years to every unperverted son of Adam, was not our only motive for undertaking the present journey. My companion hoped to shake off the effects of a disorder that had impaired a constitution originally hardy and robust; and I was anxious to pursue some inquiries relative to the character and usages of the remote Indian nations, being already familiar with many of the border tribes.

Emerging from the mud-hole where we last took leave of the reader, we pursued our way for some time along the narrow track, in the chequered sun-shine and shadow of the woods, till at length, issuing forth into the broad light, we left behind us the farthest outskirts of that great forest that once spread unbroken from the western plains to the shore of the Atlantic. Looking over an intervening belt of shrubbery, we saw the green, ocean-like expanse of prairie, stretching swell over swell to the horizon.

It was a mild, calm spring day; a day when one is more disposed to musing and reverie than to action, and the softest part of his nature is apt to gain the ascendancy. I rode in advance of the party, as we passed through the shrubbery, and as a nook of green grass offered a strong temptation, I dismounted and lay down there. All the trees and saplings were in flower, or budding into fresh leaf; the red clusters of the maple-blossoms and the rich flowers of the Indian-apple were there in profusion; and I was half inclined to regret leaving behind the land of gardens for the rude and stern scenes of the prairie and the mountains.

Meanwhile the party came in sight from out of the bushes. Foremost rode Henry Chatillon, our guide and hunter, a fine athletic figure, mounted on a hardy gray Wyandot pony. He wore a white blanket-coat, a broad hat of felt, moccasins, and pantaloons of deer-skin, ornamented along the seams with rows of long fringes. His knife was stuck in his belt; his bullet-pouch and powder-horn

hung at his side, and his rifle lay before him, resting against the high pommel of his saddle, which, like all his equipments, had seen hard service, and was much the worse for wear. Shaw followed close, mounted on a little sorrel horse, and leading a larger animal by a rope. His outfit, which resembled mine, had been provided with a view to use rather than ornament. It consisted of a plain black Spanish saddle, with holsters of heavy pistols, a blanket rolled up behind it, and the trail-rope attached to his horse's neck hanging coiled in front. He carried a double-barrelled smooth-bore, while I boasted a rifle of some fifteen pounds weight. At that time our attire, though far from elegant, bore some marks of civilization, and offered a very favorable contrast to the inimitable shabbiness of our appearance on the return journey. A red flannel-shirt, belted around the waist like a frock, then constituted our upper garment; moccasins had supplanted our failing boots; and the remaining essential portion of our attire consisted of an extraordinary article, manufactured by a squaw out of smoked buck-skin. Our muleteer, Delorier, brought up the rear with his cart, wading ankle-deep in the mud, alternately puffing at his pipe, and ejaculating in his prairie patois: '*Sacre enfant de garce !*' as one of the mules would seem to recoil before some abyss of unusual profundity. The cart was of the kind that one may see by dozens around the marketplace in Montreal, and had a white covering to protect the articles within; these were our provisions and a tent, with ammunition, blankets, and presents for the Indians.

We were in all four men, with eight animals; for beside the spare horses led by Shaw and myself, an additional mule was driven along with us as a reserve in case of accident.

After this summing up of our forces, it may not be amiss to glance at the characters of the two men who accompanied us.

Delorier was a Canadian, with all the characteristics of the true Jean Baptiste. Neither fatigue, exposure, nor hard labor could ever impair his cheerfulness and gayety, nor his obsequious politeness to his *bourgeois*; and when night came, he would sit down by the fire, smoke his pipe, and tell stories with the utmost contentment. In fact the prairie was his congenial element. Henry Châtillon was of a different stamp. When we were at St. Louis, several of the gentlemen of the Fur Company had kindly offered to procure for us a hunter and guide suited for our purposes, and on coming one afternoon to the office, we found there a tall and exceedingly well-dressed man, with a face so open and frank that it attracted our notice at once. We were surprised at being told that it was he who wished to guide us to the mountains. He was born in a little French town near St. Louis, and from the age of fifteen years had been constantly in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, employed for the most part by the Company, to supply their forts with buffalo meat. As a hunter, he had but one rival in the whole region, a man named Cimoneau, with whom, to the honor of both of them, he was on terms of the closest friendship. He had arrived at St. Louis the day before, from the mountains, where he had remained

for four years ; and he now only asked to go and spend a day with his mother, before setting out on another expedition. His age was about thirty ; he was six feet high, and very powerfully and gracefully moulded. The prairies had been his school ; he could neither read nor write, but he had a natural refinement and delicacy of mind, such as is very rarely found, even in women. His manly face was a perfect mirror of uprightness, simplicity and kindness of heart ; he had moreover a keen perception of character, and a tact that would preserve him from flagrant error in any society. Henry had not the restless energy of an Anglo-American. He was content to take things as he found them ; and his chief fault arose from an excess of easy generosity, impelling him to give away too profusely ever to thrive in the world. Yet it was commonly remarked of him, that whatever he might choose to do with what belonged to himself, the property of others was always safe in his hands. His bravery was as much celebrated in the mountains as his skill in hunting ; but it is characteristic of him that in a country where the rifle is the chief arbiter between man and man, Henry was very seldom involved in quarrels. Once or twice, indeed, his quiet good nature had been mistaken and presumed upon, but the consequences of the error were so formidable, that no one was ever known to repeat it. No better evidence of the intrepidity of his temper could be wished, than the common report that he had killed more than thirty grizzly bears. He was a proof of what unaided nature will sometimes do. I have never, in the city or in the wilderness, met a better man than my noble and true-hearted friend, Henry Chatillon.

We were soon free of the woods and bushes, and fairly upon the broad prairie. Now and then a Shawanoe passed us, riding his little shaggy pony at a 'lope ;' his calico shirt, his gaudy sash, and the gay handkerchief bound around his snaky hair, fluttering in the wind. At noon we stopped to rest not far from a little creek, replete with frogs and young turtles. There had been an Indian encampment at the place, and the frame-work of their lodges still remained, enabling us very easily to gain a shelter from the sun, by merely spreading one or two blankets over them. Thus shaded, we sat upon our saddles, and Shaw for the first time lighted his favorite Indian pipe ; while Delorier was squatted over a hot bed of coals, shading his eyes with one hand, and holding a little stick in the other, with which he regulated the hissing contents of the frying-pan. The horses were turned to feed among the scattered bushes of a low oozy meadow. A drowsy spring-like sultriness pervaded the air, and the voices of ten thousand young frogs and insects, just awakened into life, rose in varied chorus from the creek and the meadows.

Scarcely were we seated when a visitor approached. This was an old Kansas Indian ; a man of distinction, if one might judge from his dress. His head was shaved and painted red, and from the tuft of hair remaining on the crown dangled several eagle's feathers, and the tails of two or three rattle-snakes. His cheeks, too, were daubed with vermillion ; his ears were adorned with

green glass pendants; a collar of grizzly bear's claws surrounded his neck, and several large necklaces of wampum hung on his breast. Having shaken us by the hand with a cordial grunt of salutation, the old man, dropping his red blanket from his shoulders, sat down cross-legged on the ground. In the absence of liquor, we offered him a cup of sweetened water, at which he ejaculated 'Good!' and was beginning to tell us how great a man he was, and how many Pawnees he had killed, when suddenly a motley concourse appeared wading across the creek toward us. They filed past in rapid succession, men, women and children: some were on horseback, some on foot, but all were alike squalid and wretched. Old squaws, mounted astride of shaggy, meagre little ponies, with perhaps one or two snake-eyed children seated behind them, clinging to their tattered blankets; tall lank young men on foot, with bows and arrows in their hands; and girls whose native ugliness not all the charms of glass beads and scarlet cloth could disguise, made up the procession; although here and there was a man who, like our visitor, seemed to hold some rank in this respectable community. They were the dregs of the Kansas nation, who while their betters were gone to hunt the buffalo, had left the village on a begging expedition to Westport.

When this ragamuffin horde had passed, we caught our horses, saddled, harnessed, and resumed our journey. Forging the creek, the low roofs of a number of rude buildings appeared, rising from a cluster of groves and woods on the left; and riding up through a long lane, amid a profusion of wild roses and early spring flowers, we found the log-church and school-houses belonging to the Methodist Shawanoe Mission. The Indians were on the point of gathering to a religious meeting. Some scores of them, tall men in half-civilized dress, were seated on wooden benches under the trees; while their horses were tied to the sheds and fences. Their chief, Parks, a remarkably large and athletic man, was just arrived from Westport, where he owns a trading establishment. Beside this, he has a fine farm and a considerable number of slaves. Indeed the Shawanoes have made greater progress in agriculture than any other tribe on the Missouri frontier; and both in appearance and in character form a marked contrast to our late acquaintance, the Kansas.

A few hour's ride brought us to the banks of the river Kansas. Traversing the woods that lined it, and ploughing through the deep sand, we encamped not far from the bank, at the Lower Delaware crossing. Our tent was erected for the first time, on a meadow close to the woods, and the camp preparations being complete, we began to think of supper. An old Delaware woman, of some three hundred pounds weight, sat in the porch of a little old log-house, close to the water, and a very pretty half-breed girl was engaged, under her superintendence, in feeding a large flock of turkeys that were fluttering and gobbling about the door. But no offers of money, or even of tobacco, could induce her to part with one of her favorites: so I took my rifle, to see if the woods or the river could furnish us any thing. A multitude of quails were plaintively whistling in the

woods and meadows ; but nothing appropriate to the rifle was to be seen, except three buzzards, seated on the spectral limbs of an old dead sycamore, that thrust itself out over the river from the dense sunny wall of fresh foliage. Their ugly heads were drawn down between their shoulders, and they seemed to luxuriate in the soft sunshine that was pouring from the west. As they offered no epicurean temptations, I refrained from disturbing their enjoyment ; but contented myself with admiring the calm beauty of the sunset, for the river, eddying swiftly in deep purple shadows between the impending woods, formed a wild but tranquillizing scene.

When I returned to the camp, I found Shaw and an old Indian seated on the ground in close conference, passing the pipe between them. The old man was explaining that he loved the whites, and had an especial partiality for tobacco. Delorier was arranging upon the ground our service of tin cups and plates ; and as other viands were not to be had, he set before us a repast of biscuit and bacon, and a large pot of coffee. Unsheathing our knives, we attacked it, disposed of the greater part, and tossed the residue to the Indian. Meanwhile our horses, now hobbled for the first time, stood among the trees, with their fore-legs tied together, in great disgust and astonishment. They seemed by no means to relish this foretaste of what was before them. Mine, in particular, had conceived a mortal aversion to the prairie life. One of them, christened Hendrick, an animal whose strength and hardihood were his only merits, and who yielded to nothing but the cogent arguments of the whip, looked toward us with an indignant countenance, as if he meditated avenging his wrongs with a kick. The other, Pontiac, a good horse, though of plebeian lineage, stood with his head drooping and his mane hanging about his eyes, with the grieved and sulky air of a lubberly boy sent off to school. Poor Pontiac ! his forebodings were but too just ; for when I last heard from him, he was under the lash of an Ogilallah brave, on a war party against the Crows.

As it grew dark, and the voices of the whippoorwills succeeded the whistle of the quails, we removed our saddles to the tent, to serve as pillows, spread our blankets upon the ground, and prepared to bivouac for the first time that season. Each man selected the place in the tent which he was to occupy for the journey. To Delorier, however, was assigned the cart, into which he could creep in wet weather, and find a much better shelter than his *bourgeois* enjoyed in the tent.

The river Kansas at this point forms the boundary line between the country of the Shawanoes and that of the Delawares. We crossed it on the following day, rafting over our horses and equipage with much difficulty, and unlading our cart in order to make our way up the steep ascent on the farther bank. It was a Sunday morning ; warm, tranquil and bright ; and a perfect stillness reigned over the rough enclosures and neglected fields of the Delawares, except the ceaseless hum and chirruping of myriads of insects. Now and then an Indian rode past on his way to the meeting-house, or through the dilapidated entrance of some shattered log-house,

an old woman might be discerned enjoying all the luxury of idleness. There was no village bell, for the Delawares have none; and yet upon that forlorn and rude settlement was the same spirit of Sabbath repose and tranquillity as in some little New-England village among the mountains of New-Hampshire, or the Vermont woods.

Having at present no leisure for such reflections, we pursued our journey. A military road led from this point to Fort Leavenworth, and for many miles the farms and cabins of the Delawares were scattered at short intervals on either hand. The little rude structures of logs, erected usually on the borders of a tract of woods, made a picturesque feature in the landscape. But the scenery needed no foreign aid: Nature had done enough for it; and the alternation of rich green prairies and groves that stood in clusters or lined the banks of the numerous little streams, had all the softened and polished beauty of a region that has been for centuries under the hand of man. At that early season, too, it was in the height of its freshness and luxuriance. The woods were flushed with the red buds of the maple; there were frequent flowering shrubs unknown in the east; and the green swells of the prairie were thickly studded with blossoms.

Encamping near a spring, by the side of a hill, we resumed our journey in the morning, and early in the afternoon had arrived within a few miles of Fort Leavenworth. The road crossed a stream densely bordered with trees, and running in the bottom of a deep woody hollow. We were about to descend into it, when a wild and confused procession appeared, passing through the water below, and coming up the steep ascent toward us. We stopped to let them pass. They were Delawares, just returned from a hunting expedition. All, both men and women, were mounted on horse-back, and drove along with them a considerable number of pack-mules, laden with the furs they had taken, together with the buffalo-ropes, kettles, and other articles of their travelling equipment, which, as well as their clothing and their weapons, had a worn and dingy aspect, as if they had seen hard service of late. At the rear of the party was an old man, who, as he came up, stopped his horse to speak to us. He rode a little tough shaggy pony, with mane and tail well knotted with burrs, and a rusty Spanish bit in its mouth, to which, by way of reins, was attached a string of raw hide. His saddle, robbed probably from a Mexican, had no covering, being merely a tree of the Spanish form, with a piece of grisly bear's skin laid over it, a pair of rude wooden stirrups attached, and in the absense of girth, a thong of hide passing around the horse's belly. The rider's dark features and keen snaky eye were unequivocally Indian. He wore a buck-skin frock, which, like his fringed leggings, was well polished and blackened by grease and long service; and an old handkerchief was tied around his head. Resting on the saddle before him, lay his rifle; a weapon in the use of which the Delawares are skilful, though, from its weight, the distant prairie Indians are too lazy to carry it.

'Who's your chief?' he immediately inquired.

Henry Chatillon pointed to us. The old Delaware fixed his eyes intently upon us for a moment, and then sententiously remarked : 'No good ! Too young !' With this flattering comment he left us, and rode after his people.

This tribe, the Delawares, once the peaceful allies of William Penn, the tributaries of the conquering Iroquois, are now the most adventurous and dreaded warriors upon the prairies. They make war upon remote tribes, the very names of which were unknown to their fathers in their ancient seats in Pennsylvania ; and they push these new quarrels with true Indian rancor, sending out their little war-parties as far as the Rocky Mountains, and into the Mexican territories. Their neighbors and former confederates, the Shawanoes, who are tolerable farmers, are in a prosperous condition ; but the Delawares dwindle every year, from the number of men lost in their warlike expeditions.

Soon after leaving this party, we saw, stretching on the right, the forests that follow the course of the Missouri, and the deep woody channel through which at this point it runs. At a distance in front were the white barracks of Fort Leavenworth, just visible through the trees upon an eminence above a bend of the river. A wide green meadow, as level as a lake, lay between us and the Missouri, and upon this, close to a line of trees that bordered a little brook, stood the tent of the Captain and his companions, with their horses feeding around it ; but they themselves were invisible. Wright, their muleteer, was there, seated on the tongue of the wagon, repairing his harness. Boisverd stood cleaning his rifle at the door of the tent, and Sorel lounged idly about. On closer examination, however, we discovered the Captain's brother, Jack, sitting in the tent, at his old occupation of splicing trail-ropes. He welcomed us in his broad Irish brogue, and said that his brother was fishing in the river, and R—— gone to the garrison. They returned before sun-set. Meanwhile we erected our own tent not far off, and after supper a council was held, in which it was resolved to remain one day at Fort Leavenworth, and on the next to bid a final adieu to the frontier ; or in the phraseology of the region, to 'jump off.' Our deliberations were conducted by the ruddy light from a distant swell of the prairie, where the long dry grass of last summer was on fire.

EPIGRAM

ON AN UGLY WOMAN SITTING FOR HER DAGUERRETYPE.

BY JOHN G. SAKE.

HERE Nature in her glass (the wanton elf !)  
Sits gravely 'making faces' at herself ;  
And while she scans her clumsy features o'er,  
Repeats the blunders that she made of yore !

## THE VOYAGE : A BALLAD.

BY JOHN HONSTWELL.

'T is now an hundred years or more, since on an autumn day,  
A little fleet from Hartford's shores got slowly under way ;  
A little fleet indeed it was, two schooners and a scow,  
And one batteau, that led the van with its imposing prow.

Brave were the hearts of those who manned the enterprising craft,  
Men who had served apprenticeship on flat-boat and on raft ;  
And well they knew all weather signs, and when to beat or scud,  
And ev'ry hidden sand-bar knew, and ev'ry reef of mud.

And as they rounded old ' Dutch Point,' that juts so broad and sheer,  
They gaily swung their hats aloft, and gave a hearty cheer ;  
The favoring breezes bore them on, and filled each bellying sail,  
Until the fleet careened unto the ' keel-compelling gale.'

Then firmly ev'ry hard glazed hat was on each forehead pressed,  
And tightened ev'ry strap that girt each linsey-woolsey vest ;  
Firm was the helm within the grasp, and bright the look-out kept,  
As bravely o'er the treacherous bars the stately squadron swept.

The mouth of ' Salmon Brook' is passed, witch-haunted though it be,  
And starboard shines the sedgy ' Cove,' like to a glittering sea ;  
And now the odoriferous gales from Wethersfield are met,  
That with a tingling moisture make their quivering eye-lids wet.

' Sabeian odors' freight the breeze that follows from the strand,  
While with reluctant nose they leave the aromatic land ;  
And as upon the rail he leans, each skipper heaves a sigh,  
And wipes the sympathetic tear that trembles in his eye.

Now Glastenbury looms in sight ; there where the turbid flood  
Sweeps round the swallow-punctured banks, and soaks the yellow mud ;  
And there it was the angry wind came freshening from the west,  
And sent the curling waves along the troubled river's breast.

What ho, bold seamen ! Lift your eyes above the creaking mast !  
The clouds are hurrying dark and wild, the scud is driving fast ;  
The gulls are screaming over head, the waves are black below,  
And the foam beneath your keel is in a phosphorescent glow.

' Hard up the helm and shorten sail ! the raging storm is here,  
The convoy is shut out amid the murky atmosphere ;  
There is no gleam of light to cheer, or break the darkness now,  
Our comrade is clean out of sight, and where 's the gallant scow ?



The gloomy clouds, the roaring winds, the thick and blinding spray,  
Lent pallor to the swarthy brows of stalwart men that day ;  
And up and down the river broad the fleet were scattered wide,  
Breasting the storm as best they might, withouten chart or guide.

Ah me ! it was a fearsome time ; stout hearts were full of dread,  
A dangerous shore beneath their lee, the Storm-King over head !  
O ! it was then that pale dismay sat on their tell-tale looks,  
As they thought of 'bloudy salvages,' of Moodus and of spooks !

And there were sounds of starting pumps, of ropes and timbers riven,  
And all that sort of din which fills a ship by tempest driven :  
The men all swore they never knew the waves to run so wild,  
Nor never knew, in all their lives, the river so much r'iled.

'T were vain to tell of spars that split while they were sadly tossed,  
Of pails and hatches knocked about, of oars and thole-pins lost ;  
Nor oh ! how dreary passed the night with each bewildered crew,  
While land-marks and the land itself were hidden from their view.

But when the sun shone out once more, and the hushed winds were still,  
And they found themselves right off against the bluffs of Rocky Hill,  
The sight of pine-trees waving o'er the beetling ledges bold,  
Was a most precious sight to all those sailors wet and cold.

And then the dripping skippers joined once more in counsel sweet,  
And told to each the dangers wild that had beset the fleet ;  
One's keel had grazed upon a bar, one lost his grappling hook,  
And one had run afoul a stump, while one had seen a spook !

It was the captain of the scow, the frightful spook that saw,  
An awful form amid the storm, with grim and bloody jaw ;  
And it had two great burning eyes within its horrid head,  
And snow-white wings, that thrice it flapped, before it shrieked and fled !

Those mariners, with bristling hair, then spread each storm-ried sail,  
And one on other trembling gazed, with quivering lips and pale ;  
The very wind itself was awed, and did refuse to blow,  
And so, while riding out the calm, they all went down below.

But men and wind got o'er their fright, and both came up at length,  
The breeze to plume its drooping wing, the men to show their strength ;  
And then at last they bore away adown the tranquil stream,  
Between the green and sloping banks, as in a pleasant dream.

'Help, ho !' a sharp and sudden cry ; a surge ; a crash ; a shock ;  
'Help, or we sink ! the plaguy scow has struck upon a rock !'  
Alarm filled ev'ry seaman's soul and sat on ev'ry brow,  
For sure it seemed the surging wave would overwhelm the scow !

But ere a hand could reach the boat, or offer it an oar,  
The treacherous rock, submerged, arose and paddled to the shore !  
With wonder great they did behold the cause of their mishap,  
To find it but a turtle there, thus startled from his nap !

The steering oar again is bent ; again they hold their way,  
The white foam flying from their keels, and from their bows the spray ;  
Fair ' Upper Houses ' now are past, and Middletown in sight,  
And ev'ry nerve is strained to reach their port before 't is night.

All in good time the fleet was moored, wet jackets taken off,  
And rattling fell the heavy sails as they swung to the wharf ;  
But where those jovial sailors went, when all was right and tight,  
It were not well for me to tell, nor how they spent the night.

But it is true as gospel-words, that on next Sunday morn,  
When worshippers were called to prayer by the familiar horn,  
Those men all came to render thanks, and pray with serious lips,  
For those who traffic on the deep, and who abide in ships.

#### THE HOUSE-HUNTER'S FAMILY.

A TALE OF NEW-YORK.

' My dear James,' said Mrs. Brown to her husband. The gentleman laid down the newspaper he was perusing and looked up with a quiet smile, for he knew by his wife's tone she was about to prefer a request. The lady colored as she met his glance, and continued : ' It will soon be the first of May.'

' A very trite remark, my dear, the truth of which I shall not dispute ; what then ?'

' Why *then* is the time of moving,' answered Mrs. Brown, a little nettled at her husband's coolness.

' Equally true,' replied he ; ' and I suppose you were congratulating yourself on your fortunate escape from that most troublesome and inconvenient business.'

' The trouble is not to be considered, when the change effected is desirable ; and indeed I have been thinking for some time past, that it would be well for us to remove this spring, as the house is becoming entirely too small for our family, and we might for the same rent procure a much more commodious and comfortable one.'

The lady spoke energetically ; she had determined on a removal, and was resolved to carry her point. Mr. Brown looked a little disconcerted, but he said quietly : ' The house is no smaller now than it ever was, Sarah ; and though I doubt not we might easily procure a larger one, I am sure that I at least should find none more comfortable than this dear ' old familiar home,' which you have made cheerful and happy for so many years.'

He spoke kindly, and his wife was touched.

' The house is snug enough,' she said, in a more subdued tone, looking around the neat and well-furnished room, ' and were it not for the children, I should be well contented to end my days here ;

for four years ; and he now only asked to go and spend a day with his mother, before setting out on another expedition. His age was about thirty ; he was six feet high, and very powerfully and gracefully moulded. The prairies had been his school ; he could neither read nor write, but he had a natural refinement and delicacy of mind, such as is very rarely found, even in women. His manly face was a perfect mirror of uprightness, simplicity and kindness of heart ; he had moreover a keen perception of character, and a tact that would preserve him from flagrant error in any society. Henry had not the restless energy of an Anglo-American. He was content to take things as he found them ; and his chief fault arose from an excess of easy generosity, impelling him to give away too profusely ever to thrive in the world. Yet it was commonly remarked of him, that whatever he might choose to do with what belonged to himself, the property of others was always safe in his hands. His bravery was as much celebrated in the mountains as his skill in hunting ; but it is characteristic of him that in a country where the rifle is the chief arbiter between man and man, Henry was very seldom involved in quarrels. Once or twice, indeed, his quiet good nature had been mistaken and presumed upon, but the consequences of the error were so formidable, that no one was ever known to repeat it. No better evidence of the intrepidity of his temper could be wished, than the common report that he had killed more than thirty grizzly bears. He was a proof of what unaided nature will sometimes do. I have never, in the city or in the wilderness, met a better man than my noble and true-hearted friend, Henry Chatillon.

We were soon free of the woods and bushes, and fairly upon the broad prairie. Now and then a Shawanoe passed us, riding his little shaggy pony at a 'lope,' his calico shirt, his gaudy sash, and the gay handkerchief bound around his snaky hair, fluttering in the wind. At noon we stopped to rest not far from a little creek, replete with frogs and young turtles. There had been an Indian encampment at the place, and the frame-work of their lodges still remained, enabling us very easily to gain a shelter from the sun, by merely spreading one or two blankets over them. Thus shaded, we sat upon our saddles, and Shaw for the first time lighted his favorite Indian pipe ; while Delorier was squatted over a hot bed of coals, shading his eyes with one hand, and holding a little stick in the other, with which he regulated the hissing contents of the frying-pan. The horses were turned to feed among the scattered bushes of a low oozy meadow. A drowsy spring-like sultriness pervaded the air, and the voices of ten thousand young frogs and insects, just awakened into life, rose in varied chorus from the creek and the meadows.

Scarcely were we seated when a visitor approached. This was an old Kansas Indian ; a man of distinction, if one might judge from his dress. His head was shaved and painted red, and from the tuft of hair remaining on the crown dangled several eagle's feathers, and the tails of two or three rattle-snakes. His cheeks, too, were daubed with vermillion ; his ears were adorned with

green glass pendants; a collar of grizzly bear's claws surrounded his neck, and several large necklaces of wampum hung on his breast. Having shaken us by the hand with a cordial grunt of salutation, the old man, dropping his red blanket from his shoulders, sat down cross-legged on the ground. In the absence of liquor, we offered him a cup of sweetened water, at which he ejaculated 'Good!' and was beginning to tell us how great a man he was, and how many Pawnees he had killed, when suddenly a motley concourse appeared wading across the creek toward us. They filed past in rapid succession, men, women and children: some were on horseback, some on foot, but all were alike squalid and wretched. Old squaws, mounted astride of shaggy, meagre little ponies, with perhaps one or two snake-eyed children seated behind them, clinging to their tattered blankets; tall lank young men on foot, with bows and arrows in their hands; and girls whose native ugliness not all the charms of glass beads and scarlet cloth could disguise, made up the procession; although here and there was a man who, like our visitor, seemed to hold some rank in this respectable community. They were the dregs of the Kansas nation, who while their betters were gone to hunt the buffalo, had left the village on a begging expedition to Westport.

When this ragamuffin horde had passed, we caught our horses, saddled, harnessed, and resumed our journey. Forging the creek, the low roofs of a number of rude buildings appeared, rising from a cluster of groves and woods on the left; and riding up through a long lane, amid a profusion of wild roses and early spring flowers, we found the log-church and school-houses belonging to the Methodist Shawanoe Mission. The Indians were on the point of gathering to a religious meeting. Some scores of them, tall men in half-civilized dress, were seated on wooden benches under the trees; while their horses were tied to the sheds and fences. Their chief, Parks, a remarkably large and athletic man, was just arrived from Westport, where he owns a trading establishment. Beside this, he has a fine farm and a considerable number of slaves. Indeed the Shawanoes have made greater progress in agriculture than any other tribe on the Missouri frontier; and both in appearance and in character form a marked contrast to our late acquaintance, the Kansas.

A few hour's ride brought us to the banks of the river Kansas. Traversing the woods that lined it, and ploughing through the deep sand, we encamped not far from the bank, at the Lower Delaware crossing. Our tent was erected for the first time, on a meadow close to the woods, and the camp preparations being complete, we began to think of supper. An old Delaware woman, of some three hundred pounds weight, sat in the porch of a little old log-house, close to the water, and a very pretty half-breed girl was engaged, under her superintendence, in feeding a large flock of turkeys that were fluttering and gobbling about the door. But no offers of money, or even of tobacco, could induce her to part with one of her favorites: so I took my rifle, to see if the woods or the river could furnish us any thing. A multitude of quails were plaintively whistling in the

woods and meadows; but nothing appropriate to the ride was to be seen, except three buzzards, seated on the spectral limbs of an old dead sycamore, that thrust itself out over the river from the dense sunny wall of fresh foliage. Their ugly heads were drawn down between their shoulders, and they seemed to luxuriate in the soft sun-shine that was pouring from the west. As they offered no epicurean temptations, I refrained from disturbing their enjoyment; but contented myself with admiring the calm beauty of the sunset, for the river, eddying swiftly in deep purple shadows between the impending woods, formed a wild but tranquillizing scene.

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The river Kansas at this point forms the boundary line between the country of the Shawanoes and that of the Delawares. We crossed it on the following day, rafting over our horses and equipage with much difficulty, and unlading our cart in order to make our way up the steep ascent on the farther bank. It was a Sunday morning; warm, tranquil and bright; and a perfect stillness reigned over the rough enclosures and neglected fields of the Delawares, except the ceaseless hum and chirruping of myriads of insects. Now and then an Indian rode past on his way to the meeting-house, or through the dilapidated entrance of some shattered log-house,

hung at his side, and his rifle lay before him, resting against the high pommel of his saddle, which, like all his equipments, had seen hard service, and was much the worse for wear. Shaw followed close, mounted on a little sorrel horse, and leading a larger animal by a rope. His outfit, which resembled mine, had been provided with a view to use rather than ornament. It consisted of a plain black Spanish saddle, with holsters of heavy pistols, a blanket rolled up behind it, and the trail-rope attached to his horse's neck hanging coiled in front. He carried a double-barrelled smooth-bore, while I boasted a rifle of some fifteen pounds weight. At that time our attire, though far from elegant, bore some marks of civilization, and offered a very favorable contrast to the inimitable shabbiness of our appearance on the return journey. A red flannel-shirt, belted around the waist like a frock, then constituted our upper garment; moccasins had supplanted our failing boots; and the remaining essential portion of our attire consisted of an extraordinary article, manufactured by a squaw out of smoked buck-skin. Our muleteer, Delorier, brought up the rear with his cart, wading ankle-deep in the mud, alternately puffing at his pipe, and ejaculating in his prairie patois: '*Sacre enfant de garce!*' as one of the mules would seem to recoil before some abyss of unusual profundity. The cart was of the kind that one may see by dozens around the marketplace in Montreal, and had a white covering to protect the articles within; these were our provisions and a tent, with ammunition, blankets, and presents for the Indians.

We were in all four men, with eight animals; for beside the spare horses led by Shaw and myself, an additional mule was driven along with us as a reserve in case of accident.

After this summing up of our forces, it may not be amiss to glance at the characters of the two men who accompanied us.

Delorier was a Canadian, with all the characteristics of the true Jean Baptiste. Neither fatigue, exposure, nor hard labor could ever impair his cheerfulness and gayety, nor his obsequious politeness to his *bourgeois*; and when night came, he would sit down by the fire, smoke his pipe, and tell stories with the utmost contentment. In fact the prairie was his congenial element. Henry Châtillon was of a different stamp. When we were at St. Louis, several of the gentlemen of the Fur Company had kindly offered to procure for us a hunter and guide suited for our purposes, and on coming one afternoon to the office, we found there a tall and exceedingly well-dressed man, with a face so open and frank that it attracted our notice at once. We were surprised at being told that it was he who wished to guide us to the mountains. He was born in a little French town near St. Louis, and from the age of fifteen years had been constantly in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, employed for the most part by the Company, to supply their forts with buffalo meat. As a hunter, he had but one rival in the whole region, a man named Cimoneau, with whom, to the honor of both of them, he was on terms of the closest friendship. He had arrived at St. Louis the day before, from the mountains, where he had remained

woods and meadows ; but nothing appropriate to the rifle was to be seen, except three buzzards, seated on the spectral limbs of an old dead sycamore, that thrust itself out over the river from the dense sunny wall of fresh foliage. Their ugly heads were drawn down between their shoulders, and they seemed to luxuriate in the soft sunshine that was pouring from the west. As they offered no epicurean temptations, I refrained from disturbing their enjoyment ; but contented myself with admiring the calm beauty of the sunset, for the river, eddying swiftly in deep purple shadows between the impending woods, formed a wild but tranquillizing scene.

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an old woman might be discerned enjoying all the luxury of idleness. There was no village bell, for the Delawares have none; and yet upon that forlorn and rude settlement was the same spirit of Sabbath repose and tranquillity as in some little New-England village among the mountains of New-Hampshire, or the Vermont woods.

Having at present no leisure for such reflections, we pursued our journey. A military road led from this point to Fort Leavenworth, and for many miles the farms and cabins of the Delawares were scattered at short intervals on either hand. The little rude structures of logs, erected usually on the borders of a tract of woods, made a picturesque feature in the landscape. But the scenery needed no foreign aid: Nature had done enough for it; and the alternation of rich green prairies and groves that stood in clusters or lined the banks of the numerous little streams, had all the softened and polished beauty of a region that has been for centuries under the hand of man. At that early season, too, it was in the height of its freshness and luxuriance. The woods were flushed with the red buds of the maple; there were frequent flowering shrubs unknown in the east; and the green swells of the prairie were thickly studded with blossoms.

Encamping near a spring, by the side of a hill, we resumed our journey in the morning, and early in the afternoon had arrived within a few miles of Fort Leavenworth. The road crossed a stream densely bordered with trees, and running in the bottom of a deep woody hollow. We were about to descend into it, when a wild and confused procession appeared, passing through the water below, and coming up the steep ascent toward us. We stopped to let them pass. They were Delawares, just returned from a hunting expedition. All, both men and women, were mounted on horse-back, and drove along with them a considerable number of pack-mules, laden with the furs they had taken, together with the buffalo-robbers, kettles, and other articles of their travelling equipment, which, as well as their clothing and their weapons, had a worn and dingy aspect, as if they had seen hard service of late. At the rear of the party was an old man, who, as he came up, stopped his horse to speak to us. He rode a little tough shaggy pony, with mane and tail well knotted with burrs, and a rusty Spanish bit in its mouth, to which, by way of reins, was attached a string of raw hide. His saddle, robbed probably from a Mexican, had no covering, being merely a tree of the Spanish form, with a piece of grisly bear's skin laid over it, a pair of rude wooden stirrups attached, and in the absense of girth, a thong of hide passing around the horse's belly. The rider's dark features and keen snaky eye were unequivocally Indian. He wore a buck-skin frock, which, like his fringed leggings, was well polished and blackened by grease and long service; and an old handkerchief was tied around his head. Resting on the saddle before him, lay his rifle; a weapon in the use of which the Delawares are skilful, though, from its weight, the distant prairie Indians are too lazy to carry it.



woods and meadows ; but nothing appropriate to the rifle was to be seen, except three buzzards, seated on the spectral limbs of an old dead sycamore, that thrust itself out over the river from the dense sunny wall of fresh foliage. Their ugly heads were drawn down between their shoulders, and they seemed to luxuriate in the soft sunshine that was pouring from the west. As they offered no epicurean temptations, I refrained from disturbing their enjoyment ; but contented myself with admiring the calm beauty of the sunset, for the river, eddying swiftly in deep purple shadows between the impending woods, formed a wild but tranquillizing scene.

When I returned to the camp, I found Shaw and an old Indian seated on the ground in close conference, passing the pipe between them. The old man was explaining that he loved the whites, and had an especial partiality for tobacco. Delorier was arranging upon the ground our service of tin cups and plates ; and as other viands were not to be had, he set before us a repast of biscuit and bacon, and a large pot of coffee. Unsheathing our knives, we attacked it, disposed of the greater part, and tossed the residue to the Indian. Meanwhile our horses, now hobbled for the first time, stood among the trees, with their fore-legs tied together, in great disgust and astonishment. They seemed by no means to relish this foretaste of what was before them. Mine, in particular, had conceived a mortal aversion to the prairie life. One of them, christened Hendrick, an animal whose strength and hardihood were his only merits, and who yielded to nothing but the cogent arguments of the whip, looked toward us with an indignant countenance, as if he meditated avenging his wrongs with a kick. The other, Pontiac, a good horse, though of plebeian lineage, stood with his head drooping and his mane hanging about his eyes, with the grieved and sulky air of a lubberly boy sent off to school. Poor Pontiac ! his forebodings were but too just ; for when I last heard from him, he was under the lash of an Ogilallah brave, on a war party against the Crows.

As it grew dark, and the voices of the whippoorwills succeeded the whistle of the quails, we removed our saddles to the tent, to serve as pillows, spread our blankets upon the ground, and prepared to bivouac for the first time that season. Each man selected the place in the tent which he was to occupy for the journey. To Delorier, however, was assigned the cart, into which he could creep in wet weather, and find a much better shelter than his *bourgeois* enjoyed in the tent.

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## THE VOYAGE : A BALLAD.

BY JOHN HONNETWELL.

'T is now an hundred years or more, since on an autumn day,  
A little fleet from Hartford's shores got slowly under way ;  
A little fleet indeed it was, two schooners and a scow,  
And one batteau, that led the van with its imposing prow.

Brave were the hearts of those who manned the enterprising craft,  
Men who had served apprenticeship on flat-boat and on raft ;  
And well they knew all weather signs, and when to beat or scud,  
And ev'ry hidden sand-bar knew, and ev'ry reef of mud.

And as they rounded old ' Dutch Point,' that juts so broad and sheer,  
They gaily swung their hats aloft, and gave a hearty cheer ;  
The favoring breezes bore them on, and filled each bellying sail,  
Until the fleet careened unto the ' keel-compelling gale.'

Then firmly ev'ry hard glazed hat was on each forehead pressed,  
And tightened ev'ry strap that girt each linsey-woolsey vest ;  
Firm was the helm within the grasp, and bright the look-out kept,  
As bravely o'er the treacherous bars the stately squadron swept.

The mouth of ' Salmon Brook' is passed, witch-haunted though it be,  
And starboard shines the sedgy ' Cove,' like to a glittering sea ;  
And now the odoriferous gales from Wethersfield are met,  
That with a tingling moisture make their quivering eye-lids wet.

'Sabeian odors' freight the breeze that follows from the strand,  
While with reluctant nose they leave the aromatic land ;  
And as upon the rail he leans, each skipper heaves a sigh,  
And wipes the sympathetic tear that trembles in his eye.

Now Glastenbury looms in sight ; there where the turbid flood  
Sweeps round the swallow-punctured banks, and soaks the yellow mud ;  
And there it was the angry wind came freshening from the west,  
And sent the curling waves along the troubled river's breast.

What ho, bold seamen ! Lift your eyes above the creaking mast !  
The clouds are hurrying dark and wild, the scud is driving fast ;  
The gulls are screaming over head, the waves are black below,  
And the foam beneath your keel is in a phosphorescent glow.

'Hard up the helm and shorten sail ! the raging storm is here,  
The convoy is shut out amid the murky atmosphere ;  
There is no gleam of light to cheer, or break the darkness now,  
Our comrade is clean out of sight, and where 's the gallant scow ?

The gloomy clouds, the roaring winds, the thick and blinding spray,  
Lent pallor to the swarthy brows of stalwart men that day ;  
And up and down the river broad the fleet were scattered wide,  
Breasting the storm as best they might, withouten chart or guide.

Ah me ! it was a fearsome time ; stout hearts were full of dread,  
A dangerous shore beneath their lee, the Storm-King over head !  
O ! it was then that pale dismay sat on their tell-tale looks,  
As they thought of ' bloody salvages,' of Moodus and of spooks !

And there were sounds of starting pumps, of ropes and timbers riven,  
And all that sort of din which fills a ship by tempest driven :  
The men all swore they never knew the waves to run so wild,  
Nor never knew, in all their lives, the river so much riled.

'T were vain to tell of spars that split while they were sadly tossed,  
Of pails and hatches knocked about, of oars and thole-pins lost ;  
Nor oh ! how dreary passed the night with each bewildered crew,  
While land-marks and the land itself were hidden from their view.

But when the sun shone out once more, and the hushed winds were still,  
And they found themselves right off against the bluffs of Rocky Hill,  
The sight of pine-trees waving o'er the beetling ledges bold,  
Was a most precious sight to all those sailors wet and cold.

And then the dripping skippers joined once more in counsel sweet,  
And told to each the dangers wild that had beset the fleet ;  
One's keel had grazed upon a bar, one lost his grappling hook,  
And one had run afoul a stump, while one had seen a spook !

It was the captain of the scow, the frightful spook that saw,  
An awful form amid the storm, with grim and bloody jaw ;  
And it had two great burning eyes within its horrid head,  
And snow-white wings, that thrice it flapped, before it shrieked and fled !

Those mariners, with bristling hair, then spread each storm-tried sail,  
And one on other trembling gazed, with quivering lips and pale ;  
The very wind itself was awed, and did refuse to blow,  
And so, while riding out the calm, they all went down below.

But men and wind got o'er their fright, and both came up at length,  
The breeze to plume its drooping wing, the men to show their strength ;  
And then at last they bore away adown the tranquil stream,  
Between the green and sloping banks, as in a pleasant dream.

' Help, ho ! ' a sharp and sudden cry ; a surge ; a crash ; a shock ;  
' Help, or we sink ! the plaguy scow has struck upon a rock ! '  
Alarm filled ev'ry seaman's soul and sat on ev'ry brow,  
For sure it seemed the surging wave would overwhelm the scow !

But ere a hand could reach the boat, or offer it an oar,  
The treacherous rock, submerged, arose and paddled to the shore !  
With wonder great they did behold the cause of their mishap,  
To find it but a turtle there, thus startled from his nap !

The steering oar again is bent ; again they hold their way,  
The white foam flying from their keels, and from their bows the spray ;  
Fair ' Upper Houses ' now are past, and Middletown in sight,  
And ev'ry nerve is strained to reach their port before 't is night.

All in good time the fleet was moored, wet jackets taken off,  
And rattling fell the heavy sails as they swung to the wharf ;  
But where those jovial sailors went, when all was right and tight,  
It were not well for me to tell, nor how they spent the night.

But it is true as gospel-words, that on next Sunday morn,  
When worshippers were called to prayer by the familiar horn,  
Those men all came to render thanks, and pray with serious lips,  
For those who traffic on the deep, and who abide in ships.

#### THE HOUSE-HUNTER'S FAMILY.

A TALE OF NEW-YORK.

' My dear James,' said Mrs. Brown to her husband. The gentleman laid down the newspaper he was perusing and looked up with a quiet smile, for he knew by his wife's tone she was about to prefer a request. The lady colored as she met his glance, and continued : ' It will soon be the first of May.'

' A very trite remark, my dear, the truth of which I shall not dispute ; what then ?'

' Why *then* is the time of moving,' answered Mrs. Brown, a little nettled at her husband's coolness.

' Equally true,' replied he ; ' and I suppose you were congratulating yourself on your fortunate escape from that most troublesome and inconvenient business.'

' The trouble is 'not to be considered, when the change effected is desirable ; and indeed I have been thinking for some time past, that it would be well for us to remove this spring, as the house is becoming entirely too small for our family, and we might for the same rent procure a much more commodious and comfortable one.'

The lady spoke energetically ; she had determined on a removal, and was resolved to carry her point. Mr. Brown looked a little disconcerted, but he said quietly : ' The house is no smaller now than it ever was, Sarah ; and though I doubt not we might easily procure a larger one, I am sure that I at least should find none more comfortable than this dear ' old familiar home,' which you have made cheerful and happy for so many years.'

He spoke kindly, and his wife was touched.

' The house is snug enough,' she said, in a more subdued tone, looking around the neat and well-furnished room, ' and were it not for the children, I should be well contented to end my days here ;

The gloomy clouds, the roaring winds, the thick and blinding spray,  
Lent pallor to the swarthy brows of stalwart men that day ;  
And up and down the river broad the fleet were scattered wide,  
Breasting the storm as best they might, withouten chart or guide.

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if she had been out, and upon her replying in the affirmative, seemed to understand it all without farther questioning.

After he was gone, Mrs. Brown threw herself on the sofa in a fit of ill-temper. She was angry at herself and every body else. Beside the uncomfortable sensation of extreme fatigue, she felt the unwelcome conviction of having misspent her time and marred her husband's pleasure. Provoked and weary, she fell asleep, and awaking more refreshed, was able to meet her husband at tea with a cheerful countenance. She told him of her morning occupation, and felt a little provoked again, when he shrugged his shoulders and smiled, without any further answer.

The next day, Mrs. Brown felt the effects of her fatigue too keenly to admit of another attempt, and she contented herself at home in performing her usual duties, and providing for her husband a dinner that should obliterate from his memory the unsavory one of the day before. But the ensuing morning, with renewed strength and undiminished courage, she sallied forth. Being unacquainted with the upper part of the city, she often found herself traversing streets and reading bills that she had seen the day before. She began to think of a labyrinth, and of 'looking for a needle in a hay-stack.' She saw many houses with imposing fronts, but with one stack of chimnies or without a yard. Some objection existed to each; and when her watch again prompted her return, the search was still fruitless; and thus another morning was wasted.

Many days were spent in this manner, and she almost began to despair, when she found at last what seemed the very object of her search, a handsome house in a respectable neighborhood, at a very reasonable rent. Quite elated at her success, she returned home, after having ascertained where the landlord resided. The house was at present unoccupied, and they could have possession immediately, which was very desirable, as it would enable them to avoid the confusion of May-day. When Mr. Brown came in, his wife informed him that she had found a dwelling that would suit them, and asked him to go with her to see it after dinner. He complied, and after having examined the house, he said he saw no positive objection to it; it was rather out of his way, to be sure, but he should be content if she were satisfied, and he promised to call upon the owner the following morning.

Mrs. Brown felt perfectly happy, and when her husband that evening pasted a bill upon their present dwelling, she checked the rising emotion of regret, by indulging in visions of handsome parlors, stylish furniture, and all the *et ceteras* which their projected removal would bring in its train. When Mr. Brown left the next morning, her last injunction was that he should immediately see the owner, lest another more fortunate applicant should obtain the coveted dwelling; and after his departure, unable to content herself at home, so accustomed had she become to her daily journeys, she proceeded to the new house, and having measured the rooms, busied herself in selecting and cheapening carpets, in hopeful and delightful anticipation. On returning home, she was told that several persons had

but the boys will soon be too old to share one room, and the girls are growing up. Clara you know is nearly sixteen, and I wish, as every mother does, to make a genteel appearance for their sakes. Your business is prosperous, and as you have taken an advantageous lease of the house, I think we might let it for as much as we should give for another that suited us better.'

These and many other arguments were urged by Mrs. Brown with such good effect that her husband finally consented to the removal of the family, provided she could find a more commodious house in an equally good location, for the same rent which he could command for the one they now occupied, a thing which Mrs. Brown was sure of accomplishing, if they went a little farther up town, which she contended was much more pleasant and genteel, and which the omnibus rendered quite as convenient. And she retired to rest with her head full of plans, and quite delighted with her success in overcoming her husband's very masculine dislike of moving day.

The following morning Mrs. Brown wisely refrained from alluding to the conversation of the preceding night, but hurried through her usual duties, and immediately after her husband left for his place of business, started on her tour of discovery. She had never undertaken any thing of the kind before, as she had occupied her present dwelling ever since her marriage; but she was sure of finding exactly the kind of house she desired. She had heard that elegant mansions were rented very reasonably in the upper part of the city, and full of hope and expectation, she walked lightly on. Having no definite place in view, and not knowing exactly whither to bend her course, she necessarily traversed many streets uselessly. Bills there were in plenty; but upon inquiring the rents they entirely exceeded her limits. Wherever in the long vista of houses she caught a glimpse of a white patch of paper, thither trudged poor Mrs. Brown, and her trouble was often rewarded by seeing the words, 'This House *for Sale*,' or '*Apartments to Let*.' Some houses seemed to come pretty near what she desired, and these she looked through, thus consuming more time than she was aware of. When, being at last thoroughly wearied, she looked at her watch, and found to her utter amazement and distress that it wanted but an hour to dinner time. She was a long distance from home, and her route was not a direct one, so that she could not avail herself of an omnibus, but tired and anxious, hurried home.

Although very much exhausted, she could not allow herself time to rest, for Mr. Brown was very punctual, and she dreaded that this first day of house-hunting should interfere with her household arrangements. Despite all her endeavors, however, dinner was not quite ready, when her husband came in; and when the meat was put upon the table, the vegetables were but half cooked; and the meat, though burnt to a crisp on the surface, was scarcely warmed through; while she, from fatigue and vexation at the ill-cooked dinner, had little appetite, and felt ready to burst into tears. Mr. Brown made no remarks upon his uncomfortable meal. He asked his wife

if she had been out, and upon her replying in the affirmative, seemed to understand it all without farther questioning.

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called to see the house, and one lady in particular was much pleased with it, and wanted to rent it.

It must be confessed that Mrs. Brown had a rather 'dog-in-the-mangerish' feeling about the house; she did not relish the idea of strangers dwelling in the old familiar home which she nevertheless affected to despise; and with some depression of spirit she met her husband at dinner, who increased her uneasiness by saying that he had been unable to see the owner of the new house, as he had left the city to return on the day following. 'How vexatious!' thought poor Mrs. Brown. In the evening Mr. Brown told her he had an applicant for their house. The proposed tenant, he said, was a very desirable one, but he had deferred renting him the house until their own affairs were positively settled. His wife was glad of this arrangement, and waited with increased anxiety for the result of the following day.

Morning came, and Mrs. Brown devoted herself assiduously to her duties, with a grateful warmth playing about her heart toward her husband, who had so kindly and quietly sacrificed his inclinations to hers. She was sadly annoyed by the continual ringing at the door-bell, and inquiries as to the rent and other particulars; but remembering what trouble she must have occasioned during her own house-hunting adventures, she determined to do as she would be done by, and so bore the infliction with patience. There was a satisfied expression upon Mr. Brown's face as he seated himself at the dinner-table, which argued well for his wife's hopes. She looked eagerly toward him, but he vouchsafed no remark, except in praise of the dinner, until she ventured to ask, 'Well, have you seen the landlord?'

'No, but I will see him this afternoon if you wish,' he answered quietly.

'If I wish,' Mr. Brown! How provoking you are! Of course I *wish*, else why have I taken this trouble? While you are hesitating, some one else will secure it, because the rent is very reasonable for so desirable a house. You men have no idea of hurrying matters. I wish I could attend to it myself.'

Mrs. Brown had worked herself up into quite a fever heat; and there was a pause of several minutes, which her husband interrupted by remarking:

'I met our friend Selby this morning; he too is looking for a house. His family are boarding at present.'

'I know it,' said his wife, a little sharply, for at that moment she cared but little who wanted houses, provided they sought not the one on which she had placed her desires. 'I know it; they were obliged to leave the house they occupied, although I believe a very fine one, on account of the flies which annoyed them, as there was a slaughter-house somewhere in the rear. The walls too were so thin that they could overhear almost all the conversation of their neighbors; and the basements were so damp that every thing in them moulded. That was not a very desirable residence, truly.'

'And yet for such an one you would exchange this!' said Mr. Brown, with a slight smile.

'It does not follow that all large houses are alike,' said his wife.

'Certainly not, my dear; but in this instance your intended dwelling proves to be the same that the Selbys were obliged to leave, for the reasons you have stated.'

Mrs. Brown's countenance fell.

'I met Selby on my way to the landlord's,' continued Mr. Brown, 'and on telling him my errand, his explanation saved me from making what would have proved, I think, a very bad bargain.'

'Bad enough,' said the lady; 'that accounts for the moderate rent.' And the conversation ended.

'Do you wish me to call upon the owner, my dear?' said Mr. Brown, provokingly, as he rose from the table.

'Certainly not,' answered his wife, in a quiet and crest-fallen tone. Poor Mrs. Brown! her reflections after her husband's departure were far from agreeable. How were her hopes annihilated, her lofty expectations crumbled into dust! She had wasted many days of precious time, impaired the comfort of her family, and fatigued herself; and the result was worse than nothing, for she had the near prospect of being houseless entirely. Her reverie was interrupted by the entrance of a lady, the wife of the proposed tenant, who wished to see the house particularly, as they had concluded to take it, if Mr. Brown rented it at all. She was a kind, motherly woman, and after she had seen the various apartments, said to Mrs. Brown: 'I should think, Madam, you would regret extremely the necessity of leaving so comfortable a dwelling; it has such a quiet, *home* look; far preferable to the showy yet ill-built houses we every where encounter.'

Her words sank deep in the heart of the depressed Mrs. Brown; and when her visitor was gone, she looked around on the walls, hung with the family-portraits that had smiled down upon her for so many years from the same spot, until they seemed to have become the presiding and protecting deities of her home. Every room was endeared by some tender recollection; each article of ancient yet well-kept furniture had its accompanying memories. She felt how out of place they would appear in a fashionable mansion, while they were in admirable keeping with the apartments they now occupied. She thought how the voices of strangers would be heard upon the hearth which had so often echoed the ringing laughter of her children; and she sat down, fairly overcome. She knew too that her husband would miss his little study, that opened from their sitting-room, with its well-stored shelves and piles of papers, which had been accumulating for years. She saw that she was about sacrificing his comfort for empty show; and the many voices of affection rose in her heart, and conquered the promptings of pride and worldly ambition. She rose, and opening the hall-door, took down the bill and placed it in her work-basket. With a light heart and cheerful smile she met her husband, whose first words were:

'Has the bill blown down, Sarah?'

'No,' she replied; 'the house is taken by a person whom I am sure you will approve, and one who you will confess has a better right than any other. I have taken it!' she continued, seeing her husband's look of surprise, as she placed the bill in his hand; 'and with it a firm resolution never again to attempt a sacrifice of solid comfort for empty show, but in my domestic arrangements, as in all other things, to rest content in letting well-enough alone.'

'A most wise and excellent resolution, and one which I second warmly!' said her husband, with an affectionate and well-pleased smile; 'and therefore, my dear,' he added, as he tore the paper and threw it on the table, 'we will conclude that 'the House has dismissed the Bill!'

SUSAN FINDER.

*New-York, April, 1847.*

M E M O R I E S   O F   T H E   D E A D .

'Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  
And thou no breath at all?' — DEAR

They told me — but I could not deem  
The words were true that smote my ear,  
Like sounds that in a hideous dream  
Whisper of 'wo and fear —  
They told me that the dark cold tomb  
Enwrapt thee in its silent gloom;  
That 'neath the sod thy feet had prest  
A couch was hollowed for thy rest.

I strove to spurn the tale; to break  
The chilling doubts, whose sense of dread  
Struck like the knell whose accents speak  
The requiem of the dead.  
For thou wast Life itself, and I  
Too fondly thought thou could'st not die,  
While earth with joy and beauty teemed,  
And heaven above so brightly beamed.

Too stern the truth that spoke thy doom!  
Gone ere thy flush of youth had flown,  
Ere Time had dimmed thine early bloom,  
Gone to thy grave — alone!  
No smile could light that drear abode,  
No friendship cheer the gloomy road  
That, in thy youth and loveliness,  
Thy lonely footsteps went to press!

Far from the scenes thy childhood loved,  
From many a heart that held thee dear,  
A few, who long thy worth had proved,  
Stood speechless by thy bier:  
There, where the calm lake smiling lay,  
They buried thee at close of day,  
And many a floweret bending fair,  
Told that a sister flower was there.

Yes, thou art dead ! yet brightly shines  
 Thine image still in many a heart,  
 Traced in a thousand varied lines,  
 Too fadeless to depart :  
 The smile, the tear, the glance of mirth,  
 Can these forever pass from earth,  
 Nor leave some shadow, long to tell  
 Of her we loved and prized so well ?

One heart shall mourn thee, which perchance  
 Thou ne'er hast thought would throb for thee,  
 When, whirling in Life's giddy dance,  
 It seemed from passion free :  
 And sorrowing o'er thine early doom,  
 Shall visit oft that silent tomb,  
 Where, mingled with the baser clay,  
 Thy mouldering ashes fade away !

A long farewell ! No voice of thine  
 Can echo back that solemn word !  
 From the cold grave there comes no sign  
 That there our sighs are heard !  
 Calmly we tread the path of life,  
 But midst its turmoil and its strife  
 One saddening truth is ne'er forgot,  
 That thou hast been, but now art not !

MARTIN.

## LETTERS FROM THE GULF STATES.

BY A NORTHERN TRAVELLER.

CREEK INDIANS: REMAINS OF THE 'OLD TIME PEOPLE.' SEMINOLLS: LANGUAGE OF THE CREEKS.

{ *Woolfolk's Plantation, Muscogee County,*  
*Georgia, February 20th, 1847.*

THAT part of Georgia west of the Flint river, with the eastern portion of Alabama, was occupied till 1828 by the Creek Indians. The original name of the tribe was Muscogee, but the early settlers gave them the cognomen by which they are now known, because they always found them living upon the margin of the creeks. There is a tradition among this tribe that they originally came from the Canadas, passed down the western bank of the Mississippi, and thence migrated to the pine lands of Georgia and Alabama. If this be true, the Creeks, with their wives and children, have for a second time crossed over the 'Father of Waters.'

Of their past history, the only authentic portion is, that they took possession of this region not more than three centuries ago. De Soto, the noted Spanish adventurer, who landed on the Florida coast in 1539, led the first company of Europeans who traversed this section. The Spanish narrator of this expedition describes these lands as occupied by a tribe less warlike and far more agri-

cultural than the Creeks. The Creeks themselves corroborate this account, and say that but a few generations since, their fathers dispossessed a nation who were too feeble to resist their attacks. They affirm that the rectangular forts and circular mounds, that the steatite hatchets and pipes, and the arrow-heads of jasper and quartz which lie scattered over all the fields of the Gulf States, are not the workmanship of their hands, but are the relics of the 'old time people' who preceded them. The fortifications and mounds were frequently of a size which must have required much time and labor to have constructed them. The hatchets were sometimes bored for the purpose of inserting a handle, but the most of them were grooved, and the handle was fastened to them by making a fissure in a sapling near the ground, and inserting the hatchet as far as the groove. It was allowed to remain in this position for two or three years, till the growth of the young tree had fastened it securely. The tree was then cut off just below the hatchet, and also sufficiently far above to afford a suitable handle. Some of the pipes were curiously wrought in the form of birds and animals, while others were rude, and often weighed several pounds. The arrow-heads, however, are the most numerous and beautiful relics of this extinct race. They are found from one-half to five inches in length, with sharp points and serrated edges. They are said to have been used by attaching them to the end of a wooden shaft. The end of the shaft was first split open, the arrow-head was inserted, and the sinew of some animal wound around, which on exposure to the sunshine or fire would contract and firmly secure the two together. The variegated jasper of which they are chiefly made is only found among the highlands of Tennessee. So numerous are they on the alluvial lands of the south, that the writer has a collection of six hundred, found in ploughing a single field in the valley of the Chatahoochee. They are more skilfully formed than those found on the banks of the Hudson and Merrimac, and serve to illustrate the position, that the aborigines of the western continent were civilized in proportion to their proximity to a tropical climate; a rule which seems to be reversed among the Europeans and their descendants.

In former times, those of the Creeks who were too lawless to submit even to the loose restrictions of their tribe, were driven away to the lowlands of Florida. Strengthened by continual accessions, they became a distinct and independent tribe, known in later times as the Seminoles; a name in the Creek dialect signifying 'wild fellows,' or rowdies. The modern Seminoles seem to have not entirely lost the characteristics of their ancestors.

With the exception of a slightly darker complexion, the aborigines of the south do not differ in their personal appearance from those of the Canadas. Both have the same dark and coarse hair, the same projecting jaws and prominent cheek-bones. Both have coarse features, and an indolent, forbidding expression of the countenance. The beautiful and dark-eyed Indian girls, so frequently described by magazine and fancy writers, we have never seen while

travelling among either; and we have repeatedly been led to suspect that such transcendent specimens of the race were only creations of the imagination.

The Creek language, in paucity of words and simplicity of arrangement, had few if any equals. They had few ideas to express except those relating to external objects and the daily occurrences of savage life. Instead of twenty-four thousand substantives, they had less than one eighth of that number, and their whole vocabulary did not exceed four thousand words. We have been told by those who passed their early childhood among this tribe, that at ten years of age they had acquired their entire language. Names in their language were significant. Chatahoochee was 'The River of Beautiful Pebbles;' Talapoosa, 'The Swiftly-moving Stream;' 'Wetumpka, 'a Water-fall;' Dahlanega, 'Gold,' etc.

All of the Creek nation have removed to the Indian Territory, except one family, who, owning a large number of negroes, were unwilling to dispose of their planting interests, and were permitted to remain. It was doubtless better for this, and the other tribes of the Gulf States, to go westward. They are already increasing in wealth, numbers and intelligence. Previous to their removal, no people were ever more effectually the victims of fraud and speculation. They were exposed to all the vices of civilized life, without enjoying any of its benefits. The most enduring memorials they have left behind them are the names they had given to the mountains, streams and wood-lands of the south. Nearly all the rivers and creeks retain the names given them by the Indian. It is fitting that it should be so. Above all things did he love the rivers of his native land. Upon their banks he built his cabin and kindled his mighty watch-fires; and to this day you will find the high bluffs at the junction of two streams covered with the fragments of rude Indian workmanship.

#### LETTER FOURTH.

LOCATION OF COLUMBUS: POLITICS AT THE SOUTH: METHOD OF CONDUCTING A CANYASS: THE 'FLOATING VOTE:' STUMP SPEAKING: UNCLE THOMAS JONES: PUBLIC MEN OF GEORGIA: A QUERY.

*Columbus, Georgia, March 4, 1847.*

COLUMBUS, one of the largest inland towns of the south, is at the head of steam-boat navigation on the Chatahoochee. It has five thousand inhabitants, and a delightful and healthy location. It is the centre of a thrifty inland trade, and from the abundant water-power opposite the town, may at some future day become a manufacturing city.

We had several years ago heard a veteran editor at Washington denominate Columbus as 'the Belgium of Georgia.' Others had also spoken of it, and truly, as we afterward discovered, as having the ablest bar and pulpit and the most active politicians of any town in the state. It was with some interest, therefore, on our first visit southward, that we watched the progress of the contest previous to the state election in the fall of 184—.

There is at the south a class of citizens, who for general intelligence and enlarged and liberal views are not surpassed by those of any section of the Union. There is also a medium class, who, though their knowledge of books is not equivalent to that of the northern farmer, yet from habits of observation and reflection have acquired pretty accurate views of the leading topics which come before the community. There is yet a third and numerous class, who are destitute of the facilities for information, and who know but little of the principles which distinguish the two political parties of the country. They are many of them the victims of idle and intemperate habits. To them it is a matter of indifference what party shall triumph. They are in the market, and the highest bidder is sure of their suffrages. Such constitute what in common parlance is called the 'floating vote.' They are more numerous in some counties than in others, and in the one from which we are writing are said a few years ago to have comprised about one-fourth of the popular vote. When the two parties are nearly equal, they hold the balance of power, and on this account acquire an importance to which under different circumstances they could never attain.

At the election just referred to, there were in the county eight candidates for the legislature; four of each party. They were all 'game' men, as a Georgian would say, or in other words, men who would spare neither time, money, nor effort to secure their election. For several weeks previous to the day of election the candidates of both parties thoroughly traversed the county, attending the justices' courts, and public auctions, and occasionally, at some central point, giving a barbacue at their own expense. On these occasions they manifested their willingness to become the servants of the public by bountifully providing meat and drink, and indiscriminately shaking hands with the sovereign people. More especially were they courteous when they came in contact with one of the 'floaters.' However slight might have been their former acquaintance, they were at once recognized as old and familiar friends. There was no paucity of complimentary allusions and expressions of personal regard; and among other kind sayings, the candidates did not permit the good looks of wives and children, if such happened to be present, to pass unnoticed. In truth, each one of the would-be servants of the people was, for the time being, a most cozy and confidential personage. We have sometimes heard it hinted, that if the 'floater' required a more tangible evidence of friendship to secure his suffrage, his demand was not unfrequently complied with. Now all these surmises may be mere scandal; yet this much is certain, that on election-day nothing was more common than to see new hats and new boots adorning the heads and feet of those whose zenith and nadir had not been so fortunate for at least a twelve-month previous.

In Georgia, the state election takes place on the first Monday of October. On the morning previous to election-day every disposable vehicle was despatched into the country to bring to the polls the voters whose support might otherwise be doubtful. During the day

carriages were now and then coming in and depositing their cargoes at the place of rendezvous. One party had selected a dilapidated tavern in the upper extremity of the town, and their opponents a similar tenement in the lower. By night, about two hundred were collected at each dépôt, the most of them, except the supervisors, in a high state of excitement. During the night, each party endeavored to decoy voters from their opponents, and to prevent this, large fires were kindled, and a watchful guard stationed around each building. An abundance of food and drink was also provided, to remove every inducement to migrate. Within, all was mirth and talk and laughter. If the bill of each guest had been, after the custom of the old Dutch eating-houses, in proportion to the noise he made, few could have settled for their fare. Longfellow's description of a German '*studenten knieppe*' would fail to give one a just conception of the incessant jargon. The midnight slumbers of the citizens were disturbed by the shouts echoing from the 'Bloody Fourth' and the 'Old Kentucky House.'

Early the next morning the 'floaters' were marched in single file, with votes in hand, to the ballot box. After the votes were deposited, a strange indifference to the comforts of their recent friends came over the feelings of the candidates; and the 'floaters,' though not in the best condition to do so, were left to provide for their own conveyance homeward. It need not be mentioned that the public career of political aspirants of this grade terminates with the ephemeral existence of the means which they had employed to attain to it.

The practice of stump-speaking has long prevailed at the south. Its efficiency is universally acknowledged, and in a doubtful canvass, conventions and caucuses select for candidates those upon whose talents in this department they can best rely. To be a successful stump-speaker requires not so much of logical ability as fluency of language, quickness at repartee, and especially an aptitude for relating and embellishing anecdotes. In the last accomplishment the southern stump-orators exhibit a peculiar tact, and are never at a loss to find an incident to illustrate any favorite position.

'Our party,' said a Georgian member of congress, to whom we were listening during the memorable presidential campaign of 1844, 'our party are called destructives, disorganists, and agrarians by our opponents, and they make the charge with a degree of vehemence which indicates that their imaginations are really disturbed by visions of

'Gorgons, hydras and chimeras dire.'

Their condition reminds me of an incident which happened some years ago to an old neighbor of my father's, Uncle Thomas Jones, who lived up in Coweta. Uncle Thomas was a famous old hunter, almost as unerring in his aim as Davy Crockett, and with as eminent a reputation in his own immediate settlement. 'One morning,' said uncle Tommy, for I shall use the language of my old friend, 'one morning, just after day-break, I took my rifle and started



down the valley toward the swamp. I had not gone more than a mile, when casting my eye on the other side of the creek, what should I see, on the limb of a tall sweet gum, about sixty feet from the ground, but a huge animal, which from its size and form I at once knew to be a stranger in these diggin's. I drew up my rifle, took deliberate aim, and fired. The huge creature did not move a limb, but lay stretched out as tranquilly as if nothing had happened. I now carefully re-loaded my piece, examined the priming, advanced some ten paces nearer, and fired again. The animal did not move this time, except that I thought I could see him rustle his head and shoulders slightly, as much as to say, 'You can't come it no how, old hunter!' I acknowledge I was a good deal vexed, and *thought* some rather hard words; but as I had been for years a member of the Mount Hope church, I curbed my temper and said nothing aloud. I now put in an extra charge of powder, selected one of the fairest balls, and did, what I had not done since the days of boyhood, rested the muzzle upon a sapling, and blazed away. As soon as the smoke had cleared away, there lay the supernatural monster, undisturbed and 'calm as a summer's morning!' I felt almost dizzy from amazement. I laid down the rifle, took off my hat, and crossing over the creek, came directly opposite to the tree on which the strange prodigy had perched himself. The sun had now risen above the hills. I stooped down, placed my hand above my forehead, took a full view; and judge of my mortification, on discovering that the huge creature at which I had expended my powder and lead was only an enormous *louse*, creeping on my own eye-brow! Now, fellow-citizens, the predicament into which Uncle Tommy had fallen is precisely analagous to that of our opponents. Party-zeal has so disordered the organs of their political vision that they imagine the vermin of their own partisan theories to be heresies in the political creed of those who venture to differ from them!

Of late there has been but little political excitement at the south, and we believe a more healthy and liberal state of public feeling is becoming prevalent. Of many of her sons who have been, and are now, in her national councils, Georgia may well be proud. Her Crawford, her Forsyth, and her Habersham, were men of preëminent talents, and passed a long public life unblemished and uncensured. Among her present public men there are those who by their public abilities and private worth would do honor to any section of the Union.

The inquiry is often suggested, why the southern people, a community acknowledged both at home and abroad to be mercurial and impulsive, have never, from the days of the Salem witchcraft to the present time, been disturbed by any of the exciting and popular fallacies or *isms* so prevalent at the north. Neither Millerism, Mormonism, or Mesmerism, to say nothing of Fourierism and Anti-Rentism, have existed at the south. By some it is maintained that public opinion at the south is controlled by a few leading minds; themselves too intelligent to be deluded by any erroneous excitement; and as the mass of the community adopt their views, and

think only as they think, no ephemeral excitement can become prevalent. Others, with more probability, we think, believe that while there is quite as much independence of thought and action at the south as in any section of the union, yet there is less liability to fanaticism among any portion of the citizens, because there is a more general interchange of opinions among the different classes of society; and because the southern people, though of ardent temperament, seldom adopt any important views until after frequent discussion and a full examination. Perhaps the reader will choose one of his own, rather than either of the above solutions.

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LETTER FIFTH.

THE 'MISTLETOE BOUGH.' CYPRESS MOSS: ANGLING: TROUT: GAR-FISH. SHOVEL-FISH.

*Barbour County, Alabama, March 10, 1847.*

THE most remarkable parasitic plant on the western continent, and perhaps in the world, is the mistletoe. It is found throughout the southern states, extending on the Atlantic coast as far north as the latitude of thirty-six degrees, and in the valley of the Mississippi to the southern part of Illinois. It grows only in the tops of trees, shooting out from the branches like a scion from one tree engrafted into another. It grows on all the deciduous forest-trees of the south, but more frequently on the chestnut, oak, sweet gum, elm and persimmon. It is never found on the pine, cypress, or any of the trees which retain their foliage in the winter. It is now generally thought that the mistletoe is the spontaneous production of the tree from which it receives its support. Some however believe that the seed is carried by birds or by the wind from one tree to another, and after sprouting, the root insinuates itself into the bark and derives its support after the manner of a graft or bud inserted in a fruit-tree. It is an objection to the last theory that the mistletoe sprouts more frequently from the under than the upper side of the branch. It is an argument in its favor that in the winter season it has a small translucent berry, each one of which contains a seed. The mistletoe-bough is an ever-green; and growing on deciduous trees, presents in the winter the strange appearance of a number of branches covered with leaves of a brilliant green, on a tree that is otherwise divested of its foliage. The bough is of an orbicular form, branches out on every side, and seldom exceeds five feet in length. The wood and bark are of a deep green, and are very brittle. The ancient Druids thought that the mistletoe possessed wonderful magical powers, and the Greeks erroneously ascribed to it surprisingly medicinal qualities.

Another curiosity of the southern forest is the cypress moss, which abounds in the swamps and in the valleys of the larger rivers. In the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico it hangs from the branches in long and waving wreaths, and so bountifully clothes the forest as well nigh to conceal the foliage; giving to the woodland scenery a uniformly gray and sombre appearance. The moss derives no sus-

tenance from the tree from which it is suspended. It merely hangs upon the branches, and we have frequently seen the upper portion of the festoon, the part by which it is attached to the tree, entirely dead and shrivelled, while the lower portion was enjoying a rapid growth. It is therefore an atmospheric plant, and gathers its support by absorption from the atmosphere. It grows indiscriminately upon all the trees of the lowlands, though it seems more thrifty upon the cypress and live-oak. A green tree is necessary to its preservation, as the decay of the bark disengages it from the branches. The moss is gathered in large quantities, and after it is dried and culled, is used for beds and mattresses. It receives its growth chiefly in the winter season. Cattle are exceedingly fond of it, and in times of scarcity, trees on which it is abundant are felled to supply them.

The rivers of this region have deep channels and steep banks. Since the land has been cultivated the water is full of sediment at all seasons, and particularly so in the winter and spring. To a traveller it is surprising that a country so little broken as the middle section of Georgia and Alabama should be so subject to denudation. It arises from the peculiar nature of the red clay soil, which loses its tenacity when exposed to a current of water. From the turbid condition of the streams, the angler can never see the position of his bait, nor determine the value of a bite, till he has drawn his prize from the water. A Yankee, out here, is at first a most unskilful angler.

The trout found in the Chatahoochee and Alabama rivers is not identical with the beautiful fish of that name that is a tenant of the swift and cold streams of the northern Atlantic country. It is of the perch class, and is finely marked with golden stripes. It is a sound, hard fish, with a pleasant flavor, and weighs from one to four pounds. There are several varieties of the cat-fish, which are easily caught with a hook, and sometimes weigh a hundred pounds.

The gar-fish is fierce, voracious, and swift in its movements, and is covered with large and hard scales. It is rare that it can be caught with a line, as its long round bill is thickly set with sharp teeth. The shovel or spoon-bill fish is only found in the Alabama and its tributaries. It has a strange and whimsical-looking head, with a proboscis shaped like a spoon, which extends some twelve inches beyond the mouth. It is used like a shovel in turning up the mud in search of food. They who are fishermen for profit rather than amusement, out here, resort to the shoals and water-falls, where they use the trap instead of the hook. Such, however, are not the true disciples of Izaak Walton.

MONADNOCK.

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A D A N D Y.

SOME say there's nothing made in vain,  
While others the reverse maintain,  
And *press* it very handy:

By citing animals like these:  
Mosquitoes, bed-bugs, crickets, fleas,  
And — worse than all — a DANDY!

## S T A N Z A S .

I stood beside the bed of death,  
 A stranger, who had come to see  
 How one so young might look, whose breath  
 Was yielded up in agony;  
 And as I gazed, I wept for her  
 Who lay so coldly-quiet there:  
 Such griefs all human hearts should stir,  
 Such griefs all human hearts should share.

No trace of anguish mark'd her face,  
 It bore not e'en the look of death,  
 But seem'd so fresh and full of grace,  
 I almost listen'd for her breath.  
 Around her fair white brow was twined  
 A simple wreath of snowy flowers:  
 Mute emblems of her spotless mind,  
 She wore them in her living hours.

Upon her face (sweet type of rest!)  
 Linger'd a calm and holy smile;  
 As on the frozen streamlet's breast  
 The fading sunbeam sleeps awhile.  
 It seem'd as if her soul had caught,  
 A moment ere it passed away,  
 A glimpse of heavenly joys, which wrought  
 Its impress on the yielding clay.

The sleeper — for she seem'd, though dead,  
 To slumber in a dream — was one  
 Whose living presence round her shed  
 A constant glory, like the sun:  
 Before her smile the mists of care  
 Fled, as the mists of morning fly;  
 For joy compels all things to wear  
 The gladness of its own bright eye.

I thought of this, and well could guess  
 The grief that burst in sobs so wild,  
 But not the speechless, calm distress,  
 Of those who once had call'd her 'child'  
 Their lingering gaze cut, like a knife,  
 All the heart's dearest, holiest ties,  
 As the sweet picture of her life  
 Pass'd and re-pass'd their streaming eyes.

I grieved that one so fair should lie  
 In the cold precincts of the tomb;  
 Dying, with none to see her die,  
 Even in her very hour of bloom.  
 We know the spotless soul takes wing  
 Triumphant in the deadly strife;  
 But ah! the weeping heart will cling  
 To the dear form so lov'd in life!

## ' D O L C E F A R N I E N T E . '

FROM A STRAY MS. LEAF.

THERE is a time when light and air and flowers  
 Are shining brightly wheresoe'er we tread ;  
 When, from the passing of the swift-wing'd hours,  
 An atmosphere of love and peace is shed :  
 When Hope flits near us, with her angel-wings,  
 And sweetly to the heart her anthem sings.

Then, welling from their fount, the streams of pleasure  
 Roll on, refreshing every joyous nerve ;  
 While, bound to our behests, ' withouten measure,'  
 All genial spirits at our bidding serve ;  
 Content is ours, and gladness ; things divine,  
 That make the tranquil breast their home and shrine. W. G. C.

THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

NUMBER THREE: PART SECOND.

I BELIEVE ! Those words were full of meaning ; and in every situation, under every trial, in the midst of scenes the most exciting, I have remembered them. Strange to say, the first lesson which I learned in Germany, the land of mystical philosophy, of wild theories, and of wilder doubts, was BELIEF ; and that too from the most remarkable individual, every way considered, of which Germany could boast. But did Goëthe *believe* ? I will not vouch for it ; I can only vouch for his assertion that he did ; and I will not think that he is a man to palter. But for my purpose it was of no consequence, so long as his exclamation was evidence of his opinion. And had I wandered so far to learn the simple lesson from *him* ? Even so. And now, just as the German is ascending to his zenith, I—I, so many years his junior ; I, who have had the same glowing energy ; the same healthful, hopeful ambition ; the same unchanging, determined aspirations ; (may not a dying man speak even thus of himself ?) I must stop short when I have scarce entered the lists. I see the door closed upon me just as I am about to cross the threshold. The pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern, before a single draught of the refreshing waters is conveyed to me ; and when the reward of past struggles and of present exertions appears to be close at hand, I am called away, to be here no more ! God forgive me for this momentary murmur ! I know that His purposes are true, and none can question them.

Come then to my aid, O sacred FAITH ! in this moment of my weakness, and give me strength from on high ! Teach me that although we work here, and know comparatively nothing, yet that we live always ; that knowledge is and ever has been progressive ; that the soul of man is as capacious as his aspirations are boundless, and that he has before him duration infinite, in which to labor and to Know !

The Professor and his former pupil stood face to face. It was a striking picture. I wish I could have sketched it. The Poet, in the exuberant maturity of early manhood, with his open brow, his lofty look and earnest demeanor, by which tokens one might read much hopefulness and a strong will, great energy and an untiring patience, stood self-relying and firm, rejoicing 'as a strong man to run a race.' The appearance of the Professor was more chastened, more subdued ; exhibiting equal firmness, with less determination, betokening a higher faith, with less self-reliance. Benevolence and every Christian virtue were exhibited in his countenance. None could mistake its expression.

At this moment Theresa, who with myself had been an earnest witness of what was passing, broke the silence :

'Herr Von Goëthe,' she exclaimed, modestly, but with firmness, 'do you honor the Sacraments ?'

'I honor them,' was the serious reply of the poet.

'But do you attend upon them, believing in their efficacy ?'

'All that is holy is efficacious ; all that is Christian is holy,' was the singular reply.

Theresa paused a moment, as if not satisfied with the answer ; then quietly seating herself, she resumed her needle without farther comment. At the same time, the Professor invited his guest to walk into the garden, and there they both proceeded. I was thus left alone with Theresa.

I felt embarrassed, I knew not why. I tried to think what I should say to my new acquaintance, but I could find no utterance for my thoughts. To me the silence was continually becoming more awkward, when Theresa, looking up from her employment, said : 'The gentleman does not care to walk in the garden ; he must be fatigued. Indeed,' continued she, changing the person, 'you must have had a long, a toilsome journey ; and you have left your home too. But you have friends here in Leipsic ?'

'None,' I replied, touched by the simplicity of her manner ; 'none, unless I may call your father and yourself by that title.'

'And why may you not ?' replied Theresa, earnestly. 'My father bade you welcome, and by that I know he is your friend. And if he is, then am I.'

There was something so peculiar in the manner of this young girl, so different from any thing I ever before observed in my intercourse with the sex, that I was puzzled. She seemed neither diffident nor embarrassed ; yet if ever true modesty marked one's demeanor, it certainly gave character to hers. The more I considered, the more I saw to admire ; until I came to the conclusion, which a subsequent acquaintance fully sustained, that Theresa was by nature

so artless, and so single-minded, and her heart so free from guile, that she gave expression to her real feelings as a matter of course, and spoke unhesitatingly as she thought.

'Were you not unhappy to leave your home and come so far?' continued Theresa.

'No, I was eager to get away.'

'Ah! I perceive,' said Theresa, with seriousness; 'you have lost your parents, and absence was a relief.'

My heart smote me at these words, for I thought of my mother. 'No,' I replied, 'you mistake me; my parents are both living, and I love them dearly, as you may well suppose.'

'And yet you were desirous to leave them?'

'I was, though not for the sake of leaving *them*.'

'I shall understand you better by and by, perhaps,' said Theresa.

'I am sure of it,' I answered; 'so I will only say now that I come here to prosecute my studies under the direction of your father.'

'What 'course' do you commence upon?' asked Theresa.

'Philosophy, I think; for I am deeply interested in the great German thinkers.'

'A wearisome and most unprofitable pursuit,' said the young girl, with an almost oracular tone.

I looked at her, surprised at the remark; but perceived no change from her previous quiet manner.

'Why do you say so?' I asked, curious to know how one so young could speak upon such a subject with so much self-possession.

'Because you will soon become involved in a maze of theories; unsatisfied with one, you will turn to another, and then speedily to another; and so on through the whole, until at last you will mock at all, for they all will seem to mock at you. I say so, because I witness these things every day: but I make you angry,' said Theresa, quickly, seeing my face suddenly flushed. 'I have spoken what you like not; I am sorry.'

It was indeed too true. Theresa *had* spoken what I liked not, and my face *was* flushed; but assuredly not from anger.

There are periods in the experience of every individual marked by a crisis; sometimes of a moral, sometimes of an intellectual, sometimes of a merely physical nature; but still *a crisis*, when it is suddenly discovered that the advance which we have flattered ourselves we have been for years making is an advance toward *ruin*; when on a sudden we behold, instead of beauty and fair proportion, moral hideousness and desolation; instead of the perfection of intellectual attainment, an intellect oblique and perverted and abandoned to error; when instead of a physical frame, full of life and health and strength, we discover the slow but certain approach of that insidious enemy, *Disease*. I am sure that every one who may chance to read this page, will recognise if not in all, yet in some part of what I have here put down, something which his own experience will confirm. And in the cases I have mentioned, how *very* suddenly does the light break upon us; and *then* how unerring and how plain are our convictions! How unmistakable is our situation! How we wonder

at our blindness, at our stupidity, in not earlier discovering it! And it is not by any uncommon incident that we are awakened to a sense of our position. The merest trifle, a slight unimportant occurrence, a word lightly spoken, breaks the spell (for the consummation was near) and then, how changed is the scene!

Instantaneously I awoke as from a dream. A fearful reality, which I dreaded to encounter, frowned forbiddingly upon my life's dream-work, and it vanished suddenly and was no more. '*You will mock at all, for they all will seem to mock at you! I say so, because I witness these things every day!*' Had the learned Professor, or the great Goëthe, or any distinguished philosopher, closed an eloquent discourse with this sentence, I doubt if it would have affected me. I should have regarded it as a part of the system of the lecturer to utter such a warning; but to hear from the lips of the young Theresa, so strong, so earnest yet so simple an argument, in language so clear and forcible, without the least appearance on her part of assumption or display, had the tremendous effect upon me which I have just described. It seemed like the voice of an angel pronouncing against me! I had wandered from *my* fatherland in search of wisdom, and was I to receive such a lesson from one so young, and that one a maiden! Were the teachings of all the learned doctors to be set at nought, and so simple a remedy applied? With the haughty Syrian, I was ready to exclaim: 'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in *them* and be clean?'

I felt the impotence of the question before I could myself frame a response. At a distance how had I regarded the great Thinkers of Germany! Close at hand, in very communion with them, how did *she*, the young Theresa, regard them? What a comment did the answer to this question involve! The words of the apostle now glowed before me: 'Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit.' But if I gave up all hold upon *my* philosophy, I was lost. I had no other resource; I could go no where else.

These thoughts passed like lightning through my brain. One minute had ticked slowly away, and the revolution was complete. Theresa sat regarding me with speechless wonder. That something had powerfully affected me, she could easily see; but farther, all was a mystery to her. Her voice brought me back to myself.

'What have I said? — what mistake have I made? — why are you displeased?' she demanded.

I replied as calmly as I could, assuring her that I was not displeased, but suddenly indisposed in a way I would hereafter explain; and pleading fatigue from my late journey, attempted to take my leave, that I might go back to my hotel. The Professor at this moment came in with his guest from his promenade, and positively forbade my returning.

'Your apartment has been ready for you these two weeks, and if my young friend is indisposed, he may go to it at once.'

I was glad to accept his offer. I was shown to a neat and delightfully-situated chamber, where every thing was prepared with a



due regard to comfort and convenience. I felt too agitated to think more at present. Beside, I was really weary. Early as it was, I drew the curtains and got into my bed. I fell into a disturbed and uneasy slumber, which lasted well into the following morning.

I did not awake until late. The day was fine, and looking from my window, I found the view most delightful. The house was nearly surrounded by an extensive garden, laid out in tasteful walks and labyrinths, at the extremity of which was erected a bower or summer-house. As I stood enjoying the prospect, I beheld Theresa coming down an avenue, accompanied by her distinguished guest. They were in close and apparently interesting conversation, although I could not perceive any thing peculiar in the manner of either. The former maintained her accustomed modest self-possession; the latter the same noble and dignified demeanor. He stopped often in the walk to examine the most minute things, to which he would frequently call the attention of his companion. Now the variegated colors of a strange flower would arrest his steps; he would then pause, and regard with singular scrutiny the movements of a large spider, which had woven his mesh across the path; perhaps a butterfly would next attract him, or a bird upon the wing, or an insect in the air. Nothing seemed to escape his observation, and nothing appeared unworthy of it. Presently the two turned and entered the house. I hastened down, and in answer to the kind inquiries of all, was happy to declare myself 'much better, every way.'

I had determined to explain to Theresa the cause of my singular conduct the evening previous, and was in hopes that she would make some allusion to it. She did not, however, but on the contrary evidently avoided it; doubtless with a design to save my feelings. After breakfast, the Professor and his guest went out together; the former apologizing to me for the seeming neglect, on the score that his engagements for the day were imperative. I know not why, but I dreaded to be left alone with Theresa. She however appeared desirous to prevent the time from becoming irksome to me. She asked me no questions, but started topics herself for conversation.

'I have received a gift this morning,' she remarked; 'something you would be curious to see; and I think I may show it to you, although it is not to be made public. It is well known that Goëthe has been for a long time engaged upon a tragedy, and that he has now nearly completed it. Last night he added, or rather inserted, a scene in it, and he was kind enough to give me a transcript, declaring that it was half mine.'

So saying, Theresa produced the manuscript, remarking: 'I thought you would be interested to read it, and here it is.'

I took the paper and read it. The thoughts were evidently suggested by what had passed the day previous. — What power of appropriation has that man! — And as it forms a part of the same subject, I will insert it here; although it may seem a departure from the plan I have thus far pursued, really it is not a departure.

I copy it in the German, *verbatim*. A translation would spoil its beauty :

M a r g a r e t e.

Versprich mir, Heinrich !

F a u s t.

Was ich kann !

M a r g a r e t e.

Nun sag', wie hast Du's mit der Religion ?  
Du bist ein beziglich guter Mann,  
Alein ich glaub', Du hältst nicht viel davon.

F a u s t.

Läß das, mein Kind ! Du fühlst, ich bin Dir gut ;  
Für mein Lieben stieh ich Leib und Blut,  
Will Niemand sein Gefühl und seine Kirche rauben.

M a r g a r e t e.

Das ist nicht recht, man muß d'ran glauben !

F a u s t.

Muß man ?

M a r g a r e t e.

Ach ! wenn ich etwas auf Dich könnte !  
Du ehst auch nicht die heiligen Sacramente.

F a u s t.

Ich ehre sie.

M a r g a r e t e.

Doch ohne Verlangen.  
Zur Messe, zur Beichte bist Du lange nicht gegangen.  
Glaubst Du an Gott ?

F a u s t.

Mein Liebchen, wer darf sagen,  
Ich glaub' an Gott ?  
Magst Priester oder Weise fragen,  
Und ihre Antwort scheint nur Spott  
Ueber den Frager zu sein.

M a r g a r e t e.

So glaubst Du nicht ?

F a u s t.

Mißhöre' mich nicht, Du holdes Angeßigt !  
Wer darf ihn nennen ?  
Und wer bekennen :  
Ich glaub' ihn.  
Wer empfinden ?  
Und sich unterwinden  
Zu sagen : Ich glaub' ihn nicht.  
Der Aukunfasser,  
Der Aukerhalter,  
Fast und erhält er nicht  
Dich, mich, sich selbst ?  
Wohlt sich der Himmel nicht daboben ?  
Liegt die Erde nicht hierunten fest ?  
Und steigen freundlich blickend  
Ewige Sterne nicht herauf ?  
Schau ich nicht Aug' in Auge Dir,  
Und drängt nicht alles  
Nach Haupt und Herzen Dir,  
Und webt in ewigem Geheimniß  
Unsichtbar sichtbar neben Dir ?  
Erfüll' davon Dein Herz, so groß es ist,  
Und wenn Du ganz in dem Gefühl selig bist,  
Renn' es dann, wie Du willst,  
Renn' es Glück ! Herz ! Liebe ! Gott !  
Ich habe keinen Namen  
Dafür ! Gefühl ist Alles ;  
Natur ist Schall und Rauch,  
Unnebelad Himmelsglut.

M a r g a r e t e.

Das ist alles recht schön und gut ;  
Ungefähr sagt das der Pfarrer auch,  
Nur mit ein Wörtchen andern Worten.

Faust.

Es fagen's aller Orten  
Alle Herzen unter dem himmlischen Tage,  
Jedes in seiner Sprache;  
Warum nicht in der meinen?

Margarete.

Wenn man's so hört, mücht's leidlich scheinen,  
Steht aber doch immer schief darum;  
Denn Du haßt kein Christenthum.

Faust.

Sich's Kind! \*

Here was the dreaded subject back again! I felt that I had not strength to grapple with it, for I knew how futile was the contest.

\* We trust that we shall find favor with our correspondent's less literate readers, by appending a translation of the above. We were at first disposed to *substitute* this for the original German, but finally concluded to *add* it in a note. We must not forget to state, by the way, that we have taken our extract from the excellent prose translation of GOETHE'S 'Faust' by Mr. HAYWARD.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

PROMISE me, HENRY!

MARGARET.

What I can.

FAUST.

MARGARET.

Now, tell me: how do you feel as to religion? You are a dear, good man, but I believe you do n't think much of it.

FAUST.

No more of that, my child! you feel I love you: I would lay down my life for those I love, nor would I deprive any of their feeling and their church.

MARGARET.

That is not right; we must believe in it.

FAUST.

Must we?

MARGARET.

Ah! if I had any influence over you! Beside, you do not honor the holy Sacraments.

FAUST.

I honor them.

MARGARET.

But without desiring them. It is long since you went to mass or confession. Do you believe in God?

FAUST.

My love, who dares say 'I believe in God?' You may ask priests and philosophers, and their answer will appear but a mockery of the questioner.

MARGARET.

You do n't believe, then?

FAUST.

Mistake me not, thou lovely one! Who dare name him? and who avow: 'I believe in him?' Who feel—and dare to say: 'I believe in him not?' The All-embracer, the All-sustainer, does he not embrace and sustain thee, me, himself? Does not the heaven arch itself there above? Lies not the earth firm here below? And do not eternal stars rise, kindly twinkling, on high? Are we not looking into each other's eyes, and is not all thrugging to thy head and heart, and weaving in eternal mystery, invisibly—visibly, about thee? With it fill thy heart, big as it is; and when thou art wholly blent in the feeling, then call it what thou wilt! Call it Bliss!—Heart!—Love!—God! I have no name for it! Feeling is all in all. Name is sound and smoke, clouding heaven's glow.

MARGARET.

That is all very fine and good. The priest says nearly the same, only with somewhat different words.

FAUST.

All hearts in all places under the blessed light of day say it, each in its own language; why not in mine?

MARGARET.

Thus taken, it may pass; but, for all that, there is something wrong about it, for thou hast no Christianity.

FAUST.

Dear child!

I determined if possible to give my mind some repose ; at least for a few days. After expressing my thanks, therefore, for the perusal of the manuscript, I asked Theresa if she would not take a stroll with me in the Rosenthal. She assented, and thither we proceeded.

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S T A N Z A S : S P R I N G - T I M E .

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BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

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' THE winter is over and gone ; the flowers appear again upon the earth ; the time of the singing of birds hath come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.'

HARK !—how the rain-drops patter on the roof !  
 A few more days of tempest, and the sun  
 Shall light the naked mountain-woods, and buds  
 Will swell in the wood-thickets ; yet a few  
 Capricious days of drizzle and cold mists,  
 And gentle airs shall fill the wilderness  
 With sweet, wild harmony. The larch shall hang  
 Its tassels out, and by the weedy pool  
 The bird shall look into the last year's nest,  
 And sing to the young morning. Reeds shall spring  
 Glossy and green along the fountain's marge,  
 And tremble in the sunshine. Flowers shall bloom  
 Upon the woody hills, and by the side  
 Of the rough forest-road, and in the depths  
 Of the low thickets, and upon the graves,  
 Nor longer shall the frosts of winter shine  
 Amid the letters sculptured on the tomb.

The season's keen severity shall pass,  
 And soft winds, fresh with scent of evergreen,  
 Shall warn the husbandman when it is time  
 To wend unto his labor. He shall go  
 Rejoicing to his toil, for not in vain  
 Hath God given promise that the earth shall yield  
 Her fair increase in season. Winter's snow  
 Whitens the hill-tops, and the blast comes strong  
 And icy through the woods ; yet in due time  
 The yellow grain cast in the furrowed land  
 Springs up into the harvest. Wisely thus  
 Runs the perpetual harmony of things ;  
 Thus wakening to new youth beyond the change  
 And grossness of this dull mortality.  
 From Life's dark winter-time the soul shall burst,  
 And seek its proper country. Calmly goes  
 The good man to his slumbers ; calmly thus  
 Would I go down, when it shall come my time,  
 To rest in the cold charnel ; not in fear,  
 Nor poisoned with remorse, but with a deep  
 And holy quietude surrendering up  
 My soul to sweet-voiced angels, let me pass  
 Gently into my immortality.

## THE GULF-STREAM.

OBSERVATIONS UPON ITS EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER AND PROBABLE SOURCE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO PROF. SILLIMAN.

AMONG the wonderful works of Nature, whose cause yet remains in doubt, there is perhaps none more worthy of our attention than that which heads this paper. Some persons suppose that it is caused by the trade-winds; others, that it is owing to the waters which are discharged into the Gulf by the Mississippi and other rivers; and others again say that its origin is 'the tide flowing in by an under, and coming out by an upper current,' etc.

Before venturing a refutation of any of these hypotheses, it will be necessary to show what are the peculiar characteristics of this vast flow of water, and then inquire if any theory yet advanced will be able to account for them in a satisfactory manner; and if not, if one and all of them be found entirely inadequate, then venture to promulgate a solution, which my mind for some time past has adopted as entirely satisfactory to me, and which I trust will be found to cover the whole ground, both in fact and philosophy. These characteristics are, *First*, its Magnitude; *Second*, its Force; *Third*, its Heat; *Fourth*, its Color.

I. OF ITS MAGNITUDE. — Between the peninsula of Florida and the island of Cuba, the stream is sixty miles wide, and of a depth I believe unknown; off Cape Fear, North-Carolina, it is one hundred; off New-York, about two hundred and forty; and at the banks of Newfoundland its breadth is about five hundred miles; and its influence is felt on the coast of Ireland, and even as far as Norway.

II. OF ITS FORCE. — 'Three degrees to the north-east of Vera Cruz it has been found setting to the north-east one mile an hour; in the meridian of Havannah two; off Cape Florida from three and-a-half to five; between Cape Hatteras and Nantucket it has been known to run at the rate of three miles an hour; and whirlpools, indicating great force, have been often seen as far east as longitude sixty-five degrees and latitude forty-two degrees; and five degrees east of Newfoundland it has driven a becalmed vessel from twenty-five to thirty miles a day out of her course. I now quote from 'The Coast Pilot,' which has been politely furnished to me for the better illustration of this matter, by the Messrs. BLUNTS, whose assiduity and exertions must have been great, to enable them to produce a work of such importance to the mercantile interests of Christendom. Thus: 'The water in some places is like boiling water, and in other places it foams like the waters of a cataract, even in dead-calms, and places which are fathomless; and during strong north-east winds, that part from Cape Roman to the north and east breaks

*violently; so much so, that it has been mistaken for shoals during the night.'*

If the above be not sufficient to attest the overwhelming force of the Gulf-Stream, I trust that the following extracts from the same work will be found fully so: 'In the strait of Florida, within the Bahamas, when a northerly gale increases to a storm, it opposes the stream in its course, the adverse power causes it to fill all the channels and openings among the Martyr Islands and reefs, and to overflow all the low coast.' 'The water is supposed at times to have risen to the height of thirty feet, and to have been running against the fury of the winds at the rate of *seven miles an hour*; during these times the strait of Florida exhibits a scene terrific beyond description.'

III. OF ITS HEAT. — The temperature of the stream in the meridian of Key-West is about eighty-six degrees; off the mouth of the Delaware, *in the month of October*, it was found to be seventy-eight degrees; off Nantucket, seventy-five degrees of Fahrenheit. On a passage from England to New-York the stranger is surprised at the extraordinary change from a chilling coldness to an agreeable summer-heat, even in the space of a single night; and this when he is little more than half-way over. It has been found to be eleven degrees warmer than the sea through which it was then passing.

IV. OF ITS COLOR. — It is always of that fine blue which is characteristic of the southern seas.

Are the trade-winds the cause of the Gulf-Stream? Is its flood received into the Gulf of Mexico through the strait of Yucatan? After carefully weighing the whole evidence pro and con, I answer, 'No.' The testimony of navigators appears to be about equally divided on this head. One says that he found a current of two miles setting from the bay of Honduras *into* the Gulf of Mexico; another, that he experienced the same setting *out of* the gulf, and after rounding Cape Antonio, taking an eastern direction; another, that he was driven by a current setting east south-east, two-and-a-half knots between the Caymans and the Isle of Pines, etc. To support the negative of this question, I submit the following: First: The strait of Yucatan is but little more capacious than that of Florida, yet the force of the current in the latter is double that of the former, and at times treble. If the supply were really derived through the influence of 'the trades,' *it is manifest that during the prevalence of a severe Norther the same exhibition of conflicting elements would be seen off Cape Catouch as there is off Cape Florida during a severe easterly gale; but this I believe has never been discovered, although severe Northers have prevailed, with little or no intermission during sixteen days.* If the trade-winds were the cause of the stream, I am of opinion that during the prevalence of a great norther the waters of the Atlantic would flow rapidly back into the Gulf, because the supply through the strait of Yucatan would be stopped; and the feeder thus cut off, the gulf would be exhausted, and the law of compensation alone would cause them to do so. But instead of this natural consequent upon a severe and continued north wind, admitting 'the

trades' to be the cause, no such result has ever been witnessed ; but on the contrary, the Gulf-Stream still flows, whether 'the trades' blow or not; whether the wind prevail from the north or the south, the west or the east ; and from the latter quarter even when they are most boisterous ; and when 'the trades' have been stopped for weeks, the Gulf-Stream is seen contending against the furious storm at the rate of six and seven miles an hour, evincing a power and a source far greater and more permanent than the ephemeral supply which 'the trades' could possibly give.

This great difference of volume, of force and of elemental strife, which is seen when winds of equal strength oppose the different currents at the strait of Yucatan and that of Florida, appears to me to be proof conclusive that the Gulf-Stream must derive its supply from a source more unfailing, permanent and powerful than the mere surface-wave of the trade-winds. Neither can that hypothesis be sustained by the argument of an under-current ; because if it were so, the water coming from within the tropics would be warmer than that north of them ; would naturally flow on the surface ; and would not, nay could not, form an under-current. I advance the above remarks in support of the first and second classification of characteristics, as well as the facts contained under those two heads ; and ask the reader whether the vastness and the force of the Gulf-Stream can possibly be derived from such unstable source as the trade-winds ?

The known heat of the Gulf-Stream is more powerful than any other argument to show that it cannot possibly be derived from solar influence while within the tropics ; and if this point be once established, no more need be said in denial of the theory which attributes the Gulf-Stream to the trade-winds. As is shown in the third classification of characteristics, the heat of the Gulf-Stream in the strait of Florida is put down at eighty-six degrees of Fahrenheit, while the mean temperature of the sea at the equator is, say seventy degrees ; and it cannot be much more than this, because that of the atmosphere is but about seventy-five degrees ; and the mean temperature of the air at Jamaica is quoted at eighty-one ; and that of the sea being naturally much less, it cannot surely be asserted that this addition of caloric was derived from the atmosphere while traversing such a distance northward from the equator, where it was never known to be so high, and that too in the month of October.

The fine clear blue of this current precludes the least idea that it could possibly be derived from the Mississippi and other rivers which empty into the Gulf. The only streams of any importance which are tributary to that basin are the Chattahooche, Alabama, Pearl, Mississippi, Trinity, Brassos, Colorado and Rio Grande. Now the Mississippi delivers more water into the Gulf than all of these together ; and yet its influence in producing such a current as that of the Gulf-Stream would be of little or no avail. I may say that a thousand such rivers would not be sufficient. The boccos of the Mississippi discharge their waters on the segment of a circle whose length is not less than two hundred and fifty miles ; it must

necessarily therefore be discharged in very slight volume, and being lighter than the waters of the Gulf, it floats upon their surface, and is at once subject to the powerful influence of evaporation which in the Gulf of Mexico, especially in the summer months, is much beyond belief. On entering the Mississippi, when but a few miles from the main pass, you see its turgid waters on the surface; your vessel divides them, and they dwindle into such insignificance that the blue wave of the Gulf is seen in the wake of the ship until you arrive almost at the mouth of the river. But even if the rivers which discharge themselves into the Gulf were sufficient to produce the volume, the important characteristics of *heat* and *color* would still be wanting. No more therefore need be said in refutation of the theory that these rivers are the source of the Gulf-Stream.

The only hypothesis then to which any force attaches is that of the 'trade-winds;' and this to a superficial inspection would seem to be amply sufficient; a grand pier or barrier extending from longitude thirty-three degrees west, to ninety-seven west, that is from Cape St. Roche in South America to the shores of Mexico, sixty-four degrees, and running generally on the diagonal of the rhombs, would, I say, appear at first view to be equal to the production of such a flood; but this I deny, upon the grounds already laid down; viz., *its vastness* could not be produced by 'the trades;' because even should they raise a wave of a thousand tons, and it rise to a crest, it is evident that such weight, resting upon no basis but a liquid like itself, must necessarily sink into it and displace the waters beneath itself in a direction opposite to its own course, as the cog of one pinion-wheel would propel that of another in the direction contrary to its own motion. Beside, the law of equilibrium, compensation, would demand this, and require it.

*Its force* cannot be derived from the 'trade-winds,' from the fact that there is no war of elements, during a severe norther, between Cape Catouch and Cape Antonio at all to compare with that which is *always seen* off Cape Florida during a severe easterly or north-easterly gale.

*Its heat* cannot be derived from the tropical wave, because it possesses a greater amount of caloric off Key-West, even in the month of October, than that possessed by any part of the sea within the tropics, even in the midst of summer.

*Its color* cannot be derived from 'the trades,' because the waves which they propel are generally those of shallow seas, which must necessarily become more or less turgid, and could not therefore possess that mild, beautiful blue which is one of the peculiar features of that vast volume of water. If the rivers which disembogue themselves into the bay of Mexico be not, if the trade-winds be not, the source of the Gulf-Stream; if the facts already quoted directly oppose and flatly deny these hypotheses, what then *is* the source of the Gulf-Stream?

To make a satisfactory answer to this, it is necessary to examine an extensive field. We find by the report of the French engineers sent to survey the route for the Panama canal, that the waters of



the Pacific are generally about eleven feet higher than those on the Atlantic side; and at spring-tides they are some eighteen feet higher. Now this is an extraordinary fact, the very reverse of what would appear, philosophically, should be the case; because the earth travelling at the rate of one thousand and forty-five miles an hour *eastward*, it would seem that the waters on the western side of the barrier would flow away from it, and those of the eastern side be piled up against it. This fact is plainly illustrated by putting a grind-stone or rounded board in motion on an axis; having previously wetted it, and placed a barrier on the verge, it will first be found that the water will flow to the utmost verge of the circle; and if not too violently moved, the water will be seen to flow over the barrier in a little jet, in a direction contrary to the motion of the wheel. That this philosophical law does act on the eastern side of the isthmus of Panama, there can be no doubt; and notwithstanding this influence, we find that the waters on the *eastern side* are lower by eleven to eighteen feet than they are on the western! We now come to the inquiry as to the cause of such phenomenon, so contrary to known laws, which would produce an effect directly the opposite.

If the inquirer will turn to the map of those countries, he will find that the volume of water on the Atlantic side, which could have any influence on the question, is only that within the meridians of sixty-five and ninety degrees west of Greenwich, lying between the United States and South America, which is almost of no consideration when compared with that on the Pacific side; and the centrifugal force, operating directly along the meridians, can have but little influence upon so small a body of water as that of the West Indian and Caribbean Seas, compared with so vast a body as that of the Pacific, extending one hundred and fifty degrees in breadth, and running in unbroken volume into both the Polar Seas.

The isthmus of Panama being so near the equator, and the centrifugal force acting upon such an accumulation of fluid as that of the Pacific, gives, in my opinion, the true cause of the difference of elevation of the two oceans at the point of Panama. I am not aware that any other writer has attempted a solution of this subject; and if mine be the true one, of which I have not the smallest doubt, we have a very important item as to the source of the Gulf-Stream. Beside this, there are other facts to be considered: namely, the extent and great depression of the basin forming the bay of Mexico, it being mostly unfathomable; the volcanic nature of all the mountains of Cuba; the volcanoes at and near the narrow strip of land south of Vera Cruz, which separates the Gulf from the Pacific, being but one hundred and ten statute-miles across. On the eastern side there are two near each other, and on the western there are no less than eight volcanoes in one group. But *most* worthy of consideration are the fields of liquid asphaltum, which the mariner frequently sails through on a voyage from New-Orleans to Vera Cruz, which appears like tar floating on the water, and which, in fine weather, is seen ever and anon bubbling up from un-

known depths, and possessing a highly mephitic smell. All these facts, when taken together, suggest the unavoidable inference that *the Pacific Ocean is the source of the Gulf-Stream*; that the tunnels through which it is supplied are the flues or supply-ducts of an exhausted volcano; that the vastness of its volume can be accounted for in no other way than that of the Pacific being its source; that its heat is acquired in passing through these flues or funnels; that its color, coming from the depths of the Pacific, would be preserved in this way; that the asphaltum, which now quietly rises to the surface of the gulf, and is buffeted about by the winds until finally thrown upon the coast, once issued in liquid flame from the crater of a frightful volcano; and that the great depression on the surface of our planet, forming the bay of Mexico, is the exhausted cavern which once supplied a volcano greater than Hawaii, or perhaps than any other that was ever known in our world.

Admitting this hypothesis, all the phenomena peculiar to the Gulf-Stream are philosophically accounted for, and reconcilable to reason. Here we see the cause of its *Vastness*, of its *Force*, of its *Heat*, and of its *Color*; in which solution there is not one fact to rise up and call it in question.

STUART PERRY.

## A L A Y O F T H E H E A R T .

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

WHEN Fame around thy beauteous brow  
Her green and fadeless bay had wound,  
Above the 'wreath of wild flowers' thou  
Had'st o'er thy youthful temples bound;

We met. But ah! 't was not for this;  
Not that the world, with loud acclaim,  
Had given the poet's deathless meed  
To gild for aye thy gentle name:

Oh! not for this I sought thee then,  
And not for this I prize thee now;  
But for thy winning, guileless ways,  
And for thy love-illuminated brow:

And for thy pure, confiding heart,  
That never yet its truth forsook;  
Which met my own in generous faith,  
And opened to me its golden book.

And I must eat the lotus fruit  
That brings to all forgetfulness,  
Or ever I forego thy praise,  
Or teach my heart to love thee less.

**ORTHOPHONY: OR VOCAL CULTURE IN ELOCUTION: a Manual of Elementary Exercises, adapted to Dr. RUSH's Philosophy of the Human Voice. By JAMES E. MURDOCH and WILLIAM RUSSELL. With an Appendix on pure Tone, by J. G. WEBB. In one volume. pp. 336. Boston: W. D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY. New-York: MARK H. NEWMAN.**

WE place the title of this excellent work of Messrs. MURDOCH and RUSSELL at the head of the ensuing remarks of a correspondent, not to indicate a review of the work itself, since the first edition has already been noticed in these pages, but in connection with the ensuing observations upon oratory, to call attention to a treatise which furnishes the ground-work of practical elocution, and whatever explanations are needed for the training of the organs and the cultivation of the voice. We should have more and better orators among us, if our countrymen would only pay a little attention to the rudiments of articulation and expression and the organic discipline of what has been felicitously termed 'vocal gymnastics.' But we are forgetting our correspondent:

'THE pleasures of elocution constitute one of the most refined enjoyments of intellect. We may read, in the silence of the chamber, the classic page, the burning words of the poet or the orator, and relish the feast with the appetite of a mortal APICIUS; but let these same productions be presented to us in the flowing, discriminating and animated manner of the accomplished orator himself, and the thoughts and expressions assume new forms of beauty; they start out as if invested with personification, and stir up in the soul sources of pleasure unknown and unthought of in their previous perusal. They are no more the same than the cold chiselled marble is the breathing, speaking, moving man. In reading the immortal elocutionary productions of the classic periods of Greece and Rome, we are almost led to envy (if envy can be said to belong to the past,) the lot of those who listened to a DEMOSTHENES, a CICERO, and their kindred spirits. That was the illustrious period, in which the energies of elocution are admitted to have been most prevalent and most felt. The orators then were literally devoted to one study. Their zeal became inflamed by every new beauty that indefatigable analysis might evolve, and the eloquence and poetry of nature became the familiar language of these enthusiastic scholars. They 'glanced from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;' fathomed the depths of mighty minds, and arranged every word of their own writings so as not to offend the ear by a discordant sound. Thus, we are told, DEMOSTHENES transcribed the whole history of THUCYDIDES eight or nine times over, merely to catch the force and spirit of that historian; and SOCRATES spent whole years of his life in writing his chief oration; a part of which he is said to have borrowed from LYDIAS and THUCYDIDES. And even in our own age, our most successful advocates at the bar and on the hustings are those who have 'learned and couched by rote' the mighty volume of nature, as opened in the works of SHAKESPEARE. WILLIAM C. PRESTON, OGDEN HOFFMAN, LEGARE, ELI MOORE, *et id omne genus*, draw their figures, illustrations and modes of appeal to the passions from his inspired pages, and form their action from such gifted interpreters as MACREADY, FORREST, MURDOCH, and others on the stage. In the works of CICERO we meet with another example of industry, without a parallel in the annals of ancient history. No man perhaps ever wrote more books than this ill-fated author; and if we judge of his literary labors by the numerous volumes known at the present time, to say nothing of those supposed to have been lost in the dark ages, we have reason to be amazed at the exhibition of his perseverance. How will such examples compare with the industry of modern orators? with the extemporaneous flow of words without force and meaning, or with the school-boy manner of recital which our speakers carry with them into the legislative halls, the pulpit, the bar, and the hustings? But it is said the ancient orators had greater opportunities for the display of their eloquence. True; but in any age where a man expects to effect any thing by his speech, he must

'STIRREN the sinews, summon up the blood;  
Disguise fair Nature with hard-favored rage,  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect!  
Let it pry through the portage of the head  
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it  
As fearfully as doth a galled oak  
O'erhang and gully his confounded base,  
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean;  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
To its full height.'

than open a box of laces or bonnets to the public till my sisters had seen them.

I completed the family, and I too was of marriageable age. I was educated at college, had heard law-lectures at Yale, and expected soon to be admitted to the bar. I don't think I was any way remarkable, save as being the only son and heir to the family power, and the only liberally-educated man in the 'oäsis.' These things made me of so much consequence at home, and I had found myself so insignificant a personage abroad, where nobody knew or appreciated the station I was born to, that I had concluded to marry, when I could find a wife sufficiently agreeable to me, and worthy of the greatness I should endow her with, squat on the 'oäsis,' and quietly await the time when my father should yield up to me his honors and his rank.

To us there was no Mordecai in the king's gate; our authority was unquestioned. But a country life is generally dull, and there is little pleasure in the undisturbed enjoyment of dignity. Variety in associates is always pleasant, and we were very glad to hear, one day, that a cousin of ours was coming to teach the village school. It would gratify our pride to show her our authority, and her company could not but be some alleviation of the tiresomeness of solitude. She was a second cousin, and as she had lived in a part of the country distant from us, we were wholly unacquainted with her. By the death of her father, a few years before, whom intemperance and speculation had ruined in mind, body and estate, she had been left destitute and friendless. We had not taken the pains to send for her; for who hunts up his poor relations? But an uncle of hers, on the other side of her genealogical tree, who lived in our neighborhood, and honored the trade of a blacksmith, had obtained for her the promise of our summer school. He told my father that he expected her arrival; and when that excellent man communicated the fact to us at the tea-table, his countenance shone with conscious benevolence, as he remarked, that it was in our power to make her respectable or otherwise, and we must use her well. 'I told Sackett,' he added, 'that she must come right up and visit us, and that she might be sure we should be glad to see her.'

'We must certainly take some notice of her,' said my mother.

'Yes, girls, be sure you treat her kindly,' added the old gentleman.

'Of course we shall,' replied my sisters; 'she is our cousin.'

I only said that I hoped she was pretty, which expression was met by my father with an ominous shake of the head, warning me not to seduce the affection of the credulous girl by showing her any farther attention than courtesy demanded. 'Young girls' heads are easily turned,' he said, 'and her happiness and peace of mind are of far more importance — far more, Sir, than is the gratification of your vanity.'

In order to give her a respectable position at once, and to secure for her a favorable reception in the 'oäsis,' we gave out that the expected school-mistress was our cousin. Much to our surprise, the

first fortnight after her arrival passed away without Miss Morris' having accepted my father's repeated and urgent invitation, conveyed to her through the blacksmith, to come and see us. This could hardly be from timidity, for my father's invitations had been sufficiently pressing, and we knew she had already made the acquaintance of the parson's lady, who would be only too glad to accompany her to our house.

'It was plain to be seen,' my mother said, 'that the elated thing expects the first call from us. She must be taught better, if only for her own sake. Alzina,' (addressing her eldest,) 'you need not humor the silly thing; she will soon find what her place is, and how dependent she is for every attention on our favor.'

'That she will!' replied the scion of aristocracy. 'You need not fear my running after her!'

My father would have advised less stern treatment, but in matters of etiquette and management my mother's opinion was generally followed. But our change of policy came too late. Miss Morris had already been welcomed by every body who dared to know our cousin. At church, strange to say, she showed no inclination to seek an introduction to that pew in which the majesty of the oasis was seated. She was so crowded with offers of hospitality that she was plainly under no necessity of going a-begging; she seemed to have captivated the whole town. It could not indeed be denied that there was something exceedingly attractive in her air and manners. Her features had that equilibrium that makes permanent good looks; and there was that mixture of earnestness and unconcern in the expression of her face that is equally removed from the awkward warmth of nature and the dull indifference of artificial life. Few would look at her a second time in a crowd, but the combination of spirit and good nature in her address and conversation fascinated every one; so at least said all who had seen her, when they came, as they did not fail to do, to congratulate us on having so charming a cousin. They wondered, moreover, exceedingly, that she had not been to see us; and we too began to wonder. We only knew that when she casually met my mother at a neighbor's, she had promised in reply to her invitation 'to come and drink tea some afternoon,' that she certainly should not deny herself so great a gratification. But she still delayed, and evinced no inclination to avail herself of our protection and patronage.

It was plainly of consequence to us to stand in a different relation to her from the present; the circumstances were very embarrassing. Had we not acknowledged our relationship to her in the first place, she could never have held up her head; or, had she attempted it, the whole town would have been shocked at her presumption. But we had tied our own hands; we had said that she was our cousin, and that we were glad she was coming to the oasis; and, as she had done nothing to forfeit our favor, how could we cast her off? No one came in to drink tea or to gossip for an hour, who had not something to say in praise of Miss Morris. If a girl so captivating should take it into her head, no one could tell how much trouble she might

cause us. And beside, it offended our pride not a little, that any one, and especially a young and dependent girl, should be so careless of our countenance and friendship. Our vanity prompted us to take some step that would bring her to us, and show her our power and splendor. The difficulty was how to do this without compromising our dignity. That must be maintained at all hazards.

These several conclusions were arrived at in solemn council one evening, after we had casually learned that the minister and his wife and Dr. Jones' lady had been drinking tea at Mr. Sackett's; an occurrence for which the records of the place furnished no precedent. It was obvious what had drawn them thither. Something must be done; we must get ourselves on less embarrassing terms with Miss Morris; and aside from the necessities of the case, we all felt no little curiosity to make the acquaintance of a person so bewitching. The matter was tacitly left to my mother's ingenuity, and we all went to bed. Whether my mother dreamed it out, as mathematicians are said to dream out difficult problems, I do not know; but the next morning it was announced that the embarrassment was got over. We were to make a party, and to ask among others the Sacketts and Miss Morris. This was pronounced on all sides a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* in generalship. Miss Morris would of course come; and coming in such company, could not fail of seeing her true position in the social scale; and other people would see it too; and would admire our condescension in going so low as to ask the Sacketts' for our poor relation's sake.

Well, the evening at length came, and with it, at an early hour, came the worthy blacksmith and his wife, and his niece. It was a great day for the Sacketts'. That honest couple would have stopped immediately on passing the door of the drawing-room, if not in the hall itself; and would have taken the remotest corner in respectful silence, satisfied with being just within the magic circle of aristocracy, fashion and refinement, and awed into silent admiration by the splendor that shone around, and the majesty that sat enthroned at the farther end of the room. But Miss Morris, who had permitted them to come at their own hour, and in every thing had till now left their awe-struck fancy to itself, here interposed, and telling them that it was proper for them to pay their respects to the lady of the house, succeeded in bringing them to where my mother was seated. That lady on seeing them enter, had turned her attention and her eyes to another part of the room, rightly judging that Mrs. Sackett's sense of propriety, if left to itself, would keep her at a respectful distance, till a proper period having elapsed, she might direct some one to call the trembling trio to her. But she had reckoned without her host, as the squeaking of the blacksmith's boots and the rustling of his wife's silk dress speedily informed her. But my mother was fertile in resources; she turned her head, and after such an effort as those alone who wear spectacles know how to make, recognised Mrs. Sackett. She extended her hand, said she was very glad Mrs. Sackett had come, and asked her why she did not bring Mr. Sackett, and when Mrs. Sackett smiled a terror-struck and doubtful smile,

and when Mr. Sackett laughed a convulsive laugh, and they both said in a breath that she *had* brought him, my mother smiled too, and wondered she had not seen him before. When she had accounted for this oversight — not the less remarkable because the object of it had been within arm's-length of his wife all the while — in several distinct and entirely contradictory ways, she inquired very cordially after 'the children,' and without attending to their reply that they had none, proceeded to say: 'You have brought your niece? Well I am very much obliged to you,' she added, turning with a condescending look to Miss Morris, 'You must not be afraid to come and see us alone after this.'

But a change came over the patronizing expression of her face, as she met, not the pale face of a terrified and trembling girl, but a countenance beaming with mirth, which was kept from breaking into a smile by the least bit of a sneer. She advanced and gave her hand to my mother, and without attending to the observation that had been addressed particularly to herself, said: 'You are rather under obligations to me for bringing my uncle and his wife, than to them for bringing me; and as a return for this favor, I beg you to introduce me to your daughters. I had half resolved to punish their neglect in not calling on me by refusing their acquaintance altogether; but when I recollect how nearly related we are, I have not the heart to do it.' Such a request my mother could not of course refuse, though it was by no means a part of her plan to pay Miss Morris so marked an attention.

Calling to me, who was doing 'the heir' to the various guests as they came in, and introducing me to Miss Morris, who received me with well-bred frankness, she sent me across the room to desire my sisters to come to her. This proceeding drew the attention of the whole company to the reception that our cousin received, and my mother for once was obliged to confess to herself that she had been out-generalled.

I of course did not return to witness the meeting between my sisters and Miss Morris, and of what passed then I only know that when she saw they took no notice of her friends, she introduced them in the most formal manner to Mr. and Mrs. Sackett; an infliction that they endured with not the best grace.

But this was only the least of their sufferings on that calamitous evening. The gallantry and devotion of all the gentlemen at the party were diverted from them, whose prescriptive right it was, and transferred to Miss Morris; and instead of flattering speeches about themselves, they heard only praises of their lovely cousin. We did all in our power to cause it be forgotten that there was such a person as Miss Morris in the room. But in spite of all our endeavors to the contrary, it was obvious that she was the sole object of interest and attention; and at length I gave up in despair my attempt to get up excitement in another part of the room, and joined the circle collected in a corner where Miss Morris was talking with Doctor Mills on the new style of hats.

As I observed her closely, for the first time, I could not withhold my

share of the tribute of admiration that was bestowed on all sides. Her form was not without grace, and her features were sufficiently handsome; but it was the expression of her eyes, of her whole face, earnest and sincere, in which lay the principal charm. Her dress was plain, but not to that mistaken degree of simplicity that is obviously designed to attract attention. Her conversation was animated, on trifling topics even gay, and marked every where by those fundamental qualities in every valuable character, good nature and good sense; I could not help admiring her, and yet while I stood gazing on this girl, an object so well calculated to excite the noblest emotions in every rightly-constituted breast, I remembered that she was poor, and low in society and occupation, and I thought — for to this may the human heart by untoward circumstances be brought — I thought that Heaven had done injustice in giving her the power to please so well; while I envied, I almost hated her. Though she deserved the tenderest feelings and the warmest sympathy, she awakened in me only feelings of ill-will.

When there was a pause in the conversation, I proposed music, sure that there my sisters would outshine her. She said she did not play, and the room was silent while my sisters executed in their best style (and that style was to the acceptance of the first connoisseurs in the whole circle of our acquaintance,) some of the latest and most fashionable pieces, and finally they sung an Italian duett; Chinese to us, and, for that matter, to them also. All through they gained much applause. This turning to music was plainly a good hit. Then Dr. Mills asked Miss Morris if she did not sing. She said: 'Very little; nothing, indeed, but some old songs that every body had heard a great many times.' On being urged, she sang, accompanied by my sister on the piano, some of those old Scotch airs, that move the heart alike of the peasant and the prince, and which, though heard a thousand times already, are, when heard again, like the face of a child, or the sound of falling waters at night, dearer than ever before. Perfect stillness settled down on those around her while she sang; and as is always the effect of good music, we were made, each one of us, the wiser and the better by what we had heard. At length the company separated, and Miss Morris, I doubt not, haunted the sleep of every bachelior who had listened to her voice and gazed upon her features that evening. For one, I can positively answer, little as was the favor with which I was prepared to regard Miss Morris, I could not resist her attractions; and my evil and my good genius working together upon my brain, I dreamed of her as rich and high-born, and as my affianced bride. But when I awoke in the morning, my head was cooler and more rational I suppose, for I laughed at the absurdity of even dreaming of bestowing my high social position and great expectations on a village school-mistress. Nevertheless, even then, when I pictured to myself the woman I would choose, my imagination added to wealth and aristocratic position the countenance and conversation of Miss Morris.

Though we had evidently failed of impressing Miss Morris with



the Pacific are generally about eleven feet higher than those on the Atlantic side; and at spring-tides they are some eighteen feet higher. Now this is an extraordinary fact, the very reverse of what would appear, philosophically, should be the case; because the earth travelling at the rate of one thousand and forty-five miles an hour *eastward*, it would seem that the waters on the western side of the barrier would flow away from it, and those of the eastern side be piled up against it. This fact is plainly illustrated by putting a grind-stone or rounded board in motion on an axis; having previously wetted it, and placed a barrier on the verge, it will first be found that the water will flow to the utmost verge of the circle; and if not too violently moved, the water will be seen to flow over the barrier in a little jet, in a direction contrary to the motion of the wheel. That this philosophical law does act on the eastern side of the isthmus of Panama, there can be no doubt; and notwithstanding this influence, we find that the waters on the *eastern side* are lower by eleven to eighteen feet than they are on the western! We now come to the inquiry as to the cause of such phenomenon, so contrary to known laws, which would produce an effect directly the opposite.

If the inquirer will turn to the map of those countries, he will find that the volume of water on the Atlantic side, which could have any influence on the question, is only that within the meridians of sixty-five and ninety degrees west of Greenwich, lying between the United States and South America, which is almost of no consideration when compared with that on the Pacific side; and the centrifugal force, operating directly along the meridians, can have but little influence upon so small a body of water as that of the West Indian and Caribbean Seas, compared with so vast a body as that of the Pacific, extending one hundred and fifty degrees in breadth, and running in unbroken volume into both the Polar Seas.

The isthmus of Panama being so near the equator, and the centrifugal force acting upon such an accumulation of fluid as that of the Pacific, gives, in my opinion, the true cause of the difference of elevation of the two oceans at the point of Panama. I am not aware that any other writer has attempted a solution of this subject; and if mine be the true one, of which I have not the smallest doubt, we have a very important item as to the source of the Gulf-Stream. Beside this, there are other facts to be considered: namely, the extent and great depression of the basin forming the bay of Mexico, it being mostly unfathomable; the volcanic nature of all the mountains of Cuba; the volcanoes at and near the narrow strip of land south of Vera Cruz, which separates the Gulf from the Pacific, being but one hundred and ten statute-miles across. On the eastern side there are two near each other, and on the western there are no less than eight volcanoes in one group. But *most* worthy of consideration are the fields of liquid asphaltum, which the mariner frequently sails through on a voyage from New-Orleans to Vera Cruz, which appears like tar floating on the water, and which, in fine weather, is seen ever and anon bubbling up from un-

known depths, and possessing a highly mephitic smell. All these facts, when taken together, suggest the unavoidable inference that *the Pacific Ocean is the source of the Gulf-Stream*; that the tunnels through which it is supplied are the flues or supply-ducts of an exhausted volcano; that the vastness of its volume can be accounted for in no other way than that of the Pacific being its source; that its heat is acquired in passing through these flues or funnels; that its color, coming from the depths of the Pacific, would be preserved in this way; that the asphaltum, which now quietly rises to the surface of the gulf, and is buffeted about by the winds until finally thrown upon the coast, once issued in liquid flame from the crater of a frightful volcano; and that the great depression on the surface of our planet, forming the bay of Mexico, is the exhausted cavern which once supplied a volcano greater than Hawaii, or perhaps than any other that was ever known in our world.

Admitting this hypothesis, all the phenomena peculiar to the Gulf-Stream are philosophically accounted for, and reconcilable to reason. Here we see the cause of its *Vastness*, of its *Force*, of its *Heat*, and of its *Color*; in which solution there is not one fact to rise up and call it in question.

STUART PERRY.

## A L A Y O F T H E H E A R T .

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

BY MRS. M. E. SEWITT.

WHEN Fame around thy beauteous brow  
Her green and fadeless bay had wound,  
Above the 'wreath of wild flowers' thou  
Had'st o'er thy youthful temples bound;

We met. But ah! 't was not for this;  
Not that the world, with loud acclaim,  
Had given the poet's deathless meed  
To gild for aye thy gentle name:

Oh! not for this I sought thee then,  
And not for this I prize thee now;  
But for thy winning, guileless ways,  
And for thy love-illumined brow:

And for thy pure, confiding heart,  
That never yet its truth forsook;  
Which met my own in generous faith,  
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And I must eat the lotus fruit  
That brings to all forgetfulness,  
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## OUR COUSIN, THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

BY FELIX LIMBER.

My father was an attorney in a small village in New-England. He furnished in his own history a standing proof of the truth of De Tocqueville's assertion, that the lawyers form the aristocracy in the United States. For thirty years it had been true that what my father said 'was law,' in more senses than one, among his neighbors. A quotation of his from Blackstone carried not more weight with it than did his dictum in matters of taste or science. With one word he had settled the question of the sub-treasury, and with another given to derision the architectural ambition of the only man who had ever dared to raise his voice in rebellion against his authority. In politics he was a disciple of John Adams; nor was it ever imagined by his followers that his course had aught of variableness in it. His religious convictions were very clear and definite. By his voice alone he had resisted the heresies that had disturbed the peace of surrounding communities, till, as he used to say, our village was left 'a solitary oasis in the desert of sin and heresy.' Thrice had he, since the principle of rotation in office was extended to the pulpit, detected heterodox notions in the sermons of his spiritual purveyor, and thrice was the speedy expulsion of the apostate the consequence. Yet my father was a kind man. He liked to see people enjoy themselves, especially where the enjoyment was by his favor; and he took a great deal of pleasure in helping others when the circumstances showed in good contrast the benefactor and the protégé.

My mother had been brought up in Connecticut, a state where the boundaries of *caste* have always been more rigidly drawn than in any other. She was much more aristocratic than my father. 'Her soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,' avoiding every thing like free intercourse with the vulgar herd about her; and she looked forward with much comfort to that better state where she imagined the fifth heaven (for she acknowledged the superior claims of two higher sets) would be especially appropriated to her and her class. My sisters were of marriageable age. They had been frequently to the country-seat with my father, and were once at a party made by the Chief Justice; there they had been introduced to an ex-Governor, and were altogether very graciously treated. They had various undisputed prerogatives in the village where we dwelt. It was theirs to set the fashion in bonnets; and a pert minx who had sent to a neighboring town for a 'Tuscan braid,' and thus anticipated my sisters, who were dependent on the village store-keeper, was next Sabbath frowned at by the whole congregation.

'Ay! she must send somewhere else if she would play *that* trick!' said Tapestring; and he spoke truly. He had better lost an ear

than open a box of laces or bonnets to the public till my sisters had seen them.

I completed the family, and I too was of marriageable age. I was educated at college, had heard law-lectures at Yale, and expected soon to be admitted to the bar. I don't think I was any way remarkable, save as being the only son and heir to the family power, and the only liberally-educated man in the 'oasis.' These things made me of so much consequence at home, and I had found myself so insignificant a personage abroad, where nobody knew or appreciated the station I was born to, that I had concluded to marry, when I could find a wife sufficiently agreeable to me, and worthy of the greatness I should endow her with, squat on the 'oasis,' and quietly await the time when my father should yield up to me his honors and his rank.

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My father would have advised less stern treatment, but in matters of etiquette and management my mother's opinion was generally followed. But our change of policy came too late. Miss Morris had already been welcomed by every body who dared to know our cousin. At church, strange to say, she showed no inclination to seek an introduction to that pew in which the majesty of the oasis was seated. She was so crowded with offers of hospitality that she was plainly under no necessity of going a-begging; she seemed to have captivated the whole town. It could not indeed be denied that there was something exceedingly attractive in her air and manners. Her features had that equilibrium that makes permanent good looks; and there was that mixture of earnestness and unconcern in the expression of her face that is equally removed from the awkward warmth of nature and the dull indifference of artificial life. Few would look at her a second time in a crowd, but the combination of spirit and good nature in her address and conversation fascinated every one; so at least said all who had seen her, when they came, as they did not fail to do, to congratulate us on having so charming a cousin. They wondered, moreover, exceedingly, that she had not been to see us; and we too began to wonder. We only knew that when she casually met my mother at a neighbor's, she had promised in reply to her invitation 'to come and drink tea some afternoon,' that she certainly should not deny herself so great a gratification. But she still delayed, and evinced no inclination to avail herself of our protection and patronage.

It was plainly of consequence to us to stand in a different relation to her from the present; the circumstances were very embarrassing. Had we not acknowledged our relationship to her in the first place, she could never have held up her head; or, had she attempted it, the whole town would have been shocked at her presumption. But we had tied our own hands; we had said that she was our cousin, and that we were glad she was coming to the oasis; and, as she had done nothing to forfeit our favor, how could we cast her off? No one came in to drink tea or to gossip for an hour, who had not something to say in praise of Miss Morris. If a girl so captivating should take it into her head, no one could tell how much trouble she might

cause us. And beside, it offended our pride not a little, that any one, and especially a young and dependent girl, should be so careless of our countenance and friendship. Our vanity prompted us to take some step that would bring her to us, and show her our power and splendor. The difficulty was how to do this without compromising our dignity. That must be maintained at all hazards.

These several conclusions were arrived at in solemn council one evening, after we had casually learned that the minister and his wife and Dr. Jones' lady had been drinking tea at Mr. Sackett's; an occurrence for which the records of the place furnished no precedent. It was obvious what had drawn them thither. Something must be done; we must get ourselves on less embarrassing terms with Miss Morris; and aside from the necessities of the case, we all felt no little curiosity to make the acquaintance of a person so bewitching. The matter was tacitly left to my mother's ingenuity, and we all went to bed. Whether my mother dreamed it out, as mathematicians are said to dream out difficult problems, I do not know; but the next morning it was announced that the embarrassment was got over. We were to make a party, and to ask among others the Sacketts and Miss Morris. This was pronounced on all sides a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* in generalship. Miss Morris would of course come; and coming in such company, could not fail of seeing her true position in the social scale; and other people would see it too; and would admire our condescension in going so low as to ask the Sacketts' for our poor relation's sake.

Well, the evening at length came, and with it, at an early hour, came the worthy blacksmith and his wife, and his niece. It was a great day for the Sacketts'. That honest couple would have stopped immediately on passing the door of the drawing-room, if not in the hall itself; and would have taken the remotest corner in respectful silence, satisfied with being just within the magic circle of aristocracy, fashion and refinement, and awed into silent admiration by the splendor that shone around, and the majesty that sat enthroned at the farther end of the room. But Miss Morris, who had permitted them to come at their own hour, and in every thing had till now left their awe-struck fancy to itself, here interposed, and telling them that it was proper for them to pay their respects to the lady of the house, succeeded in bringing them to where my mother was seated. That lady on seeing them enter, had turned her attention and her eyes to another part of the room, rightly judging that Mrs. Sackett's sense of propriety, if left to itself, would keep her at a respectful distance, till a proper period having elapsed, she might direct some one to call the trembling trio to her. But she had reckoned without her host, as the squeaking of the blacksmith's boots and the rustling of his wife's silk dress speedily informed her. But my mother was fertile in resources; she turned her head, and after such an effort as those alone who wear spectacles know how to make, recognised Mrs. Sackett. She extended her hand, said she was very glad Mrs. Sackett had come, and asked her why she did not bring Mr. Sackett, and when Mrs. Sackett smiled a terror-struck and doubtful smile,

and when Mr. Sackett laughed a convulsive laugh, and they both said in a breath that she *had* brought him, my mother smiled too, and wondered she had not seen him before. When she had accounted for this oversight — not the less remarkable because the object of it had been within arm's-length of his wife all the while — in several distinct and entirely contradictory ways, she inquired very cordially after 'the children,' and without attending to their reply that they had none, proceeded to say: 'You have brought your niece? Well I am very much obliged to you,' she added, turning with a condescending look to Miss Morris, 'You must not be afraid to come and see us alone after this.'

But a change came over the patronizing expression of her face, as she met, not the pale face of a terrified and trembling girl, but a countenance beaming with mirth, which was kept from breaking into a smile by the least bit of a sneer. She advanced and gave her hand to my mother, and without attending to the observation that had been addressed particularly to herself, said: 'You are rather under obligations to me for bringing my uncle and his wife, than to them for bringing me; and as a return for this favor, I beg you to introduce me to your daughters. I had half resolved to punish their neglect in not calling on me by refusing their acquaintance altogether; but when I recollect how nearly related we are, I have not the heart to do it.' Such a request my mother could not of course refuse, though it was by no means a part of her plan to pay Miss Morris so marked an attention.

Calling to me, who was doing 'the heir' to the various guests as they came in, and introducing me to Miss Morris, who received me with well-bred frankness, she sent me across the room to desire my sisters to come to her. This proceeding drew the attention of the whole company to the reception that our cousin received, and my mother for once was obliged to confess to herself that she had been out-generalled.

I of course did not return to witness the meeting between my sisters and Miss Morris, and of what passed then I only know that when she saw they took no notice of her friends, she introduced them in the most formal manner to Mr. and Mrs. Sackett; an infliction that they endured with not the best grace.

But this was only the least of their sufferings on that calamitous evening. The gallantry and devotion of all the gentlemen at the party were diverted from them, whose prescriptive right it was, and transferred to Miss Morris; and instead of flattering speeches about themselves, they heard only praises of their lovely cousin. We did all in our power to cause it be forgotten that there *was* such a person as Miss Morris in the room. But in spite of all our endeavors to the contrary, it was obvious that she was the sole object of interest and attention; and at length I gave up in despair my attempt to get up excitement in another part of the room, and joined the circle collected in a corner where Miss Morris was talking with Doctor Mills on the new style of hats.

As I observed her closely, for the first time, I could not withhold my

share of the tribute of admiration that was bestowed on all sides. Her form was not without grace, and her features were sufficiently handsome; but it was the expression of her eyes, of her whole face, earnest and sincere, in which lay the principal charm. Her dress was plain, but not to that mistaken degree of simplicity that is obviously designed to attract attention. Her conversation was animated, on trifling topics even gay, and marked every where by those fundamental qualities in every valuable character, good nature and good sense; I could not help admiring her, and yet while I stood gazing on this girl, an object so well calculated to excite the noblest emotions in every rightly-constituted breast, I remembered that she was poor, and low in society and occupation, and I thought — for to this may the human heart by untoward circumstances be brought — I thought that Heaven had done injustice in giving her the power to please so well; while I envied, I almost hated her. Though she deserved the tenderest feelings and the warmest sympathy, she awakened in me only feelings of ill-will.

When there was a pause in the conversation, I proposed music, sure that there my sisters would outshine her. She said she did not play, and the room was silent while my sisters executed in their best style (and that style was to the acceptance of the first connoisseurs in the whole circle of our acquaintance,) some of the latest and most fashionable pieces, and finally they sung an Italian duett; Chinese to us, and, for that matter, to them also. All through they gained much applause. This turning to music was plainly a good hit. Then Dr. Mills asked Miss Morris if she did not sing. She said: 'Very little; nothing, indeed, but some old songs that every body had heard a great many times.' On being urged, she sang, accompanied by my sister on the piano, some of those old Scotch airs, that move the heart alike of the peasant and the prince, and which, though heard a thousand times already, are, when heard again, like the face of a child, or the sound of falling waters at night, dearer than ever before. Perfect stillness settled down on those around her while she sang; and as is always the effect of good music, we were made, each one of us, the wiser and the better by what we had heard. At length the company separated, and Miss Morris, I doubt not, haunted the sleep of every bachelor who had listened to her voice and gazed upon her features that evening. For one, I can positively answer, little as was the favor with which I was prepared to regard Miss Morris, I could not resist her attractions; and my evil and my good genius working together upon my brain, I dreamed of her as rich and high-born, and as my affianced bride. But when I awoke in the morning, my head was cooler and more rational I suppose, for I laughed at the absurdity of even dreaming of bestowing my high social position and great expectations on a village school-mistress. Nevertheless, even then, when I pictured to myself the woman I would choose, my imagination added to wealth and aristocratic position the countenance and conversation of Miss Morris.

Though we had evidently failed of impressing Miss Morris with



a proper sense of the distance between herself and us, we had succeeded in placing ourselves on less embarrassing terms with her. At my mother's request she promised to make it her home with us for a few weeks. We expected to be annoyed by her impertinence and offended by her vulgarity; but we were compelled to admit, as we became better acquainted with her, that she was sufficiently respectful and polite, and by no means so rude and awkward as we supposed we should find her. It is true she seemed more fond than was proper of her patrons, Mr. Sackett and his wife, going to see them every day or two, and shaking hands with them at church with a vulgar familiarity that was quite shocking to our well-bred nerves. She was a little too much afraid of giving the servant trouble, and would talk with her familiarly for five minutes at a time. Then she had a hoydenish laugh, that was altogether inconsistent with true refinement. But though she violated my mother's notions of gentility in these and other particulars, yet that sagacious lady declared that it was all the fault of her education, and that even now she might be made, by living in good society, a very elegant lady.

With all these defects, Miss Morris was undeniably a very interesting girl. She became in a few days the centre of our social circle. My father forsook his customary employment of haranguing the village politicians in the tavern bar-room on summer afternoons, and sat at the open window in his own parlor, watching for Miss Morris's return from her daily task in the school-room. My sisters suffered less from *ennui* than ever before, and forgot even the fashions while thinking and talking of the new subjects on which Miss Morris drew them to converse. Miss Morris showed so much interest in the weighty matters that sometimes agitated even the placidity of my mother's mind, and seemed by her silence to value her advice so highly, that it was a wonder, my mother said, where the girl had picked up so much knowledge of what those in her station in society generally knew nothing about. In short, we all soon learned to love Miss Morris. All? Yes; I loved her. The better principles of our nature may be smothered or buried beneath artificial notions and artificial feelings, but they cannot be altogether extinguished. They still live, though their life may be feeble, in the heart even of the worst of men.

The conviction came upon me slowly, but I at length yielded to it, that Miss Morris was dearer to me than all my pride of family or the high matrimonial aspirations that I had accustomed myself and been taught to indulge. I found that poetry, of which I was sentimentally fond, had new charms when she sat hearing it by my side. I found myself getting up an hour before my usual time for the purpose of culling a nosegay, dripping with dew, for Miss Morris; and instead of spending my afternoons in reading romances that others had contrived, I coined them from my own brain, and made her the heroine. A month before, I should have laughed at the idea of my falling in love with Miss Morris. I believed myself born to a higher destiny. But the wise and the frivolous, the sen-

sible man and the vain, are equally incapable of resisting the charms of beauty and wit, of kindness and intelligence. At first I thought her conversation entertaining, and I liked to be amused. After a while I would swear, by myself, that the girl was really pretty. By and by I discovered that I was flattered by her smiles when I attempted to be witty or wise. But it was not till I found myself following her with my eyes when she was present, and with my thoughts when she was absent, that the conviction came upon me that I was in love. It was not difficult for me to construe the civility and amiable deference that Miss Morris showed in her intercourse with me into the respect and even adoration which it was natural for her to feel toward one in every particular so far above her. She was a modest girl, and the idea that she could excite my love, of course never entered her head. Her admiration was therefore spontaneous and disinterested. I was a little ashamed, at first, of the weakness of falling in love with a person so far beneath me in social position; but on recalling some historical cases where great men before me had descended from the elevations of fortune and estate, and offered themselves at the shrine of female purity and truth, I recovered my equanimity, and resolved to follow the impulses of my heart.

The romance of the thing was worth being taken into consideration. How benevolent, how noble and self-sacrificing in me to rescue from the vulgar lot one who had nothing to bestow on me in return but the virtue and simplicity of nature! And how firmly would she be bound to me by the double tie of gratitude and love! Moreover, the wealthy match that I might have made I should leave perhaps to some 'poor but deserving' youth, and thus bless a second person by this high-minded act. When my pride had completely given way to my inclination, I cast about for the manner most gratifying to her in which to make known my passion for Miss Morris. Should I seek the first opportunity to declare my love, and let the happiness that awaited her burst at once upon her enraptured vision? Or should I little by little reveal my attachment to her, that she might have the pleasure of a continued surprise? I had heard of people who had died from the shock of joy, and I determined to run no risk in a matter that concerned my happiness so nearly. There was an additional reason for delay. It was not to be expected that my parents were prepared for a step so contrary to the projects they had formed. I therefore set myself to gain, by the thousand arts that an only son can employ with so much success, the approbation, or at least the consent, of those on whom I was dependent.

The task was less difficult than I had expected. My mother told me, when, after many intimations, I plainly signified my design to her, that she had long ago resolved not to allow family interest or ancestral dignity to have any weight in a matter on which depended, in some measure, the happiness of a life-time. 'Money,' she said, 'was nothing; and there was no telling what a change association with genteel people might effect in the tastes and manners of Miss

Morris.' I expected to find my father less yielding; but after saying that young people were always wrong-headed in such matters, he confessed that Miss Morris had always pleased him, and promised that he would think about it, and let me know what it was best to do. My sisters were at first a little indignant at the idea of having Miss Morris for a sister-in-law, but my heirship overpowered.

In the mean time I was very attentive to Miss Morris; not for the purpose of securing her favorable regard, for of that I had no doubt I was sure already, (indeed, how could it be otherwise?) but for the purpose of letting her know that I admired her, and that my intentions were honorable. She permitted my attentions and heard my fine speeches, but did not seem to understand to what point they were directed. Blind to the happiness that awaited her, as it seemed, she was perpetually blundering into some observation that gave the conversation a general turn. Indeed, under the circumstances in which we were placed, she would hardly have been justified in regarding my demeanor toward her as marked by indications of particular regard. I sometimes fancied that she smiled a little too much when listening to my sentimental speeches.

One evening I entered my father's parlor, and found Miss Morris sitting there alone; very opportunely, though not by chance; for I had communicated to my mother my intention to avow my love that very day, and she had managed, at my request, to call my sisters from the room, so as to leave me a fair field. Lest the surprise should prove too great a shock, I had determined not to declare my passion abruptly, but cautiously to pave the way for so great a disclosure, that the elevation of her feelings might not be too sudden. At the same time, I was desirous so to shape the preliminary steps that the magnitude of the descent I was making should not escape her notice. I had my part well conned, and having no anxiety about the result of my suit, was prepared to go through it in my best style.

'Miss Morris,' I began, drawing a chair to her side, 'whither are your thoughts wandering?'

'In the future, of course,' she replied; 'that, you know, is the home of the imagination of the young.'

'You are dreaming, perhaps,' said I, 'of some happiness that you are compelled to believe is beyond your power; some position in society, it may be, that unkind Fortune has placed above your reach. Is it not so? Have I not guessed rightly?'

'I must admit,' Miss Morris replied, 'that I was fancying myself in a situation different from that I now occupy. But I make it a rule never to allow myself to become lost to the consciousness of my real situation in the contemplation of advantages and enjoyments that I can never hope for.'

'In that, as in every thing else,' said I, 'you show your excellent sense. Such dispositions as yours alone can appreciate good fortune when it does arrive. If it were made known to you to-night that fortune has in store for you one of its choicest gifts, the com-

munication would be doubly gratifying from the fact that your imagination had never anticipated it.'

She said she presumed it would be so.

'Perhaps,' I continued, 'the supposition is prophetic. You are qualified by nature, Miss Morris,' (I endeavored to take her hand, but she withdrew it, ostensibly for the purpose of pulling down the window to shut out the evening air,) 'to adorn a higher sphere than that in which the unjust goddess has placed your lot. Though your modesty may have prevented you from discovering it, others know that were it not for the unfavorable influences of early education and society, (and for those you are not blamable,) you would grace the most elevated station in the social scale.' I paused.

'The opinion you entertain of me,' said Miss Morris, 'is certainly very flattering.'

'I am sincere in the expression of it,' I replied, with emphasis; 'if you had been born in the lowest station in society, I could not have been insensible to your merits and your charms!'

Miss Morris, contrary to my expectation, did not faint. I resumed:

'I trust I have a soul to disregard the artificial distinctions of life. I despise the opinions of the world, and, impressed with a sense of your worth, I have resolved to honor it by raising you to that position which you so well deserve to occupy. Nothing that I possess is too valuable to be shared with you. Believe me, Miss Morris, I am serious in this; I would not trifle with your feelings on so important a subject. I assure you that I love you sincerely; and I offer you my heart, my hand, and— and— my name!'

Miss Morris had attempted to stop me in this harangue, but I put my finger on her lips, for I knew that an interruption spoils the effect of a fine speech, and compelled her to listen. She heard me through in silence.

'I ought not to have permitted this, and would not,' she said, when I had ended, 'if I had been aware of what you were about to say. I do not doubt your sincerity, and am sensible of the greatness of the honor that you intend me. But there is the best of all reasons why I should consider myself unable, even if I were desirous, to accept it. My heart and hand are long since promised to another; indeed, my heart is already given, and I expect this very night the arrival of one who will claim my hand.'

What she would have added I do not know; for, astonished beyond measure, I rushed from the room and from the house. How long I paced up and down the walk that crossed the grounds in front of the house, cursing my vanity and my dulness, I do not know. I was recalled to myself by the approach of a young man, who inquired if Miss Morris was within. As I conducted him toward the door, we heard loud voices. The first that I recognized was my mother's. 'I might have known,' she said, 'that I could expect nothing but ingratitude, artfulness and deceit from such a pert, vulgar thing!'

'Madam,' replied Miss Morris, 'you have neither invited my

confidence nor deserved my gratitude. I would have prevented the disappointment of your son, had I foreseen the danger of it.'

We had now reached the door of the room in which this scene was enacting. The two ladies had not heard our approach, and as I coughed to attract their attention, Miss Morris turned toward us, and exclaiming 'O, George ! you have come at last !' burst into tears, and threw herself into her lover's arms.

I shall add nothing to the reader's knowledge, though something to the completeness of the story, when I say that Dr. George Hartley was every way worthy of the love of our brave cousin. For two years, while he was completing his education abroad, they had been separated. I acted as groom's-man at their marriage a few days after his return. My father gave away the bride, in his own house, and we had altogether a right down jolly wedding.

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M O R N I N G : A F R A G M E N T .

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BY WILLIAM T. BACON.

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I.

He has no heart who in a morn like this  
Wakes not in glory with the glorious scene ;  
He does not know the luxury of bliss,  
Nor where its source is found, nor where has been ;  
He walks along the baser paths of life,  
He drinks from streams that let him thirst again ;  
He gains no strength to grapple with the strife,  
Or strong endurance for its fiery pain.

II.

The sun goes up the eastern sky in glory,  
And flings abroad a flood of fairy flame ;  
The earth seems deck'd like earth in fairy story,  
And every thing has beauty none can name ;  
Along the mountains runs the eye in wonder,  
Along the forests and the valley bright,  
Where the dark floods that sweep that vale in thunder,  
And the sweet brooks, are laughing in the light.

III.

And what a voice of sweetness earth is waking  
From every side of us — a burst of song !  
As the full soul of Melody were breaking,  
And its glad notes commingled pour'd along ;  
From the far forest, from the copse-wood dingle,  
From every grove, each stream bank, and smooth lea ;  
From each, from all the notes come, and then mingle  
With all the soul has dream'd of harmony.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

A GREEK AND ENGLISH LEXICON, BASED ON THE GERMAN WORK OF FRANCIS PASSOW. By HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL and ROBERT SCOTT. With corrections and additions, and the insertion in alphabetical order of the proper names occurring in the ancient Greek Authors. By HENRY DRISLER. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

A COMPREHENSIVE LEXICON OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE, adapted to the use of Schools and Colleges in the United States. Third edition, greatly improved and enlarged. By JOHN PICKERING. Boston: WELLS, CARTER AND COMPANY.

'It is a remarkable fact in the history of education,' say PICKERING's editors, 'that until very recently we have not had Greek as well as Latin dictionaries, with explanations in English.' It is indeed a remarkable fact; for whatever question may still exist as to the proper medium of critical notes for more advanced scholars, there is now no doubt as to the absurdity of requiring mere tyros to explain one foreign language by another. In the case of us Americans, there is a farther reason for not using Latin: namely, that few of us understand any thing about it; a melancholy fact, of which one is painfully reminded by the elementary books frequently to be met with. We saw one the other day, (published in Boston, of course,) perpetrated by one C. DEXTER CLEVELAND, presumably 'Professor' of something, which contained such specimens of canine Latinity as the following: 'Ejus' for 'suos,' and 'sua,' *passim*! 'Sciemus illum' for 'We shall know him!' (An ordinary knowledge of French ought to keep a man from that blunder.) 'Omnes legereut' for 'All ought to read!' *Dice* for the imperative of *dicō*! — and so on, *crescendo*.

The Greek and English Lexicons best known are DONNEGAN's, DUNBAR's, SCOTT and LIDDELL's, and on this side the water, PICKERING's. DONNEGAN being dead and buried, by common consent, it is not necessary to say much about him. Not being very well off for Greek, he adopted the expedient of translating PASSOW's renderings. Cleverer men and better scholars than DONNEGAN have been misled by trusting to second-hand translations in this way. It was once inculcated upon us by a distinguished Cantab, that the literal meaning of *κλειβέξ*, ('niggardly,') was 'pressed together, or felted;' corresponding to our own idiom, 'close.' 'Here,' said our instructor, 'PASSOW is superior to SCOTT and LIDDELL, for he gives the literal meaning.' And sure enough, PASSOW gives as the first translation of *κλειβέξ*, 'filitz;' but it is *filitz*, 'niggardly,' not *filitz*, 'felt;' the German metaphorical idiom happening to correspond exactly with the English.

DUNBAR has some excellent articles, here and there, such as those on *δυναστεύω*,

(adopted and praised by almost all succeeding writers,) *δυσληγής, κητώεις, τηλέγετος*. But his book is put together in a hurry, and full of the strangest mistakes. Thus we have *ᾄσμα*, a song, a poem; PLATO's *Gorgias*, § 49.' No such word occurs in the *Gorgias*, or any where else in PLATO, or elsewhere, and the blunder is just such as we might suppose a boy to make who had seen *ᾄσμα* written in capitals, when of course the subscript 'Iota' would be expressed. On the other hand, some real words are left out, E. G.: *προσπτήσσω*, whose perfect participle, *προσπεπτίας*, occurs in a very beautiful but difficult passage in the *Odyssey*. 'Ἀλλ' *οὐχὶ φωράσων ἔγωγ' ἑιστερχόμεναι*, (*Nubes*, 495,) is rendered: 'I am not entering with the purpose of stealing.' It is hard to see how any one in reading this passage could have escaped the commentator's notes on it, or how a scholar could be ignorant of the Athenian custom of stripping those who came to search for stolen property. And this reminds us that DUNBAR has been accused of stealing from PICKERING. Not having seen the charge supported by any examples, we cannot pretend to decide on its justice, for it is hardly to be expected of the most patient reviewer that he should collate two whole Lexicons on the chance of discovering coincidences.\* But if DUNBAR's borrowings from our countryman were all of the same class with his imaginary *ᾄσμα*, (which appears in PICKERING, only without the imaginary reference to PLATO,) they were hardly worth the price of his integrity.

SCOTT and LIDDELL's is the Lexicon. We well remember when the long-expected book came out, what a *furor* it excited among English scholars, from the professor to the school-boy. Afterward, as is always the case, there came a reaction, and people liked to find fault with it. It is certainly not absolutely perfect; the majority of human works are not; but it must be allowed on all hands to reflect great credit on its authors. The pleasure at first using it, after DUNBAR and DONNEGAN, was something like felicity. So far as our own experience goes, we have found it in HOMER very good; better in the *Odyssey* than the *Iliad*, but not first-rate; in HESIOD very good; in THEOCRITUS respectable; in HERODOTUS and THUCYDIDES very complete and excellent. There is, however, one slip in the latter author, to which we may be permitted to call attention, as it has escaped the notice of critics hitherto. *ἔειχον ἐν τῇ καθίδρα*, (THUCYD. II. 18,) is rendered: 'Kept him quiet.' Now the whole context shows that it was ARCHIDAMUS who kept the soldiers quiet, not they him. The true construction is *ὁ στρατός εἶχεν Ἀρχίδαμον ἐν δρυγί*: 'The army was angry with A' *ἐν τῇ καθίδρα*, 'in the matter of (i. e., 'for,' 'on account of,) the delay.'† With respect to the drama, having been in the habit of using specific lexicons for ÆSCHYLUS and SOPHOCLES, we can only speak of EURIPIDES and ARISTOPHANES, the latter of whom is very well handled, the former not so well. DUNBAR, in a letter to the Classical Museum, (Number Nine,) points out a strange mistake of SCOTT and LIDDELL, at *Troades*, 536, where *αμβροσιώλον* 'of the immortal maid' is rendered 'with coursers of immortal strain.' (EURIPIDES is one of DUNBAR's strong points.)

\* PICKERING's editors affirm that 'Professor DUNBAR's Lexicon, in the first edition, was in substance a re-print of the second edition of the American work, and was acknowledged to be so in the preface.' We have read over said preface three several times, with the assistance of a friend, and can discover no acknowledgment or intimation of the kind.

† HOBBS, who, in spite of the age in which he lived, and the age at which he began to study Greek, had a better idea of THUCYDIDES than many of the commentators of the present day, has translated this passage correctly: 'So passionate was the army of ARCHIDAMUS for his stay before Ænos.'

IN DEMOSTHENES, so far as our limited acquaintance with him authorizes us to give an opinion, this lexicon is very satisfactory; in PLATO, remarkably good; comparatively speaking, of course; for there is no absolutely good Platonic lexicon, not even AST's specific one. As regards XENOPHON, we have no personal experience. ANTHON and DRISLER say it is very meagre; probable enough, as XENOPHON enters but little into an English student's reading. In ARISTOTLE, where one would naturally look for almost perfection, there is much to disappoint, especially erroneous references: e. g.: διαδόλιος referred to the Politics instead of the Economics, (where also we think that the construction should be διατύλιον του σώματος, reading δραχμῶν, not δραχμῆν.) The chief improvements claimed by Mr. DRISLER in his edition, beside the insertion of the proper names, for which he has the authority of PASSOW and HERMANN, are, in the Lyrical fragments, THEOCRITUS and XENOPHON. The articles added to or altered are numerous. We take one literally at random as a specimen:

“Ἀνασσα, η̄ σ. ἡ fem., from αναξ, a queen, lady, mistress, addressed to goddesses. Od. 3, 380: 6.175; to a mortal, Od., 6. 129. The word becomes common from PINDAR downward (in poetry, but unusual in prose.) Ἀνασσα πρᾶγους καὶ βουλευματος, authoress\* and adviser of this deed. EVR. TEL., 4.

DRISLER's addition we have enclosed in brackets. It is just possible that it may be obnoxious to the charge made by English scholars against the Columbia professors: viz., giving superfluous information. Does ἀνάσσα ever occur in prose? Of PICKERING we hardly know what to say. As it is 'the American Lexicon, it may seem unpatriotic not to praise it. It is certainly very far beyond DONNEGAN, and we are inclined to put it about on a level with DUNBAR's first edition. To compare it with SCOTT and LIDDELL would be quite ridiculous. By way of showing their difference in value to the student, we will compare the very first crucial article that occurs to us; viz., that on ἄλλος. It is scarcely possible to read a dialogue of PLATO, without being struck by what is called the loose use of ἄλλος, which is more frequent in him than in any other writer. The usual specimen instance is from Gorgias, 473; δι πόλιται καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι ζένοι, which, literally translated, is absolute nonsense. The idiom signifies 'the citizens and the strangers beside.' Other loose significations of the word are found elsewhere, as in THEOCRITUS, Idyl, 29:

Τᾶν πινυταν Ἑλέναν Πάρις ἤρπασεν βωκθλος ἄλλος.

'PARIS, a shepherd like me, ran off with HELEN the clever.'

Now there is nothing about this in PICKERING. LIDDELL and SCOTT, on the other hand, remark:

'So too in enumerating several objects where it oft, seemingly pleasant. As ἀμα τῆς καὶ ἀμφιπόλοι κίον ἄλλαι, with her their mistress came attendant also. Od. 6. 84, cf. 9. 367, 13. 266. So frequently in attic, οὐ γὰρ ἦν χορτὸς οὐδὲ ἄλλο δένδρον οὐδέν, there was no grass nor any tree at all. Xen. Anab. 1, 55, cf. Herm. Soph. Phil. 38. Herod. Plat. Gorg., 473. D. STALB. Plat. Apol., 36 B.'

Whoever wishes to see the merits of Greek Lexicons more fully discussed, is referred to the London Quarterly, number CL., and to DUNBAR's letter above alluded to. All we have to say is, 'Let whoever wants a Greek Lexicon, buy DRISLER's SCOTT and LIDDELL.'

G. A. B.

\* Qx? Is authoress a legitimate word?



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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NAVAL SKETCHES FROM THE GULF.—Our correspondent, Mr. E. C. HINE, 'posts up' to the last advices, in the annexed account of the sailing of the sloop-of-war 'Albany' from Pensacola, her arrival off Vera Cruz, and her adventures thereabout. Pass we the accustomed track, 'the breeze, the gale, the storm,' and the elaborate technical detail of the sailor, to come at once to the following: 'On a sunny afternoon we made the lofty and snow-crowned Arazabo, which stood glittering in the rays of the sun like a monarch arrayed in his jewelled robes, and the same evening came to an anchor under the lee of ' *La Isla Verde*,' where we found the United States' sloop-of-war JOHN ADAMS, maintaining the blockade off Vera Cruz, and rolling heavily to and fro on the long glassy swell that came sweeping in from the Gulf of Mexico. After remaining for two days at our anchorage, during which time we were visited by Commodore CONNOR, on a lovely Sabbath morning we weighed anchor, and with a free fresh wind from the south-west, proceeded on a cruise down the enemy's coast. We had just got well clear of the harbor, when a large full-rigged brig was espied, under top-sails, jib and courses, standing leisurely and boldly in for the port of Vera Cruz. It being no part of the policy of our captain to permit strange vessels to enter an enemy's harbor, which was under a vigorous blockade, a shot was fired just ahead of the suspicious-looking craft, to bring her commander to a sense of his duty; but he impudently pursued his course, in defiance of the gentle admonition which had been furnished him. This was too much for our gallant captain calmly to submit to. The guns of the first, second and third divisions were cleared away, cast loose and manned, and every thing was in readiness to give our quondam friend a dose which it was thought he might not relish. 'Fire *fine*, Sir!' said our captain to the second lieutenant, 'and *pitch it right into him!*' Bang! bang! thundered the cannon, in rapid succession, and away flew the iron hail, skimming and richoting along the tops of the waves, dashing their spray high in air, and passing close under the stern of the brig, which had at last hoisted the gorgeous ensign of Spain at her fore-topmast head. We were just preparing to give our proud neighbor a whole broadside, when he suddenly hauled upon a wind and backed his main-top-sail. As his broadside was turned toward us, we at once discovered her to be a Spanish man-of-war. The 'Albany' was hove-to, and a boat was manned and sent on board the stranger, which proved to be 'La Patriot,' a Spanish brig of war, bound to the island of Sacrificio. When the officer commanding our boat arrived alongside the brig, he found her crew all at quarters, and full of fight as the Bishop of Bevis; her commander walking his quarter-deck, with wrath and indignation pictured on his coun-

tenance. 'Does you want to fight, Señor?' said he, looking round with considerable complacency upon the few old iron pots which garnished the side of his brig; 'I say, Sare! does you want to fight?' However, on an explanation taking place, he cooled down, and the two officers parted company on exceedingly friendly terms; the brig being left to pursue her course without farther molestation.

The head of the 'Albany' was turned to the northward, and away she flew along the coast of Mexico, in search of other adventures. The third day after our departure, a tremendous 'Norther' came howling along, ploughing up the tortured ocean, and reducing the ship to her storm-sails. The gale, however, was not of long duration; and when it had subsided, we ran close in under the high rocky shores, and commenced cruising up and down the coast.

'Sail, O!' cried the look-out from the fore-top-sail-yard, one bright morning, as we were leisurely standing off and on, under easy canvass. 'Where away?' sung out the officer of the deck. 'Two points on the weather-bow, Sir.' 'Can you make her out?' 'A large barque, Sir, standing upon a wind, under top-gallant-sails and courses.' 'Very well. All hands make sail!' In a few moments we were staggering along under a pyramid of canvass, in pursuit of the strange barque, which proved to be a very fast sailer; so fast, indeed, that it was not until after night-fall that we were able to bring her to, by firing a shot over her. A prize-crew was sent on board of her, when she was found to be a French vessel from Bordeaux, laden with wines and silks, with a large number of passengers, many of them ladies. During the night we lay by our newly-acquired prize, and in the morning gave her over to a prize-master from the 'JOHN ADAMS,' who proceeded with her to the squadron, off Anton de Lizardo. We then made sail, and again proceeded upon a cruise.

During the time that I have been on board this ship, I have often been very much amused at the long confabulations which frequently take place among the 'darkies.' The place where they usually convene being directly in front of my window, I have had many opportunities of overhearing their altercations, which have served to dissipate much of the ennui which always hangs around my lonely hours. One day a bevy of them gathered in front of my door, where they were very earnestly engaged in discussing the merits of a 'west' which one of their number had recently purchased (at a great sacrifice, it seemed,) from a sailor. It was a tawdry affair, covered with variegated and showy figures, large as your hand; yet it seemed to give great delight to its possessor, who turned it first in one position and then in another, to discover in which light it appeared the most beautiful; all the while grinning and chattering like a Brazilian ape, as he half-soliloquized upon its qualities in the following words:

'Wal now! I reckon dat west's a shiner! One dat's fit to wear in de king's pallus! Chaulh! I'm gwine to keep it till I gets home to Baltimore, and den, stan' clea' nigger! E'yah! e'yah!'

So busily engaged was CUFFEE in detailing his anticipated triumphs among the dingy beauties of Baltimore, that he failed to observe the acquisition to his listeners of a little chubby ward-room darkie, who with lips apart, stood eagerly awaiting the completion of his comrade's eulogy upon the 'west,' when, with a look of intelligence and superior sagacity beaming in his face, he exclaimed, as he drew a long sigh:

'Wal, gemmen, you may *all* say what you likes! Dat west is no doubt a wery fine one; dat's a fac'! It's a grand one, and no mistake! But, gemmen,

do n't be *too* elewated ! Dat west would look mighty well on a *white* man ; but you put dat west on a nigger — put it on a *nigger*, and 't will look like de wery debil ! I tell you you *can't make* a nigger look well :

"For dress a darkie how you will,  
He'll be a dam black nigger still !"

'Had a thunder-bolt or a bomb-shell fallen among the astonished and indignant darkies, they could not have abequatulated with greater velocity !' The next epistle from our lively correspondent *may* be dated from the castle of San Juan de Ulloa.

MORE TALK WITH 'MR. MOTH.' — We welcome Mr. MOTH again to our pages, as will our readers. In justice to that unique gentleman, it behooves us to state, that a line in one of the stanzas from EMERSON, quoted by him in our last number, was made nonsense of by the careless substitution of the word '*sun*' for '*sum*.' The stanza should have read :

"THE babe by its mother  
Lies bathed in joy ;  
Glide its hours uncounted,  
The sun is its toy :  
Shines the peace of all being  
Without cloud in its eyes,  
And the *sum* of the world  
In soft miniature lies."

Mr. MOTH 'will now address the audience : 'How vigorously,' said Mr. MOTH, 'does EMERSON recall the writers of ELIZABETH's time ! He has fed full upon them, until the matériel of his verse, however sprinkled with modern names and allusions, is rather of that age than this.'

'Yes,' said I, 'he is holy GEORGE HERBERT *redivivus*.'

'T is often said,' replied he ; 'but I find more resemblance in him to another poet of that period, whose name perhaps you will not guess.'

'HERRICK, I suppose you mean.'

'I remember some verses of HERRICK's that might have been written at Concord :

"SWEET country life ! to such unknown,  
Whose lives are others', not their own,  
But serving courts and cities be,  
Less happy, less enjoying thee.  
Thou never ploughed the ocean's foam,  
To seek and bring rough pepper home,  
Nor to the eastern Ind dost rove  
To bring from thence the scorched clove ;  
Nor with loss of thy lov'd rest  
Fetchest ingots from the west,  
No ; thy ambition's master-piece  
Flies no thought higher than a fleece,  
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear  
All scores, and so to end the year.  
When now the cock, the farmer's horn,  
Calls for the lily-wristed morn ;  
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,  
Which though well-soiled, yet thou dost know,  
That the best compost for the lands  
Is the wise master's feet and hands."

'And so on ; don't you see, Sir, a sort of RALPH WALDO air about it ? There's something in that epithet, '*Lily-wristed morn*,' that strikes one as quite in his way ; 't is pretty but far-sought ; it implies a foregone personification of morning, that is quite charming.'

'Pretty,' said Mr. MOTH; 'but EMERSON's imagery is not so direct; for instance, he says in his fine poem of 'Monadnock':'

'THOUSAND minstrels woke within me;  
Our music's in the hills;  
Gayest pictures rose to win me,  
Leopard-colored rills.'

Now what he means exactly by 'leopard-colored rills' is not so very clear; yet there's something we like in the expression.'

'I suppose he means flecked and spotted with variations of sunshine and shadow, as a leopard is speckled with black and brown —'

'Look at a little mountain brook in spring-time,' added Mr. MOTH, 'when 't is a little turbid with the soil from the hills; here gleaming yellow in the sun, and there parted by the rocks into darker and fluctuating hues, and you will see that EMERSON took it from Nature. But you have not hit upon the man I had in my mind. He more resembles GEORGE WITHER, in his more serious mood, than any of the rhyme-sters of that age. He is WITHER, flavored considerably with a portion of the quaintness and queerness of old QUARLES.'

As I was not ready to express my assent to this comparison, Mr. MOTH went on to repeat the following lines:

'As the sun doth oft exhale  
Vapors from each rotten vale,  
Poesy so sometimes drains  
Gross conceits from muddy brains;  
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,  
'Twixt men's judgment and her light;  
But so much her power may do,  
That she can dissolve them too.  
If thy verse do bravely tower,  
As she makes wing, she gets pow'r,  
Yet the higher she doth soar  
She's affronted still the more,  
Till she to the high'st hath past,  
Then she rests with fame at last.

She (the Muse) doth tell me where to borrow  
Comfort if the midst of sorrow;  
Makes the desolate place  
To her presence be a grace,  
And the blackest discontents  
Be her fairest ornaments.  
In my former days of bliss,  
Her divine skill taught me this,  
That from every thing I saw  
I could some invention draw;

And raise pleasure to her height  
Through the meanest object's sight;  
By the murmurs of a spring,  
Or the least bough's rustleing,  
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,  
Shut when TITAN goes to bed,  
Or a shady bush or tree,  
She could more infuse in me  
Than all Nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man.  
By her help I also now  
Make this churlish place (i. e. Concord,) allow  
Some things that may sweeten gladness  
In the very gall of sadness;  
The dull loneliness, the black shade,  
That these hanging vaults have made;  
The strange music of the waves,  
Beating on these hollow caves;  
This black den which rocks emboss,  
Overgrown with eldest moss;  
This, my chamber of neglect,  
Walled about with disrespect,  
From all these, and this dull air,  
A fit object for despair,  
She hath taught me by her might  
To draw comfort and delight.'

'Had you found that in EMERSON's volume,' continued Mr. MOTH, 'you would have thought it entirely akin with all the rest.'

'Except that I should have singled it out as more intelligible than he is wont to be. If he would always write in that unambiguous manner, he would have more admirers. He seems occasionally to take delight in confusing the threads of a plain enough idea, till your thoughts become so snarled that you toss aside his book in despair of elucidating the intricate entanglement. He confounds places too, and persons. He puts ultra German mysticism into the mouth of ALPHONSO the Wise. He makes MITHRIDATES, King of Pontus, talk of tobacco as though he had been familiar with the weed all his days. MITHRIDATES was famous, we know, for his fondness for poison; but EMERSON, not content with ancient toxicology, doses him with upas-juice and Prussic acid.'

'Very well,' said Mr. MOTH; 'if ships can go to Bohemia in poetry, MITHRIDATES

divert attention from their felt deficiencies in this respect. Our 'Young America' had not wit enough to coin for itself a name, but must parody one used in England; and in its *pronunciamento* in favor of a fresh and vigorous literature, it adopts a quaint phraseology, that so far from having been born here, or even naturalized, was never known among us, except to the readers of very old books and the 'Address of the Copyright Club.' In all its reviews of literature and art, the standards are English, which would be well enough, perhaps, if they were English standards, but they are the fifth-rate men with whose writings only their own can be compared. 'Their very clamor about 'Americanism' is borrowed from the most worthless foreign scribblers, and has reference chiefly to the comparatively unimportant matter of style. Of genuine nationality they seem to have no just apprehension. It has little to do with any peculiar collocation of words, but is the pervading feeling and opinion of a country, leavening all its written thought.'

This not only 'hits the nail on the head;' it drives it home, and buries it. We quite agree with Mr. GRISWOLD in the remark, that 'of all absurd schemes, the absurdest is that of creating a national literature by inventing tricks of speech, or by any sort of forced originality; of which fact, proof enough may be found in the writings of Mr. MATHEWS.' We commend 'The Prose Writers of America' cordially to a wide national acceptance; with the especial advice to the reader, not to overlook the excellent introductory 'Essay on the Intellectual History, Condition and Prospects of the Country,' which contains many noteworthy suggestions and much valuable literary information.

FROISSART BALLADS, AND OTHER POEMS. By PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE. In one volume: pp. 185. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART.

THESE ballads came to us in an unlucky hour, for we had just been reading for the twentieth time those glorious lays of MACAULAY, that stir one like a clarion. But they have stood this severe test of comparison well, and certainly stand very far above the level of what is now-a-days miscalled 'poetry.' Several of them are mere versifications of FROISSART's stories. 'Perhaps,' says the author, 'if I had carried out this purpose of fidelity to the noble old chronicler, my poetry would have been all the better for it.' 'Perhaps' nothing of the sort; and we half suspect Mr. COOKE in his heart thinks so too; else why should he assign the first place to his original ballads, 'The master of Bolton,' and 'Geoffrey Tetenore?' Very properly are they thus placed, being decidedly the best things in the collection. A few stanzas from the latter will serve to give an idea of its spirit. The old out-law, litter-borne by his troop, is charged by a band of cavaliers:

'GIVE me a cross-bow in my hand,  
And place a bolt therein!  
Grim GEOFFREY said; and bend the bow,  
And let the bolt be keen,  
And then he scanned the County's band,  
And bade his own hold place,  
A perilous smile was fierce the while  
Upon his ancient face.

'As leant he on his litter's side,  
An old and feeble man,  
With raven locks so wonderful  
Above his visage wan,  
And peered with keen and ferret eyes  
So subtil in their guile,  
You would have said a common wrath  
Was kindlier than his smile.

'He raised the cross-bow to his aim,  
And then with sudden twang  
The bolt flew forth, and angrily  
Upon its journey sang.  
The sharp bolt flew so swift and true,  
That ere a man might speak,  
It amote the County GASTON  
Betwixt the eye and cheek.

'Ah! ill betide the bowyer's craft  
That shap'd that bolt so true!  
And ill betide that heart of pride  
From whose fierce will it flew!  
The County tottered on his horse,  
His brain spun round and round,  
And then he lost his rein, and fell  
A dead man to the ground.'

Some of the miscellaneous poems have been published before. 'Florence Vane' has been much admired: it runs sweetly, but there are two very puzzling lines in it:

'Thy heart was as a river  
Without a main.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Did you hear the *Astronomical Lectures of Mr. Mitchell*? If not, town-reader, you lost a delectable, a sublime entertainment. But it is not favorable to the self-importance of such poor earth-worms as we are — little ants upon *one* only of the rolling globes that revolve in the vast universe of God — to hear clear expositions of the newly-explored worlds that wheel through the serene and silent spaces above us; where

— 'Hosts of suns  
Throng ether with fix'd rays; or, widely launched,  
Sail awful cycles round the throne of heaven,  
With their attendant spheres.'

One becomes discontented at being 'cabined, cribbed, confined' in so 'limited a sphere' as this, and is impelled to mount in fancy with the imaginary WATSON, and 'survey the heavens in one of the irregular fiery cars of the skies.' He longs to know, with that imaginative explorer, what the appearance of the sun must be to the inhabitants of Mercury, and what a boiling cauldron of fire it must exhibit. Let us but fancy ourselves spiritual beings, seated in a comet at its remotest distance from the sun, that appears little larger than a star, whence we shall by degrees pass into its very neighborhood: what an astonishing contrast! As we travel on, we survey the planets becoming visible by degrees, but at first clustering round the sun; till advancing, we perceive them at different distances and of different sizes; calculate how near we shall approach to each of them; perhaps pass near enough to the Georgium Sidus or Jupiter to be astonished at their stupendous magnitude, and perhaps have a glimpse of some immense proportionate structure on one or other of them; or near enough to Saturn to discover the nature of his ring; and at length see the Sun itself become more and more a tempestuous billowy boundless ocean of fire; and perhaps rush into the midst of it as into a whirlpool, while it roars still louder and more dreadful at the accession of new fuel! And still perhaps this unfathomable fiery abyss, prodigious beyond all conception, may be but one of a million of lesser ones, inconsiderable in comparison with one a million times larger than any of these! Truly was it said of old, 'Marvellous are the works of the ALMIGHTY, and His secrets 'past finding out!' . . . The long string of 'Jokes' sent us by our Philadelphia correspondent are not acceptable, although we appreciate the kindness intended. One word here touching jokes and jokers. Our readers need not be told that we honor true wit and genuine humor; but *professional* jokers and story-tellers we do not affect; men who lie in wait to introduce 'a good 'un;' who watch the slight crevices of conversation, that they may wedge in a preconceived witticism or a fabricated and localized anecdote. The finest wits and humorists whom we know are men of sense, men of business, men of method; men not always *seeking* to be amusing, but whose perception of 'fun' alternates with a deep appreciation of pathos and sublimity, and whose own wit and humor, instead of being labored and forced upon one's attention, spring always from a natural occasion, and are suggested and introduced when the 'keeping' of 'time, place and circumstance' is not disturbed. You never saw a 'joke' or a 'bit of fun' from IRVING or DICKENS, without the proper *quo animo*, or 'moving why.' . . . To our Cambridge friend, who asks, in answer to a private note from the EDITOR, accompanying a returned communication, what we mean by 'simplicity in domestic poetry,' we reply, (although he has misquoted our remark,) that we mean the employment of words enough, and

only enough, to tell the story. Are we 'understood' now? The following, for example, our correspondent would doubtless have spun out into two pages; but would the picture have been more complete? WILKIE, as a painter, 'understood' kindred 'effects'; and so do our own EDMONDS and MOUNT:

'Mr biggin' stands sweet on this south-slopin' hill,  
And the sun shines sae bonnily beamin' on 't,  
And past my door trots a clear prattlin' rill,  
Frae the loch, where the wild-ducks are swimmin' on 't;  
And on its green banks, on the gay simmer days,  
My wife trips bare-foot, a-bleachin' her cless,  
An' on the dear creature wi' rapture I gaze,  
While I whistle and sing at the plowin' o' t.'

Now it is the same thing with simple *melody*. Why is it that a Scotch 'lilt,' (a term nearly as expressive as that *most* expressive Scottish word 'lilt,' for the sky,) like 'The Laird o' Cockpen,' for example, will when well played set the oldest legs and the goutiest feet a-moving? 'Not knowing, can't say' *why* it is, but *so* it is. And we have always honored the taste and heart of Queen VICTORIA for selecting, among others, from the songs submitted to her for that purpose by our old friend WILSON, previous to singing before HER MAJESTY at Taymouth Castle, 'The Laird o' Cockpen.' We could 'trip it on the light fantastic' until twelve o'clock day after to-morrow night to that inspiriting air, and doubtless we have few readers who couldn't do the same thing. . . . 'The Biter Bit,' from our Portland (Maine) correspondent, is a well-written elaboration and transfusion of a very brief and simple anecdote, which has little beside truth to recommend it. We remember to have heard it months ago. An extremely 'down-east' Yankee, with a wagon-load of 'apple-sauce,' was driving through a village not a thousand miles from Boston, when he saw dangling in the wind, on a post before a tailor's shop, a new over-coat, seductively suspended by a skewer in the shoulders. He drove up to the door, alighted, and went in. 'Be yeöu the boss?' he asked of a pale-faced man, who was making diagrams with chalk and rule on a piece of flimsy snuff-colored cloth. 'I be,' said SNIP. 'Yes; wal, you've got a family, I 'xpect? You've some children, ha n't you? I see a thin boy a-whittlin' out door, that looked like you; and I 'xpected like as not you had children.' 'Four on 'em; that was JEROTHNEL, my second, that you see,' was the explanatory reply. 'Yes; wal neöw do n't yeöu want a first-rate bar'l of apple-sauce? I've sold six bar'ls this morning, and I han't got but one left. I'll take it out in dicker: I want to git an over-coat; and if you're a-mind to let me have that coat that hangs by the door, if it will fit me, I'll give you a bar'l of apple-sauce for it.' The schneider, after a little chaffering, consented, and the coat was brought in and tried on. He said the fit was a miracle; 'it might ha' growed onto him,' so snug did it 'set;' and he verified this praise, by twisting his customer's neck half off, that he might look at his back in a glass standing in the dark at the back of the shop, and reflecting nothing but what was passing in the street in front. The 'bar'l' was 'dumped,' and the buyer drove off, proud as a turkey-cock, in his new coat. He alighted at a 'store' to do an 'arrand' for a neighbor, where he encountered a townsman. 'Hello!' exclaimed the latter, 'how slick you *do* look! Where did you git so much new coat?' The wearer made no reply, but turning round 'with an air,' asked, 'How does she set? An't she a beauty? And all I g'in for't was a bar'l of apple-sauce.' 'A 'be-e-uty!' exclaimed the other; 'why I never *see* any thing set so wrinkly! Pull it down; now let go of it. It don't make no odds, not a bit; it goes right back again; it puckers *dreadfully* between the shoulders.' 'Puckers, does it?' said the chap-

fallen and mortified buyer; but his face brightened almost to a glow, as he added 'puckers, eh? Wal, if his *mouth* don't pucker a darn'd sight worse than this overcoat ever can, when he tastes o' that apple-saäce, I 'll lose *my* guess! His children won't steal none on 't more 'n *once*; though it's better a'ter you git down a leetle; there's a considerable mess of shavin's 'long abeöut the middle on 't!' . . . PERHAPS you remember, reader, the story of OZIAL BIGGS and the Rev. Mr. BURCHARD, in our last number? Well, here is the same thing in 'phonotypy'-type, which we copy from '*The Anglo-Saxon*,' published in Boston by BOYLE AND ANDREWS:

'De tel an ecseleñt stori ov Burçurd, di rivivalist; not ov him, egzaetli, but ov hwot hapnd at di cloz ov wun ov hiz mitiçz. Hi woz in di habit ov adresiç hiz congriçesun in dis wiz: 'I am nç goiç tuu prç; and I went el dat dizir tuu bi prçd fçr, er tuu hav eni ov dær frendz huu ar absent prçd fçr, tuu send up dær nemz on ç pis ov pepur.' On di ocsun tuu hwiç wi rifur, dær woz at wuns sent up tuu di desc cwit ç pil ov litl slips ov pepur, wid di nemz ov pursunz on huuz bihaf hi woz tuu 'resl,' az hi sed, 'wid di Olmiti.' Ç pçz sun ensqd, hwen hi sed, 'Send 'um up! send 'um up! I can prç fçr fiv hundred just az izi az I can prç fçr ç duzun. Send 'um up! If yuu hav n't eni pepur, get up and nem di frend yuu went prçd fçr.' At dis stej ov prosidiç, ç man hum wi fal çel Oziel Bigz, ç stolwart pursun ov sics fit and ç haf in hiz stociçz, ç notorius unbilivur, and ç confurmd wag tuu buut, roz in di midst ov di congriçesun, ç marc fçr el, and amidst di wipçs and becs and smilz ov di editori, sed: 'Mr. Burçurd, I went yuu tuu prç fçr Jim Tompsun?' Ai reverend pitifunur se, from di ecisitment in di ediens, dat Oziel woz ç 'hard ççs.' '? Hwot iz yuur nem, sur? — andhuu iz Mr. Tompsun?' 'It 'z Jim Tompsun; hi cips ç tavurn dæn in Tompsunvil, and I cip ç public hçs ç litl bilo him. Hi iz an infurnal scændrel, and I went yuu tuu giv him ç lift!' 'But,' sed Mr. Burçurd, '? hav yuu fet in di eficesi ov prær? Duu yuu biliv in di psur ov pitifun?' 'Dat 's nidur hir per dær,' rispnded Oziel; 'I went yuu tuu tri it on him!'—Nicurboçur.

To a superficial observer, this may seem very much like the YELLOWPLUSH style of orthography; but when we find such men as Dr. WARREN, O. W. HOLMES, FRANCIS BOWEN and GEORGE B. EMERSON, of Boston, uniting in a report warmly in favor of phonography and phonotypy, the subject may be deemed one of no small importance. We shall advert hereafter to the great advantages claimed for phonotypy by the report to which we allude, and which we receive at the eleventh hour. . . . We have been reading Doctor LEE's excellent '*Address to the Graduates of the Geneva Medical College*,' just published by request of the graduates. It is replete with sound medical principles and valuable advice. It sets before the student the sacrifices he must needs make to become a good physician; the cold and watching, the fatigue, and absence from home and friends, which he must always be prepared to encounter, in the discharge of the duties of his high vocation. Nor, Doctor LEE might also have said, is the *acquisition* of that most honorable profession divested of the necessity of self-sacrifice. We stood recently for half an hour in a dissecting-room, where some ten or twelve young surgeons were acquiring, from actual demonstration, proof of the truths which had been developed in their previous studies. They stood around the several 'subjects,' with their long black gowns and open books, like solemn monks, performing the service of death over the departed; and as we heard the enthusiastic expressions of satisfaction, at the verification of their author's expositions, we could not but be impressed with the sacrifice of comfort at which all this practical knowledge must be obtained. Look around: an odor has taken possession of the hall as rank as the breath of the charnel-house. Here are two operators, carefully dissecting, point by point, the nerves and arteries in the chest of a negro; near by are two others, bending anxiously over the head of a female, whose brain is being subjected to a rigid scrutiny; the mouth, around which dimples may once have played, like



eddies in smooth water, and which was doubtless often mantled in smiles, is tightly stitched together; the limbs, green-white, hang pendulous and relaxed; and on the left is another corse, with outstretched, purple arm, as if remonstrating with those who are delving into the secrets of his frame that they may be the better enabled to alleviate the sufferings of the living. Honor, say we, to the professors of the divine art of healing! But for them, and their unwearied and not unfrequently poorly-requited services, how often would the earthly body, that 'harp of thousand strings,' lie shattered and tuneless in the dust! . . . 'S. D. G.'s satire upon '*Pictures by the Old Masters*' has been anticipated in these pages by one of the admirable sketches of PETER SCHEMIL. The writer exposes a new 'trick of the trade,' however. He says modern pictures, especially Madonnas, painted to resemble the 'old masters,' are now executed over ancient and worthless daubs, to ensure an *old canvass*, as a voucher for antiquity. A picture of this description was lately sent to a renovator, who in cleaning it rubbed the Virgin MARY into a donkey! The 'old master' was as 'green' as its purchaser. . . . WE received recently from an esteemed friend, a native of 'bonnie Scotland,' and now sojourning for a season in that picturesque and romantic land, a letter, in which he describes the impression that the old familiar faces and scenes made upon his mind, on returning 'home again' after the absence of some sixteen years. We cannot encroach upon the sacred privacy of the domestic scene; but we may say without impropriety that the narrative forcibly reminded us of a delightful old Scottish song, of which we remember only the following stanzas:

'WHEN silent Time, wi' lightly foot,  
Had trod on thirty years,  
I sought again my native land,  
Wi' mony hopes and fears:  
Wha' kens gin the dear friends I left  
May still continue mine?  
Or gin I e'er again shall taste  
The joys I left lang syne!

'As I drew near my ancient hame,  
My heart beat a' the way;  
Each place I passed seemed yet to speak  
Of some dear former day:  
Those days that follow'd me afar,  
Those happy days o' mine,  
Which made me think the present joys  
As naething to lang syne.

'The ivied tower now met my view,  
Where minstrels used to blaw;  
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,  
Nae weel-kenned face I saw;  
Till DONALD tottered to the door,  
Whom I left in his prime,  
And wept to see the lad return  
He bore about lang syne!

'I ran to ilka dear friend's room,  
As if to find them there;  
I knew where each one used to sit,  
And hang o'er mony a chair;  
Till soft remembrance threw a veil  
Across these eyes of mine,  
I closed the door, and sobbed aloud,  
To think on auld lang syne.'

'THE criticism in thy March number on '*Audible Laughter*,' writes a Shaker correspondent, 'I thank thee for. 'The loud laugh bespeaks a vacant mind,' might be substituted advantageously, in the little book thou namest.' So we think; but GOLDSMITH, we suspect, intended by 'vacant mind' to indicate a mind free from care, or vexing thought, rather than an *empty* mind. There is no rule without an exception. We have a friend, 'a gentleman, in heart, mind, body and estate,' whose laugh is like the neighing of all Tattersalls; a laugh, as CARLYLE says, 'not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man, from head to heel.' Now we don't approve of such obstreperous laughter; we consider it improper, inelegant, and 'all that sort of thing'; but—we would go a quarter of a mile any day to hear that joyous, ringing, *welling* laugh. 'It does one good, like a cordial' . . . WITHIN the last thirty-eight hours we have walked twelve miles; honored, to the best of our ability, three letters of introduction; enjoyed one of Mr. MITCHELL's admirable astronomical lectures; dined out twice at the well-supplied tables of two pleasant in-

Does this mean that the lady's heart never lost itself? We are DAVUS and not EDIPUS. Mr. COOKE has evidently studied TENNYSON and MACAULAY: he ought to have caught a little more harmony from them. We continually meet such lines as these:

'HER voice is *ignorant* of command.  
'Which take the golden light *they are* veiling.'

— 'A man  
May call a white-browed girl *Dian*.'  
'Rude *natural* tales: she had no *love*  
Of *trouvere* or of *troubadour*.'

All these in one poem; a poem too containing passages of such beauty as this:

'THE gods were very good to bless  
My life with so much happiness.  
The maiden on that lowly seat,  
I sitting at her little feet!  
Two happier lovers never met  
In dear and talk-charmed privacy.  
It was a golden day to me,  
And its great bliss is with me yet,  
*Warming, like wine, my inmost heart:*  
*For memories of happy hours*  
*Are like the cordials pressed from flowers,*  
*And madden sweetly.*

Frequently too, we stumble upon very uncouth words:

'The lady JANE of Ventadore  
Is *irritant* of mood.'

'And oaken stools and cabinets,  
The room's *appurtenances*.'

'The cross that night had sunk before  
The crescent *orgillous*.'

The term 'appurtenances' smacks of a lawyer's declaration in a case of *trover*; and although SHAKESPEARE speaks of 'princes *orgulous*' in his episode to 'Troilus and Cressida,' the introduction here of a kindred word is any thing but felicitous. In the enlarged edition, which Mr. COOKE promises, we trust these faults will be corrected.

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AN EXPOSITION OF THE APOCALYPSE. By DAVID N. LORD. In one volume. pp. 542. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is properly denominated an exposition of the Apocalypse: a title to which few if any of the works that preceded it have any claim. It explains in the first place the nature and states the law of symbols, and thereby places their interpretation on clear and demonstrative grounds; a preliminary as indispensable to the exposition of the revelation as the axioms and definitions of geometry are to the solution of the propositions of EUCLID; and a requisite which no former commentators have furnished. They have neither given any just conception of the principle of symbolization, nor founded their explications on any uniform rule. They have often treated symbols as mere metaphors, or personifications, and almost uniformly mistaken their nature, and assigned to them significations at the utmost distance from their true meaning. This work will introduce a new era in the interpretation of the symbolic scriptures. No writer will hereafter follow the old method, any more than an astronomer would now proceed on the theories of the universe which were held anterior to the discovery of the law of gravitation; or a shipmaster attempt to cross the ocean by the rules of navigation which prevailed before the invention of the compass.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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NAVAL SKETCHES FROM THE GULF.—Our correspondent, Mr. E. C. HINE, 'posts up' to the last advices, in the annexed account of the sailing of the sloop-of-war 'Albany' from Pensacola, her arrival off Vera Cruz, and her adventures thereabout. Pass we the accustomed track, 'the breeze, the gale, the storm,' and the elaborate technical detail of the sailor, to come at once to the following: 'On a sunny afternoon we made the lofty and snow-crowned Arazabo, which stood glittering in the rays of the sun like a monarch arrayed in his jewelled robes, and the same evening came to an anchor under the lee of 'La Isla Verde,' where we found the United States' sloop-of-war JOHN ADAMS, maintaining the blockade off Vera Cruz, and rolling heavily to and fro on the long glassy swell that came sweeping in from the Gulf of Mexico. After remaining for two days at our anchorage, during which time we were visited by Commodore CONNOR, on a lovely Sabbath morning we weighed anchor, and with a free fresh wind from the south-west, proceeded on a cruise down the enemy's coast. We had just got well clear of the harbor, when a large full-rigged brig was espied, under top-sails, jib and courses, standing leisurely and boldly in for the port of Vera Cruz. It being no part of the policy of our captain to permit strange vessels to enter an enemy's harbor, which was under a vigorous blockade, a shot was fired just ahead of the suspicious-looking craft, to bring her commander to a sense of his duty; but he impudently pursued his course, in defiance of the gentle admonition which had been furnished him. This was too much for our gallant captain calmly to submit to. The guns of the first, second and third divisions were cleared away, cast loose and manned, and every thing was in readiness to give our quondam friend a dose which it was thought he might not relish. 'Fire *fine*, Sir!' said our captain to the second lieutenant, 'and *pitch it right into him!*' Bang! bang! thundered the cannon, in rapid succession, and away flew the iron hail, skimming and richoting along the tops of the waves, dashing their spray high in air, and passing close under the stern of the brig, which had at last hoisted the gorgeous ensign of Spain at her fore-topmast head. We were just preparing to give our proud neighbor a whole broadside, when he suddenly hauled upon a wind and backed his main-top-sail. As his broadside was turned toward us, we at once discovered her to be a Spanish man-of-war. The 'Albany' was hove-to, and a boat was manned and sent on board the stranger, which proved to be 'La Patriot,' a Spanish brig of war, bound to the island of Sacrificio. When the officer commanding our boat arrived alongside the brig, he found her crew all at quarters, and full of fight as the Bishop of Bevis; her commander walking his quarter-deck, with wrath and indignation pictured on his coun-

tenance. 'Does you want to fight, Señor?' said he, looking round with considerable complacency upon the few old iron pots which garnished the side of his brig; 'I say, Sare! does you want to fight?' However, on an explanation taking place, he cooled down, and the two officers parted company on exceedingly friendly terms; the brig being left to pursue her course without farther molestation.

'The head of the 'Albany' was turned to the northward, and away she flew along the coast of Mexico, in search of other adventures. The third day after our departure, a tremendous 'Norther' came howling along, ploughing up the tortured ocean, and reducing the ship to her storm-sails. The gale, however, was not of long duration; and when it had subsided, we ran close in under the high rocky shores, and commenced cruising up and down the coast.

'Sail, O!' cried the look-out from the fore-top-sail-yard, one bright morning, as we were leisurely standing off and on, under easy canvass. 'Where away?' sung out the officer of the deck. 'Two points on the weather-bow, Sir.' 'Can you make her out?' 'A large barque, Sir, standing upon a wind, under top-gallant-sails and courses.' 'Very well. All hands make sail!' In a few moments we were staggering along under a pyramid of canvass, in pursuit of the strange barque, which proved to be a very fast sailer; so fast, indeed, that it was not until after night-fall that we were able to bring her to, by firing a shot over her. A prize-crew was sent on board of her, when she was found to be a French vessel from Bordeaux, laden with wines and silks, with a large number of passengers, many of them ladies. During the night we lay by our newly-acquired prize, and in the morning gave her over to a prize-master from the 'JOHN ADAMS,' who proceeded with her to the squadron, off Anton de Lizardo. We then made sail, and again proceeded upon a cruise.

'During the time that I have been on board this ship, I have often been very much amused at the long confabulations which frequently take place among the 'darkies.' The place where they usually convene being directly in front of my window, I have had many opportunities of overhearing their altercations, which have served to dissipate much of the ennui which always hangs around my lonely hours. One day a bery of them gathered in front of my door, where they were very earnestly engaged in discussing the merits of a 'west' which one of their number had recently purchased (at a great sacrifice, it seemed,) from a sailor. It was a tawdry affair, covered with variegated and showy figures, large as your hand; yet it seemed to give great delight to its possessor, who turned it first in one position and then in another, to discover in which light it appeared the most beautiful; all the while grinning and chattering like a Brazilian ape, as he half-soliloquized upon its qualities in the following words:

'Wal now! I reckon dat west's a shiner! One dat's fit to wear in de king's pallus! Chaug! I'm gwine to keep it till I gets home to Baltimore, and *den*, stan' clea' nigger! E'yah! e'yah!

'So busily engaged was CUFFEE in detailing his anticipated triumphs among the dingy beauties of Baltimore, that he failed to observe the acquisition to his listeners of a little chubby ward-room darkie, who with lips apart, stood eagerly awaiting the completion of his comrade's eulogy upon the 'west,' when, with a look of intelligence and superior sagacity beaming in his face, he exclaimed, as he drew a long sigh:

'Wal, gemmen, you may *all* say what you likes! Dat west is no doubt a very fine one; dat's a fac'! It's a grand one, and no mistake! But, gemmen,

hints to last-makers, remedies for corns, etc. The work is by the 'Elastic-Boot Maker to Her Majesty, Queen VICTORIA,' and the present is the first American from the second London edition. Of its general theme we may say with 'OLLARON,' in his 'Slipshodical Lyric:

— 'Of various name,  
Their titles we invoke not; for we know  
Their number numberless; nor ake of style,  
Of Wellington, Suwarrow, tasselled, lanced,  
Civil or military; seven-leagued,  
Or Chinese kinds diminished, have we time  
To dwell on at this present.'

But some of our readers can examine the 'original' articles; for we learn that a gentleman in New-Haven, (Conn.) has an extensive museum of boots and shoes, containing some four hundred different varieties. What a treasure this pedal curiosity-shop would have been to our lamented friend HENRY INMAN, in his contemplated illustration of the 'Feet of the People!' . . . We have seen and conversed with a gentleman who was present at Mr. DEMPSTER's lodgings in London, when he sang for the first time TENNYSON's 'May-Queen' to the poet himself, who had come down to the metropolis for that purpose. Tears were on TENNYSON's cheek when Mr. DEMPSTER had concluded; and he declared that not until that moment had he felt the full effect of his own lines. This is the highest praise; and causes us to felicitate ourselves anew upon the fact that we were the first to call Mr. DEMPSTER's attention to the touching poem in question. He has wedded immortal verse to immortal music. . . . 'Metropolitan Swine' is the title of a 'Sonnet' which reaches us from East-Broadway. The 'subject' is not only not poetical, but *very* common, and it 'must go nigh to be thought *more* so, shortly.' If you walk up town in the gloaming, through any of the principal thoroughfares, you will find troops of little pigs, 'marching with short squeak, almost in military order; each topographically correct, trotting off in succession to the right or left, through its accustomed street or lane, to its own dwelling.' If these rudiments of pork 'fulfil the promise of their spring,' there will be abundant theme for the animadversions of English travellers among us for a long time to come. . . . 'You are right,' says an Albany correspondent, 'in your appreciation of 'kullered genus.' Niggers,' he adds, '*hab genus*, and no mistake;' and as an evidence of the truth of his position, he sends us a 'Christmas Hymn,' composed by a colored clergyman of 'Old Durrup.' Two stanzas will 'satisfy the sentiment.' Air, ROBERT KIDD, 'as he sailed':

'COME, ye that fears the LORD,  
Unto me, unto me;  
Come, ye that fears the LORD, unto me;  
I've something good to say  
About the narrow way,  
For CHRIST, the other day,  
Saved my soul, saved my soul;  
For CHRIST, the other day, saved my soul.

'If I had angels' wings,  
I would fly, I would fly;  
If I had angels' wings, I would fly;  
If I'd the wings of NOWZL's (!) dove,  
I'd soon fly home above,  
To see the God I love,  
On His throne, on His throne,  
To see the God I love, on his throne.'

A negro may not become a good poet, perhaps, but we have just read of one in Alabama, about to go on a mission to Liberia, who by his own exertions has become a good Latin, Greek and Hebrew scholar, and quite a respectable theologian. 'Speaking of colored people,' here is an admirable anecdote from a fair New-Haven correspondent: 'A few days ago I saw in the street an old negro woman, trudging along with a large book under her arm. A negro called out from the other side of the street, 'Well, Aunt MARY, what have you got there?' 'Oh,' said she, her countenance lighting up with a look of gratitude and joy, 'it is a present from Mrs. —,

'Pretty,' said Mr. MOTH; 'but EMERSON'S imagery is not so direct; for instance, he says in his fine poem of 'Monadnock':'

'THOUSAND minstrels woke within me;  
Our music's in the hills;  
Gayest pictures rose to win me,  
Leopard-colored rills.'

Now what he means exactly by 'leopard-colored rills' is not so very clear; yet there's something we like in the expression.'

'I suppose he means flecked and spotted with variations of sunshine and shadow, as a leopard is speckled with black and brown —'

'Look at a little mountain brook in spring-time,' added Mr. MOTH, 'when 't is a little turbid with the soil from the hills; here gleaming yellow in the sun, and there parted by the rocks into darker and fluctuating hues, and you will see that EMERSON took it from Nature. But you have not hit upon the man I had in my mind. He more resembles GEORGE WITHER, in his more serious mood, than any of the rhyme-sters of that age. He is WITHER, flavored considerably with a portion of the quaintness and queerness of old QUARLES.'

As I was not ready to express my assent to this comparison, Mr. MOTH went on to repeat the following lines:

'As the sun doth oft exhale  
Vapors from each rotten vale,  
Poesy so sometimes drains  
Gross conceits from muddy brains;  
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,  
'T wixt men's judgment and her light;  
But so much her power may do,  
That she can dissolve them too.  
If thy verse do bravely tower,  
As she makes wing, she gets pow'r,  
Yet the higher she doth soar  
She's affronted still the more,  
Till she to the high'st bath past,  
Then she rests with fame at last.

She (the Muse) doth tell me where to borrow  
Comfort i' the midst of sorrow;  
Makes the desolate place  
To her presence be a grace,  
And the blackest discontents  
Be her fairest ornaments.  
In my former days of bliss,  
Her divine skill taught me this,  
That from every thing I saw  
I could some invention draw;

And raise pleasure to her height  
Through the meanest object's sight;  
By the murmurs of a spring,  
Or the least bough's rustling,  
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,  
Shut when TITAN goes to bed,  
Or a shady bush or tree,  
She could more infuse in me  
Than all Nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man.  
By her help I also now  
Make this churlish place (i. e. Concord,) allow  
Some things that may sweeten gladness  
In the very gall of sadness;  
The dull loneliness, the black shade,  
That these hanging vaults have made;  
The strange music of the waves,  
Beating on these hollow caves;  
This black den which rocks emboss,  
Overgrown with eldest moss;  
This, my chamber of neglect,  
Falled about with disrespect,  
From all these, and this dull air,  
A fit object for despair,  
She hath taught me by her might  
To draw comfort and delight.'

'Had you found that in EMERSON'S volume,' continued Mr. MOTH, 'you would have thought it entirely akin with all the rest.'

'Except that I should have singled it out as more intelligible than he is wont to be. If he would always write in that unambiguous manner, he would have more admirers. He seems occasionally to take delight in confusing the threads of a plain enough idea, till your thoughts become so snarled that you toss aside his book in despair of elucidating the intricate entanglement. He confounds places too, and persons. He puts ultra German mysticism into the mouth of ALPHONSO the Wise. He makes MITHRIDATES, King of Pontus, talk of tobacco as though he had been familiar with the weed all his days. MITHRIDATES was famous, we know, for his fondness for poison; but EMERSON, not content with ancient toxicology, doses him with upas-juice and Prussic acid.'

'Very well,' said Mr. MOTH; 'if ships can go to Bohemia in poetry, MITHRIDATES

of Pontus might easily have chewed Virginia fine-cut. Let me repeat you now one of EMERSON'S poems, which for simplicity and directness, as well as tenderness of thought, is equal to any thing in his book.' 'T is called

‘THE APOLOGY.

‘THINK me not unkind and rude,  
That I walk alone in grove and glen ;  
I go to the god of the wood  
To fetch his word to men.

‘Tax not my sloth, that I  
Fold my arms beside the brook ;  
Each cloud that floateth in the sky  
Writes a letter in my book.

‘Chide me not, laborious band,  
For the idle flow'rs I brought,  
Every aster is my hand  
Goes home loaded with a thought.

‘There was never mystery  
But 'tis figured in the flow'rs ;  
Was never secret history,  
But birds tell it in the bowers.

‘The harvest from thy field  
Homeward brought the oxen strong,  
A second crop thine acres yield  
Which I gather in a song.’

‘Is n't that beautifully spoken ?’ asked my friend. I was willing to confess it.

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THE ‘SHAKER BIBLE,’ ETCETERA. — We are assured that there is no such thing as a ‘Shaker Bible’ proper. The society have a volume entitled ‘*The Testimony of Christ's Second Appearing*,’ which is divided into chapters and verses ; but it is not intended to supersede the use or authority of the Holy Scriptures. We have before us a work called ‘*A Summary View of the United Society of Believers, commonly called Shakers*,’ in which we find set forth their belief in relation to matrimony. They consider themselves, in their association, as voluntarily set apart from the children of this world ; and their creed in respect of matrimony is contained in a passage from the New Testament : ‘The children of this world marry and are given in marriage ; but they who shall be accounted worthy to obtain the heavenly world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage.’ They avow distinctly, however, in the work to which we refer, that ‘the institution of marriage is useful in its place ;’ that ‘it has a tendency to prevent many evils in society that are otherwise unavoidable ;’ that ‘for mankind in their present state, it is absolutely necessary ;’ but they add, that ‘for the followers of CHRIST, who are called to forsake the course of the world, and to crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts, it is neither necessary nor useful, but the contrary.’ They claim in this matter the privilege of enjoying their own belief, and acting in accordance with it, as do those who entertain different views ; holding it ‘right and just that all people should act their own faith in this as in all other matters ;’ and truth to say, we are quite of the same opinion. But supposing all the world were Shakers, as the society ought surely to desire it to be, where would they get recruits after awhile ? Probability seems to favor the conclusion that there would be an end to the society in the course of time. ‘We may be wrong, but that is our opinion.’

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — Did you hear the *Astronomical Lectures of Mr. Mitchell*? If not, town-reader, you lost a delectable, a sublime entertainment. But it is not favorable to the self-importance of such poor earth-worms as we are — little ants upon *one* only of the rolling globes that revolve in the vast universe of God — to hear clear expositions of the newly-explored worlds that wheel through the serene and silent spaces above us ; where

— 'Hosts of suns  
Throng ether with fix'd rays; or, widely launched,  
Sail awful cycles round the throne of heaven,  
With their attendant spheres.'

One becomes discontented at being 'cabined, cribbed, confined' in so 'limited a sphere' as this, and is impelled to mount in fancy with the imaginary WATSON, and 'survey the heavens in one of the irregular fiery cars of the skies.' He longs to know, with that imaginative explorer, what the appearance of the sun must be to the inhabitants of Mercury, and what a boiling cauldron of fire it must exhibit. Let us but fancy ourselves spiritual beings, seated in a comet at its remotest distance from the sun, that appears little larger than a star, whence we shall by degrees pass into its very neighborhood: what an astonishing contrast! As we travel on, we survey the planets becoming visible by degrees, but at first clustering round the sun; till advancing, we perceive them at different distances and of different sizes; calculate how near we shall approach to each of them; perhaps pass near enough to the Georgium Sidus or Jupiter to be astonished at their stupendous magnitude, and perhaps have a glimpse of some immense proportionate structure on one or other of them; or near enough to Saturn to discover the nature of his ring; and at length see the Sun itself become more and more a tempestuous billowy boundless ocean of fire; and perhaps rush into the midst of it as into a whirlpool, while it roars still louder and more dreadful at the accession of new fuel! And still perhaps this unfathomable fiery abyss, prodigious beyond all conception, may be but one of a million of lesser ones, inconsiderable in comparison with one a million times larger than any of these! Truly was it said of old, 'Marvellous are the works of the ALMIGHTY, and His secrets 'past finding out!' . . . The long string of 'Jokes' sent us by our Philadelphia correspondent are not acceptable, although we appreciate the kindness intended. One word here touching jokes and jokers. Our readers need not be told that we honor true wit and genuine humor; but *professional* jokers and story-tellers we do not affect; men who lie in wait to introduce 'a good 'un'; who watch the slight crevices of conversation, that they may wedge in a preconceived witticism or a fabricated and localized anecdote. The finest wits and humorists whom we know are men of sense, men of business, men of method; men not always *seeking* to be amusing, but whose perception of 'fun' alternates with a deep appreciation of pathos and sublimity, and whose own wit and humor, instead of being labored and forced upon one's attention, spring always from a natural occasion, and are suggested and introduced when the 'keeping' of 'time, place and circumstance' is not disturbed. You never saw a 'joke' or a 'bit of fun' from IRVING or DICKENS, without the proper *quo animo*, or 'moving why.' . . . To our Cambridge friend, who asks, in answer to a private note from the Editor, accompanying a returned communication, what we mean by 'simplicity in domestic poetry,' we reply, (although he has misquoted our remark,) that we mean the employment of words enough, and



ble condition of the streets of that city, and had a strong desire if possible to improve them. Having heard from some volunteers who had returned from the Texas revolution that a quantity of asphaltum could be easily procured upon the coast of the Republic, in the fall of 1837 I sailed for Texas; my object, among others, being to procure a return cargo for the vessel of the bituminous substance of which I had heard, with a view of improving therewith the streets of New-Orleans. Upon this subject I had already communicated with Mr. ELLSWORTH at Washington. On examination, I found that the '*chickatey*,' so-called, was too scarce at that part of the coast to make its acquisition an object; I therefore abandoned the project altogether; but the fact of its being there at all, set me to thinking as to its origin and source; and after various conversations with sea-faring men, during the past ten years, I thought of transferring my thoughts from my mind to some journal, and the result is the article I send you.' We commend the paper to the heedful consideration of our readers. It may not be improper to remark here, that Mr. STUART has a facile pen in other departments than that of scientific research. Among several manuscript poems of his, which we have been favored with permission to read, and which we trust may 'find the light' before long, is one upon observing the Duke of WELLINGTON contemplating NAPOLEON's statue at Kensington Palace, London; 'moveless, gazing steadfastly on the face for several minutes, with his arms folded, in deep meditation.' Mr. PERRY, although but a boy, was at the Battle of Waterloo; having accompanied an uncle, an officer in one of the Irish brigades, who found in vain all attempts to thwart his youthful purpose. As to the *coup-d'ail*, Mr. PERRY says:

— 'I could not see,  
In all that death-fraught revelry,  
But one great smoky field;'

yet he distinctly remembers seeing through the dim curtain of smoke the squares of English infantry steadily resisting the waves of French cavalry that rolled on to break against and overwhelm them; the serried walls of men ripped up by cannonry, and yet 'amid the pelting of that iron tempest' standing firm in unbroken recruited ranks. At the time the left wing gave way, in front of La Haye Sante, a cuirassier made a lunge at young PERRY; but an Irish dragoon, who interposed, administered the fatal '*six*' upon his casque, and he fell dead upon the ground. These were stirring scenes for a boy to witness, and they can never be blotted from his memory. . . . We take leave to disagree entirely with the writer of the paper on '*The equality of Human Intellect*.' His is the same doctrine with that of the 'Learned Blacksmith,' (so called because he had acquired many languages, without the ability to pronounce any of them correctly, not even his own vernacular,) which was successfully combatted and controverted in the KNICKERBOCKER. The 'difference between men in an intellectual point of view' is *not* 'owing to an inequality of advantages and culture.' How many college-students 'gang in stirks and come out asses!' Does 'B.' know any friend of his who would make a SHAKESPEARE, a NEWTON, or a MILTON? 'As easy might an acorn, by favorable or unfavorable circumstances, be nursed into an oak, or an oak into a cabbage, or the cabbage-seed into an oak.' 'B.'s argument is worse than that of Baron VON DULLBRAINZ before the 'Mudfog Association': 'I shall show you,' he said, 'dat de t'ings dat is *made* is more superior dan de *maker*, so great is de intellecta. Par examp.: I make de veel of de coach; yaäs, and dat veel roll hunder' mile, and I cannot roll one! I make de big tub for de cellar; it shall hold t'ousand gallons wine; but I cannot myself hold more as fives bottel!' Equality of *usefulness* in one's appropriate sphere

may perhaps in the main be conceded ; but we know no better evidence of the *inequality* of mind than is afforded by a writer who contends that all men are equally intellectually gifted. . . . We scarcely know any thing in any language more irresistibly touching than the last aspiration of the deceived, distracted, heart-broken MARGARET, in the closing scene of GOETHE'S 'Faust.' FAUST visits her in a dark dungeon ; she hears his voice at length, and well she knows 'the sweet loving tone ;' and holding once again his hand, 'that dear hand,' she tells him : 'I have killed my mother, I have drowned my child ! I will describe the graves to you. You must see to them the first thing to-morrow. Give my mother the best place ; my brother close by ; me a little on one side — only not too far off ! And the little one on my right breast ; no one else will lie by me ? To nestle to *thy* side — that was a sweet, a dear delight ; but it will never be mine again !' Loving, trusting, confiding, even to the last sad hour ! . . . A FRIEND of ours, travelling recently by public sleigh from Newburgh to New-York, seeing that no amount of flagellation which the driver could inflict upon one of his team, could make the animal increase his pace through the creaking snow-path, proposed that he should be '*treated*.' To that end, at the first stopping-place a pint of whiskey was poured down the animal's throat. The horse shook his head at such '*treatment* ;' but presently he started off at a high speed, which he kept for twelve miles without abatement. The driver was delighted : 'I would n't ha' *thunk* it,' said he. 'It's the first time I ever see the influence of *moral suasion* tried onto a horse ! It beats whippin', all to nothin' !' . . . THANK you, kind congenial M — ; thank you ! We wish we *could* 'leave our labors for a fortnight, and ply the hook in the streams that have their source in the Alps of the Empire State.' But since that is quite too much to hope for, let us make the offer to more fortunate lovers of the rod. Gentlemen :

'OLD Kaattakill holds the cataract  
Among his mountains steep,  
With streaming rills and sleeping pools,  
Where trout and pickerel leap ;  
Then mount the line, my gallant hearts !  
The hills are clear of snow ;  
Fling your bait soon and late,  
While the Spring's fresh breezes blow !'

THE 'science of accumulation' is after all no great mystery. MR. JOHN JACOB ASTOR has been heard to say, that the *first* thousand dollars he ever had were of more importance to his accumulative efforts than any subsequent acquisition. We thought of this remark just now, on seeing 'Young KNICK' winding up his kite-string. It was very slow and difficult work with a small nucleus, but when the ball became larger, he gathered the line in long reaches, that soon swallowed it up. To be sure, the paper-bird may be so large as to take up the ball itself ; but that is a natural result of careless 'kiting.' . . . SOME 'Lines,' justly complimentary to the author of '*Songs of our Land*,' (our fair and gifted countrywoman, and always welcome correspondent, MRS. M. E. HEWITT,) from the pen of the clever author of 'Rome as seen by a New-Yorker,' were carelessly detached from the scrap of 'copy' upon which the piece was fastened, and have thus been lost. . . . TALK of permanent 'repudiation' any where in these states ! We have just heard, through an esteemed friend in Alabama, that *the ladies* of that state have resolved to refrain from wearing silk dresses ; and the money thus saved by each lady is to be paid into the state treasury, toward the payment of the annual interest on the state debt. Twenty thousand ladies will thus contribute, and most liberally, to sustain the credit of the state.

'All honor to them!' exclaims the KNICKERBOCKER. . . . AN amusing incident is pleasantly recorded in the following passage from a letter of a 'down-east' correspondent: 'SANCHO PANZA says, 'Blessed is the man that first invented sleep.' I do not say, 'Cursed is the man who first invented straps on pantaloons;' but I *do* say, 'Blessed is the man that first abolished their use.' In how many awkward predicaments have they not been the cause of placing us! How much more free! how much more comfortable! how much more *natural*, to dispense with these pulling, knee-irritating monstrosities! Is it not enough that we have 'suspenders,' or 'gallowses' as our juvenile nomenclature used to have it — and a very suitable name it was, by the way — to bind us down to earth with the pressure of the night-mare, but we must also have the upward pressure of the foot-straps, both drawing us together with the power of a twenty-horse hydraulic press! I rebel. For one, I have dispensed with both straps and suspenders; and I address you, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, as a man of plain common sense, discretion and age, to do likewise. But all this is not furthering the object of my writing to you 'on the present occasion.' I wish to tell you of an incident that occurred to me some time since, when coming from Halifax to Boston, on board the packet brig A ——. It was all owing to those unhappy straps! One of my fellow-passengers was a fat old lady, who suffered very much from sea-sickness. More than twenty times in the day the old woman would put the good-nature of the steward, who was a jolly Irishman, to the test, by wishing to be lugged upon deck, and then below again; insomuch that they used to call her 'Mrs. TEE-TO-TUM. Sometimes she longed to recline on the deck; but then it was cold, and she had nothing to wrap herself up with. I made myself a great favorite with her by spreading out my buffalo-robe and 'tucking her up' with my cloak. You have no doubt been to sea, and are acquainted with the exceedingly easy toilets that gentlemen and ladies make (and unmake) on ship-board. Following the general practice, I usually, in pulling off my 'fie-for-shames,' hung them up to the ceiling of the state-room, opposite the door, with my boots dangling in them. The old lady's berth was immediately opposite mine; and one morning she woke much earlier than usual, having been prevented from sleeping by certain 'serious qualms.' The doors of both our state-rooms happened to be wide open, and Mrs. TEE-TO-TUM, casting her eyes over toward mine, saw a sight which would have made 'each particular hair to stand on end' if she had had any of her own. She shrieked out at the top of her voice: 'Oh, GOD! Oh, LORD! Oh, LORD! Captain! Steward! Mate! Oh, LORD! Oh! Mr. W — has hung himself! He's dead! he's dead!' Out rushed the passengers from every berth, and down tumbled the whole ship's crew; and such another peal of laughter the broad Atlantic never before echoed. And all this was caused by my boots dangling in those pantaloons by their unfortunate straps!' . . . We deeply regret to hear of the death of Mr. E. W. HOSKIN, so long connected with the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily newspaper, and subsequently with the '*Albion*' weekly journal. The French '*Courier des Etats Unis*' was also planned, established, and for some time conducted by him. We have known Mr. Hoskin for many years; and always as an amiable, intelligent, and most excellent gentleman. It seems but a day since we were walking in the street with him, and he was describing to us the character of the first novel ever translated from the Dutch in America, '*The Adopted Son*' of LENNER, subsequently published, and noticed in these pages. Mr. Hoskin's demise will be lamented by a wide circle of friends. . . . '*The Old Beech Tree*' is a goodsome piece of

verse, so far as the sentiment is concerned ; but it lacks skill and melody in the versification. The writer must try again. . . . 'THE DOCTOR'S idea went somewhat farther than 'C.' supposes. His sexual distinction of words embraced quite a list, among which we remember *he-pistle* and *she-pistle*, *he-cups* and *she-cups*. Perhaps 'phonography' might obviate the necessity of these distinctions. . . . MRS. G. W. CUTTER, formerly the distinguished Mrs. DRAKE, of the southern and western theatres, and now the wife of a gallant officer, who, with her eldest son, is engaged in fighting the battles of his country at the seat of war, is about putting to press a volume of her husband's poetry, for which nearly fifteen hundred subscribers are already obtained. Captain CUTTER is a true poet. 'Blackwood' has well said of his 'Song of Steam' that it could never die while steam existed. Many of his patriotic and truly *American* lyrics, however, are in no respect inferior to this highly imaginative and original effusion. We trust that MRS. CUTTER'S success in this city will be commensurate with the merits of her gifted husband. . . . SOMEBODY is claiming for the author of 'Puffer Hopkins,' in the pages of a contemporary, great credit for 'his articles' in the KNICKERBOCKER !' Bless us ! He had two scrappish things in its pages, 'John Smith, Loafer,' and a kindred sketch, some twelve years ago, rendered admissible by the curtailments and emendations of the Editor hereof, and inserted as a personal favor to a friend, now deceased, (J. G.,) whose letters, accompanying the articles, are still extant. So far as the KNICKERBOCKER is concerned, the head and front of 'PUFFER HOPKINS' offending 'hath this extent — no more ;' although applications to enhance that 'extent' were by no means wanting. . . . FORREST, our distinguished tragedian, has been playing an excellent engagement at the Park Theatre, and his 'second' has been Mr. GEORGE JAMIESON, who has won new laurels by his admirable personations. . . . DID you ever meet BILL WARREN,' writes a correspondent at Buffalo, 'the son of WARREN, the 'FALSTAFF ?' 'BILL' is enormous as a wit, without any pertness or impudence. His puns are always capital, and some of his stage witticisms, in which however he seldom indulges, are very fair. I recollect hearing or seeing him *do* 'RICHARD.' 'This morning, my lord, I found this paper,' etc., said CATESBY. 'Ah ! indeed,' replied 'BILL,' 'the *morning* paper, probably !' He was standing on the steps of the Pittsburgh theatre, on the evening of the introduction of gas into that dingy town, and the bills were plastered over with the word 'Gas' in the largest possible Gothic and black letters. Somebody was passing at the time, and casually asked, 'Who plays 'Gas ?' 'PIRES,' replied 'BILL,' with ready promptitude ; 'cast for it, at all events,' pointing to a heap of them on the side-walk.' . . . THE number of the fifth volume of the KNICKERBOCKER, which is wanted by our American friend G — in London, cannot be obtained here. The bound volumes of this Magazine, however, complete from the commencement, he will find in the library-department of the British Museum, for which vast repository they were ordered some time ago. . . . THE reform in hereditary law-mystification, which the KNICKERBOCKER has so often advocated, is about to be accomplished. It has at last been found that laws, as MEPHISTOPHELES says in 'Faust,' like an inveterate hereditary disease, trail from generation to generation ; they glide imperceptibly from place to place, until that which might once have been reason becomes nonsense.' . . . THERE will be 'admiring eyes wide opened' at our next number. The following articles are filed for immediate insertion : 'Jack Hilton's Nuptials ;' 'Thirty Years Lost,' from our Eastern correspondent ; 'Love and Letters ;' 'The Oregon Trail ;' 'The Egyptian Letters ;' 'The Enamel of the Heart ;' 'Angel-Love ;' 'Ingle-side Chat ;' 'A Health,' etc.

LITERARY RECORD.—We can do little more than indicate by their titles, and a word or two of comment, the prominent characteristics of the publications mentioned below. To some of them we hope to refer more particularly hereafter, when leisure and space shall better serve. WASHINGTON LIVING'S *Life and Voyages of Columbus* (edited by Mr. LIVING), and just published by the HARPERS, is a work that needs only to be announced. 'We don't gild refined gold' or 'paint the lily.' The volume is embellished with a portrait map, and other illustrations, and beside the 'Life and Voyages,' contains a delightful description of the author's visit to Palos, in Andalusia, (whence COLUMBUS sailed for the discovery of the new world) a very pretty view of which is given. *Scenes in Nature or Conversations for Children on Land and Water*, by the same publishers, is an instructive and entertaining little work, by Mrs. MARCET, who is favorably known by her excellent work, entitled 'Conversations in Chemistry.' She has learned the rare art of mingling in equal parts information and amusement. *The Fires of Friesland or Female Student* is the title of a volume from the same press, containing advice to young women on the important subject of education, by Mrs. PHELPS, late of the Troy Female Seminary. Two valuable works of the HARPERS', also, are *Zumpt's Latin School Grammar* translated by the Editor of the High-School of Edinburgh, and corrected and enlarged by Professor ANTHONY of Columbia College, and *Russell's Juvenile Speaker*, comprising elementary rules and exercises in declamation, with a copious selection of pieces for practice. The HARPERS' new house seems to be full of new reading-JAMES-romances. It begins with the old story, 'There is a forest, a grove of dark masses of clouds' and a stalwart youth of twenty-five might have been seen again, taking his way silently through the forest, 'at one o'clock in the morning.' We have also from the same press, *Hallam's Constitutional History of England*, from the fifth London edition, in a sufficiently pregnant fact, *Great Events, described by distinguished Historians*, *Cyclopaedia* (edited from the capable pen of Dr. FRANCIS LIEBER: '*Dr. Aikin's Juvenile Budget Reopened*,' and Number Twenty of that beautiful and most attractive serial, profusely and elegantly illustrated, *Pictorial History of England*.' . . . MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY are to be commended for the popular and excellent books of instruction which they are putting forth. *Caesar's French Reading-Book* is an invaluable auxiliary to the student of French. The selections are from the best dramatic authors of France, the language is easy, and the dialogue forms are given in all the different phases of the spoken language. *The Fairy Bower, or the History of a Month* from the third French edition is a charming little work, which introduces young persons to those scenes and situations of life which are their actual sphere and trial. HAZLITT's translation of *Machiavelli's History of the Roman Republic* is a work replete with erudition, and evinces a deep knowledge of human character. It is not a good sophistical reflection, and the style is true to the energy of the original. . . . We have a welcome new volume in sober drab from our friends Messrs. CARBY and HENRY, of which we should have been well pleased to say more than we can at the present time, *Spain and patriotic American Comedies*, by the PAULDINGS, senior and junior, containing 'The Bull-Fairs, or Americans in England,' 'The Noble Exile,' 'Madmen All, or the Cure of Love,' and 'Amputees, or the Enthusiasts by the Ear.' . . . MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM'S 'Library of Choice Reading' is enriched by the addition of HAZLITT'S *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, edited by a work in two Parts of RICHARD FORD, author of 'The Hand-Book of Spoken and Written English and their Country.' The writer is all BROWNE's ease and freedom of style, while his beauties are various and interesting. . . . WILHELM H. GRAHAM has published, in two cheap volumes, *Goedman's Social History of Great Britain during the Reign of the Stuarts*. It is sufficient indication of the merits of the work to say that the present publication is the third edition. . . . Among the issues of Messrs. BRADSHAW and STRONGER are '*The London Lancet*' for March, a very interesting number, containing amongst other and a great variety of matter, a full account of the operations of the *American Lethargy* in numerous patients in the various London hospitals, and the continuation of that deservedly popular series, '*Chambers's Information for the People*.' There is also a new and very attractive book, '*The Youth of Shakespeare and Shakespeare and his Friends*.' It will command a wide sale. . . . We have the most valuable *Course delivered before the Maine Historical Society* in September last, by Hon. GEORGE F. ESTES. It is a clear and well-written historical synopsis of the early discovery and settlement of MAINE, and of the character of those who were most active in the work of its colonization. . . . Our old friend FERNBERG, now permanently established at Number 123 Broadway, has just published a well illustrated *Map of the Seat of War in Mexico*, which folds up in a portable pocket like a pocket-map, and is a new edition of '*Rail-Road and Steam-Boat Book*,' a convenient pamphlet, indispensable to travelers.

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LITERARY RECORD.—We can do little more than indicate by their titles, and a word or two of comment, the prominent characteristics of the publications mentioned below. To some of them we hope to refer more particularly hereafter, when leisure and space shall better serve. WASHINGTON IRVING'S '*Life and Voyages of Columbus*,' abridged by Mr. IRVING, and just published by the HARPERS, is a work that needs only to be announced. We do n't 'gild refined gold' or 'paint the lily.' The volume is embellished with a portrait, map, and other illustrations, and beside the '*Life and Voyages*,' contains a delightful description of the author's visit to Palos, in Andalusia, (whence COLUMBUS sailed for the discovery of the new world,) a very pretty view of which is given. '*Scenes in Nature, or Conversations for Children on Land and Water*,' by the same publishers, is an instructive and entertaining little work, by Mrs. MARCET, who is favorably known by her excellent work, entitled '*Conversations on Chemistry*.' She has learned the rare art of mingling in equal parts information and amusement. '*The Fireside Friend, or Female Student*,' is the title of a volume from the same press, containing advice to young women on the important subject of education, by Mrs. PHELPS, late of the Troy Female Seminary. Two valuable works of the HARPERS, also, are '*Zumpt's Latin School Grammar*,' translated by the Rector of the High-School of Edinburgh, and corrected and enlarged by Professor ANTHON, of Columbia College, and '*Russell's Juvenile Speaker*,' comprising elementary rules and exercises in declamation, with a copious selection of pieces for practice. The HARPERS give us likewise another of the never-ending JAMES-romances. It begins with the old story. There is a forest, a storm, 'dark masses of clouds,' and a stalwart youth of twenty-five 'might have been seen' again, 'taking his way silently through the forest,' at one o'clock in the morning! We have also from the same press, '*Hallam's Constitutional History of England*,' from the fifth London edition, (a sufficiently pregnant fact;) '*Great Events, described by distinguished Historians, Chroniclers*,' etc., from the capable pen of Dr. FRANCIS LIEBER; '*Dr. Aikin's Juvenile Budget Re-opened*,' and Number Twenty of that beautiful and most attractive serial, profusely and elegantly illustrated, the '*Pictorial History of England*.' . . . MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY are doing good service to the public in the excellent books of instruction which they are putting forth. '*Callot's French Reading-Book*' is an invaluable auxiliary to the student of French. The selections are from the best dramatic authors of France; the language is easy, and the dialogue form comes greatly in aid of the colloquial practice of the reader. '*The Fairy Bower, or the History of a Month*,' from the third English edition, is a charming little work, which introduces young persons to those scenes and situations of life which are their actual sphere and trial. HAZLITT's translation of '*Michlet's History of the Roman Republic*' is a work replete with erudition, and evinces a deep knowledge of human character. It is rich in philosophical reflection, and the style is true to the 'dignity of history.' . . . We have a well-printed volume in sober drab from our friends Messrs. CAREY AND HART, of which we should have been well pleased to say more than we can 'at this present;' the spirited and patriotic '*American Comedies*,' by the PAULDINGS, senior and junior, containing 'The Buck-Tails, or Americans in England,' 'The Noble Exile,' 'Madmen All, or the Cure of Love,' and 'Antipathies, or the Enthusiasts by the Ears.' . . . MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM'S 'Library of Choice Reading' is enriched by a continuation of HAZLITT'S '*Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*,' and by a work, in two 'Parts,' of RICHARD FORD, author of '*The Hand-Book of Spain*,' entitled '*Spaniards and their Country*.' The writer has all BORROW'S ease and freedom of style, while his incidents are various and interesting. . . . WILLIAM H. GRAHAM has published, in two cheap volumes, '*Goodman's Social History of Great Britain during the Reign of the Stuarts*.' It is sufficient indication of the merits of the work to say that the present publication is the third edition. . . . AMONG the issues of Messrs. BURGESS AND STRINGER are '*The London Lancet*' for March, a very interesting number, containing among other and a great variety of matter, a full account of the operation of the '*American Lethæon*' upon numerous patients in the various London hospitals; and the continuation of that deservedly popular series, '*Chambers's Information for the People*.' These publishers are about issuing an edition of another very attractive book, '*The Youth of Shakespeare*,' and '*Shakespeare and his Friends*.' It will command a wide sale. . . . We have the sound and able '*Discourse delivered before the Maine Historical Society*' in September last, by Hon. GEORGE FOLSOM. It is a clear and well-written historical synopsis of the early discovery and settlement of Maine, and the character of those who were most active in the work of its colonization. . . . Our old friend DISTURNELL, now permanently established at Number 103 Broadway, has just published an excellent authentic '*Map of the Seat of War in Mexico*,' which folds up in a portable cover like a pocket-wallet; together with his '*Rail-Road and Steam-Boat Book*,' a convenient pamphlet, indispensable to travellers.

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tents were levelled, the animals saddled and harnessed, and all was prepared. '*Avance donc!* get up!' cried Delorier from his seat in front of the cart. Wright, our friends' muleteer, too, after some swearing and lashing, got his insubordinate train in motion, and then the whole party filed from the ground. Thus we bade a long adieu to bed and board, and the principles of Blackstone's Commentaries. The day was a most auspicious one; and yet Shaw and I felt certain misgivings, which in the sequel proved but too well founded. We had just learned that though R—— had taken it upon him to adopt this course without consulting us, not a single man in the party was acquainted with it; and the absurdity of our friend's high-handed measure very soon became manifest. His plan was to strike the trail of several companies of dragoons, who last summer had made an expedition under Colonel Kearney to Fort Laramie, and by this means to reach the grand trail of the Oregon emigrants up the Platte.

We rode for an hour or two, when a familiar cluster of buildings appeared on a little hill. 'Hallo!' shouted the Kickapoo trader from over his fence, 'where are you going?' A few rather emphatic exclamations might have been heard among us, when we found that we had gone miles out of our way, and were not advanced an inch toward the Rocky Mountains. So we turned in the direction the trader indicated; and with the sun for a guide, began to trace a 'bee line' across the prairies. We struggled through copses and lines of wood; we waded brooks and pools of water; we traversed prairies as green as an emerald, expanding before us for mile after mile; wider and more wild than the wastes Mazeppa rode over:

'MAN nor brute,  
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,  
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;  
No sign of travel; none of toil;  
The very air was mute.'

Riding in advance, as we passed one of these great plains, and looking back, the line of scattered horsemen stretched for a mile or more; and far in the rear, against the horizon, the white wagons were creeping slowly along. 'Here we are at last!' shouted the Captain. And in truth we had struck upon the traces of a large body of horse. We turned joyfully, and followed this new course, with tempers somewhat improved; and toward sunset we encamped on a high swell of the prairie, at the foot of which a lazy stream soaked along through clumps of rank grass. It was getting dark. We turned the horses loose to feed. 'Drive down the tent-pickets hard,' said Henry Chatillon, 'it is going to blow.' We did so, and secured the tent as well as we could; for the sky had changed totally, and a fresh damp smell in the wind warned us that a stormy night was likely to succeed the hot clear day. The prairie also wore a new aspect, and its vast swells had grown black and sombre under the shadow of the clouds. The thunder soon began to growl at a distance. Picketing and hobbling the horses among the rich grass at the foot of the slope, where we encamped, we gained a

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## THE OREGON TRAIL.

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN.

PORT LEAVENWORTH.

'THOUGH sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,  
And marvel men should quit their easy-chair,  
The toilsome way and long, long league to trace,  
Oh ! there is sweetness in the prairie air,  
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share.' — CHILDS HAROLD.

ON the next morning we rode to Fort Leavenworth. Colonel, now General Kearney, to whom I had had the honor of an introduction when at St. Louis, was just arrived, and received us at his quarters with the high-bred courtesy habitual to him. Fort Leavenworth is in fact no fort, being without defensive works, except two block-houses. No rumors of war had as yet disturbed its tranquillity. In the square grassy area, surrounded by barracks and the quarters of the officers, the men were passing and repassing, or lounging among the trees ; although not many weeks afterward it presented a different scene ; for here the very offscourings of the frontier were congregated, to be marshalled for the expedition against Santa Fe.

Passing through the garrison, we rode toward the Kickapoo village, five or six miles beyond. The path, a rather dubious and uncertain one, led us along the ridge of the high bluffs that border on the Missouri ; and by looking to the right or to the left, we could enjoy a strange contrast of opposite scenery. On the left stretched the prairie, rising into swells and undulations, thickly sprinkled with groves, or gracefully expanding into wide grassy basins, of miles in extent ; while its curvatures, swelling against the horizon, were often surmounted by lines of sunny woods ; a scene to which the freshness of the season and the peculiar mellowness of the atmosphere gave additional softness. Below us, on the right, was a tract of rag-

ged and broken woods. We could look down on the summits of the trees, some living and some dead; some erect, others leaning at every angle, and others still piled in masses together by the passage of a hurricane. Beyond their extreme verge, the turbid waters of the Missouri were discernable through the boughs, rolling powerfully along at the foot of the woody declivities on its farther bank.

The path soon after led inland; and as we crossed an open meadow, we saw a cluster of buildings on a rising ground before us, with a crowd of people surrounding them. They were the storehouse, cottage, and stables of the Kickapoo trader's establishment. Just at that moment, as it chanced, he was beset with half the Indians of the settlement. They had tied their wretched, neglected little ponies by dozens along the fences and out-houses, and were either lounging about the place, or crowding into the trading-house. Here were faces of various colors; red, green, white, and black, curiously intermingled and disposed over the visage in a variety of patterns. Calico shirts, red and blue blankets, brass ear-rings, wampum necklaces, appeared in profusion. The trader was a blue-eyed, open-faced man, who neither in his manners nor his appearance betrayed any of the roughness of the frontier; though just at present he was obliged to keep a lynx eye on his suspicious customers, who, men and women, were climbing on his counter, and seating themselves among his boxes and bales.

The village itself was not far off, and sufficiently illustrated the condition of its unfortunate and self-abandoned occupants. Fancy to yourself a little swift stream, working its devious way down a woody valley; sometimes wholly hidden under logs and fallen trees, sometimes issuing forth and spreading into a broad, clear pool; and on its banks in little nooks cleared away among the trees, miniature log houses, in utter ruin and neglect. A labyrinth of narrow, obstructed paths connected these habitations one with another. Sometimes we met a stray calf, a pig or a pony, belonging to some of the villagers, who usually lay in the sun in front of their dwellings, and looked on us with cold, suspicious eyes as we approached. Farther on, in place of the log huts of the Kickapoos, we found the pukwi lodges of their neighbors, the Pottawattamies, whose condition seemed no better than theirs.

Growing tired at last, and exhausted by the excessive heat and sultriness of the day, we returned to our friend, the trader. By this time the crowd around him had dispersed, and left him at leisure. He invited us to his cottage, a little white-and-green building, in the style of the old French settlements; and ushered us into a neat, well-furnished room. The blinds were closed, and the heat and glare of the sun excluded: the room was as cool as a cavern. It was neatly carpeted too, and furnished in a manner that we hardly expected on the frontier. The sofas, chairs, tables, and a well-filled book-case, would not have disgraced an eastern city; though there were one or two little tokens that indicated the rather questionable civilization of that region. A pistol, loaded and capped, lay on the mantel-piece; and through the glass of the book-case,

peeping above the works of John Milton, glittered the handle of a very mischievous-looking knife.

Our host went out, and returned with iced water, glasses, and a bottle of excellent claret; a refreshment most welcome in the extreme heat of the day; and soon after appeared a merry, laughing woman, who must have been, a year or two before, a very rich and luxuriant specimen of creole beauty. She came to say that lunch was ready in the next room. Our hostess evidently lived on the sunny side of life, and troubled herself with none of its cares. She sat down and entertained us while we were at table with anecdotes of fishing-parties, frolics, and the officers at the fort. Taking leave at length of the hospitable trader and his friend, we rode back to the garrison.

Shaw passed on to the camp, while I remained to call upon Colonel Kearney. I found him still at table. There sat our friend the Captain, in the same remarkable habiliments in which we saw him at Westport; the black pipe, however, being for the present laid aside. He dangled his little cap in his hand, and talked of steeple-chases, touching occasionally upon his anticipated exploits in buffalo hunting. There, too, was R——, somewhat more elegantly attired. For the last time, we tasted the luxuries of civilization, and drank adieus to it in wine good enough to make us almost regret the leave-taking. Then, mounting, we rode together to the camp, where every thing was in readiness for departure on the morrow.

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CHAPTER FOURTH.

'JUMPING OFF.'

'We forded the river and clomb the high hill,  
Never our steeds for a day stood still;  
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,  
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed;  
Whether we couched in our rough capôte,  
Or the rougher plank of our gliding boat,  
Or stretched on the sand, or our saddles spread  
As a pillow beneath the resting head,  
Fresh we woke upon the morrow;  
All our thoughts and words had scope,  
We had health and we had hope,  
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.'—SING OF CORINTH.

THE reader need not be told that John Bull never leaves home without encumbering himself with the greatest possible load of luggage. Our companions were no exception to the rule. They had a wagon drawn by six mules, and crammed with provisions for six months, beside ammunition enough for a regiment; spare rifles and fowling-pieces, ropes and harness; personal baggage, and a miscellaneous assortment of articles, which produced infinite embarrassment on the journey. They had also decorated their persons with telescopes and portable compasses, and carried English double-barrelled rifles of sixteen to the pound calibre, slung to their saddles in dragoon fashion.

By sunrise on the twenty-third of May we had breakfasted; the

tents were levelled, the animals saddled and harnessed, and all was prepared. '*Avance donc!* get up!' cried Delorier from his seat in front of the cart. Wright, our friends' muleteer, too, after some swearing and lashing, got his insubordinate train in motion, and then the whole party filed from the ground. Thus we bade a long adieu to bed and board, and the principles of Blackstone's Commentaries. The day was a most auspicious one; and yet Shaw and I felt certain misgivings, which in the sequel proved but too well founded. We had just learned that though R—— had taken it upon him to adopt this course without consulting us, not a single man in the party was acquainted with it; and the absurdity of our friend's high-handed measure very soon became manifest. His plan was to strike the trail of several companies of dragoons, who last summer had made an expedition under Colonel Kearney to Fort Laramie, and by this means to reach the grand trail of the Oregon emigrants up the Platte.

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shelter just as the rain began to fall; and sat at the opening of the tent, watching the proceedings of the Captain. In defiance of the rain, he was stalking among the horses, wrapped in an old Scotch plaid. An extreme solicitude tormented him, lest some of his favorites should escape, or some accident should befall them; and he cast an anxious eye toward three wolves who were sneaking along over the dreary surface of the plain, as if he dreaded some hostile demonstration on their part.

On the next morning we had gone but a mile or two, when we came to an extensive belt of woods, and through the midst of it ran a stream, wide, deep, and of an appearance particularly muddy and treacherous. Delorier was in advance with his cart; he jerked his pipe from his mouth, lashed his mules, and poured forth a volley of Canadian ejaculations. In plunged the cart, but midway it stuck fast. Delorier leaped out knee-deep in water, and by dint of *sacres* and a vigorous application of the whip, he urged the mules out of the slough. Then approached the long team and heavy wagon of our friends; but it paused on the brink.

'Now my advice is —,' began the Captain, who had been anxiously contemplating the muddy gulf.

'Drive on!' cried R —.

But Wright, the muleteer, apparently had not as yet decided the point in his own mind; and he sat still in his seat on one of the shaft-mules, whistling in a low contemplative strain to himself.

'My advice is,' resumed the Captain, 'that we unload; for I'll bet any man five pounds that if we try to go through, we shall stick fast.'

'By the powers, we shall stick fast!' echoed Jack, the Captain's brother, shaking his large head with an air of firm conviction.

'Drive on! drive on!' cried R — petulantly.

'Well,' observed the Captain, turning to us as we sat looking on, much edified by this by-play among our confederates, 'I can only give my advice, and if people won't be reasonable, why they won't, that's all!'

Meanwhile, Wright had apparently made up his mind; for he suddenly began to shout forth a volley of oaths and curses, that, compared with the French imprecations of Delorier, sounded like the roaring of heavy cannon after the popping and sputtering of a bunch of Chinese crackers. At the same time, he discharged a shower of blows upon his mules, who hastily dived into the mud, and drew the wagon lumbering after them. For a moment the issue was dubious. Wright writhed about in his saddle, and swore and lashed like a madman; but who can count on a team of half-broken mules? At the most critical point, when all should have been harmony and combined effort, the perverse brutes fell into lamentable disorder, and huddled together in confusion on the farther bank. There was the wagon up to the hub in mud, and visibly settling every instant. There was nothing for it but to unload; then to dig away the mud from before the wheels with a spade, and lay a causeway of bushes and branches. This agreeable labor accomplished, the

the grass ; while, with an old stump of a tree for a target, I began to display the superiority of the renowned rifle of the back-woods over the foreign innovation borne by the Captain. At length voices could be heard in the distance, behind the trees.

'There they come !' said the Captain ; let's go and see how they get through the creek.'

We mounted and rode to the bank of the stream, where the trail crossed it. It ran in a deep hollow, full of trees : as we looked down, we saw a confused crowd of horsemen riding through the water ; and among the dingy habiliments of our party, glittered the uniforms of four dragoons.

Shaw came whipping his horse up the bank, in advance of the rest, with a somewhat indignant countenance. The first word he spoke was a blessing fervently invoked on the head of R — , who was riding, with a crest-fallen air, in the rear. Thanks to the ingenious devices of this gentleman, formerly exhibited to the reader, we had missed the track entirely, and wandered, not toward the Platte, but to the village of the Iowa Indians. This we learned from the dragoons, who had lately deserted from Fort Leavenworth. They told us that our best plan now was to keep to the northward until we should strike the trail formed by several parties of Oregon emigrants, who had that season set out from St. Joseph's in Missouri.

In extremely bad temper, we encamped on this ill-starred spot ; while the deserters, whose case admitted of no delay, rode rapidly forward. On the day following, striking the St. Joseph's trail, we turned our horses' heads toward Fort Laramie, then about seven hundred miles to the westward ; and I shall resume this history with an account of what befel us on the journey ; how Shaw and I enjoyed the luxury of a bath upon the prairie ; and how the Captain, as a foretaste of buffalo-hunting, performed a gallant exploit upon a stray cow.

#### A H E A L T H .

Here's a health to thee, lady fair,  
Whose many beauties, rich and rare,  
With this ripe wine will well compare :  
Here's a health to thee !

Here's a health to thee, lady mine ;  
How the laughing tendrils here entwine !  
Close as my heart when pressed to thine :  
Here's a health to thee !

Love is a vintage, lady mine,  
Our hearts the wine-press, where combine  
The gushing glories of the vine :  
Here's a health to thee !

Here's my love to thee, lady love !  
Like this ripe wine, as Time shall move,  
My passion's strength it shall but prove :  
Here's a health to thee !

P. W. T.

## A N G E L L O V E :

BY J. A. SWAN.

'Thou starry virtue, fare thee well; seek Heaven  
And there by Casiopea, shine in glory.'—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

## I.

I COULD not think her spirit fled;  
I could not make my sweet love dead;  
Though oft they told me she was gone,  
And 't was but dust I looked upon;  
I could not make her dead.

## II.

She lay as if in dreamy rest,  
Her hands meek-folded on her breast;  
Her lips which knew no word of guile,  
Half parted with a beaming smile:  
I could not make her dead.

## III.

A pale rose gemmed her raven hair,  
As if it loved to blossom there;  
Those silken locks, that without check  
Twined with the lilies of her neck:  
I could not think her dead.

## IV.

The birds sang sweetly in their play,  
Beneath the casement where she lay;  
And then I knew she only dreamed,  
For every thing so life-like seemed,  
I could not make her dead.

## V.

The sun sank golden in the west,  
And left his last beam on her breast;  
And sweetly there it quivering lay,  
And shook her vest like the heart's quick play;  
I saw she was not dead.

## VI.

He tried to fright me with his speech,  
His solemn words, that cunning leech;  
That the tide of life had ceased to flow:  
In vain, I knew it was not so;  
I knew she was not dead:



## VII.

Like two twin flowers upon one stem  
We grew, and loved, and bloomed like them ;  
'T was not in Nature, then, that one  
Should fade, the other still live on ;  
How could my love be dead ?

## VIII.

They told me of a cold dark grave,  
And singing leaves that o'er it wave ;  
Of the mottled worm would be the guest  
Of her I loved the dearest, best :  
I dared not think her dead.

## IX.

But when I pressed her sweet lips twain,  
And felt no kiss pressed back again ;  
And in her eye no tears could see,  
When mine were flowing mournfully,  
I knew her spirit fled.

## X.

My hand stole o'er her marble breast ;  
No gentle throb disturbed its rest ;  
No thought lay there for me divine,  
As the rock heeds not the red sunshine ;  
I knew my love was dead !

## XI.

I saw it all ; the purest soul  
That ever earth held in control,  
Had hushed its sweet melodious tone ;  
I knew that I was left alone —  
I knew my love was dead.

## XII.

Sleep came ; and bathed in its smooth stream,  
Her spirit floated through my dream ;  
The same sweet smile and form were there,  
The same pale rose wreathed in her hair ;  
My dear love was not dead.

## XIII.

She whispered me of sunny lands,  
Where time moved not by dropping sands ;  
Of singing birds and chanting streams ;  
Of scenes more fair than pictured dreams,  
To which her spirit dear had fled.

## XIV.

Morn came — a tear was on my cheek ;  
Of joy, or grief, I could not speak ;  
The dead love by my side lay shriven,  
The living love was blessed in Heaven ;  
In truth she was not dead.

## JACK HILTON'S NUPTIALS.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS.

MIDGEVILLE was once a small place. Its present magnitude and beauty were little anticipated by its founders. There is a church now in Midgeville, with a steeple in expectancy. There is also a seminary and a bank. What the town will be when it is finished, it will be difficult to tell. That it is not yet *done*, is perhaps owing to the fact that the institution last named has not been long established.

Samuel Smith, a brother of John, is one of the principal men in the town. He keeps a store and the post-office, just opposite the bank; I dare say you have noticed his sign, if you have ever passed through the village. I said that he was one of the principal men. He *had been* the very first. He cut the first tree, turned the first furrow, and built the first cabin in all Midgeville; in short, he was that individual so often talked of, and so seldom seen, the oldest inhabitant. Yet Mr. Smith was not very old. Beside that, *he* did n't believe in reckoning life by years. People past the grand climacteric seldom do. Health and vigor were his *criteria* of age. For himself, he believed his natural force to be unabated. He could even see, he said, as well as ever, only he wanted a little *more light*. As to hearing, there would have been no difficulty, but his neighbors had latterly acquired a bad habit of talking low or indistinctly. His strength was remarkable, and in order to keep it so, he had for many years ceased to make trial of it. If it is farther said that Mr. Smith was tall and stout and erect, with a shrivelled but florid face, with invisible green eyes, and iron-grey hair, the reader will have a sufficient description of him to know whom we are talking about.

Jack Hilton knew him well. Jack was the lawyer of Midgeville. He was a good fellow every way, and might have done honor to the fraternity in a much larger place. He possessed every element of success, except ambition. You will find a good many individuals exactly like him, in all the professions. People who heard Jack speak on the famous Rattle Creek suit, before Justice Dulbrayn, said he only wanted rousing to make him quite terrific. You must have heard about that suit. Rattle Creek was a little laughing stream about two feet wide, that crossed Smith's farm, and which he had coaxed out of its course, for the purpose of bringing it nearer to his house. This interference had so bewildered the little rivulet that it never was able to find the remaining portion of its path. It wandered away, hither and thither, and finally made its exit from Smith's grounds at a place quite remote from the former channel, thereby entirely giving the slip to old Mr. Glum, whose disappointed ducks,

returning in great commotion one morning from its dry and dusty bed, gave notice that the stream had run away. Glum might have set it right with a very little trouble; but he would n't—not he. 'The law should straiten that creek, and restore his poultry to their former privileges. Smith should not ride rough-shod over him!' That was what Glum said. Smith said it was *his* creek; it came from a spring on his land. He discovered it. His cattle were accustomed to drink of it, and had a right to drink it dry; which feat indeed they had frequently performed. He had a right to dam it, or to fill it up; but he had done neither. He had only changed its course a little for his own convenience. What became of it after that he did not care. If Glum wanted the creek he might come and fetch it. There it was.

And so the question stood, until one morning Smith, to his utter amazement, was served with legal process at the suit of Glum. This was at that time a new way of settling disputes in Midgeville, and caused to the full as much astonishment as a duel would now in any well-ordered community. There was no lawyer there then. Smith imported one forthwith. He was a far-sighted man. He sent for Jack Hilton, who had just been admitted to the bar, and proposed to set him up, with this suit for his capital. He would never settle it, Smith would n't, and he knew too much of the law to suppose that would ever settle it. Well, he was right about it. He gained the suit at first, and then Glum gained it. But it kept going up higher and higher, and each alternately came off conqueror. What with 'certioraris' and 'demurrers' and 'bills of exceptions' and 'special verdicts' and 'feigned issues,' it was impossible for the litigants to keep any distinct track of the cause. Once in two or three years they heard that it was 'coming down' for a new trial; and down it came; and after another of the 'freeman's inestimable privileges,' a trial by jury, and a grave decision by them, the counsel for the unsuccessful party spirited the suit away again to the Supreme Court. In the mean time the creek dried up. Glum, whose purse began sensibly to feel the drafts necessarily made upon it, but whose pride had deterred him from making any overtures of compromise, hoped that this would bring it to an end. But he was disappointed; the suit went on.

This, however, is chiefly digression. We were talking about Jack Hilton. Imagine to yourself a smallish, well-built man, with an olive complexion, and a quiet, good-natured, yet intellectual countenance; that's Jack. His eye is always lighted, and if there is not always a smile on his lip, its expression assures you that there is one within call. You can't offend Jack Hilton; that is to say, he is not troubled with indigestion, or corns, or tight boots. He is not one of those men who are on the look-out for affronts. He never meets an insult half way. It requires a strong breeze to disturb the placid waters of Jack's breast; but when he is aroused, his face is like a thunder-cloud, and his eyes you would suppose oppositely charged with electricity, so vivid and dazzling are their flashes.

Nor is the detonation wanting. His is a stentorian voice when exerted, and seems to come from the innermost recesses of his chest.

There were ladies in Midgeville. Ah! if there had not been, Jack Hilton would never have buried his talents there. There were Cecilia Smith, and Jacobina Smith, and Glorianna Smith, and Sarah Poundit, the clergyman's daughter, and last, not least, Elsie Glum. Elsie Glum was a fairy. She was not beautiful; she was Beauty. She was the very impersonation of loveliness, both in mind and body. Mirthful, modest and timid, her exuberant spirits seemed continually about to overflow, and yet as continually to be held in check. What there was in poor Elsie's lot to make her merry, it would be difficult to say. She was the only child of parents whose dispositions were entirely uncongenial to her own, and whose affection, earnest though it was, was not altogether a substitute for that appreciation and sympathy for which the young and intellectual yearn. Among her few associates, her charms were the object rather of envy than admiration; so that beside her parents, she could scarcely lay claim to a single friend on earth. But Heaven had blessed Elsie with a serene and cloudless breast, and all the outward world partook of the sun-light that emanated from within.

Yet it was a material source of disquiet to Elsie that Jack Hilton was affianced to Glorianna Smith. She had entertained a better opinion of his taste, and would scarcely have believed it possible, had not that young lady herself disclosed the important secret to her. The way it came about was this. There was to be a picnic party. The three Misses Smith had sent for Jack to help plan it out, and Jack had entered into it with a zeal rather surpassing their expectations. He had even proposed to go himself and invite the other young ladies, Elsie included. Miss Glorianna graciously accepted his services as far as the 'other young ladies' were concerned, but would not trouble him to call on Elsie; she could easily walk over and see Miss Glum herself; and she did. She told her, too with many a gracious smile, that she had intended to send Jack over to ask her, but she had thought it best to come in person, and make sure of her object.

'Mr. Hilton seems to be quite at your disposal, then, Miss Smith,' said Elsie, laughing.

Miss Smith simpered, and said that she did n't mind her, as a friend, understanding it, but it was not to be talked about at present. Now it so happened, that notwithstanding Miss Smith had come herself for the purpose of making sure of success, she was by no means urgent in her invitation. On the contrary, when the other suggested some possible obstacle to her going, she rose hastily and departed, regretting loudly her disappointment. But Miss Smith quite overdid the thing; for when she told Mr. Hilton that she had been unable to prevail on Miss Glum to accompany them, that gentleman secretly resolved to try his own persuasive powers. When, on the following morning, Elsie from her little parlor-window saw the merry party pass by, she wondered much not to see Jack among the beaux. Her wonder, perhaps, would have ceased,

could she have heard what Glorianna was just at that moment relating to one of her companions ; to wit, that Mr. Hilton was so wrapped up in his business as to be unable to devote the whole day to amusement. He would join them, she said, in a few hours. If Jack *was* wrapped up in his business, he was capable of being enclosed in a very small envelope. He might have devoted nine days out of every ten to amusement, and still had ample time for all the professional labors with which he was burthened.

But Elsie was destined to a still greater surprise. She certainly saw Mr. Hilton, by accident, some two hours afterward, slowly pursuing the forest-ward route which the party had taken. But he quite as certainly turned off into another street, and came directly toward their own house. Doubtless, she thought, he had some business with her father. Doubtless he had not, Miss Elsie ; his business was with you, pretty Elsie. How astonished, how delighted, how mirthful looked those large blue eyes ! — no, they were not blue, but of that indescribable hue which, in our ignorance of the vocabulary of angels, we are compelled thus inadequately to designate. The urging which Miss Glorianna had accidentally omitted, Mr. Hilton more than supplied. And Elsie went. The little gipsy could not have made herself look otherwise than handsome, but somehow it so happened that every thing was at hand which made her look most provokingly beautiful. They walked very slowly, too. What they found to talk about it is impossible to tell, and would be impertinent to conjecture. One thing is certain ; there was a great commotion among the fauns and dryads of Wintergreen Grove when the new-comers arrived. Miss Glorianna turned pale and red by turns ; but she soon recovered her self-possession, and did not hesitate to insinuate, in the plenitude of that amiability for which she was remarkable, that there had been some exceedingly artful management on the part of Miss Glum to bring about the result just described.

But I am not going to tell you any thing about the party, or how Jack, with studied equality, divided his attentions among the belles. Doubtless the usual amount of fun and frolic incident to such occasions was enjoyed ; and if all the parties concerned were not exceedingly happy, they at least fancied that they were, which seems to amount to about the same thing. If, on the breaking up of the party, Glorianna was again subjected to the mortification of seeing Mr. Hilton become the escort of Miss Glum, she readily found an excuse for her supposed admirer in the necessity imposed upon him by that most remarkable inveiglement of which he had been the victim in the morning. The laws of politeness, she said, were inflexible ; which she feared Mr. Hilton was realizing to his sorrow.

Well, the day passed off. It was not perhaps necessary to have recorded this fact for the information of the reader. The precedent is one that has been so long established that it is next to impossible to conceive of any well-behaved and orderly day neglecting to follow it. But it has become desirable to withdraw our company from the forest and send them home ; and although a venerable

adage assures us that there are a great many ways to get out of the woods, none can be shorter or more efficacious for our present purpose. I repeat, then, that the day passed off.

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE domestic circle which had of late been irradiated by the smiles of Miss Glorianna Smith was destined to a sudden darkness upon the return of that young lady to her paternal roof. Boding clouds had gathered upon her brow, and low and continual mutterings gave token of a coming storm, if not of settled thick weather. It would have been difficult to form any connected sentence from the words that dropped, or rather that were ejected, at irregular intervals from between the parted lips of Glorianna, while engaged in disrobing and putting aside her walking attire; but if any one had been in pursuit of such expressions as 'minx,' 'cat,' 'upstart,' 'huzzy' and 'trollope,' with adjectives to match, the search, we will venture to say, could no where have been prosecuted with better hopes of success than in the immediate vicinity of Miss Smith.

'It's the artfulness of the thing,' she said at length, when fairly seated, with Misses Cecilia and Jacobina for her auditors; 'only to think of it! that so much cunning and deceit and—and—and boldness should be hid under that little demure kitten-face! The brazen little trollope! She could n't go upon *my* asking! No urging or persuading of *mine* could make the little imp stir one step; and how it was that she contrived to get hold of Hilton I can't imagine! I do believe she went to his office for him—I do!'

'To be sure she did,' answered Jacobina, with a sleepy stare.

'Perhaps,' interposed Cecilia, with an arch look, 'perhaps she just *happened* that way about the time that Jack was coming out; you know, Glorianna.'

Miss Glorianna would doubtless have turned up her nose at this remark, had not nature so far anticipated the movement as to leave no farther altitude attainable by that organ. Not therefore condescending to notice the interruption, she continued:

'Mr. Hilton shall come to terms at once. Papa shall speak to him. He shan't trifle with *my* affections—he shan't!'

'But,' said Cecilia, 'he certainly has not been so very attentive to you.'

'Has n't he been attentive?' replied the other, sharply; 'has n't he? Has n't he been in the habit of calling to see me nearly once a month, for—for almost three months, now? and did n't he walk home from church with me last Christmas? Not attentive, indeed! He has been *devoted* in his attentions!'

The young ladies were joined at this interesting part of their conversation by their father, a gentleman well qualified, in his own opinion, to give advice in all emergencies. He prided himself on possessing a large share of common sense, which he considered the grand fountain and well-spring of human wisdom. There could be

no question about the quality of Mr. Smith's sense ; it was decidedly common ; nothing could be more so. Yet his countenance ought not perhaps to have been considered entirely unintellectual. It is true his forehead was low and narrow, but then he had a large and flabby chin. This latter organ was seldom at rest, for its proprietor was an exceedingly garrulous personage, and even in the intervals of his remarks, its pendulous propensities still gave it a jelly-like motion, not entirely unedifying to the beholder. Mr. Smith listened with great gravity to the recital of his daughter's wrongs, and consoled her at the close of her narration with the assurance that the matter should be immediately investigated. He himself would call upon Mr. Hilton, and have a plain common-sense talk with him, which would settle the matter effectually. There was no need, he said, to be disquieted.

On the ensuing day, while Counsellor Hilton was seated in his office, enjoying the post-prandium luxury of a doubtful Havana, he received a visit from his friend and client. It was so much a matter of course for that gentleman to make inquiries about the situation of the Rattle-Creek suit, that the other not infrequently replied mechanically to his questions, without closely attending to their import. He did not now notice that his visitor's countenance was charged with unusual meaning, for he was engaged in watching a pair of imaginary eyes that were peering down from a little stationary cloud of smoke that floated overhead, midway to the ceiling. The party of the preceding day afforded, for a while, a theme for conversation and inquiry ; but it was with no small difficulty that the anxious father succeeded in approaching the delicate subject which was uppermost in his thoughts. He at length, however, ventured a remark to the purport that 'the affair' had been a long time pending, and inquiring when Jack proposed to bring it to a close. To this the latter abstractedly replied, that he thought the next *term* might safely be counted on for the consummation so much to be desired. 'These lawyers have a strange way of reckoning every thing by *terms*,' thought Mr. Smith ; but he was too well satisfied with this distinct avowal of Jack's intentions to cavil about words. After a little pause, the old man proceeded to say, that if Mr. Hilton felt reasonably sure about the time, he would make his arrangements accordingly. Jack, supposing the arrangements to mean that most interesting *finale* of all law-suits, the bill of costs, replied, with returning consciousness, 'Yes ; ah ! certainly.'

Mr. Smith proceeded home, and communicated to his delighted family the intelligence that he had had a full understanding with his prospective son-in-law, and that the latter had manifested a becoming anxiety to hasten the nuptials, and had named the very next term as the latest period to which he could possibly think of deferring them. If there was a little natural exaggeration in this statement, the narrator was probably quite unconscious of that circumstance. Glorianna, who had awaited the *denouement* with sore misgivings, as soon as she could overcome her astonishment and subdue her excessive delight, assumed an air of *hauteur*, and hinted

that Mr. Hilton must not make too sure of his time, nor of any time indeed; a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. She was in the bush yet, and she did n't know but she should prefer staying there for a while. She did not believe in young ladies giving up their liberty too soon. Little Cecilia, having ventured to express some surprise at these remarks, was met with the amiable request to 'shut up;' a terse and comprehensive phrase, much in vogue in Midgeville. She was farther kindly reminded, that it would probably be a long time before any one would ask *her* to make any abridgment of her liberty, so that she need give herself no trouble on that account. Cecilia, who was in reality an amiable and modest girl, left the room in tears; but fortunately gained sufficient courage, by the time she had reached the door, to reply with becoming spirit. 'If ever such an occurrence did take place,' she said, 'it should not be in behalf of a lover who had to be wooed first, and then *asked* by papa; it should be to some one who had courage enough to speak for himself.'

Whether or not Cecilia had interposed the door between herself and the *fiancee* for the purpose of protection does not appear. It is not improbable that she had before experienced the utility of such precautions. At all events, the circumstance enabled her to emphasize her closing remarks in a manner not unusual to people who 'fly out' in a passion, thereby also effectually 'shutting the door' to all reply.

Glorianna watched the sun go down in the anxious but fruitless expectation of seeing her suitor at her feet. But if her disappointment was at first a source of surprise and mortification, she soon contrived to find satisfactory excuses for her lover's tardiness.

#### CHAPTER THIRD.

UNFORTUNATELY for the speedy explication of this mysterious affair, it became necessary for Counsellor Hilton at this period to absent himself temporarily from the village of Midgeville. That he did not seek an interview with his affianced bride under such circumstances, or that he should not seem solicitous about any personal meeting at all, subsequent to the engagement, might by some have been looked upon as a little remarkable. Miss Smith, however, easily found excuses for these omissions in that eccentricity of genius which so often renders crime a virtue, and transforms blunders into brilliant deeds. Beside that, it was not improbable, she thought, that poor Jack was so much overcome by the certainty of his happiness as to require a temporary retirement for the purpose of tranquillizing his feelings. The absence of Mr. Hilton, which was originally intended to be but of short duration, was extended for several weeks. Tidings had however been received that unexpected business was detaining him, and rendered the time of his return still uncertain. Glorianna's mysterious deportment, and the occasional exhibition of a letter, seemingly by accident, and



## VII.

Like two twin flowers upon one stem  
We grew, and loved, and bloomed like them ;  
'T was not in Nature, then, that one  
Should fade, the other still live on ;  
How could my love be dead ?

## VIII.

They told me of a cold dark grave,  
And singing leaves that o'er it wave ;  
Of the mottled worm would be the guest  
Of her I loved the dearest, best :  
I dared not think her dead.

## IX.

But when I pressed her sweet lips twain,  
And felt no kiss pressed back again ;  
And in her eye no tears could see,  
When mine were flowing mournfully,  
I knew her spirit fled.

## X.

My hand stole o'er her marble breast ;  
No gentle throb disturbed its rest ;  
No thought lay there for me divine,  
As the rock heeds not the red sunshine ;  
I knew my love was dead !

## XI.

I saw it all ; the purest soul  
That ever earth held in control,  
Had hushed its sweet melodious tone ;  
I knew that I was left alone —  
I knew my love was dead.

## XII.

Sleep came ; and bathed in its smooth stream,  
Her spirit floated through my dream ;  
The same sweet smile and form were there,  
The same pale rose wreathed in her hair ;  
My dear love was not dead.

## XIII.

She whispered me of sunny lands,  
Where time moved not by dropping sands ;  
Of singing birds and chanting streams ;  
Of scenes more fair than pictured dreams,  
To which her spirit dear had fled.

## XIV.

Morn came — a tear was on my cheek ;  
Of joy, or grief, I could not speak ;  
The dead love by my side lay shriven,  
The living love was blessed in Heaven ;  
In truth she was not dead:

affanced bride of Hilton, a pang of untold intensity wrung her gentle heart. That Elsie had had reasons for entertaining very different expectations was most certain, although nothing like an avowed attachment had ever existed between herself and him to whom she was conscious of having yielded up the priceless treasure of her affections. That she should be deserted by one whom she had deemed so worthy, and deserted too in the very hour of adversity, was a source of grief, admitting of the sole consolation, that whatever the future vicissitudes of life, no farther depth of agony could remain to be fathomed. If any thing like a lingering hope remained in her breast, it was dissipated a few days subsequently by a formal request on the part of Glorianna that she should officiate as bride's-maid at the approaching ceremony. The invitation was brought by Jacobina, who, to the inquiries which with difficulty Elsie succeeded in articulating as to the time appointed for the wedding, replied that the day was uncertain; that Mr. Hilton was then in the city of ———, making the necessary preparations, and that the joyful event would take place immediately on his return. It is as needless to say that Elsie declined the invitation as it probably is to assert that the bride elect was perfectly aware that it would be declined. It was the last effort of an ingenious malice to torture one whose only offence against her persecutor was that of excelling her in beauty, as the rose excels the thistle. Grief was new to Elsie, and so severe an initiation into its thorny walks could not fail of its effects upon her physical system. Health, strength and spirits sank together under a blow so unexpected and severe. Her parents, who were at this period engrossed by the contemplation of other calamities, had fortunately no suspicion of the cause of her illness.

But at this juncture of affairs, Mr. Glum, after brooding for several days in the deepest melancholy over his embarrassments, suddenly adopted the resolution to set out at once for the city of ———, where Mr. Hilton was then known to be, and learn from him the extent of his calamity; or in other words, the amount of costs for the payment of which he was liable. He knew that it would be necessary for him to part with his farm and homestead to liquidate his debts, and hastened to avail himself of an offered opportunity for this purpose; slightly hoping also that a promptness in his arrangements might entitle him to claim some reduction of a sum which he well knew must be enormous. The feeble state of his daughter's health suggested the idea of taking her with him on a long-promised visit to some relatives in the city; for notwithstanding all his seeming roughness, Elsie had ever been to him an object of the most tender regard. He had the good fortune to find himself and daughter most welcome visitors at the house of his relations, and he also succeeded in effecting the contemplated bargain for the sale of his property. He then sought out Mr. Hilton, and informed him of his errand in town. In answer to the polite inquiries of the lawyer after the welfare of his family, Mr. Glum informed him of the impaired state of his daughter's health, and that she had accompanied

him to the city, and immediately resumed his inquiries in relation to the law-suit. For the honor of Mr. Hilton, both as a gentleman and a member of the legal profession, I regret to record that he was at this moment seized with an unaccountable turn of absence of mind. Although he stood bodily before Mr. Glum, with his ears and eyes open, (the latter to rather an unusual extent,) his senses failed to take cognizance of what was taking place immediately before them. And when, with most anxious look, the impoverished client awaited a reply to his questions, he was puzzled by receiving for answer the sententious remarks: 'Yes; ah! very true!'

'What is the amount?' repeated Mr. Glum, at the same time instinctively raising his hands toward his ears, as if he would shut out the reply.

'Where are you staying?' was the answer.

'The costs?' said Glum.

'Your hotel?' said Hilton.

'The bill?'

'Miss Elsie——?'

'The devil!' said Glum, now thoroughly alarmed; 'the man's mad or deaf!' Then approaching the lawyer's ear, and raising his voice to a shout, he said: 'I want to know how much this cursed Rattle-Creek and rattle-brain suit is going to cost me. I'm a ruined man! I've got to sell my farm, and pull up stakes, and go to Texas or California, or Chilly-hilly-hu, or some other good-for-nothing place, where they pay a bounty on bankrupts. Do you *h-e-a-a-r* me?' he concluded, in a tone that shook the window-sashes.

'Oh, yes!' said Hilton, laughing; 'I hear; I'm not deaf, man. I understand now; you are the defendant in Smith *versus* Glum. It's gone against you; very heavy bill—do n't know how much. Give me your address, and I'll call and see you in the evening, and we'll talk it over.'

Although unwilling to protract his painful suspense, the other readily complied with this request; and beseeching the lawyer to be as lenient as possible, respectfully withdrew. Whether Mr. Hilton's singular absence of mind rendered him unconscious of the time, or to whatever other cause his conduct is to be attributed, it so happened that he anticipated his appointment by several hours. Indeed, so early in the afternoon did he make his visit, that, much doubtless to his chagrin, Mr. Glum had not yet returned home, nor had his daughter been in any way notified of his intended call. Elsie had thought that nothing could add to the sufferings which she had already experienced; but she now became conscious that there remained yet some untasted depths in the bitter cup of grief. To be obliged to see and calmly converse with one who had so cruelly wronged her, was indeed a severe trial. It is true it might have been avoided by denying herself to her unwelcome visitor, had not pride restrained her from giving any such evidence of her feelings. Summoning, therefore, all her womanly resolution, she descended to the drawing-room.

Of the ensuing interview we have unfortunately no means of

knowing much, excepting that several hours elapsed by the steeple-clock in the adjoining street, and by every other mortal measurement of time, before it was brought to a close. All else that we can say is, that as Mr. Glum's self-announcing step was heard in the passage, there was a little drying of tears on Elsie's cheek, a disengaging of hands, a playful smile on her lips, and one trustful, confiding, eloquent gaze from those large blue eyes—and—that was all. As Mr. Glum entered the room, Hilton rose to depart; but on being reminded by the former of the object of his appointment, he stepped to an escritoire at an adjacent table, hastily wrote a few lines, and thrusting them into the hands of his astonished companion, immediately withdrew.

For a few moments the latter stood gazing at the door by which the lawyer had vanished, and then, deliberately taking out his spectacles, adjusted them preparatory to examining the much dreaded document. With trembling fingers he at length opened the paper, and read, in few words, not a bill of costs, but a receipt in full. But no emotion of pleasure succeeded. 'The man's mad!' he muttered to himself; 'I have n't paid him a cent. Poor fellow!' Then calling to his daughter, who had remained in an abstracted mood, gazing out of the window, 'Elsie,' he said, 'did Hilton do or say any thing *strange*, or out of the way, when he was here?'

Elsie colored to the temples, and fully believing that her secret was discovered, replied: 'Why, yes, father—rather!'

'What did he *say*? what did he *do*, child—eh?'

Elsie's tears and blushes now increased four-fold, as, taking her father's hand between her own, she said: 'It's all right, papa; do n't worry about the law-suit. Mr. Hilton, I am sure, will not distress you. It's all right, I assure you.'

Thus saying, she also vanished from the room, leaving poor Mr. Glum more utterly bewildered than ever.

'They're all mad together!' he said at length; 'mad as Bedlamites!' But after long pondering, the truth began to dawn upon his mind, and his gloom and grief were changed into a corresponding joy. 'There is some virtue left in the world,' he exclaimed, 'and I shall not have to go to Texas after all!'

Let it not be supposed that Jack's munificence was owing to any sudden influx of wealth by the decease of a rich uncle, or the discovery of hidden treasures. Such things never happen in real life. Rich uncles never die; or if they do, they take the pious precaution beforehand of providing that none of their property shall alight upon any one who really needs it. And as to hidden treasures, few, I believe, have ever been enriched by these, unless it be the celebrated 'Kidd Company,' which, at the latest accounts, had succeeded in bringing up from the mud and slime of the Hudson something that on strict analysis proved to possess the hue and smell and taste of one of the precious metals, or something precious near to it. I repeat, then, such things never happen in reality. Wealth never descends in showers, excepting in dreams. In Jack's case the contrary was so far the fact, that at the time of receipting his heavy bill, it

constituted a full moiety of his earthly possessions. But he had a good profession, good abilities, and a stout heart, and was just preparing to transfer his office to the city, with every prospect of a lucrative business.

Tidings of the new state of affairs were not slow in reaching Midgeville, and the consequent commotion and excitement in that little community were altogether unparalleled. Miss Smith was for once too utterly discomfited and mortified to admit of any thing like an effective rally. Some bitter things she thought and said, but she felt that it was to no purpose. It was in vain to anathematize Elsie, whom her objurgations would seldom or never reach; but her own family-circle were fully and frequently informed of her opinion that the former was 'the artfullest and brazenest-facedest little minx in all Midgeville.'

To that delightful village Elsie Glum, as such, never returned. The mystic ceremony by which she forever discarded her unfitting patronymic, took place soon afterward, at the residence of her friend in the city. It was not until subsequent to this event that Mr. Smith found an opportunity to seek an explanation of Hilton's mysterious conduct. This the latter did not hesitate to give, accompanied by no slight reproof for the entirely unwarranted construction put upon his language. The aggrieved father threatened an action at law, but upon a 'sober second thought,' relinquished so unpromising a project. He had succeeded *once* in his life in a law-suit, and felt that as a reasonable man he ought to be contented, and not expect impossibilities. He returned home and discoursed long and oracularly upon the subject, and concluded with a little sage advice, which, aided by an extremely wise look, and the usual approving gestures of his chin, did not fail of its effect. It was useless, he said, to speculate upon the matter now. *Possibly* there had been some misunderstanding. 'At any rate,' he said, 'whatever may have been the nature of Mr. Hilton's sentiments at some former period, it was quite evident that he did not *now* desire to marry Glorianna. Common-sense would teach that.'

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T O N I A G A R A .

EARTH trembleth at thy passing, mighty Flood!  
 And from the secret chambers of the deep  
 The voices of thy many waters keep,  
 In thunder-tones and wild majestic mood,  
 One everlasting anthem, praising God!  
 Thy fearful pathway leads thee o'er a steep,  
 Which thou thyself alone dost dare to leap!  
 I feel to worship here; methinks I'll seat  
 Me on the beetling cliffs above the brink  
 Of thy abyss; there ruminatè and think:  
 How restless is thy surge beneath my feet,  
 Forever rolling, rushing on to meet  
 Old Ocean's boundless depths, for aye to sink  
 Into oblivion, whence we mortals shrink!

HORACE DABNER.

## M Y G R A N D M O T H E R .

With what pleasure I remember my grandmother, long since dead —  
Dead before my thanks had paid her for the cheerful words she said !

Many were the songs she sung me, many pleasant tales she told,  
Full of love and wildest romance, in those fairy days of old.

Visions, to my childish fancy bright as any poet's dreams,  
Floated round me while I listened to those strange and startling themes

Yet they were not *strange* unto me ; for to me the world was new,  
And whatever was the wildest, that my fancy deemed most true.

Naught was wondrous ; all was real ; breaking on me like the light  
Of a slow but certain morning, following the darkest night.

Seated on the old green sofa, or within her easy chair,  
In the evening when the fire-light tinged us with its ruddy glare :

With her knitting-work and basket filled with treasures rare and strange,  
Balls of yarn, pins, thread, wax, thimbles, and a trifle of small change.

She would speak of fairies, witches, goblins of all shapes and size,  
Spectre-ships and headless horses, men with huge and staring eyes :

Gleaning from the page of history, many things she had to tell  
Of the strong true-hearted workers who had served their country well.

All the trials our forefathers suffered in the days of yore,  
With the wintry sea behind them and the savage tribes before :

And the contest for true freedom, holding up its beacon-light,  
Flashing on the eyes of tyrants through the darkness of the night.

Then, relenting, she would picture all the charms of rural ease,  
Cottages with smiling faces, birds, brooks, flowers and waving trees.

How we travelled over countries ! — none too far for us to view  
In those happy winter evenings, when the world to me was new.

Then on Sunday she would teach me wisdom from the best of Books,  
All the soul of old religious fervor beaming in her looks.

Every thing was bright and joyous ; sorrow was not dreamed of then ;  
No cold slights, nor rude encounters with the warring hosts of men.

Dear grandmother, take my blessing ! — it is but a simple thing,  
Feebly breathed, and faintly blending with the strains the angels sing.

I have left the paths you taught me ; and e'en now your angel eyes  
May be looking down upon me, full of meek but sad surprise.

How I've wandered none can fancy, save my own sad heart to-night,  
As it throbs so wildly, vainly calling up that old delight :

Yet I fain would bless you for the precious counsels you have given,  
Teaching me the way of life, and pointing out the road to Heaven.

*Written, April 6, 1847.*

*The Egyptian Letters.*

NUMBER SIX.

LETTER EIGHTEENTH.

FROM ABU' ALLAH OMAR, TO SEYD AHHMAD EL HAJI, CHIEF SECRETARY OF THE CHAUSSEES AT CAIRO.

MANY well-meaning persons imagine that the only way to instruct is to give a long serious lecture. Such is my friend in the white cravat; who, when once he broaches a favorite theme, never tires in expatiating upon it, not doubting that the patience of his listener will keep pace with his own garrulity. Yet the intention of my friend is so pure, and his observations contain so much of the wisdom I desire to obtain, that I quietly submit to his prosing, knowing that I can lighten myself of part of the burden by bestowing a share of it upon you. So you see, my dear Ahhmad, what you gain by keeping company with a traveller, who, not content with giving you the thoughts that spring from his own brain, must needs introduce you to another, who, with less mercy, showers upon you all at once the result of his long experience. My friend took the first occasion to renew the subject of *How to be Old*, and thus continued:

'It is not to be supposed that the course of old age will always flow unruffled. It has its trials, and those that are serious, as well as when, in younger days, the active duties of life engrossed the thoughts; and the man advanced in years has to meet them under great disadvantage. Buoyant youth and mature age, together with the excitement caused by frequent change of scene, give little time for cares to make deep impression; and should they come for a moment, youth has strength to bear them. But the old are fixed to one spot, cannot easily vary their modes of life, and have not strength, either mental or physical, always at command to bear them up against small ills, which are often more annoying than the deeper wounds of a great calamity. Other troubles, of greater magnitude, likewise exist to disturb an old man's repose, and they are of a nature to require strong efforts to remove, for they are deeply seated in the human breast. It does require an effort to subdue that lurking spirit of ambition which still prompts us to wish to rise above our present standing, to suppress a sigh for objects once desired and now unattainable, prevent us deploring the loss of opportunities where we might have improved our condition, and above all, to behold with composure the advancement of competitors who are possessed of endowments inferior to our own. All these cause repinings which must be met early and sternly rebuked. Sound reason will check these encroachments on our repose, and a well-regulated imagination will direct the thoughts to subjects calculated

to make us be resigned to our lot. And it must be remembered that old age has no claim to possess unadulterated happiness. My only aim is to show that we need not be more unhappy, being old, than when years had not pressed upon us. Each state has its means of bearing the trials and pains imposed upon it, if these means are properly brought into action, and each state may create sources of enjoyment adapted to its wants. I have indicated some, of a number, which will produce the desired effect. If life was a smooth, unruffled stream, no skill would be requisite to navigate our bark, for no shoals or quicksands would impede our progress. There are calm spots over which we do glide with ease, and near them are turbulent waters which put to trial all our science to pass through with security. My endeavor has been to show that we have within us all the knowledge necessary to make the voyage safe and agreeable.

‘After all that has been said, the physical constitution has a material influence over our mental faculties, and indirectly affects our plans for the better support of the burdens of old age. One of a nervous temperament will be apt to be querulous, irritable and easily deranged by slight causes; one of a sanguine temper will view things in too bright colors, and hence be subjected to frequent disappointments. Bodily health in early life, when the constitution is forming, will have a powerful influence on the temper and disposition; and if a youthful invalid should not be so fortunate as to be guided by judicious persons who will carefully apportion instruction to his weakness, he will acquire prejudices and contract erroneous views of men and things; a never-failing source of unhappiness in all stages of life. Discontented in youth, in old age wretched. If the mind has not been enfeebled by indulgence while the body pined, there is hope that the subject may have kept good temper and removed his false impressions as he advanced.

‘If the general remarks I have made be just, it is reasonable to believe the passions will fall under the influence of a sound mind and a well-regulated imagination. Two such counsellors cannot fail of exercising a wholesome control, and of possessing the moral power to direct them to the ends for which they were implanted; not suppressed, but reduced to obedience; the flame extinguished, but the warmth retained. Such would be the effect produced by a well balanced mind, and old age would be spared the violent emotions that corrode the heart. As a natural consequence of this discipline, the moral sentiments would be in a sound condition, the tranquil mind would delight in the exercise of benevolent affections, not merely by impulses, but by steady endeavors, under the firm conviction that the happiness of others and of ourselves is best promoted by a conscientious discharge of the duties we owe to our fellow-men.

‘I have attempted to show the manner in which the imagination may occupy itself, and have mentioned subjects it might innocently and agreeably dwell upon. But I do not wish to be understood as recommending that one should permit the mind to wander into



no question about the quality of Mr. Smith's sense ; it was decidedly common ; nothing could be more so. Yet his countenance ought not perhaps to have been considered entirely unintellectual. It is true his forehead was low and narrow, but then he had a large and flabby chin. This latter organ was seldom at rest, for its proprietor was an exceedingly garrulous personage, and even in the intervals of his remarks, its pendulous propensities still gave it a jelly-like motion, not entirely unedifying to the beholder. Mr. Smith listened with great gravity to the recital of his daughter's wrongs, and consoled her at the close of her narration with the assurance that the matter should be immediately investigated. He himself would call upon Mr. Hilton, and have a plain common-sense talk with him, which would settle the matter effectually. There was no need, he said, to be disquieted.

On the ensuing day, while Counsellor Hilton was seated in his office, enjoying the post-prandium luxury of a doubtful Havana, he received a visit from his friend and client. It was so much a matter of course for that gentleman to make inquiries about the situation of the Rattle-Creek suit, that the other not infrequently replied mechanically to his questions, without closely attending to their import. He did not now notice that his visitor's countenance was charged with unusual meaning, for he was engaged in watching a pair of imaginary eyes that were peering down from a little stationary cloud of smoke that floated overhead, midway to the ceiling. The party of the preceding day afforded, for a while, a theme for conversation and inquiry ; but it was with no small difficulty that the anxious father succeeded in approaching the delicate subject which was uppermost in his thoughts. He at length, however, ventured a remark to the purport that 'the affair' had been a long time pending, and inquiring when Jack proposed to bring it to a close. To this the latter abstractedly replied, that he thought the next *term* might safely be counted on for the consummation so much to be desired. 'These lawyers have a strange way of reckoning every thing by *terms*,' thought Mr. Smith ; but he was too well satisfied with this distinct avowal of Jack's intentions to cavil about words. After a little pause, the old man proceeded to say, that if Mr. Hilton felt reasonably sure about the time, he would make his arrangements accordingly. Jack, supposing the arrangements to mean that most interesting *finale* of all law-suits, the bill of costs, replied, with returning consciousness, 'Yes ; ah ! certainly.'

Mr. Smith proceeded home, and communicated to his delighted family the intelligence that he had had a full understanding with his prospective son-in-law, and that the latter had manifested a becoming anxiety to hasten the nuptials, and had named the very next term as the latest period to which he could possibly think of deferring them. If there was a little natural exaggeration in this statement, the narrator was probably quite unconscious of that circumstance. Glorianna, who had awaited the *denouement* with sore misgivings, as soon as she could overcome her astonishment and subdue her excessive delight, assumed an air of *hauteur*, and hinted

that Mr. Hilton must not make too sure of his time, nor of any time indeed; a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. She was in the bush yet, and she did n't know but she should prefer staying there for a while. She did not believe in young ladies giving up their liberty too soon. Little Cecilia, having ventured to express some surprise at these remarks, was met with the amiable request to 'shut up;' a terse and comprehensive phrase, much in vogue in Midgeville. She was farther kindly reminded, that it would probably be a long time before any one would ask *her* to make any abridgment of her liberty, so that she need give herself no trouble on that account. Cecilia, who was in reality an amiable and modest girl, left the room in tears; but fortunately gained sufficient courage, by the time she had reached the door, to reply with becoming spirit. 'If ever such an occurrence did take place,' she said, 'it should not be in behalf of a lover who had to be wooed first, and then *asked* by papa; it should be to some one who had courage enough to speak for himself.'

Whether or not Cecilia had interposed the door between herself and the *fiancee* for the purpose of protection does not appear. It is not improbable that she had before experienced the utility of such precautions. At all events, the circumstance enabled her to emphasize her closing remarks in a manner not unusual to people who 'fly out' in a passion, thereby also effectually 'shutting the door' to all reply.

Glorianna watched the sun go down in the anxious but fruitless expectation of seeing her suitor at her feet. But if her disappointment was at first a source of surprise and mortification, she soon contrived to find satisfactory excuses for her lover's tardiness.

CHAPTER THIRD.

UNFORTUNATELY for the speedy explication of this mysterious affair, it became necessary for Counsellor Hilton at this period to absent himself temporarily from the village of Midgeville. That he did not seek an interview with his affianced bride under such circumstances, or that he should not seem solicitous about any personal meeting at all, subsequent to the engagement, might by some have been looked upon as a little remarkable. Miss Smith, however, easily found excuses for these omissions in that eccentricity of genius which so often renders crime a virtue, and transforms blunders into brilliant deeds. Beside that, it was not improbable, she thought, that poor Jack was so much overcome by the certainty of his happiness as to require a temporary retirement for the purpose of tranquillizing his feelings. The absence of Mr. Hilton, which was originally intended to be but of short duration, was extended for several weeks. Tidings had however been received that unexpected business was detaining him, and rendered the time of his return still uncertain. Glorianna's mysterious deportment, and the occasional exhibition of a letter, seemingly by accident, and

which was again hastily concealed from obtrusive eyes, conveyed the idea that she was in daily correspondence with her lover.

Leaving her in the full enjoyment of this imaginary pleasure, let us briefly transfer our post of observation to the domestic circle of Mr. Glum. This gentleman, although possessed of a countenance, and at times, a disposition, too much in accordance with his name, was in reality a man of uprightness and integrity. He had had his wrongs, and had foolishly brooded over them, until they were magnified ten-fold in his estimation. Ten minutes of calm and judicious reflection would have prevented him from plunging into a law-suit with an obstinate and litigious neighbor, which now threatened to prove almost ruinous in its results.

That this bleak vale of tears, if an uncomfortable one to man, is not so to him only, is proven by the fact that even disasters are unwilling to travel through it alone; and therefore is it that a single misfortune seldom knocks at the door of poor suffering humanity. Like leashed hounds, those unwelcome visitors ever hunt in pairs, and although, when disunited in sight of their prey, the one may throttle his victim first, the other seldom fails to be 'in at the death.' Such had been the experience of Mr. Glum.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the particular nature of the several misfortunes which had gradually diminished his resources, until he began to look forward to the adverse termination of his law-suit as the only event yet wanting to render his ruin complete. Nor was he long held in weary expectation of this event. Hilton had rightly conjectured as to the time of its decision, which was not protracted beyond the ensuing term. The result was unfavorable, and there was no farther appeal. The intelligence came with crushing effect upon the unfortunate family, and their misery was aggravated by the unconcealed exultation of their rivals. Mr. Smith openly boasted that he had at length got his heel upon the neck of his ancient foe; and as to Miss Glorianna, the hope and pride of the victorious family, there was no end to the airs and conceit by which she contrived to impress poor Elsie with a sense of her vast importance. It is to be remarked, that notwithstanding the antagonistic attitude so long occupied by the heads of these two families, there never had been any interruption in the social intercourse existing between the younger branches. This had been owing less perhaps to any excess of amiability on the part of the Misses Smith than to a mutual conviction, that in so limited a circle of society each was in some measure necessary to the happiness of the rest. Elsie being a merry-hearted and intelligent girl, constituted no small portion of the common property, and was always a welcome visitor at the Smiths'; excepting only when there were *beaux* to be captivated. Of late Miss Glorianna had sought her company even more than usual, and by countless hints and innuendoes, succeeded in making the other comprehend the fact of her approaching nuptials.

There had been but little wanting to make Elsie's cup of sorrow overflow; and when she found that her companion's remarks could admit of no misconstruction, and that she really claimed to be the

affanced bride of Hilton, a pang of untold intensity wrung her gentle heart. That Elsie had had reasons for entertaining very different expectations was most certain, although nothing like an avowed attachment had ever existed between herself and him to whom she was conscious of having yielded up the priceless treasure of her affections. That she should be deserted by one whom she had deemed so worthy, and deserted too in the very hour of adversity, was a source of grief, admitting of the sole consolation, that whatever the future vicissitudes of life, no farther depth of agony could remain to be fathomed. If any thing like a lingering hope remained in her breast, it was dissipated a few days subsequently by a formal request on the part of Glorianna that she should officiate as bride's-maid at the approaching ceremony. The invitation was brought by Jacobina, who, to the inquiries which with difficulty Elsie succeeded in articulating as to the time appointed for the wedding, replied that the day was uncertain; that Mr. Hilton was then in the city of ———, making the necessary preparations, and that the joyful event would take place immediately on his return. It is as needless to say that Elsie declined the invitation as it probably is to assert that the bride elect was perfectly aware that it would be declined. It was the last effort of an ingenious malice to torture one whose only offence against her persecutor was that of excelling her in beauty, as the rose excels the thistle. Grief was new to Elsie, and so severe an initiation into its thorny walks could not fail of its effects upon her physical system. Health, strength and spirits sank together under a blow so unexpected and severe. Her parents, who were at this period engrossed by the contemplation of other calamities, had fortunately no suspicion of the cause of her illness.

But at this juncture of affairs, Mr. Glum, after brooding for several days in the deepest melancholy over his embarrassments, suddenly adopted the resolution to set out at once for the city of ———, where Mr. Hilton was then known to be, and learn from him the extent of his calamity; or in other words, the amount of costs for the payment of which he was liable. He knew that it would be necessary for him to part with his farm and homestead to liquidate his debts, and hastened to avail himself of an offered opportunity for this purpose; slightly hoping also that a promptness in his arrangements might entitle him to claim some reduction of a sum which he well knew must be enormous. The feeble state of his daughter's health suggested the idea of taking her with him on a long-promised visit to some relatives in the city; for notwithstanding all his seeming roughness, Elsie had ever been to him an object of the most tender regard. He had the good fortune to find himself and daughter most welcome visitors at the house of his relations, and he also succeeded in effecting the contemplated bargain for the sale of his property. He then sought out Mr. Hilton, and informed him of his errand in town. In answer to the polite inquiries of the lawyer after the welfare of his family, Mr. Glum informed him of the impaired state of his daughter's health, and that she had accompanied

him to the city, and immediately resumed his inquiries in relation to the law-suit. For the honor of Mr. Hilton, both as a gentleman and a member of the legal profession, I regret to record that he was at this moment seized with an unaccountable turn of absence of mind. Although he stood bodily before Mr. Glum, with his ears and eyes open, (the latter to rather an unusual extent,) his senses failed to take cognizance of what was taking place immediately before them. And when, with most anxious look, the impoverished client awaited a reply to his questions, he was puzzled by receiving for answer the sententious remarks: 'Yes; ah! very true!'

'What is the amount?' repeated Mr. Glum, at the same time instinctively raising his hands toward his ears, as if he would shut out the reply.

'Where are you staying?' was the answer.

'The costs?' said Glum.

'Your hotel?' said Hilton.

'The bill?'

'Miss Elsie ——?'

'The devil!' said Glum, now thoroughly alarmed; 'the man's mad or deaf!' Then approaching the lawyer's ear, and raising his voice to a shout, he said: 'I want to know how much this cursed Rattle-Creek and rattle-brain suit is going to cost me. I'm a ruined man! I've got to sell my farm, and pull up stakes, and go to Texas or California, or Chilly-hilly-hu, or some other good-for-nothing place, where they pay a bounty on bankrupts. Do you *h-c-a-a-r* me?' he concluded, in a tone that shook the window-sashes.

'Oh, yes!' said Hilton, laughing; 'I hear; I'm not deaf, man. I understand now; you are the defendant in *Smith versus Glum*. It's gone against you; very heavy bill—do n't know how much. Give me your address, and I'll call and see you in the evening, and we'll talk it over.'

Although unwilling to protract his painful suspense, the other readily complied with this request; and beseeching the lawyer to be as lenient as possible, respectfully withdrew. Whether Mr. Hilton's singular absence of mind rendered him unconscious of the time, or to whatever other cause his conduct is to be attributed, it so happened that he anticipated his appointment by several hours. Indeed, so early in the afternoon did he make his visit, that, much doubtless to his chagrin, Mr. Glum had not yet returned home, nor had his daughter been in any way notified of his intended call. Elsie had thought that nothing could add to the sufferings which she had already experienced; but she now became conscious that there remained yet some untasted depths in the bitter cup of grief. To be obliged to see and calmly converse with one who had so cruelly wronged her, was indeed a severe trial. It is true it might have been avoided by denying herself to her unwelcome visitor, had not pride restrained her from giving any such evidence of her feelings. Summoning, therefore, all her womanly resolution, she descended to the drawing-room.

Of the ensuing interview we have unfortunately no means of

knowing much, excepting that several hours elapsed by the steeple-clock in the adjoining street, and by every other mortal measurement of time, before it was brought to a close. All else that we can say is, that as Mr. Glum's self-announcing step was heard in the passage, there was a little drying of tears on Elsie's cheek, a disengaging of hands, a playful smile on her lips, and one trustful, confiding, eloquent gaze from those large blue eyes—and—that was all. As Mr. Glum entered the room, Hilton rose to depart; but on being reminded by the former of the object of his appointment, he stepped to an *escritoire* at an adjacent table, hastily wrote a few lines, and thrusting them into the hands of his astonished companion, immediately withdrew.

For a few moments the latter stood gazing at the door by which the lawyer had vanished, and then, deliberately taking out his spectacles, adjusted them preparatory to examining the much dreaded document. With trembling fingers he at length opened the paper, and read, in few words, not a bill of costs, but a receipt in full. But no emotion of pleasure succeeded. 'The man's mad!' he muttered to himself; 'I have n't paid him a cent. Poor fellow!' Then calling to his daughter, who had remained in an abstracted mood, gazing out of the window, 'Elsie,' he said, 'did Hilton do or say any thing *strange*, or out of the way, when he was here?'

Elsie colored to the temples, and fully believing that her secret was discovered, replied: 'Why, yes, father—rather!'

'What did he *say*? what did he *do*, child—eh?'

Elsie's tears and blushes now increased four-fold, as, taking her father's hand between her own, she said: 'It's all right, papa; do n't worry about the law-suit. Mr. Hilton, I am sure, will not distress you. It's all right, I assure you.'

Thus saying, she also vanished from the room, leaving poor Mr. Glum more utterly bewildered than ever.

'They're all mad together!' he said at length; 'mad as Bedlamites!' But after long pondering, the truth began to dawn upon his mind, and his gloom and grief were changed into a corresponding joy. 'There is some virtue left in the world,' he exclaimed, 'and I shall not have to go to Texas after all!'

Let it not be supposed that Jack's munificence was owing to any sudden influx of wealth by the decease of a rich uncle, or the discovery of hidden treasures. Such things never happen in real life. Rich uncles never die; or if they do, they take the pious precaution beforehand of providing that none of their property shall alight upon any one who really needs it. And as to hidden treasures, few, I believe, have ever been enriched by these, unless it be the celebrated 'Kidd Company,' which, at the latest accounts, had succeeded in bringing up from the mud and slime of the Hudson something that on strict analysis proved to possess the hue and smell and taste of one of the precious metals, or something precious near to it. I repeat, then, such things never happen in reality. Wealth never descends in showers, excepting in dreams. In Jack's case the contrary was so far the fact, that at the time of receipting his heavy bill, it

constituted a full moiety of his earthly possessions. But he had a good profession, good abilities, and a stout heart, and was just preparing to transfer his office to the city, with every prospect of a lucrative business.

Tidings of the new state of affairs were not slow in reaching Midgeville, and the consequent commotion and excitement in that little community were altogether unparalleled. Miss Smith was for once too utterly discomfited and mortified to admit of any thing like an effective rally. Some bitter things she thought and said, but she felt that it was to no purpose. It was in vain to anathematize Elsie, whom her objurgations would seldom or never reach; but her own family-circle were fully and frequently informed of her opinion that the former was 'the artfullest and brazenest-facedest little minx in all Midgeville.'

To that delightful village Elsie Glum, as such, never returned. The mystic ceremony by which she forever discarded her unfitting patronymic, took place soon afterward, at the residence of her friend in the city. It was not until subsequent to this event that Mr. Smith found an opportunity to seek an explanation of Hilton's mysterious conduct. This the latter did not hesitate to give, accompanied by no slight reproof for the entirely unwarranted construction put upon his language. The aggrieved father threatened an action at law, but upon a 'sober second thought,' relinquished so unpromising a project. He had succeeded *once* in his life in a law-suit, and felt that as a reasonable man he ought to be contented, and not expect impossibilities. He returned home and discoursed long and oracularly upon the subject, and concluded with a little sage advice, which, aided by an extremely wise look, and the usual approving gestures of his chin, did not fail of its effect. It was useless, he said, to speculate upon the matter now. *Possibly* there had been some misunderstanding. 'At any rate,' he said, 'whatever may have been the nature of Mr. Hilton's sentiments at some former period, it was quite evident that he did not *now* desire to marry Glorianna. Common-sense would teach that.'

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T O N I A G A R A .

EARTH trembleth at thy passing, mighty Flood!  
 And from the secret chambers of the deep  
 The voices of thy many waters keep,  
 In thunder-tones and wild majestic mood,  
 One everlasting anthem, praising God!  
 Thy fearful pathway leads thee o'er a steep,  
 Which thou thyself alone dost dare to leap!  
 I feel to worship here; methinks I'll seat  
 Me on the beetling cliffs above the brink  
 Of thy abyss; there ruminatè and think:  
 How restless is thy surge beneath my feet,  
 Forever rolling, rushing on to meet  
 Old Ocean's boundless depths, for aye to sink  
 Into oblivion, whence we mortals shrink!    HORACE DRESSER.

## M Y G R A N D M O T H E R .

With what pleasure I remember my grandmother, long since dead —  
Dead before my thanks had paid her for the cheerful words she said !

Many were the songs she sung me, many pleasant tales she told,  
Full of love and wildest romance, in those fairy days of old.

Visions, to my childish fancy bright as any poet's dreams,  
Floated round me while I listened to those strange and startling themes

Yet they were not *strange* unto me ; for to me the world was new,  
And whatever was the wildest, that my fancy deemed most true.

Naught was wondrous ; all was real ; breaking on me like the light  
Of a slow but certain morning, following the darkest night.

Seated on the old green sofa, or within her easy chair,  
In the evening when the fire-light tinged us with its ruddy glare :

With her knitting-work and basket filled with treasures rare and strange,  
Balls of yarn, pins, thread, wax, thimbles, and a trifle of small change.

She would speak of fairies, witches, goblins of all shapes and size,  
Spectre-ships and headless horses, men with huge and staring eyes :

Gleaning from the page of history, many things she had to tell  
Of the strong true-hearted workers who had served their country well.

All the trials our forefathers suffered in the days of yore,  
With the wintry sea behind them and the savage tribes before :

And the contest for true freedom, holding up its beacon-light,  
Flashing on the eyes of tyrants through the darkness of the night.

Then, relenting, she would picture all the charms of rural ease,  
Cottages with smiling faces, birds, brooks, flowers and waving trees.

How we travelled over countries !—none too far for us to view  
In those happy winter evenings, when the world to me was new.

Then on Sunday she would teach me wisdom from the best of Books,  
All the soul of old religious fervor beaming in her looks.

Every thing was bright and joyous ; sorrow was not dreamed of then ;  
No cold slights, nor rude encounters with the warring hosts of men.

Dear grandmother, take my blessing !—it is but a simple thing,  
Feebly breathed, and faintly blending with the strains the angels sing.

I have left the paths you taught me ; and e'en now your angel eyes  
May be looking down upon me, full of meek but sad surprise.

How I've wandered none can fancy, save my own sad heart to-night,  
As it throbs so wildly, vainly calling up that old delight :

Yet I fain would bless you for the precious counsels you have given,  
Teaching me the way of life, and pointing out the road to Heaven.

*Boston, April 6, 1847.*



## The Egyptian Letters.

NUMBER SIX.

LETTER EIGHTEENTH.

FROM AND' AL-LAH OMAR, TO SEYD AHMED EL HAJI, CHIEF SECRETARY OF THE CHAMBER AT CAIRO.

MANY well-meaning persons imagine that the only way to instruct is to give a long serious lecture. Such is my friend in the white cravat; who, when once he broaches a favorite theme, never tires in expatiating upon it, not doubting that the patience of his listener will keep pace with his own garrulity. Yet the intention of my friend is so pure, and his observations contain so much of the wisdom I desire to obtain, that I quietly submit to his prosing, knowing that I can lighten myself of part of the burden by bestowing a share of it upon you. So you see, my dear Ahmad, what you gain by keeping company with a traveller, who, not content with giving you the thoughts that spring from his own brain, must needs introduce you to another, who, with less mercy, showers upon you all at once the result of his long experience. My friend took the first occasion to renew the subject of *How to be Old*, and thus continued :

‘It is not to be supposed that the course of old age will always flow unruffled. It has its trials, and those that are serious, as well as when, in younger days, the active duties of life engrossed the thoughts; and the man advanced in years has to meet them under great disadvantage. Buoyant youth and mature age, together with the excitement caused by frequent change of scene, give little time for cares to make deep impression; and should they come for a moment, youth has strength to bear them. But the old are fixed to one spot, cannot easily vary their modes of life, and have not strength, either mental or physical, always at command to bear them up against small ills, which are often more annoying than the deeper wounds of a great calamity. Other troubles, of greater magnitude, likewise exist to disturb an old man’s repose, and they are of a nature to require strong efforts to remove, for they are deeply seated in the human breast. It does require an effort to subdue that lurking spirit of ambition which still prompts us to wish to rise above our present standing, to suppress a sigh for objects once desired and now unattainable, prevent us deploring the loss of opportunities where we might have improved our condition, and above all, to behold with composure the advancement of competitors who are possessed of endowments inferior to our own. All these cause repinings which must be met early and sternly rebuked. Sound reason will check these encroachments on our repose, and a well-regulated imagination will direct the thoughts to subjects calculated

to make us be resigned to our lot. And it must be remembered that old age has no claim to possess unadulterated happiness. My only aim is to show that we need not be more unhappy, being old, than when years had not pressed upon us. Each state has its means of bearing the trials and pains imposed upon it, if these means are properly brought into action, and each state may create sources of enjoyment adapted to its wants. I have indicated some, of a number, which will produce the desired effect. If life was a smooth, unruffled stream, no skill would be requisite to navigate our bark, for no shoals or quicksands would impede our progress. There are calm spots over which we do glide with ease, and near them are turbulent waters which put to trial all our science to pass through with security. My endeavor has been to show that we have within us all the knowledge necessary to make the voyage safe and agreeable.

‘After all that has been said, the physical constitution has a material influence over our mental faculties, and indirectly affects our plans for the better support of the burdens of old age. One of a nervous temperament will be apt to be querulous, irritable and easily deranged by slight causes; one of a sanguine temper will view things in too bright colors, and hence be subjected to frequent disappointments. Bodily health in early life, when the constitution is forming, will have a powerful influence on the temper and disposition; and if a youthful invalid should not be so fortunate as to be guided by judicious persons who will carefully apportion instruction to his weakness, he will acquire prejudices and contract erroneous views of men and things; a never-failing source of unhappiness in all stages of life. Discontented in youth, in old age wretched. If the mind has not been enfeebled by indulgence while the body pined, there is hope that the subject may have kept good temper and removed his false impressions as he advanced.

‘If the general remarks I have made be just, it is reasonable to believe the passions will fall under the influence of a sound mind and a well-regulated imagination. Two such counsellors cannot fail of exercising a wholesome control, and of possessing the moral power to direct them to the ends for which they were implanted; not suppressed, but reduced to obedience; the flame extinguished, but the warmth retained. Such would be the effect produced by a well balanced mind, and old age would be spared the violent emotions that corrode the heart. As a natural consequence of this discipline, the moral sentiments would be in a sound condition, the tranquil mind would delight in the exercise of benevolent affections, not merely by impulses, but by steady endeavors, under the firm conviction that the happiness of others and of ourselves is best promoted by a conscientious discharge of the duties we owe to our fellow-men.

‘I have attempted to show the manner in which the imagination may occupy itself, and have mentioned subjects it might innocently and agreeably dwell upon. But I do not wish to be understood as recommending that one should permit the mind to wander into

ideal paths merely to avoid the labor of serious thought. We should not get the habit of relieving the mind in this way. The exercise of the imagination should be considered rather as a relaxation than as a steady pursuit. As it makes part of our being, we ought not, if we could, to throw it off from us, but rather use it as an occasional relief from the fatigue of too steady thinking. Yet as we cannot always divert the mind from a given object by the mere force of reason, I propose another method of producing the effect, and at the same time affording another means of rendering old people contented : I mean the occupation or employment of time not taken up by one's regular profession or calling. And here the necessity of early culture is apparent. They who are taken when very young from their schools, and put immediately to business, have no chance of acquiring a taste for any thing but that which is set before them. It is a misfortune which many well disposed persons labor under, that of never being taught how to employ the hours which their regular pursuits spare to them, for no one is so constantly occupied as to have no leisure for mental or physical relaxation, if he choose to take either. It is this which prevents people knowing what to do with themselves when the objects of business are attained, or ill health forces them to retire from harassing cares. Many do not retire, for fear of ennui, and others, when they have left the active pursuits in which they have passed their lives without reproach, fall into bad habits for want of mental resources.

'There is another evil, less reprehensible it is true, which besets many men, and which injures their minds and bodies by constant application, and this is, the habit of carrying to their firesides too large a portion of their business thoughts.

'It is not to be expected that the moment a man turns his back from his usual occupations, he can all at once divert his thoughts at will into a given channel ; but he can, when he enters his dwelling, have in readiness some pursuit or study that shall put his mind into another train. He will afterward find that he comes back to his accustomed vocation with new energy and often with fresh ideas on business subjects which before were confused. He who expects to unravel an intricate subject by intense and continued thinking, rarely succeeds, and is sure to injure, for the moment, his mental faculty ; but if he will give a temporary relief to his mind by changing its direction, his powers of perception will recover their vigor, and he will be surprised at having the object of his search rise up before him when he least expects it. From my own experience much benefit is derived from having one leading fixed study to occupy one's-self upon, when not engrossed by business. Something that will abstract and engage the mind, and that can be resorted to when light reading or amusements have accomplished all that was expected from them. The two, judiciously combined, prevent the hours hanging heavily ; one may afford just labor enough to excite the powers of thought, the other an agreeable relaxation when the mind is fatigued. The alternation produces the wholesome effect of keeping the mind in better health.

‘It is not to be doubted that intellectual labor, when properly applied, by giving occupation to the thoughts, materially contributes to preserve the mind in a tranquil state, or if it cause excitement, awakens it to agreeable sentiments ; it is not less true that the sympathies of private friendship smooth the passage through life, and augment the love we should bear to our fellow-men. There is however another spring whence flow more intense pleasure, and this is found in the cultivation of the affections. It is in the sanctuary of home, the place where are treasured up his richest hopes, where his confidence reposes, and where his heart yields to the warmest impulses, that man may find the peace which the outward world cannot bestow. Amid the endearing objects that surround the domestic hearth, his satisfaction is two fold ; the more he gives to others, the more he receives in return ; nor does the absence of his enjoyments entirely deprive him of pleasure, for by his previous training, the recollection of joys that are past is soothing ; and the remembrance of relatives whom he once cherished, may be retained without abatement of cheerfulness.

‘The sciences are well calculated to fix the attention, and we may derive satisfaction in being useful to mankind by the discoveries we make or the conclusions we draw from the study of them. Should the application they require be too laborious, relief may be found in cultivating the fine arts, or by partaking in moderation of the amusements of the day. I intend this remark should apply even to the old, for I see no reason why they should be debarred the enjoyment of innocent amusements ; cheerfulness is much promoted by the part they may be allowed to take in such as are suited to their age and tastes. Theatrical amusements, which certain persons erroneously consider as a snare to youth, can produce no dangerous effect upon old age ; and when the mind and the imagination are both at the same time agreeably exercised, I know nothing better calculated to give pleasurable sensations. A fine picture is viewed with pleasure by the most dull of comprehension ; how much more must be felt by an intellectual man who has acquired a taste for painting and improved it by contemplating the works of the art ? His mind becomes elevated, and the asperities of his character are softened. The man of cultivation feels likewise the influence which music possesses to create agreeable emotions, to rouse him to the performance of noble acts, or to relieve the throbbings of the heart.

‘We may possess all the elements of a tranquil mind, such as I have described as conducive to contentment in old age, yet they may fail of completely accomplishing their object, if the heart be not touched with proper religious sentiments. A devotional feeling is born with us ; is independent of books or creeds, and all the objects of the natural world are adapted to increase its force, provided we view them in a right mind. It is whispered in the breeze and borne to us in the storm ; it is warbled by the birds and is heard in the lowings of the cattle ; yet if it be not kept alive by exercise, it may, like any of our faculties, become entirely inert, and indeed may be so much perverted as to produce harm. But when it is cherished with

sincerity, it becomes a guide in youth, a safeguard in manhood, a solace in old age. The more it is encouraged, the more is its influence augmented, bringing with it humility, resignation and peace. The mind of a person may be enriched with all moral endowments, and they may produce passive obedience; but give him a true religious feeling, and his heart expands in cheerfulness even when adversity presses him the hardest. Religion brightens his path with hope; holds out to him a reward for his resignation, a relief from his pains. The character may acquire the energy to suffer, or the power to cast aside its cares, but it is religious sentiment alone that can subdue the stern will and soften grief.

‘When I speak of religion, it is in its largest sense, the homage due to one sole BEING, and love to all mankind; for if our religious views take a sectarian cast, so far from producing quiet to the soul, they will embitter the thoughts and actions, create harshness of character, and prevent us exhibiting those virtuous graces that smooth the path of life. A true reverence of God and love to our fellow-men are reciprocal sentiments, one produces the other; they bring out the full heartedness of the whole man, elevate his principles and warm his sympathies. The narrow views of sect, the puerile distinction of forms, the idle dependence on words, and the blind submission to dogmas of men, will vanish before enlarged views, and the happiness man wishes to bestow on all around him will be reflected to himself, and crown his days with gladness.

‘Enough has been said to show where may be found the materials to produce as much contentment as the state of our being and our associations will admit. I do not pretend to point out a way to escape from the burdens inherent to our existence; but rather to indicate some of the methods by which these burdens may be lightened. It has not been my intention to form a system of education for all ages; my business is only with those who have past their prime, and I have given a few hints as to the manner declining years may be passed happily. More depends upon ourselves than we are aware of. Part of man’s misery, of which he so much complains, arises from the very perfection of his moral and physical being, which being made sensitive is more easily affected by external impressions. But the world is full of the means of happiness, and it is only by the ill use of the faculties with which we are endowed that we are not so happy as we might be and it is intended we should be. My scheme does not comprise every means of contentment, and it may be defective by the great tranquillity it tends to produce; of course it will not be adopted by those whose enjoyment consists of excitement. We all admit that patience is a virtue we are often forced to practice, at the same time we must concede that patience, to be perfect, requires a submissive spirit, and that resolution, (a sterner virtue) to be borne out with vigor, requires a strong understanding. I do not propose to render old men passive, or debar them from mixing in the world and taking such part in its affairs as their inclinations and tastes may prompt. I desire that their actions may be directed by judgment and not by passion; that they may keep in the path of justice and

truth, and present themselves to their fellow men as examples worthy of imitation. The man of a well regulated mind will thus be virtuous; his days will glide on, at peace with himself and the world; and when the hour for his last change approaches, he will view it without dismay, and afford convincing proof that he possessed the knowledge of '*How to be Old.*'

I am not sure that I should have continued to relate to you the conversation held with my friend on the means of rendering old age supportable, were I not convinced that he spoke with perfect sincerity, and with an ardent desire that I should pursue a path that would lead me to contentment. I offer therefore no excuse for dwelling so long on this one topic, which he chose for my benefit. He gave me the result of much experience added to much knowledge of the human heart, and if he talked much of what he had seen and felt, he only imitated the poet ALRABIA in the lines written in his old age to Youth.

'Yea, Youth! thou'rt fled and I am left,  
Like yonder desolated bower,  
By Winter's ruthless hand bereft  
Of every leaf and every flower.

'With heaving heart and streaming eyes  
I woo'd thee to prolong thy stay,  
But vain were all my tears and sighs,  
Thou only fled'st more swift away.

'Yet though thou fled'st away so fast,  
I can recall thee if I will;  
For I can talk of what is past,  
And while I talk, enjoy thee still.'

New-York, ninth day of the Moon }  
Zoo'ickadeh: Hegira, 1260. } —

#### Letter Nineteenth.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

THE nations of Europe are overcharged with pride, the Americans are fully charged with vanity. The first have had wars, revolutions; have beheaded kings and have destroyed thousand of their fellow beings; wherefore, according to the maxims of these Christians, they have sufficient ground to be proud. The second have had only a revolution, on a comparatively moderate scale, consequently have few things of which to be proud. All they can do is to make believe, so they get up something they think is akin, called vanity. One nation dwells with rapture on deeds of the past, while it exults in exhibiting the fruit the past has produced; the other endeavors to imitate this boasted greatness, yet can only proclaim aloud now, what it expects to be in future. It mistakes the germ of greatness for greatness itself, and imagines it actually possesses that which time alone can bring forth.

The spirit of emulation is no doubt commendable; it is a powerful stimulus to action; yet it is idle in the scholar to believe he has equalled the master by merely listening to his precepts, or think himself perfect before he has carried into practice the lessons he has received.

England and France are proud of the eminence to which they have attained in arts and arms. Spain shuts her eyes to her forlorn condition, and is proud of what she once was. China is proud, but it is the pride of ignorance. She thinks herself the greatest, because she refuses to look at others, fearing they may be as great as herself. Italy has been so long buried in despotism and superstition, that she has forgotten her ancient renown, and fosters pride by adoration of the fine Arts, which has rendered her effeminate. She is without a soul, has hardly a body, and lives on the charm produced by an ardent imagination. Her grandeur now centres in a few pieces of cold marble, her patriotism is lost in pictures. America is yet too young, and has not yet done sufficient to acquire for herself a high niche in the temple of fame. According to the world's standard of renown, she is still far behind the point where she may claim a place among the great, and assume with confidence a right to be proud. It may mortify her to say it, but for some years to come she must content herself with merely moving in a humble sphere, and for lack of more exalted attributes, must console herself with being a little vain. This vanity is said, by certain moralists, to be a harmless sentiment, but for my own part I think otherwise when I perceive very ill effects arise from it to the people of this country. It takes from them a portion of independent feeling which should be cherished; it is in opposition to a national spirit, which should make them desire to be thought well of, not by being like others, but by the strength of their own native character. And then it leads them into low acts to gain favor; induces them to court inferior objects for the sake of applause, even when it comes from persons who are incapable of appreciating the good qualities they do possess; and while thus avid of praise they are over-sensitive of reproof.

The Americans are proverbially hospitable, yet it is asserted that this hospitality is not entirely disinterested; that when bestowed upon foreigners, especially Englishmen, a return is expected; that a great dinner should draw forth a little praise of them and their country. It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that the Americans are more desirous of securing the favorable opinion of the English than that of any other European people; yet strange to say, the English are the people of all others they abuse the most. To read the public prints, you would not only suppose they were in constant feud, but on the eve of an open rupture, so bitter are the invectives hurled one against the other.

The Americans are said to be ignorant, coarse, levellers; the English, proud, overbearing aristocrats, who desire to govern the world; the Americans are accused of wishing to pull down all time-honored institutions, and erect in their place a perfect equality, while the English are pronounced as desiring to trample on liberal principles and place their iron yoke upon the neck of the human race. Notwithstanding this antipathy, the Americans set a high value on praise which comes from the English perchance, and do much to obtain it, perhaps thinking that as the nation is powerful, their moral influence must be alike extensive, and that their good opinion once secured,

other nations will follow the lead. These endeavors of the Americans to draw toward them the regard of the English are not always crowned with success ; indeed at times their vanity receives a severe rebuff. The English are too proud to flatter, and as they have an exalted opinion of themselves, and a pretty thorough contempt of all others, they do not often allot to the Americans the merit which they may justly claim. Moreover, it may be said that the Americans, independent of the general regard in which they desire to be held, are apt to demand commendation for qualities that do not form prominent features in their character.

An English author who distinguished himself in his own country by many works, was held in high repute in America for the novel and very graphic manner he had described individual character, as it is found in every-day life, and the excellent moral feeling by which his delineations were dictated. He brought forth to public notice many virtues which exist among people in the humble walks of life, and made apparent, that among many who are cast into the shade by the lowness of their condition, or by vicious education, certain qualities do abound which the more favored classes of the world might envy. He touched a chord which in an especial manner awakened the sympathy of the American people ; hence his works were universally read and as universally admired. It was thought that praise from such a man would be above all price ; he who could so well describe men and things in the old world, would be sure to be charmed with the wonders of the new, and be a suitable person to make these wonders known to the ends of the earth.

Well, hearing his fame had passed over the broad ocean and found a resting-place in America, he came to the country. Here was an honor ! The man whom they so well knew by his books was welcomed as an old friend. There was nothing they did not do for him. Flags streamed to the wind, the drums were beaten, he was made to eat at public dinners, dance at balls, and talk at private parties ; you would have thought he was come for the special purpose of healing all wounds, of dispensing all worldly blessings. According to the invariable custom of the country, his body was shaken by every one who could seize hold of him, until he could hardly stand. Speeches were made right at him by every one who had a tongue ; the public institutions invited him to witness their deliberations ; hospitals were thrown open, where the suffering suppressed their groans that they might hear the sound of his voice ; and farther to give an uncommonly strong proof of regard, a fancy-ball was given to him by the *élite* of the ' Five Points,' a class of people who were his special favorites in his own country. In short, the inhabitants made fools of themselves, and absolutely turned the head of the man who had never received such honors before. The paroxysm lasted its time, and when it subsided, which it soon after did, the inhabitants found leisure to reflect on the effect of their delirium. A reaction took place ; they who had been drunk, found when sober that they had said and done more than the occasion called for ; yet still they hoped they had made an indelible impression, which would



show itself by a grateful return, and they and their doings would be extolled to the skies.

The man on his part, being out of his element, got bewildered and said many things he should have withheld; what was worse, while under the influence of the high pressure of applause, he was off his guard, lost his presence of mind, and while praising the inhabitants for many things they had done, censured them, and that not lightly, for certain things they had left undone.

Here was a *dénouement* entirely unexpected. Instead of unqualified praise, which they had fairly purchased by adulation, they were requited by blame for their faults. Here was a lamentable end to a gay beginning, yet it was not surprising; the heat was so great as to consume the metal, and when the fire went out, both wondered why it had ever burnt so fiercely. Each party came to his senses, though rather late; they parted, barely on speaking terms, and have ever since abused each other in books, pamphlets and public prints from that day to this. The inhabitants have forgotten the pleasure they once derived from the author's works, while he on his part has been silent where he might have applauded. They were both disappointed, by their own faults, but chiefly by that of the Americans, who to get food for their vanity, bestowed their favors on one who did not appreciate the value of them, or the purpose for which they were granted.

Other foreigners, male and female, have come to the country, partaken largely of its hospitality, and when returned to their homes have given faint praise to the people's virtues, or showered streams of ridicule on their foibles. They have seldom or never failed of soon publishing their travels, so that the Americans have rarely been kept long in suspense. The steam-boat which they looked to be charged with gratitude, has in most cases been deeply laden with sneers, censures; sometimes scoffs. In short, the Americans find no one willing to award to them the merit they think they deserve; no one disposed to make a suitable return for the labor that has been bestowed to acquire his good opinion.

One great man, a lord, has behaved worse than all the others. He has not said a word. When applied to by some of his countrymen for the privilege of publishing an account of his travels in this land, and from which much was expected, he had the hard-hearted ingratitude to say he did not intend to publish any thing at all. This was a most unkind cut. Not to be thought worthy even of censure, to be unnoticed; not to have one's name mentioned or seen in the hand-writing of a nobleman, is an unlooked-for misfortune not easy to forget. This is a downfall to hopes inspired by vanity, and all that can now be said is, that this lord is not so great a man as his name would import. All this was not however discovered till his back was turned and his contemptuous silence became known.

Another source from which vanity receives great support is the love for titles, civil as well as military. When once a man has a title attached to his name, it is there fixed for life, whatever may be his after calling or deserts. This produces an incongruity perfectly lu-

dicrous ; an inconsistency between the title and the occupation that is remarkable at every step you take. The nation has an idea that a certain portion of the people should be made into soldiers, ready to defend the country in case of invasion ; wherefore, to discipline and inure the citizens to the hardships of war, and give them a taste for the blood it is intended they shall shed, they are made to parade up and down the streets several times a year, make a loud noise, and end the day at the grog-shops or places less reputable. They are then called the 'cheap defence of nations,' because, in emergency, they have ever proved to be the dearest. Every individual enrolled in these troops has a title, according to the rank he holds ; you may judge therefore among a numerous people what a multitude there must be of lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels and generals ; the two last are sometimes called heroes. When not on duty they pursue their accustomed vocations, some of which are not of a very elevated grade ; you may therefore be served very obsequiously by a person who if you saw him in his military dress you would make a *salam* to, but now he is willing to clean your sandals, brush your clothes or feed your horse. The *sackcha* (water-carrier) may be a captain ; the *bowwab* (door-keeper) a colonel, and the *sais*, a general.

Besides these honors thus liberally bestowed upon the inhabitants in their military capacity, others have titles who are civilians or law-givers. The moment a citizen is elected to be one of these last, he becomes honorable ; all his former sins are washed away ; his face is white, and he is in future to be called the honorable W. A., M. B., or M. C. He may have defrauded his best friend ; gambled, been seen drunk, or coveted his neighbor's wife ; no matter, he is now purified from all stain, is to be called by his new title, and be regarded as an *honorable* man.

These inconsistencies are striking when seen separately, but when all grades and titles are mixed together, as they are in common intercourse, and you see, as is often the case, one person bearing three titles, civil, judicial and military, then the effect is truly laughable. Imagine to yourself a little great man called the honorable, colonel, judge Snakeroot, the hero of Saggadahok. We will suppose, by way of illustration, that a public festival has been celebrated ; the day after it, the following description will appear :

'Yesterday the dinner given by the 'Society for Equalizing all Conditions and making Every-body Happy,' came off, (which means, was eaten.) The viands were arranged by Colonel Griddle, the veteran who has stood many a hot fire, the mention of whose name is sufficient pledge that the culinary art was carried to perfection. The wines were of the choicest kind, provided by the man unmoved by danger, General Wrigglebottom. The chair was filled by the Honorable Mr. Broadbottom, supported on his right by the Honorable Peter Funk, and on his left by the Honorable Peter Schimil. The seat of Vice-President was ably filled by the Honorable Mr. Sheepshanks. After the cloth was removed, the Honorable Mr. Longshanks made a speech, in which he displayed in a thrilling manner the peculiar

advantages enjoyed by the people of this country ; adverted in a decided tone to the undoubted right of this nation to Texas, Oregon, California, Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, Behrings'-Straits, and all the countries ever heard of on this continent ; foretold in glowing terms the universal spread of republicanism, and the happiness all mankind would surely possess by carrying out the views of the society of which he was proud to be a member.' The speech was loudly applauded and responded to by the Honorable Mr. Shortshanks. The Honorable Mr. Cruikshanks made a neat speech, the Honorable Mr. Spindleshanks made an appropriate speech. The Honorable Mr. Noshanks said a few words. This last, by the way, means that he made no speech at all, but merely has his name and title mentioned.

*Ya Satir!* (O protector!) what a jumble ! Was there ever collected within so small a space in a republican country so great a number of titled men, who when stripped of these appendages, are worthy citizens, with no warlike propensities or pretensions to superior wisdom !

I might recount many other scenes where a profusion of titles is the most prominent mark of eminence, but I shall only mention one more circumstance, which will give an idea of the extent of the vanity peculiar to this people, one which will excite your wonder as it did mine when I first arrived. It is this ; in the whole of this vast region, containing millions of animated beings, there are no men or women. I hear you exclaim, *Allah Akbar* (God is most great) this is the most marvellous fact that was ever recorded ; *Bismillah*, (in the name of God,) what do you mean, and how happens it that a country peopled and governed as this is said to be, should be without human beings ? I answer the question, by telling you that these human beings are not men and women, but gentlemen and ladies, and by these appellations only are the inhabitants known.

It is seen that in Europe, many persons bear these names as an especial mark of distinction, therefore in order not to appear behind them in rank, and to abuse the inordinate pride of the aristocrats abroad, this whole nation takes the names as a universal denomination. Let a man's calling or character be whatever it may, he is here a gentleman and an esquire, and his wife is a lady. One may keep a cobbler's stall and his wife may pass her hours of recreation at the wash-tub ; another may be governor of the state, and his wife have a real Cashmere shawl, and see company on Wednesdays ; they are all equal, all ladies and gentlemen. You may meet on the road a pedlar and his wife in a wagon loaded with the shining materials of his craft ; it is Bethuel Littledipper, Esquire, and *lady*, riding in their own carriage from the house of one neighbor to that of another. In all hotels, either in cities or the interior, where the names of the new arrivals are written down in a book ; where all ages, sex, classes, colors and occupations come and go, you perceive the names of Mr. A. and *lady*, Mr. B. and *lady*, etc., but no men or women. The full extent of this mania may be further seen by a few advertisements, which I transcribe, and with which I close this letter :

'WANTED, as help in a small family where there are no children, a *lady* to do the cooking. A professor of religion would be preferred.'

'WANTED, in a private family, who see little company, a middle aged *lady*, to do chamber-work and scouring. She must be of the first respectability.'

'WANTS A SITUATION, a *lady*, who is accustomed to children, and who can render herself useful in the sausage-making business. She can bring a first-rate recommendation from the Rev. Nincompoop Snivel, her minister.'

*New-York, seventh day of the Moon }  
Zoo'ickadeh: Hegira, 1260. }*

#### TO THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Long, long have I watched thy wild flickering beam,  
O beautiful Northern Light!  
For the heavens are tinged with thy transient gleam,  
And decked with a halo of glory they seem,  
Those clouds on the brow of the night.

Pray where hast thou borrowed that quivering ray  
And those bright coruscations of thine?  
Hast thou caught up the moon-beams that wander astray,  
Or does splendor steal down from the long Milky Way  
In such wonderful beauty to shine?

Or art thou a beam of the life-giving sun,  
Looking back from his couch in the west,  
Half grieved that his mission of kindness is done?  
Does he, pitiful, glance from the goal he has won  
To the world all in darkness at rest?

Thou answerest not; yet I look upon thee  
When thy glory lights up the dark sky,  
As a friend to the lands of the cold Arctic Sea,  
Whose long winter evenings all cheerless would be,  
If thy bright beams were chased from the sky.

Thou art there with the fur-clad Laplander by night,  
Thou wilt teach him his pathway to steer,  
And he blesses thy guidance, O kind Northern Light!  
That brings his snow hut to his gratified sight,  
And rest to his weary rein-deer.

Thou art there where the iceberg towers mighty and vast,  
From the dark rolling ocean below;  
Thou wilt show where the fisherman's net may be cast,  
Thou wilt guide the rude bark as it swiftly flies past,  
All, all by thy magical glow.

So, AURORA, though science all vainly may dwell  
On thy glory its source to define,  
I'm content to believe Hæ has taught thee to shine,  
Who guideth the stars, and whose power divine  
Doeth all things both wisely and well.

## W O R D S   O F   C H E E R .

THEY come to us in sorrow's hour,  
 When fondest hopes are scarce alive,  
 And like the dew-drop to the flower,  
 They bid each withering bud revive.

Like sunshine to the frozen soil,  
 The torpid spirit they unbind,  
 Wake Feeling from it's winter coil,  
 And spread new verdure o'er the mind.

They thrill the heart like music tones  
 When breathed by lips divinely sweet,  
 For every chord their magic owns,  
 Nor fails each measure to repeat.

Still bind me, then, thou Power divine !  
 To spirits gentle, warm and true,  
 Whose words of cheer with smiles combine,  
 To make my joys for ever new.

J. G.

## I N G L E S I D E   C H I T - C H A T .

BY 'THE SQUIRE.'

## P R E F A C E .

ANTOINE LOUIS wrote a treatise on 'Gun-shot Wounds.' I have written on just what took my fancy—as he did. You, good-natured reader, are allowed the same freedom, and can read me or not, as you please.

'No book,' says the Doctor, 'can be complete without a preface.' This is very true, and is why I am writing one. And here understand, once for all, that this preface is not being written for your sake, but for somebody's else. That somebody is JOHN INGLE OF INGLESIDE, ESQ. My friends call me 'JACK.' I am 'THE SQUIRE' with the village people. You may say 'The Squire,' courteous reader.

A man is expected to have some good reason for turning author at forty. If I had one I should keep it to myself.

The eminent French anatomist alluded to is very particular in admonishing the surgeon in all cases to use the probe before dressing. Now if any one happens to get wounded in the cross-fire of the following chapters, let him probe well before applying the healing-plaster of self-conceit to the wound. He would do well to cauterize it, also, to prevent ill consequences. The Mexicans, in the

siege of Matamoras, it is said, fired copper shot. It is an oversight if the following chapters are not shotted in the same spirit of barbarity. It is still worse when the two-edged sword of truth is used, for it is become so rusted of late that a mere scratch from it is well-nigh fatal.

The study, or as my house-keeper persists in styling it, 'the Library,' at Ingleside, is the hall of symposium where two or three kindred spirits, bachelors like myself, (three is their exact number,) are welcomed in the winter evenings. During the other seasons we meet but little, except sometimes of a summer day, after dinner. If we met all the year round we might tire of each other.

I do not pretend that all which I have written as in the first person is to be set down to the credit of my own thought. In most cases the ideas are those of my friends; only the dress is mine. To the tartness of these chapters I lay special claim. When any kindliness of feeling creeps in, it is to be charged either directly to these my *confrères*, or to their influence over me. My seal is a bee, with lance in couch.

Adam Smith, on his death-bed, said to the members of the club which used to meet at his house: 'This meeting will have to adjourn to *another place*.' Not in the same kindly spirit do I refer you, reader, to the ensuing pages; but like Cæsar's ghost to Brutus, '*I will meet thee at Phillippi*!'

JNO. ING.

Ingleside, Ides Mar., Ol. 662-4.

## CHAPTER FIRST.

## 'THE LIBRARY.'

'AN upright man is a king, although he always live a private life.'

SOCRATES, IN *POLITICUS* OF PLATO.

'Be not too angry if I at times heat thee a trifle; I enjoy my merry little fire.'

GUNDERBODE.

I AM a king here in my study, and my empire is wide enough. The grate, heaped up with glowing coal, is full of joyous little imps, that peer out between the bars and run riot over the chimney-back, or dart out invisibly and lick up the snow-spangles on my black beaver, as I come in from my winter walks.

My fire is at once my slave and friend. It is both my intimate and familiar. Old Winter whistles at the window and down the top of the chimney, trying to get in, but the honest fire keeps him out. So a clear conscience keeps many a cold trouble out of my heart.

Prometheus, or *Soui-gine*, as the Chinese name him, deserves eternal gratitude for evoking fire down to earth. The Greek poets held that he stole it from heaven to give life to mankind; that is, to make what were before mere statues of clay, live men and women. Poets are rather questionable witnesses in matters of fact. Very likely the old tradition of the people was, that Prometheus committed the theft in order to *warm* men and women, in time of cold. The Chinese account of the matter seems to me the better. Indeed, the Greeks had another account, very similar to that of the Chinese.

These latter also had two versions of the thing. I like the latter one best for its matter-of-fact straight-forwardness and its air of truth. The first runs thus :

'Upon the summit of Mount *Pou-tcheou*,' says our author, 'rose the walls of Justice. There the sun nor moon could be of use, although they came near; there was no difference of seasons, nor vicissitudes of day and night. This is the Kingdom of the Moon, which borders upon *Siouang-mou*, (*the mother of the King of the West*.) A saintly and great man went to walk in the confines of the moon and sun. There he saw a tree, and upon the tree a bird, which in flying emitted a stream of fire. He struck at it, and breaking off a branch, caught the fire. This is he whom they call *Soui-gine*.'

The second and better one is thus related :

'Some say that *Soui-gine* made fire with a certain wood, and used it to cook his viands. By this means he brought upon himself many distempers, and his stomach and belly were much deranged. But in this he followed the orders of heaven, and got the name of *Soui-gine*.'\*

Does gluttony agree with *you*, dyspeptic reader ?

Fire was worshipped by the Parsees; and it is said that the gypsies to this day secretly do the same. Some one, I forget who, wrote from the Bosphorus that he surprised his gypsy servant kneeling, one morning at day-break, before a lighted fire-brand. Fire is such a *giver of good* that I do not blame the poor fellow; although I cannot go quite so far as he. Doubtless he adored fervently; and if there had been any of his brethren to share his worship, he would cheerfully have given them space to kneel beside him on the ground, which is his temple-floor, and beneath the sky, his sacred dome. Yes, *fervently* and *lovingly* kneels the fire-worshipper, and adores; far otherwise than as you worship *your* God, Christian reader. You pay a worthier reverence. You build costly temples of stone in which to worship the *one only and true* God. You gild your Bible, (in which is written the divine law, '*Love thy neighbor as thyself* ;') you send apostles to the far-off heathen. Yes, you perform your worship in more grand and imposing fashion than the Parsee. You do more than this: you wear a saintly visage, and pray, humbly kneeling on velvet cushions; and when your brother, the ragged mendicant, or the poor cripple, comes into your splendid churches to hear the Word of God, or what is as likely, to warm his shivering limbs in the vestibule, you drive him forth into the streets, that he may not defile the sanctuary of the Most High. Go to, thou saintly sinner! come not nigh, lest the touch of *thy* garment defile *me*! Ah! but I do thee wrong; I will confess it, though it irks me so to do. I forgot the Scripture: '*Ye are not of the world*.' No, you *are* not! you belong somewhere else. If the Son of God should appear in the chancel of one of your churches, and speak to

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\* GOGUET: Origine des Loms.

the devout assembly, he would say, with a sinister emphasis, 'This meeting will have to adjourn to *another place* !'

I have called myself a king, and I deem my motto from Plato warrant enough for the title. If it be not, I will quote Goguet again. Goguet quotes Lopi, Lopi quotes the historian Lao-chene-tsée, and I quote Goguet. The Chinese chronicler is speaking of the time of the fourth dynasty, founded by Hoene-tune :

'The ancient kings went with flowing hair and unornamented head. They had no sceptre nor crown, and they governed their empire in peace. Of a natural benevolence, they nourished all things; and making no one die nor perish, and giving always and receiving nothing; the people, without the oversight of their rulers, heartily imitated their virtues.\*'

Now it is certain that I go with flowing hair. It is to the full as certain that I have no sceptre, and wear no crown. That I rule my empire in peace I will leave to my house-keeper to say. As to being of a natural benevolence, it is neither here nor there, prying reader. It does not matter you one way nor another; so be kind enough just to 'move out of my sunshine.'

The furniture of 'The Library' is not extravagant, but is old enough to make it up. It was my grandfather's, and I dare say cost a good deal in its day. My study-chair is a huge leather-covered *fauteuil*, which I never give up to any one except a lady, and my gallantry is not often tried in this way. Cousin Mary—I call her 'cousin' for a reason which hereafter I may touch upon, and not because there is any tie of blood between us—always claims this old chair as her own, and occupies it whenever she comes down the river, and happens to take a notion to come over and see me. I shall leave it to her one of these days, when my spirit goes abroad, if she be living.

The lounge, like my *fauteuil*, has its frame of solid walnut. It is, like it, also, double-stuffed and padded, and is amply large enough for two. Then there is an old-fashioned walnut rocking-chair, that was my grandmother's. The tall book-case, opposite the fire, is flanked on either side by a high-backed chair, of the same matériel with the rest of the furniture, and heavy wainscot. My heavy writing-desk runs on castors. Usually it is wheeled up end-wise to the fire, and I sit on the left, that I may have the window at my back. The clock in the left-hand corner reaches almost to the ceiling, and was old when my grandfather was a boy. When I have mentioned a large deep-framed picture over the mantel-piece, surmounted by the antlers of a buck, and my double-barrelled ducking-gun under-hanging, and a variety of shooting-tackle arranged in no very great order at either end on the wall, I have given, with the exception of two portraits, (one over each chair, by the book-case, and two others on the wall, with the window between them, and the portly side-board and little turn-up table, at the opposite side of the room,) I have given, I say, a pretty tolerable picture of 'The Library.'

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\* ORIGINE des LOIS.



Here, in the winter, after my two hours' morning walk, which I take while every thing is being set to rights, both here and in my bed-room, the door of which is between the mantel-piece and the clock, I comfortably sit and read, study and write, from nine o'clock till two, when I hear a modest tap at the door on the left of the side-board, accompanied by a timid voice saying, 'Dinner is ready, Sir.'

After dinner, I run over the papers which Thomas has just brought from the post-office, the while smoking a cigar or twain. My coffee is brought in at five, by Mrs. Otis, and the tray carried out again by Martha, early enough for her to draw the curtains, wheel the secretary a-one-side, and place the turn-up table in its stead, before six o'clock, when my friends drop in, from three to five minutes after.

If no one is absent—sickness is the only cause thereof, and we are all healthy and hale—we play whist one hour precisely, taking up the rubber, if not completed, the next evening. This sharpens our faculties for the chit-chat which follows, with a glass of wine, a sandwich and a cigar, until a quarter to ten, when my friends bid me a 'Good night, and pleasant dreams.' This, 'Sundays excepted,' during the winter. Of my books hereafter.

CHAPTER SECOND.

MY FRIENDS AND MYSELF.

'Few friends and choice.'—ATTICUS, ROM. β. σ. φ.

THE foregoing chapter is a long one. This will be shorter, as I am not troubled with sentiment; nor are the others here treated of.

THE LIEUTENANT is a republican, because he belongs to an old and wealthy family.

THE DOCTOR is an aristocrat, for the same reason.

THE PARSON is something of both, because he was born so.

THE 'SQUIRE bites his nails at rank, turns up his nose if a demagogue comes between it and the wind, whistles when he sees an American coat-of-arms, and in his heart, I believe, longs for a Patriarchy.

THE 'SQUIRE is a Theist and Cynic.

THE PARSON loves and hates the Genevan.

THE DOCTOR, through his gold spectacles, squints at the doctrines of the Porch.

THE LIEUTENANT rather inclines to Buhdism; reads Plato, however, and Moses; thinks Numa and Socrates faith-worthy in saying they held speech with a familiar; and if he were not an Aristotelian, would be a Mystic.

THE DOCTOR is rather light-haired, well-formed, middle-sized, and is thirty-eight.

THE PARSON is turned of forty, is of a meagre habit, has a small foot and hand, looks bilious, and rarely smiles.

The LIEUTENANT's heavily-shaded black eye causes a stranger to shrink from its brightness. He is rather tall, straight and spare, wears his hair long and parted over the middle of his forehead, and his beard, black as the chamber-maid affirmed young Tristram Shandy's face was, meets on his chin. From his brilliant white teeth you would take him to be about thirty; but the straggling gray hairs on his temples declare him forty-five.

The 'SQUIRE is somewhat full, has a gray eye and chestnut-hair, is of a phlegmatic nature, and just forty years ago caused his father as sudden a start as did the hot chestnut to the friend of 'my Uncle Toby.'

O D E T O J A V A C O F F E E .

BY J. CLEMENT.

Or all the isles that gem the Indian seas,  
Fair Java smiles the enviable queen;  
There FLORA's train, kissed by the tropic breeze,  
Give vernal life and beauty to the scene:  
And one of modest mien, yet matchless grace,  
Madonna of the fragrance-breathing throng,  
Whose virtues all of excellence embrace,  
May claim this humble meed, a tribute song.

Bards of the blood-shot eye and reeling brain  
May give libations rich of reeking verse;  
To bloated BACCHUS swell the foaming strain,  
And fancied merits of the vine rehearse;  
To Java's peerless plant my lay I pour,  
Whose juice no gods defile with lecherous lip:  
Give me my cup of COFFEE, brimming o'er,  
And Jove unenvied may his nectar sip.

No head-aches huddle there like lurking foes,  
No serpent-passions coil around the brim;  
Beneath its power the stream of feeling flows,  
More soft and gentle than a Naiad's hymn.  
And manly Thought, in river's crystal-clear,  
Sparkles with truth and foams with eloquence,  
And far from bluffs of Bombast, bleak and drear,  
Meanders through the verdant vales of Sense.

Come, then, sweet FLORA! at thy incense shrine  
Call forth thy blooming daughters, angel bright;  
Bid them unveil their beauties, all divine,  
To fill the gazer's eye with new delight:  
And while they bow in reverence round thy throne,  
And breathe from honeyed lips an odor-showers,  
Bid them the worth supreme and beauty own  
Of Java's glorious and immortal flower.

*Buffalo, (N. Y.,) April, 1847.*

## LETTERS FROM THE GULF STATES.

BY A NORTHERN TRAVELLER.

WATER-POWER AT THE SOUTH: NATURAL FACILITIES FOR MANUFACTURING: TALASEE: WETUMPKA:  
THE SHINGLE MAN OF COOSA COUNTY: OUR LANDLADY.*Wetumpka, March 24th, 1847.*

ON all the principal streams of the Gulf States are a series of water-falls, which extend in nearly a due line from east to west. They commence with those of the Savannah at Augusta, include the head waters of the Oconee, Flint, and Chattahoochee, and from thence extend westward through Alabama. This series of shoals was in some former period the boundary between the salt water and the dry land. The region below abounds with the organic remains of marine animals, while the section above presents a surface of primitive rock, entirely destitute of marine fossils. These falls afford a water power unsurpassed by that of any other portion of the Union.

Notwithstanding these natural advantages, every species of manufacture is in its infancy at the south. But a few years ago, every variety of cotton and woollen goods, all agricultural implements, household furniture, and travelling vehicles, except those of the rudest kind, were brought from the north. You could not find a plough, an axe, or a tin bucket which was not the handiwork of a Yankee. Enter the parlor of a southern planter, and you saw no fixtures of domestic manufacture. Every article was from a foreign market. This is one of the causes why, with an annual income I believe of more than fifty millions of dollars from the cotton crop, the South has at the present time far less wealth than the eastern states.

Within the last six years, however, the southern people have felt a deep interest in the introduction of manufactures. So great is the enthusiasm among the more intelligent, that nothing but a want of experience prevents them from an immediate investment of all their surplus capital in this department of industry. In Georgia there are already twenty-three, in South Carolina, eleven, and in Alabama, five cotton factories. In many of the larger towns also, there are carriage, furniture and various other manufactories. The profits, where they are under a skilful and economical supervision, are greater than at the north. Twenty years hence the upper section of the above-mentioned states will probably rival New-England in the extent and variety of their manufactures.

One of the most attractive of the water-falls of Alabama, both in point of scenery and the capability of being applied to practical purposes, is that of Talasee. A rocky island divides the current of the Talapoosa, which at first falls perpendicularly twenty feet, and then gradually descends fifty, till it reaches the site of Talasee, an

old Indian town. This was a famous fishing place of the Creeks. In the spring, a large number are still caught in traps and nets, and among them we saw a sturgeon weighing one hundred and eighty-five pounds. The basins worn in the ledge by the incessant action of the boulders moved by the current are numerous and deep; some of them containing several hundred gallons of water. These falls, until recently, were owned by Du Bois, a native of New-York, who acquired them by his marriage with one of the Creek nation. Years ago he travelled over the most of the western continent, resided with the Indians for a long time, adopted their habits and usages, married one of their number, and is now living in his log-cabin on the western bank of the Talapoosa.

Wetumpka, from whence we are writing, is the remotest inland market of Alabama. It is so far up the Coosa that its navigation is interrupted during the summer. It is also above the rich cotton lands of the state, and its trade is with the inhabitants of the hilly country; men who raise but moderate crops, and many of them coming a long distance to market. They usually have ox teams, and like emigrants, camp out at night, carrying with them their provision and fodder. Their wives often accompany them, having in charge a few baskets of fruit and eggs. They alternately drive the team, using no goad, but guiding by a rope which is fastened to one of the horns of the near ox. Those who live at a distance, visit the market but once a year.

It was late in the day when I left Talasee. Coming through the pine woods about sunset, I met one of the 'country crackers,' as the backwoodsmen are called, who having been to Wetumpka with a load of shingles, was on his way home. His horse blind as well as lean, having been left too much to his own guidance, had encountered a formidable stump on the road-side, and in struggling to extricate himself had broken one of the shafts. I discovered at once, that the man had been where, if he had not, other men at least had been tipping. He did not notice my arrival, but was leisurely employed in endeavoring to repair his shattered vehicle. Without seeming to be disturbed by the accident, he was entertaining himself in a very satisfactory soliloquy:

'People have a great many ways of takin' happiness,' said he; 'some by keepin' a lot of niggers and raisin' a cotton crop; some by sellin' goods, or swappin' hosses, or lumberin'; but for myself, I must say I never *did* know any thing quite equal to the shingle-business.'

'I know there's lots and cords of ways of takin' comfort in this world, and I've had a hand in most all of 'em; farmin', tendin' saw-mill, and steam-boatin'; but I never found in all my undertakin's what did come *quite* up to this 'ere gittin' out shingles. It's a real salty business; and then there's sich fun; by heavens, it beats coon and pussum-huntin' all holler.'

'I've had a smart chance of enjoyin' myself, one way and another — no mistake *about* it. After all, though I must say that the

shingle business is a leetle the tallest sort of comfort a feller can have in this 'ere unfriendly 'arth.'

I passed on, thinking it intrusive to disturb the tranquillity of one whose self-communings were of so complacent a nature. How varied an estimate of human happiness is formed by different individuals! This business of shingle-making and shingle-selling would be a most annoying and uncongenial occupation to a man of energy and thrifty habits, and seldom yields more than a scanty recompense. In justice to the piny woodsman of Coosa county, however, I should add, that he is by no means alone in his appreciation of the exquisite felicity of dealing in shingles.

It was after dark when I reached Wetumpka, and I put up at the first public house which presented itself. After supper I went into the parlor, where the landlady, a large and good-natured matron, informed me that she was from South-Carolina, and a 'mighty strong nullifier' beside. Of course, she was an enthusiastic admirer of the 'Great South-Carolinian.' Soon after, I retired, but my repose was disturbed by a man in an adjoining room who in a fit of delirium tremens occasionally cried out at the top of his voice, 'Gentlemen, I am the star of the universe and the lightning-bug of the world!'

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LETTER SIXTH.

HILLY REGION OF ALABAMA: HENRIOUS JOHNSON: INCIDENT OF DARTMOOR PRISON: 'THEY TWO HAD GROWN OLD TOGETHER.'

*Tuscaloosa, (Ala.,) April 1, 1847.*

IN crossing the head-waters of the river Coosa, during the last of January, I encountered a hilly section with a soil less fertile, but not less rocky than the mountainous regions of New-Hampshire. It is the most sterile portion of Alabama. The hills are intersected by numerous small creeks and branches, having their sources only two or three miles distant, which after a heavy rain are for a short time impassable. One day, after a violent shower, I was met by a negro who, with strong indications of alarm, told me that he had lost his mules and wagon in crossing a branch about a mile a head. I hastened on, and found two mules lying dead in the middle of the stream, but the current had fallen so rapidly that their bodies were not covered with water. They were drowned not more than half an hour previous. These streams have no bridges, and he who travels here in winter must either learn to swim his horse, or be subjected to occasional delays.

These hilly counties are sparsely settled, and the few who live here are always found in some nook or valley, where a few acres of alluvial soil forms a sort of oâsis amid the barren hills. There are no post-offices, no mails, nor even a market short of Wetumpka, which is sixty or seventy miles distant. No leading roads pass through the country, but each settler having a pathway to his own house, the traveller is in danger of taking a wrong direction at every fork of the road. One Saturday evening I was overtaken by a severe rain storm, and in hurrying forward to gain a shelter, I took a wrong

course and lost my way. Night was fast coming on, and I had not passed a cabin for the last three hours. By this time also, I was drenched with rain; for on all the unfrequented roads here, the low, overhanging branches prevent the traveller on horseback from raising an umbrella. The atmosphere too had become exceedingly chilly and penetrating, as is always the case during the long rains of this month, so much so that New-Englanders often say that they suffer quite as much from sensations of cold during the rainy winter season in Alabama as among the snows of Vermont. Deciding to seek a shelter in the advance rather than return, I hastened on a few miles, and came to a steep descent leading into a valley. Descending into the bottom land I saw a light in the distance. It was now just the hour when a firelight looks most cheerful, and my Indian pony, encouraged by the discovery, volunteered a swift gallop. I found myself at the dwelling of an aged man and his wife, from whom I received a kind welcome.

Aremino, an Italian writer, calls a tavern a holy and a miraculous place, and says that 'He who has not been at a tavern knows not what a paradise it is.' Although not at a tavern, yet while enjoying the comfortable fireside, and wholesome fare of my host, and listening to the storm, increasing in violence as night set in, I thought that in some degree I could appreciate the quaint sentimentality of the old Italian. During the two succeeding days the weather continued stormy, and I remained with my venerable host, who was in his seventy-first year. His name was HENRICUS JOHNSON. He was a Welchman by birth, and at the age of eighteen, 'in an evil hour,' as the old gentleman expressed it, went to Liverpool and entered the British naval service. During this period he became acquainted with the American coast from Newfoundland to Chili. Tired, at length, of the monotony of a seaman's life, he deserted from the English man-of-war *Belvidera*, then anchored at Halifax. Making his way south as far as Rhode-Island, he hired himself as a day-laborer on a farm. The next year he married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and continued his agricultural life till the spring of 1813.

At that time, in consequence of the war, there was a general depression in the wages of laborers; and Mr. Johnson, hearing that the *Argus*, Captain William H. Allen, was soon to sail from New-York with Mr. Crawford, the recently-appointed minister to France, repaired to that port, and again entered the naval service. He was on board the *Argus* during her triumphant cruise in the English and Irish channels, and after her capture by the *Pelican* was carried with the rest of the crew a prisoner to Dartmoor prison.

'It was the last of August,' said Mr. Johnson, 'that we reached Dartmoor; and I felt my situation to be more critical than that of my comrades, because of my previous desertion from the royal service, and the probability that I might be recognized by some of my old companions. Captain Allen, our brave commander, having been mortally wounded, died a few days after our landing, and was

buried with the honors of war. The services took place in the morning, and the crew of the *Argus*, securely hand-cuffed, marched from the prison to the burial-ground. It was a rainy day, and I requested one of the guards to throw my cloak over my shoulders, to protect me from the storm. During the services at the grave, I took the opportunity of receding step by step out of the ranks, till I found that I was so far removed from the prisoners as not to be recognized by the guard and spectators as one of their number. Wrapping my cloak closely to conceal the hand-cuffs, I took the most unfrequented route in the direction of Liverpool. Toward sunset I came to a blacksmith's-shop, in which a man and boy were at work. I approached, and calling out the blacksmith, frankly told him that I was an American prisoner, who had just escaped from Dartmoor; and throwing myself upon his generosity, begged him to unloose the hand-cuffs. He said that it would be dangerous for him to do so then, as the lad, at least, would be aware of the act; but he told me to meet him after dark under an oak tree, the top of which he pointed out in the adjacent forest. Instead of repairing to the appointed place, I thought it advisable to take a position from whence I could see whether the blacksmith came from his house unattended, and discovering that he did, joined him at the tree, where with the aid of hammer and chisel he readily cut off the irons. I had but two pistareens, one of which I gave to my benefactor, and wishing him a better fortune than had fallen to my lot, continued to travel during the night. Whenever I called to obtain refreshment, I reported myself as a sailor from a wrecked merchant vessel.

'Not venturing to visit my relatives in Wales, I entered on board a provision vessel for Halifax, and a second time deserted, and made my way across the country to Rhode-Island, after an absence of ten months. At the close of the war the feeble health of my wife induced me to remove to a warmer climate. It was thirty years ago last autumn that we landed at Mobile, and hearing of a new region recently ceded to government by the Creeks I removed hither, and the ensuing season built the cabin in which we are now sheltered. Since then we have mingled but little with the world, and have known but little of it. Not that we have a hatred of our fellow beings, and would avoid their society; but the frail constitution of my wife, and my own rude jostlings by sea and by land had created a desire for quiet and retirement. Old age has come upon us, and we shall soon close the journey of life in the valley we have occupied for so many years.'

My host had indeed passed through much of the 'rain and dust' of life's journey, but they had not disturbed the cheerful flow of his spirits, nor checked the warm sympathies of his heart. I have often, in travelling at the south, met with those whose generous hospitality will ever be remembered; and among the first of these is the aged Welchman, HENRICUS JOHNSON. A wandering pedagogue, in pursuit of health and novelty, pays this brief tribute to one whose name has never before and probably will never again appear upon a printed page.

## LETTER EIGHTH.

THE SPRING SEASON: GOLD AND IRON MINES: THE STONE MOUNTAIN: TALLULAH AND TOCOSA FALLS: LOOK-OUT MOUNTAIN. AN ANCIENT BACHELOR.

*Benton County, (Ala.,) April 12, 1847.*

THE spring is the delightful season of the south. In winter, the traveller who expects to find an Italian sky and climate will be grievously disappointed; but let him tarry till the genial month of April, and his best anticipations will be realized. The forests are covered with blossoms, the wheat-fields wave to the western breeze, and the gardens and way-sides are fragrant with the rose, the hyacinth and the jasmine. The upper part of Georgia and Alabama was the home of the Cherokees. It is a rough region, abounding in caverns and water-falls, and is rich in mineral resources. Gold mines are dispersed all through this section, and some of them are profitable. Those of Georgia yield four hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually. They are of two kinds, the 'vein' and 'deposite.' In the vein-mines the gold is found in a yellow quartz rock, and is obtained by blasting, pulverizing and washing. In the deposite it is found in small grains, in a strata of earth, sometimes near and sometimes considerably below the surface. The earth above is first removed, and the gravel in which the gold is found is washed. The process of obtaining it is tedious.

At one period there was a great speculation in gold lots, and much time and money were wasted in unskilful attempts to procure the precious metal. Where one became rich, several were made bankrupt. Now the profits are more uniform, and there are fewer adventurers engaged in the business. The income derived from mining, however, is always variable. We have known hands labor for months without half earning their board, and at another time collect five or six dollars' worth daily. Once in a while, too, a single lump will be found, worth fifty or a hundred dollars. The most successful miners are Germans and Englishmen, because they have more perseverance, and a better knowledge of the process of discovering and refining the metal. The laborers in the mines are here, as in other mining countries, for the most part degraded and vicious. The most inebriated crowd I ever saw was at an up-country village, appropriately called 'Auraria' by Mr. Calhoun, but from the pugnacious deportment of its citizens, now generally known by the name of Knucklesville. The men had just returned from their day's work in the mines, and in a crowd of two hundred I saw but four sober men. They were mostly foreigners; shipwrecked characters from every nation of Europe, with a large sprinkling of renegade Yankees and dissipated Virginians.

The iron mines are not less valuable than those of gold. They are inexhaustible, and yield a per cent. equal to those of Pennsylvania. There is a great supply of fine marble in the Cherokee country, and its worth, like that of iron, will be vastly enhanced by increased facilities for transportation.

Among the prominent geological curiosities of this highland



scenery, is the Stone Mountain, of De Kalb county, Georgia. It is a single isolated rock, one thousand feet in height; of an oval form, and accessible only from the western side. Across this accessible point is an old wall, the rude fortification of the Indian. A friend of mine has computed the weight of the rock to be seven hundred millions of tons. The first time I visited this mountain there was upon it a wooden tower, one hundred and sixty feet in height. The building of so tall a structure in so exposed a position was a chimerical project, and a few months after it was dashed in pieces during a thunder-storm. The rock is composed of soft granite, having an unusual proportion of mica. Its surface is smooth and free from fragments, except a few large boulders on the north side. In a depression of the surface on the eastern side there has been a gradual accumulation of soil, from leaves and other sources, sufficiently deep to support a small grove of laurel and cedar.

There is not a single lake or pond in this entire region; a wise provision, doubtless, in view of the health of the inhabitants. This deficiency in scenery is compensated by numerous water-falls. The noblest of these is the Tallulah of Habersham county, Georgia, and the most beautiful, the Toccoa, with its snow-white sheet suspended from a perpendicular wall of one hundred and eighty-two feet. Visiting the latter on a warm summer day of 1845, in company with a party of ladies and gentlemen, one of our number stuck a thorn in his foot, and thinking that he was snake-bitten, drank a large dose of hartshorn and brandy before he discovered the mistake; and several of us, to avoid a furious crowd of 'yellow-jackets' in close pursuit, jumped into the middle of the creek; a feat so sublime, as the ladies afterward informed us, that it approached that other quality, which is but a step removed from it.

From the summit of Look-out Mountain, near the Tennessee line, is a magnificent view of the surrounding region, surpassing any thing I have seen in the extent of the prospect, except Mount Washington, in New-Hampshire. Just below is the wide and beautiful valley of the Tennessee river, and the vision is only bounded by the far-distant peaks of the Cumberland and Blue Ridge. I ascended the mountain in company with one of my southern friends, a bachelor of fifty. He was a gentleman of extensive information and much experience, and was a descendant of one of the chivalrous old-stock families of the Palmetto State.

After we had taken our station on the rock which forms the summit of the mountain, my companion became unusually sad. 'The scene before us,' said he, 'brings back recollections which, though not unwelcome, are yet very melancholy. A quarter of a century ago I stood on this rock, when the valley below was an unbroken forest. Now that valley, as you see, is full of farms and enterprising husbandmen, and on the spot then occupied by a young man, full of life and hope, stands an ancient bachelor, as sober in appearance as the solitary pines below us; having but little to fear and less to hope. It is strange that I should indulge in such melancholy

reflections, when all around is sunshine and happiness; but I cannot retrace in mind the past without inwardly exclaiming with Scotland's bard,

'O! for one-and-twenty, TAM!'

But as soon would Owen Glendower's spirits from the vasty deep answer to his call as 'one-and-twenty' to mine; and I am forced to think of those beautiful and last lines of Byron:

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it has ceased to move.'

From the point where we stand the eye roams over several millions of acres of land, embracing some of the most fertile valleys of Tennessee and Georgia; and at this moment, were the whole mine, I would give it to feel and look as I did when I first stood on this lofty promontory! I was then on my way from Nashville, below which place I had just purchased a large claim against the federal government, from which I expected soon to realize a fortune, which I intended offering to one who, in my estimation, had no equal. Had she been the prize for which the Greeks and Trojans fought, Hector, Homer's only true hero, had not fallen in an unworthy cause. Before the year rolled around, that fair being was consigned to an early grave, and my prospective fortune dissolved in air; leaving me with little consolation save the consciousness of having deserved a better fate. With feelings but little changed by time and the world's jostlings, I have outlived all my early hopes and nearly all my early friends. A strange fatality seems to have attended most of my youthful associates, few of them having attained to thirty years of age. Peace to their ashes, and sacred be their memory!

MONADROCK.

#### THE COQUETTE OF THE CALENDAR.

BY MONADROCK ANON.

Vexing dallier of the year,  
Changeful ARAN, thou art here;  
Now thou sendest showers of blessing,  
Fields and forest-beds caressing;  
Now, in icy fatters hoary,  
Scornfully thou biddest FLOA;  
Fond and kind, and mad, complaining,  
Darting sunbeams, snowing, raining,  
Thus thou playest with earth and sky  
Prudish tricks of coquetry!  
Maid and matron, coy or free,  
Lessons high may learn of thee;  
Lessons high of business opening;  
Art of arts—the art of seeking!

## T H E F U T U R E L I F E .

THERE is a life beyond this life of ours,  
 Where griefs must cease and anguish lose its power ;  
 For high, for low, for rich—for all unblest,  
 That life is open, and there all may rest.  
 As on we go, still toiling day by day,  
 Darkness above, and horror round our way,  
 False friends without, and falselier ones within,  
 Curs'd with Sin's evils, and yet loving sin ;  
 Dead to the beauty that would come abroad  
 From all the grandeur of the works of God ;  
 And dumb, so oft, to voices from on high,  
 Offering to cheer us 'mid life's agony ;  
 O, yes ! there yet is, far beyond this shore,  
 A land of rest, where anguish stings no more !

O, art thou one who enter'd first on life  
 With a heart eager for its dusty strife ;  
 Dreaming of nothing save a path all flowers,  
 Or soft winds whispering through Eden bowers ;  
 Thinking mankind were ever what they seem,  
 Truth on their lips, which truth they will redeem ;  
 And deeming too sweet Health should ever fire  
 Each bounding limb, and every pulse inspire ;  
 Yet dragging now along life's sorrowing path,  
 Frown'd on by men, and frighten'd by God's wrath ;  
 And seeing nothing from the future given  
 To lend one lingering smile that leads *toward* Heaven ?  
 O, deem thou not life curs'd thus ever here ;  
 There is another and eternal year !

And ah ! the loss while here, for want of eye  
 To pierce the dim veil of futurity ;  
 And oh ! the gain of him who walks abroad,  
 And sees earth wear the garments of a God !  
 Then the broad heaven puts on ethereal glow,  
 And the green world seems deck'd for Eden show ;  
 Breathe the soft winds, and gush the streams with voice  
 To bid the spirit of the world rejoice ;  
 Twitter the birds, and rustle the green trees,  
 With a soft music freighting the pure breeze ;  
 E'en the hoarse forest and the echoing shore  
 Say to the heart, ' Be still, and weep no more !'

Thus all around us may some goodness give,  
 When the poor heart is fitted to receive ;  
 Seasons that change, cold winter and mild spring,  
 Summer to charm, and autumn fruits to bring ;  
 Each varying object, as we onward go,  
 Saying, ' Be still, nor faint beneath the blow !'  
 O, thou then fainting on the dusty road,  
 That leads, though hidden, to the mount of God,  
 Ask for the truth ; look in, and look around ;  
 Seek the high record where all truth is found :  
 And see there set before thee the low way  
 Thy feet must take would'st thou behold the day ;  
 The far-off brightness streaming from the throne,  
 To cheer thee on, and *teach* that land thine own !

W. T. D.

## A QUESTION IN SINGLE RULE OF THREE.

BY A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

THIS is an age of science. The universe is scrutinized with telescope and microscope, and the pleasing illusions of fancy are dispelled. It is proved that things are not what they appear to be; that first impressions are not to be trusted. It is no longer safe to admire. There was a time when man was allowed to look upon the world with delight; when he could receive pleasure from the objects above, beneath and around him. Then he saw a bright and glorious earth, of which God was the maker and himself the appointed sovereign. With the happy ignorance of childhood, he was delighted at the fair show. He had not yet been taught to pull it in pieces, to ascertain its component parts; he had not gone behind the curtain to examine the scenery, and to determine, by close inspection, how much was real and how much mere painted canvass. Imagination supplied the place of knowledge, and clothed with ideal beauty and interest the visible creation. Then the earth was firm beneath him, and was a boundless habitation; the sun and moon were his servants, and danced attendance to supply his wants, and the stars were the shining host of the ETERNAL, the sleepless eyes of guardian angels and departed spirits.

Now, alas! all this dream has passed away. Science has enlightened him. The earth is no longer solid, firm and vast, and the centre of the universe. It is a mere apple of a world, and the rind we tread on scarcely covers a rotten heart, a fiery, liquid pulp. It is a small affair. Man sails around it without deeming it necessary to make his will before he starts, and taking with him only a change or two of linen. It turns and turns, and finds no rest. The gyrations of a *danseuse* are nothing to its whirlings. There is now no satisfaction in stamping the foot on the ground, for the consciousness once enjoyed of power, of security, of a sure foundation, is gone. Science shows us that every thing is in motion. The whole universe is engaged in one ceaseless, dizzy dance. The moons dance around the planets, and the planets dance around the sun, and the sun promenades through the milky-way. The fixed-stars are *fixed* no longer. Some of them are waltzing, two by two, and others are going through a variety of intricate manœuvres too numerous to mention. The comets are no longer mere tale-bearers, squandering their time and disturbing the peace of the heavens by their strolling and disorderly habits, but they run from station to station regularly, and without accident, and arrive and depart at the hours duly announced in the public journals.

Man finds that he has been mistaken about almost every thing. The sun does *not* rise and set; the moon is *not* made of green

cheese, nor has it a man in it. What he supposed a drop of pure water, he is informed is a miniature world, inhabited by a vast multitude of little leviathans. What he supposed a single star, the astronomer tells him is a million of them. He finds himself a mere point, less than a speck; a creature with powers so limited that he is not able to comprehend his own insignificance.

The days of old-fashioned air-castles have departed. Such fanciful structures are out of date, and their architects find their occupation gone. 'The poet's eye, with a fine frenzy rolling,' may 'glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,' if he chooses to let it, but if he presumes to give his airy nothings 'a local habitation and a name,' the critics will dissect his syllables, and the philosophers will bring an action of trespass. Every thing must be scientific in order to be approved. Every thing must be done according to rule.

Such being the spirit of the age, we may as well submit to it without a contest. I propose doing so at this time. Nay, I will 'out-Herod Herod,' and go a step in advance, and concede more than is required. I will endeavor to state a simple proposition with mathematical precision, and discuss it on strictly scientific principles.

The question proposed for our consideration, my learned reader, when licked into shape, stands thus, viz :

Rail-Road Car : Stage-Coach : City : ———

Here we have a question in the single rule of three; the first three terms of a proportion, from which we are required to deduce the fourth. How shall we do this? The rule is simple. The venerable Daboll directs that we multiply the second and third terms together, and divide by the first, and the quotient will be the fourth term. But how is it possible to do so in this instance? How shall we multiply a stage-coach by a city? We can't even set them down. True, stage-coaches frequently set down passengers in cities, and stage-coaches are frequently multiplied in cities; but the product goes into the pockets of the proprietors, and leaves us none the wiser. To multiply, we are required to place the smaller number under the larger, and multiply each figure of the one into each figure of the other. This is easier said than done; for to put a coach under a city would leave the city to ride on top, and cause it to cut a very sorry figure. We must try some other method.

As a rail-road car is to a stage-coach, so is a city to the answer. Very well. How does a car compare with a coach? It is larger, will accommodate more passengers, is more handsomely finished and furnished, runs smoother and faster, goes by steam, and, like the Israelitish host, is led on by a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. It is the temporary abode of the wealth and fashion of the land. It always goes with a rush, and sometimes stops with a smash. On the other hand, the coach leads an humble, but not a dull or useless life. It passes through the country in a comfortable and nourishing sort of a way, cheering the eyes of village maidens, and making glad the hearts of small boys, who 'jump on behind,'

awakening the drowsy streets with its rattling wheels, and causing innumerable inn-keepers to smile and grow fat. But the car rushes from starting-place to dépôt with unbecoming and spasmodic haste, affrighting the brute creation, affording the passengers no time to digest the scenery, and leaving no memento of its passage save smoke and cinders and dead cows. And then the car carries too many passengers to allow of the company being sociable, and not enough to always relieve them from embarrassment. To travel a hundred miles or so by rail-road is the business of but a few hours, and does not warrant the formation of new acquaintances. You are jerked to your journey's end before you can say 'Jack Robinson.' Not so with the coach. The company is just large enough to compose a symmetrical and harmonious whole. Shut up together, the travellers at once fall into their proper places, and the little community move forward, sociable and accommodating, as though old friends.

Another striking difference is noticeable in the character of the professional gentlemen who have charge of these two modes of conveyance, and direct the movements of their respective vehicles. There are few points of resemblance between the engineer and the stage-driver. The one is a silent, mysterious personage, redolent of oil and smoke, with face begrimed, and hair and whiskers filled with cinders. When not on duty, he ordinarily maintains a dignified reserve, and bears himself among his associates with an air of conscious superiority. Others may bestow their affections upon horses and dogs, but he has no pet but his locomotive. That is the centre and circumference of his sympathies. He will not hear a word in disparagement of its strength or speed, but is ready to 'back it' against any thing that moves. With what a princely air he mounts his iron-horse! Like a conqueror in his triumphal chariot, he looks back with pride upon the long train that follows him, and feels that he is the head and prime-mover of the whole procession. He is the presiding genius of the rail-road. With skilful fingers he manages his fiery-hearted courser. Now the train tears across a broad plain, now thunders over a bridge, now shoots from a tunnel, as though driven out by gunpowder. There stands the engineer, calm and fearless, with piercing eye, and coat-tails streaming at right-angles with his body, in the wind which himself has created. When nearing town he condescends to give a short concert with his bell, and sometimes indulges the crowd with a specimen of whistling by steam; but this is the extent of his playfulness. He realizes the solemn duties of his calling, and thoroughly devotes himself to his great 'mission.'

The stage-driver is an entirely different personage. His elevated position enables him to take liberal and enlarged views of the world. By constant motion he wears off the rust of humble life. He cannot be justly charged with bigotry in his religious tenets, or with bashfulness in his manners. Usually sharing his seat with some of his passengers, he becomes communicative, and can make himself quite familiar on a short acquaintance. His accomplish-

ments are numerous and admirable. He can whistle the most difficult piece without missing a note, sing a few choice sentimental songs, give a very windy performance on the tin-horn, crack the whip with a graceful flourish, and crack a joke on the slightest provocation. He is an itinerant philosopher: he studies in the stable, lectures from the coach, and debates in the bar-room. He is learned in time-honored witticisms, and familiar with the slang phrases of the day. Let no stranger presume to measure swords with him. He will find he has caught a Tartar, and come out of the contest with more scars than laurels.

The son of Jehu has an especial regard for his 'cattle.' He may occasionally pelt them with curses, and put on the 'string' with the greatest liberality, but no third party must interpose a word. He desires no interference in his family quarrels. Nor will he be dictated as to speed. Let no anxious traveller so far deceive himself as to imagine that he can, by threats or coaxing, induce him to 'go a little faster.' Make the attempt if you choose, and you will have a rare opportunity to scrutinize the scenery for the next half hour, for ten chances to one, the horses will not get out of a walk.

Gentle reader: When you travel by stage-coach do not fail to keep on good terms with the knight of the whip. Treat him with due respect, and he will in return be accommodating and amiable, and exert himself to make your journey pleasant. But if you attempt to lord it over him, or to direct or advise how he shall discharge his professional duties, you will excite his dislike; and, rest assured, he will be revenged. He will plaster some odious nickname upon you, make the ostlers laugh at your expense, start off before you are in your place, drive at a snail's pace where the road is smooth, and shake your very soul out of you when he reaches stones and ruts, and when he finally leaves you at your place of destination he will manifest his grief at parting by throwing your trunk about a rod.

Thus have I endeavored to enumerate the peculiarities of the car and the coach, and to exhibit in a fair light their respective claims to favor. Perhaps I may with propriety, in concluding this branch of the subject, draw a parallel, in the manner of Plutarch, between the two; thus:

The car is fashionable and the coach is venerable. The car rushes to and fro in the great arteries of the country, while the coach penetrates the extremities and keeps up an agreeable circulation through the whole system. The car moves with energy, the coach with dignity. The one is troubled with smoke and sparks, the other with dust and mud. Both are liable to accidents, with this difference; if upset in a coach you only gain more phrenological developments or break a rib or a limb, but if run off the track you are smashed to a jelly: there is a doctor to pay in one case and an undertaker in the other. Which is preferable on the whole, must long remain a mooted question. He who has leisure, and is fond of variety in his travels, and is able in case of an emergency to walk up the steep hills, and to lend a hand, now and then, in prying his favorite out of the mud;

such an one will decide in favor of the coach. On the other hand, the active business man, the speculator, the pursuing sheriff and the pursued rogue, and above all, the fidgety, uneasy character, who is always in a great hurry to be where he has no business, and who would be willing to whiz through the air on the tail of a sky-rocket if he could only be sure of landing in a crowd; all these at once give in their suffrages for the car.

Having thus carefully compared the first two terms of our proposition, and having ascertained what relation they sustain to each other, in what they agree and in what they differ, it now remains to discover the fourth term; something which shall be found to sustain a similar relation to a city that the coach does to the car.

But I find myself in a condition resembling that of the Dutch tumbler mentioned in the celebrated historical work of **DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER**, of whom it is recorded, that he took a start of three miles for the purpose of jumping over a hill, but having run himself out of breath by the time he reached the foot, set himself down for a few moments to blow, and then walked over at his leisure. I deem it prudent to imitate his example, and will therefore rest awhile from these abstruse mathematical investigations, and 'blow' a little.

GULIELMUS.

# L I N E S

IN ANSWER TO 'DINNA FORGET,' IN THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR NOVEMBER.

NEED ye bid me remember  
The scenes of the past,  
Life's bright happy spring time,  
Too happy to last?  
Though from those loved scenes  
An exile I roam,  
My heart still is bound  
By the sweet ties of home.

Forget thee? My sister,  
The light of thy love,  
Still beameth upon me  
Where'er I may rove;  
And mem'ry recalleth  
The days when we sung  
The sweet Vesper Hymn  
In our own cottage home.

My mother! thou know'st  
That I cannot forget  
The mother who bore me,  
Who bearest me yet  
In the innermost shrine  
Of her fond loving heart;  
Ah! I hardly can tell  
How we ever could part!

Full oft when my little ones  
Climb on my knee,  
My thoughts, ever faithful,  
Fly homeward to thee;  
And I lean my tired head  
On thy kind gentle breast,  
And whisper as they do,  
Mother! sing me to rest.

Though far I have wandered  
O'er billow and spray;  
One bright hope has lighted me  
On my dark dreary way;  
'Tis the hope of return  
To America's strand,  
For how can I forget  
My dear native land!

'Tis there I would live,  
'Tis there, I would die;  
With her free air would blend  
My last parting sigh;  
But if in the far North  
My life's star should set,  
Forget not the lost one;  
Ah! dinna forget!

G. C. M.



## THE O. P. RIOTS.

THE commotion, which from its long continuance, and the absorbing interest it excited in the city of London, has become celebrated as the 'O. P. Riots,' occurred in Covent-Garden Theatre, London, in the year 1809. This theatre had been erected on the site of a building which from 1733, was devoted to theatrical performances, and which on the morning of the twentieth of September, 1808, had been destroyed by fire.

Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane Theatres were the leading establishments of the kind in the metropolis, and their performances were sanctioned by royal patent, which secured a monopoly of representing the highest class of dramatic productions; that privilege being denied to their theatrical cotemporaries. The corner stone of the new edifice was laid by the PRINCE OF WALES, grand-master of the Masonic order, amid a display by the fraternity, and with the usual solemnities, on the thirty-first of December, 1808. The work proceeded to completion with a celerity hitherto unparalleled and then deemed almost magical; and on the eighteenth of September, 1809, the building was ready to be opened to the public.

Its exterior was graced by some architectural beauty, and the interior was adorned by great richness of ornament, and judiciously arranged to afford an opportunity to each spectator of seeing and hearing every thing that might be passing on the stage. The boxes of the first and second circles, as in the old house, were appropriated to the public at large. The third circle, however, was divided into separate boxes, the access to which was by a separate entrance, and these boxes were intended for the exclusive use of annual subscribers.

For several days prior to that which had been fixed for the opening, the proprietors announced, through the daily newspapers, that the building had been completed, and 'begged leave respectfully to state to the public the absolute necessity that compelled them to make the following advance in the prices of admission:'

'Boxes, seven shillings; half price, three shillings and sixpence; pit, four shillings; half price as usual. The lower and upper galleries will remain at the old prices. On the late calamitous destruction of their property, the proprietors, encouraged by the remembrance of former patronage, instantly and cheerfully applied themselves to the erection of a new theatre, solicitous only, that without enlarging the audience-part of the edifice, it might afford the public improved accommodation and security, and at the same time, present an additional ornament to the metropolis of the British empire. This their most anxious wish, they flatter themselves they have solidly effected, not only within the short space of ten months, from the laying of the foundations, but under the enormously expensive disadvantage of circumstances singularly unfavorable to building.

'When it is known that no less a sum than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds has been expended in order to render this theatre worthy of British spectators and of the genius of their native poets; when in this undertaking the inevitable accumulation of at least a six-fold rentage is incurred; and when, in addition to these pressing incumbrances, the increased and rapidly increasing prices of every article indispensable to dramatic representations come to be considered, the proprietors persuade themselves, that in their proposed regulation they shall be honored with the concurrence of an enlightened and liberal public.'

The prices of admission to the old theatre had been, boxes six shillings; half-price, three shillings; pit, three shillings and sixpence.

Upon this announcement being made, various articles appeared in the newspapers of the day, severely criticizing the statements put forth by the proprietors, and with a free use of abusive epithets, denying that any necessity had arisen, which could justify any advance on the old prices. It was charged that the proprietors intended to deceive the public; that the conflagration was in fact a benefit rather than a misfortune, as the old building was exceedingly dilapidated, and it had been in contemplation to tear it down; that an engagement had been formed with Madam Catalini, at four thousand pounds per annum, while native performers were without employment; and that a course would be pursued calculated 'to banish the genius of our native poets from the stage.' In addition to these causes of discontent, the annual boxes became the subject of strong animadversion; and from the arrangement of them, they gave rise, without any apparently just cause, to the most scandalous insinuations.

Out of the hundreds of these attacks, all in a similar spirit, we make an extract from one which gives a good idea of the asperity, the violence, and the bitterness of all. On the sixteenth of September, one writer concludes his article with: 'I am for rebellion; and let me tell King JOHN, that if he will not give us the English spirit of Garrick, we will give him and his Frenchified crew the spirit of Marat. The spirit of Garrick was this, bless his English soul!'

Thus apparently eager for the contest waited the public for the fated day; and as from a hostile army ever and anon was heard 'the dreadful note of preparation.' The eighteenth day of September had arrived, and for hours before the doors were opened, an immense crowd was waiting for admittance. At the appointed time the way was cleared, and though but one entrance to the pit, that on Bedford-avenue was opened, much to the dissatisfaction of the crowd, the house in a few minutes was filled to its utmost capacity. Thus with feelings still more irritated, a portion of the audience entered the house, and all of them in no humor to brook with easy acquiescence any infringement of their usual privileges.

For a few minutes the people were occupied in admiring the beauty of the decorations; yet no music from the orchestra served to amuse them when their wonder had abated, and they were left to turn from what had for a moment kept them silent, to the causes of discontent which were remaining in their breasts. The audience called for 'God Save the King,' a request that in former days had always met with an instantaneous response; but their call was vain; the musicians failed to comply. They now loudly manifested their resentment; and at length, when acquiescence had no merit, when the audience would estimate compliance as something extorted by fear; the orchestra, the actors, and the audience united to swell the national anthem. Aroused by these things, the people were not to be appeased; and on the appearance of the manager, Mr. JOHN P. KEMBLE, in the costume of Macbeth, for the purpose of making the opening occasional address, the storm burst out in all its fury. The address was unheard amidst the yells and cries of the exasperated

people. Kemble begged with his eyes and attitudes, for with his voice it was all in vain. 'No imposition!' 'No Catalini!' saluted his ears; and above the din was heard the words, which became the potent Shibboleth of uproar and confusion, '*Old Prices!*' '*Old Prices!*'

The address being passed over, the play commenced, but neither the tones of Macbeth, nor those of his lady, Mrs. Siddons, could calm the tempest, or win one short moment of repose. The storm raged on, to the close of the play; and when Macduff (C. Kemble) stabbed the King, the audience, as if regretting that the scene was not a reality, urged on the deed: 'Well done! kill him, Charley!'

The performances of the evening being concluded, the audience kept their seats, and the managers were called for. Long was the call protracted; when, in place of the managers, the magistrates made their appearance on the stage. Threats of vengeance were loudly uttered at this new insult. The 'riot act' was produced, the reading was begun, and meeting with no better reception than the play, was finished in dumb show. The magistrates, finding that their presence failed to produce the desired effect, and conscious that they had mistaken their powers, and had at least made themselves the subjects of ridicule, withdrew, leaving the audience in full possession of the house.

Throughout this whole affair, the managers had been guilty of the most inexcusable blunders. They had commenced by irritating the people in failing to open to them all the avenues of entrance within their power; they had wounded their pride in a tender point by neglecting to comply with the call for the national anthem; and had now still farther excited them by calling upon the magistrates to disperse them as a riotous mob, when no riot had taken place; no injury had been done to person or property; and when they had merely been guilty of exercising what was deemed by them an indefeasible right: the expression of disapprobation. They had drowned by clamor the voices of the performers; they had turned their backs on the stage while Mr. J. P. Kemble was on it; but they had done nothing for which they were amenable to the laws of the land.

'The Times' of the next morning, giving an account of the events of the evening, concludes with this language: 'The proprietors must come down; they are over-shooting their mark, and they had better give up what in the end *will be ignominiously wrested from them.*'

'The Beggar's Opera' was performed on the next evening, (the nineteenth of September,) amid a similar discordant din, which was kept up with unabated violence until the close of the evening's performances. At the half-price, the theatre filled up; banners and placards, with the words '*Old Prices!*' were passed about. One of these placards was snatched by a boy belonging to the orchestra, and the cry became general, 'Get upon the stage!' Upon this, numbers of Bow-street officers entered on the stage from the wings,

and the trap-doors were let down, and yawned to catch the invaders. On the third evening the same occurrences took place.

It may be remarked, that no personal violence was offered to any of the performers during the continuance of these disturbances; and the audience seemed desirous of showing that their conduct was directed solely at the managers. At last, on this evening, though he had often been called before, Mr. Kemble made his appearance on the stage. Silence was obtained; he advanced, and announced that the proprietors were willing to conform to the wishes of the public. This assurance was received with rapture; but when silence was again restored, he added: 'Ladies and gentlemen, *I want to know what you want.*'

The audience would hear no more; and amid a Babel of words, he retired. After a short time, Mr. Smyth, a barrister, addressed the audience, and obtained a hearing for Mr. Kemble, who again approached, and again inquired the wishes of the audience. A Mr. Leigh replied, '*The Old Prices.*' Mr. Kemble reiterated the assertions of the opening card, and without yielding in the slightest to the demands, withdrew.

After a day or two, the managers proposed the appointment of a committee of gentlemen to investigate the affairs of the theatre, and report whether its circumstances required that the new prices should be maintained, and named, as such committee, the Governor of the Bank of England, the Accountant-general of the Court of Chancery, Sir Francis Baring, and Mr. Augerstein, the Attorney-general. Objections were made to this committee, and at length a committee was agreed upon, and on the sixth night, (September twenty-third,) the managers announced that the theatre would remain closed until the report was made, and that the engagement of Catalini was relinquished. The report of the committee was presented to the public on the second of October, and the conclusion at which the committee had arrived was stated to be in favor of the new prices. The theatre was reöpened on Wednesday, October the fourth, but with no better success. The public were dissatisfied. They thought the accounts of the theatre had not been presented fairly to the committee. This report, together with a statement of the receipts and expenditures of the last six years, formed the basis of numerous spirited attacks, and the subject of unrelenting abuse.

The same scenes of confusion ensued at the reöpening, and the violence of popular clamor was unabated. Almost nightly the audience was addressed by persons from the boxes; they were urged to a continued expression of the feeling which had moved them; and the public at large was united with the play-goers in their resistance to the demands of the managers. For the purpose of overawing the people, Mendoza, a noted pugilist, with persons of a similar character, were introduced into the pit, and this device failed of success. The fights were nightly renewed, until at length these intruders were expelled; and then the O. P. songs were sung, the O. P. dances danced, and the badges worn and banners displayed without interruption.

So great hold had these affairs taken on the public mind, that O. P. watch-ribbons and tooth-picks were in common use, and ladies of respectability were frequently seen in the boxes, encouraging by their presence the more immediate actors. The magistrates, too, had not been without employment, and each evening they were engaged in receiving complaints and disposing of offenders, who were arrested and brought before them, charged with a participation in these disturbances; and scores of persons, of respectable station in society, were bailed to answer at the approaching sessions. The causes of the complaint against the managers were now defined to be the alteration of the prices, the employment of the pugilists, and the erection of the annual boxes, which were deemed an encroachment on the rights of the public, who were thereby restricted to narrower limits than formerly.

On the twenty-eighth night, (October thirty-first,) the fury of the audience seemed to have abated; the house was very crowded, and the opposition did not commence until the fourth act. There were but few hats seen in the pit with the O. P. cypher on them; among them, however, was seen a gentleman of the bar, who, standing in the centre of the pit, and being well known and recognized, the pit gave three cheers of 'Clifford forever!' The uproar continued until the close of the performances, when the crowd quietly dispersed. From the police-reports of the day we learn, however, that 'at the close of the performance, Mr. Clifford, the barrister, and four other persons, were taken into custody in the avenue leading from the pit, and brought before the magistrate. They were charged with wearing the letters O. P. on their hats, and making a violent noise and riot in the pit during the performance.' Mr. Clifford and his friends avowed the fact, and declared that they had expressed their disapprobation of the performance, but not illegally. The magistrate, without hesitation, ordered them to be discharged; and on leaving the office, they were hailed with cheers and acclamations by an immense crowd of persons, who had witnessed their capture by the officers, and conducted them away in triumph. It appeared that this arrest was made by order of Mr. Brandon, the box-keeper.

Mr. Clifford brought an action for false imprisonment against Brandon, which was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, before Sir James Mansfield, chief justice, December the fifth, 1809. Two questions were submitted to the jury by the court: whether Mr. Clifford had been guilty of a riot, and whether he had been illegally arrested. The verdict was for the plaintiff, with five pounds damages.

After the verdict was rendered, the judge inquired on what grounds they founded their verdict, and he was answered: 'We found the verdict on the ground that the plaintiff was illegally apprehended.' On being pressed for a more explicit disclosure, the answer was: 'It was generally thought rather *harsh* to construe wearing O. P. into an act of riot, and by some that it would be *inconsistent with the rights of Englishmen*.'

Mr. Clifford was now a frequent visitor to the pit, and his appearance was always hailed with enthusiastic uproar, and O. P.-ism flourished with still greater vigor. Subscriptions were opened for the assistance of persons who had been prosecuted, and a large sum of money was collected. A dinner was given at the Crown-and-Anchor tavern, December the fourteenth, by the '*Enemies to Managerial Insolence and Oppression*,' Mr. Clifford in the chair. He stated that he had had an interview with Mr. Kemble, and that he desired to appear on that occasion, for the purpose of making a proposition for the arrangement of the existing difficulties.

This request was acceded to, and Mr. Kemble entered the room. He was received with some applause, and was invited to take a seat on the right hand of Mr. Clifford. After an expression of opinion by several gentlemen present, a committee retired, and on returning they stated the propositions to which the proprietors were expected to accede:

I. The private boxes shall be reduced to the same situation as they were in 1802. (Loud applause and unanimous assent.)

II. With regard to prices, that if the pit should return to what it was, three shillings and sixpence, but that of the boxes should be continued at seven shillings. Very few hands appeared for the affirmative, and when the negative was put a sort of O. P. dance took place, which rather emphatically answered the question.

III. An apology must be made to the public, and Mr. Brandon must be dismissed. Loudly acclaimed.

IV. That all actions at law and prosecutions shall be at an end on both sides. Received with applauses.

Mr. Kemble said he would lay these propositions before the proprietors; and expressing his regret at the rupture between them and the public, and his desire for a reconciliation, he withdrew. An apology from the proprietors appeared at the bottom of the play-bills on the fifteenth December; a change was made in the price of admission to the pit; and a promise was given that at the end of the season the annual boxes should be removed. Mr. Kemble took part in the evening's performances. He announced that Mr. Brandon had retired from the office of box-keeper; he deprecated the introduction of the pugilists, and renewed the promises made in the bills. The audience listened breathless to the address; and at its close '*We are satisfied!*' resounded through the house; cheers preceded cheers; the play proceeded, amid reiterated bursts of applause; and with this evening, the O. P. riots ceased forever.

The O. P. party in its triumph was disposed to forget the excitement of the past, and they united in giving a public dinner to Messrs. Kemble and Harris, on the fourth of January, 1810, on which occasion the reconciliation was cemented by a night of enjoyment and hilarity.

Thus closed these exciting scenes, unparalleled in theatrical history. For sixty nights had the regular performances of the theatre been interrupted in the most violent manner, and yet no injury had been done to persons or property. The contest had been successful on

the part of the public. The law has now become established, that the audience with their tickets purchase the right to condemn as well as to praise.

While managers desire applause they must submit to censure ; they have no right to complain when their efforts to please fail of success. Public opinion and public taste are the criterions of excellence, and there is no appeal. The stage may now take warning by the past, and learn an important truth from a favorite motto of the O. P.-ists :

' THE drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
And those who live to please, must please, to live.'

W D.

# A S O N G T O I S A B E L .

BY G. G. EASTMAN.

ARE thy thoughts upon the sea,  
ISABEL?  
Are thy thoughts upon the sea —  
Can you tell?  
All day sitting,  
Humming, knitting,  
Scarcely ever looking wily up as formerly at me ;  
Where's thy chatter,  
What's the matter,  
ISABEL?

Are thy thoughts upon the sea,  
ISABEL?  
With thy lover on the sea,  
ISABEL?  
Ah, thy mother,  
And another !  
When the symptoms made appearance of this maiden's maladies  
In a letter,  
Told the better,  
ISABEL.

If thy heart is on the sea,  
ISABEL,  
And thy thoughts are on the sea,  
It is well ;  
Round thy lover,  
Let them hover :  
Though thy mother says OLD SKINFLINT has more mortgages than he ;  
Thy lip's honey,  
Bought with money —  
I - S - A - B - E - L !!

*Montpelier, (Vt.)*

## A R I D E T O B O N A V E N T U R E .

NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

THE first thing I do when I arrive at a town of any considerable size, is to study the plan which usually hangs in every hotel, and obtain some general idea of the direction of the streets, and the locality of the important public buildings. The next thing I do is to mount a horse reputed for gentleness and sagacity, or who, at all events, can find the way back to his stall; and then I sally out in quest of adventures. If my memory should fail, I rely upon the extra intelligence hired for the day from the livery-stable; and it has happened to me more than once to discover in this way the truth of the maxim that 'Two heads are better than one.' In Savannah, where I am now writing, one hardly needs a clue of this kind. Any one who, 'in boyhood's years,' has watched the gradual growth of a bed-quilt under his mother's or sister's hands, and remembers the regularity with which the patches of green are interspersed with the patches of white, red and yellow, is perfectly qualified to appreciate all the mysteries of this beautiful city. The 'organ of order' must have been fully developed upon the head of its founder. It excels even Philadelphia in its regularity, for there is no such enormity as Dock-street, cutting decent parallelograms into triangles, and perplexing the mind of every traveller. But to do Philadelphia, which I love, no comparative injustice, let me send down and borrow the plan of the city for another scrutiny.

Well, here it is, spread out upon my bed, and covering nearly the whole counterpane. The original city is laid out with the most perfect regularity; but to accommodate the windings of the river, there was necessarily a little bend in the street which lies upon it; and here on the east is a road marked 'Thunderbolt,' which forces its way into the very heart of the suburbs. There are some twenty squares, well filled with trees, which in this spring weather are covered with an abundant foliage, the leaves looking as fresh and as green as if they had come from the country. Underneath, the Bermuda-grass grows vigorously, being protected by a railing and a peculiar gate, which prohibits the passage of every thing incapable of passing through a strait only one foot in the clear. I have seen ladies in all the glory of their flowing vestments within these enclosures, and I have also seen cows; but how they got in it is impossible for me to tell. There is always a difficulty about these green enclosures. The fathers of the city of course mean that every body should enjoy them, even boys with their shinny-sticks; and the delicate question is, how to regulate the terms of admission so as to exclude those who are unable properly to enjoy the privi-



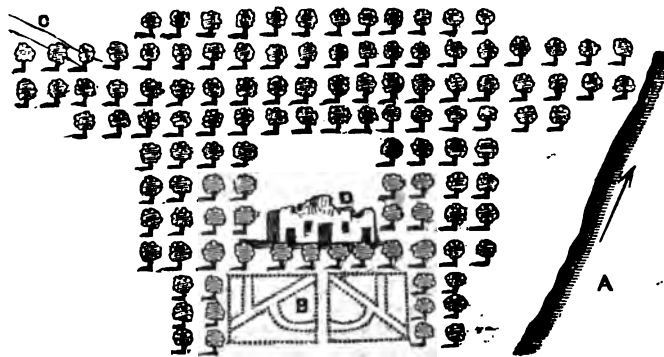
lege, and at the same time not to make the tariff bear too heavily upon the most beautiful objects in any place—the ladies.

However, that is not the subject which I ‘took my pen in hand’ to write about. The strange name, the ‘Thunderbolt-road,’ caught my eye upon the first glance at the map; and accordingly, after I had trotted awhile through the streets, and familiarized my eye pretty well with the prominent buildings, I struck off into this beautiful ‘path,’ as they say in this country. For a couple of miles it runs between fences and ditches, lined by the most magnificent trees. Within are gardens for the supply of the markets of the city. They appear to be highly productive, the soil being very rich, and well watered. Though early in spring, there seemed to be plenty of peas and ripe potatoes. It is hardly necessary to add, that they were cultivated by those most accomplished knights of the spade, the Patlanders.

I followed the road that seemed most travelled, and found myself in the midst of a beautiful grove of cedars, and soon before a house that occupied a picturesque position on the high bluff of the Savannah. The family appeared to be in a state of excitement. Little negroes were tearing back and forth between the garden-gate and the kitchen, and those of larger growth were thumping away upon tin-pans, iron-kettles, shovel-and-tongs, and various other instruments of discordant music. They seemed to be directing their attention to a cluster of trees, up to the branches of which they were gazing with as much earnestness as if they meant to magnetize them; but their wills were too much disturbed, for the branches waved in the gentle breeze very unconcernedly, while the countenances of the magnetizers were very much concerned indeed. Ancient Druids could not have looked with more appearance of devotion up to the solemn oaks, whence they expected aid, than did these sable aspirants in this noisy and mysterious concert; and the priests of Baäl could not have made more of a ‘fuss generally’ than was here produced by these extemporaneous drummers. They told me, ‘De bees been swarming,’ and all the noise was intended to charm them to remain. On me it had the effect of ‘the reverse passes,’ and I pursued my way along the river-bank. The shore is bold, and the table-land is at least eighty feet above the water. As I rode along I had a succession of beautiful views, very extensive, taking in many rice-plantations, with their broad canals and their white-washed and comfortable-looking cabins glistening in the sun-light. But my attention was suddenly withdrawn from all other objects by finding myself in the midst of an avenue of live-oaks, one hundred yards long.

Exclamations on paper never look well. No quantity of marks of surprise (!!!) have any effect upon my feelings. My eyes usually glide over them without many thanks to the printer for his trouble. In fact, I doubt if any one, when quite alone, ever says ‘oh!’ or ‘ah!’ The physical effect of surprise is a quickening of the pulse, and an interruption of regular respiration for a moment, and

an effort to relieve one's-self by a long breath, which sometimes takes the shape of a long, low whistle. Now I have read as many descriptions of groves as any person I know, and supposed I had as good an idea of the original Gothic arch as could be obtained from trees planted by nature or art; but I confess I never imagined any thing which approached in beauty and impressiveness the avenues of oaks at Bonaventure. It will be impossible for any description that I can make to affect you as the sight must affect any one, who is at all impressible, when on the spot. After riding about for near an hour, I discovered that they had been planted by the hand of man, and were intended to surround a house, of which the ruins still remain. Standing in front of the house, you perceive that the rows before you, at the right hand and the left, and behind you, once formed the enclosure of a large square; beyond these, on every side except in the rear of the house, there are three other rows, quite perfect, forming three complete avenues, affording cool and shady walks at all times of the day. The centre rows are continued down to the river on one side, and toward the city on the other. A slight sketch will make this plain:



A: the River. B: the Garden. C: Road to the City. D: Ruined Dwelling.

Behind the house there must have been a beautiful garden. The borders of the beds are made of 'tabby,' I think it is called, being a composition of lime, sand and shells, and they remain perfect to this hour. This beautiful place has not been inhabited for many years, and other trees have grown up among the live-oaks, producing an appearance of irregularity, which makes it difficult for a stranger to find out at once the details of the plan. These grounds have recently been purchased by the proprietor of the hotel, with the intention of laying them out for a cemetery. The surface of the earth is not so diversified as at Mount Auburn; but its solemn oaks, heavily draped with moss, give it a peculiar fitness for funeral purposes, which cannot elsewhere be obtained.

L.

*Mobile, Alabama.*

## T O M Y A B S E N T S I S T E R .

BY BENJ. T. CUSHING.

## I.

When morning dawns with eye of light,  
And balmy zephyrs soft and coy,  
And meadows green, and streamlets bright,  
Are filling every soul with joy ;  
When upward wheels the lark on high,  
And gaily peals the starling's cry,  
And blithely chirps the tiny wren,  
And whirrs the partridge through the glen,  
Then doth my spirit long for thee ;  
Say, sister, dost thou think of me ?

## II

When all is wrapped in noontide heat,  
And kindly gales have ceased to blow,  
And earth is pressed by busy feet,  
And wild deer to their covert go ;  
When dews all dry from buds and flowers,  
And birds all hie to shadier bowers,  
And every billow, tinged with gold,  
More softly o'er the beach is rolled ;  
Then does my spirit long for thee ;  
Say, dear one ! dost thou think of me ?

## III.

When proudly on his watery bed  
The bright-haired sun sinks down to rest,  
And evening steals with silent tread,  
And gentle ring-doves seek their nest ;  
When insects raise their piping notes,  
As twilight haze above them floats,  
And crimson clouds of changing hue  
Mix with the deep and boundless blue ;  
Then does my spirit long for thee ;  
Say, lov'd one ! dost thou think of me ?

## IV.

When slowly comes the silver moon,  
And stars in liquid beauty glow,  
And pearl-like, clustering one by one,  
The trembling dew-drops gem the bough ;  
When all things rest in earth and air,  
While o'er my breast steal memories fair  
Of all I love, of all I know,  
Of all I prize most dear below ;  
My spirit fondly dwells with thee ;  
Then, Sister ! then, O think of me !

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING, a Major-General in the Army of the United States during the Revolution. By his grandson, WILLIAM ALEXANDER DUER, LL. D.

SUCH is the title of a work recently published by the Historical Society of New-Jersey, as the second volume of its 'Collections,' and which is now for sale in this city, by Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM. To say nothing of the literary execution of this book, we seldom see, in these days of cheap publications, one more attractive in its appearance. The typography is admirable, and it is embellished by a portrait of Lord STIRLING, and other well-executed engravings. Until we had read this volume, we must confess we had no adequate conception of the character and services of Lord STIRLING, important as we believed the latter to have been; and we fully agree with his biographer in considering it 'not less consonant to justice than duty that one of his descendants should attempt to compensate for the neglect' of those historians of the American Revolution, and compilers of American biography, who have so imperfectly appreciated the character and commemorated the services 'of an officer who was surpassed by few of his contemporaries in military experience and enterprise; by *one* only in disinterested and zealous devotion to his country; by none in the sacrifices he made for it.'

The subject of this memoir was born in the city of New-York, in 1726. His father, JAMES ALEXANDER, came from Scotland to this country in the year 1716; and from his mathematical acquirements, soon afterward obtained the appointment of Surveyor-General for the two provinces of New-York and New-Jersey. In the latter he was succeeded by his son, who seems to have inherited his father's fondness for the mathematics. The father had served in the rebellion of 1715 as an officer of engineers; and from him the son may also have inherited his military tastes. Though bred a merchant, young ALEXANDER at an early age joined the British army under General SHIRLEY, and became his private secretary and aid-de-camp. When SHIRLEY was recalled, he accompanied him to England; and upon an inquiry into the conduct of the general during his command in America, the secretary and aid-de-camp was examined as a witness on his behalf, at the bar of the House of Commons. It was not so much the general as the ministry that was attacked on this occasion; and as Mr. ALEXANDER's testimony tended materially to their exculpation, he subsequently received the most flattering attentions from the premier, the elder WILLIAM PITT, afterward the great Lord CHATHAM, as well as from other leading members of the administration. Among them was the celebrated CHARLES TOWNSHEND, by whose encouragement and the persuasions of more intimate friends he was induced to lay

So great hold had these affairs taken on the public mind, that O. P. watch-ribbons and tooth-picks were in common use, and ladies of respectability were frequently seen in the boxes, encouraging by their presence the more immediate actors. The magistrates, too, had not been without employment, and each evening they were engaged in receiving complaints and disposing of offenders, who were arrested and brought before them, charged with a participation in these disturbances; and scores of persons, of respectable station in society, were bailed to answer at the approaching sessions. The causes of the complaint against the managers were now defined to be the alteration of the prices, the employment of the pugilists, and the erection of the annual boxes, which were deemed an encroachment on the rights of the public, who were thereby restricted to narrower limits than formerly.

On the twenty-eighth night, (October thirty-first,) the fury of the audience seemed to have abated; the house was very crowded, and the opposition did not commence until the fourth act. There were but few hats seen in the pit with the O. P. cypher on them; among them, however, was seen a gentleman of the bar, who, standing in the centre of the pit, and being well known and recognized, the pit gave three cheers of 'Clifford forever!' The uproar continued until the close of the performances, when the crowd quietly dispersed. From the police-reports of the day we learn, however, that 'at the close of the performance, Mr. Clifford, the barrister, and four other persons, were taken into custody in the avenue leading from the pit, and brought before the magistrate. They were charged with wearing the letters O. P. on their hats, and making a violent noise and riot in the pit during the performance.' Mr. Clifford and his friends avowed the fact, and declared that they had expressed their disapprobation of the performance, but not illegally. The magistrate, without hesitation, ordered them to be discharged; and on leaving the office, they were hailed with cheers and acclamations by an immense crowd of persons, who had witnessed their capture by the officers, and conducted them away in triumph. It appeared that this arrest was made by order of Mr. Brandon, the box-keeper.

Mr. Clifford brought an action for false imprisonment against Brandon, which was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, before Sir James Mansfield, chief justice, December the fifth, 1809. Two questions were submitted to the jury by the court: whether Mr. Clifford had been guilty of a riot, and whether he had been illegally arrested. The verdict was for the plaintiff, with five pounds damages.

After the verdict was rendered, the judge inquired on what grounds they founded their verdict, and he was answered: 'We found the verdict on the ground that the plaintiff was illegally apprehended.' On being pressed for a more explicit disclosure, the answer was: 'It was generally thought rather *harsh* to construe wearing O. P. into an act of riot, and by some that it would be *inconsistent with the rights of Englishmen*.'

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This request was acceded to, and Mr. Kemble entered the room. He was received with some applause, and was invited to take a seat on the right hand of Mr. Clifford. After an expression of opinion by several gentlemen present, a committee retired, and on returning they stated the propositions to which the proprietors were expected to accede:

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IV. That all actions at law and prosecutions shall be at an end on both sides. Received with applauses.

Mr. Kemble said he would lay these propositions before the proprietors; and expressing his regret at the rupture between them and the public, and his desire for a reconciliation, he withdrew. An apology from the proprietors appeared at the bottom of the play-bills on the fifteenth December; a change was made in the price of admission to the pit; and a promise was given that at the end of the season the annual boxes should be removed. Mr. Kemble took part in the evening's performances. He announced that Mr. Brandon had retired from the office of box-keeper; he deprecated the introduction of the pugilists, and renewed the promises made in the bills. The audience listened breathless to the address; and at its close '*We are satisfied!*' resounded through the house; cheers preceded cheers; the play proceeded, amid reiterated bursts of applause; and with this evening, the O. P. riots ceased forever.

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W D.

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A S O N G T O I S A B E L .

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BY G. O. EASTMAN.

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Montpelier, (Vt.)

## A R I D E T O B O N A V E N T U R E .

NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

THE first thing I do when I arrive at a town of any considerable size, is to study the plan which usually hangs in every hotel, and obtain some general idea of the direction of the streets, and the locality of the important public buildings. The next thing I do is to mount a horse reputed for gentleness and sagacity, or who, at all events, can find the way back to his stall; and then I sally out in quest of adventures. If my memory should fail, I rely upon the extra intelligence hired for the day from the livery-stable; and it has happened to me more than once to discover in this way the truth of the maxim that 'Two heads are better than one.' In Savannah, where I am now writing, one hardly needs a clue of this kind. Any one who, 'in boyhood's years,' has watched the gradual growth of a bed-quilt under his mother's or sister's hands, and remembers the regularity with which the patches of green are interspersed with the patches of white, red and yellow, is perfectly qualified to appreciate all the mysteries of this beautiful city. The 'organ of order' must have been fully developed upon the head of its founder. It excels even Philadelphia in its regularity, for there is no such enormity as Dock-street, cutting decent parallelograms into triangles, and perplexing the mind of every traveller. But to do Philadelphia, which I love, no comparative injustice, let me send down and borrow the plan of the city for another scrutiny.

Well, here it is, spread out upon my bed, and covering nearly the whole counterpane. The original city is laid out with the most perfect regularity; but to accommodate the windings of the river, there was necessarily a little bend in the street which lies upon it; and here on the east is a road marked 'Thunderbolt,' which forces its way into the very heart of the suburbs. There are some twenty squares, well filled with trees, which in this spring weather are covered with an abundant foliage, the leaves looking as fresh and as green as if they had come from the country. Underneath, the Bermuda-grass grows vigorously, being protected by a railing and a peculiar gate, which prohibits the passage of every thing incapable of passing through a strait only one foot in the clear. I have seen ladies in all the glory of their flowing vestments within these enclosures, and I have also seen cows; but how they got in it is impossible for me to tell. There is always a difficulty about these green enclosures. The fathers of the city of course mean that every body should enjoy them, even boys with their shinny-sticks; and the delicate question is, how to regulate the terms of admission so as to exclude those who are unable properly to enjoy the privi-



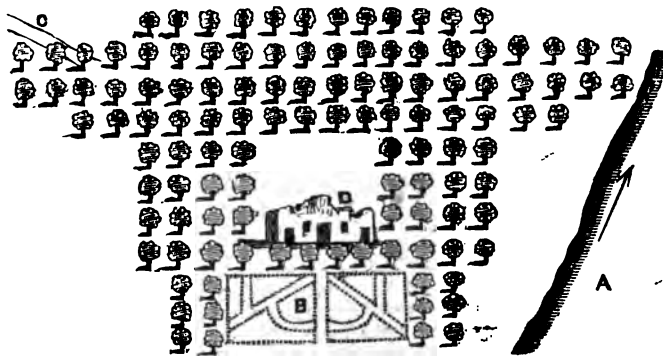
lege, and at the same time not to make the tariff bear too heavily upon the most beautiful objects in any place—the ladies.

However, that is not the subject which I ‘took my pen in hand’ to write about. The strange name, the ‘Thunderbolt-road,’ caught my eye upon the first glance at the map; and accordingly, after I had trotted awhile through the streets, and familiarized my eye pretty well with the prominent buildings, I struck off into this beautiful ‘path,’ as they say in this country. For a couple of miles it runs between fences and ditches, lined by the most magnificent trees. Within are gardens for the supply of the markets of the city. They appear to be highly productive, the soil being very rich, and well watered. Though early in spring, there seemed to be plenty of peas and ripe potatoes. It is hardly necessary to add, that they were cultivated by those most accomplished knights of the spade, the Patlanders.

I followed the road that seemed most travelled, and found myself in the midst of a beautiful grove of cedars, and soon before a house that occupied a picturesque position on the high bluff of the Savannah. The family appeared to be in a state of excitement. Little negroes were tearing back and forth between the garden-gate and the kitchen, and those of larger growth were thumping away upon tin-pans, iron-kettles, shovel-and-tongs, and various other instruments of discordant music. They seemed to be directing their attention to a cluster of trees, up to the branches of which they were gazing with as much earnestness as if they meant to magnetize them; but their wills were too much disturbed, for the branches waved in the gentle breeze very unconcernedly, while the countenances of the magnetizers were very much concerned indeed. Ancient Druids could not have looked with more appearance of devotion up to the solemn oaks, whence they expected aid, than did these sable aspirants in this noisy and mysterious concert; and the priests of Baäl could not have made more of a ‘fuss generally’ than was here produced by these extemporaneous drummers. They told me, ‘De bees been swarming,’ and all the noise was intended to charm them to remain. On me it had the effect of ‘the reverse passes,’ and I pursued my way along the river-bank. The shore is bold, and the table-land is at least eighty feet above the water. As I rode along I had a succession of beautiful views, very extensive, taking in many rice-plantations, with their broad canals and their white-washed and comfortable-looking cabins glistening in the sun-light. But my attention was suddenly withdrawn from all other objects by finding myself in the midst of an avenue of live-oaks, one hundred yards long.

Exclamations on paper never look well. No quantity of marks of surprise (!!!) have any effect upon my feelings. My eyes usually glide over them without many thanks to the printer for his trouble. In fact, I doubt if any one, when quite alone, ever says ‘oh!’ or ‘ah!’ The physical effect of surprise is a quickening of the pulse, and an interruption of regular respiration for a moment, and

an effort to relieve one's-self by a long breath, which sometimes takes the shape of a long, low whistle. Now I have read as many descriptions of groves as any person I know, and supposed I had as good an idea of the original Gothic arch as could be obtained from trees planted by nature or art; but I confess I never imagined any thing which approached in beauty and impressiveness the avenues of oaks at Bonaventure. It will be impossible for any description that I can make to affect you as the sight must affect any one, who is at all impressible, when on the spot. After riding about for near an hour, I discovered that they had been planted by the hand of man, and were intended to surround a house, of which the ruins still remain. Standing in front of the house, you perceive that the rows before you, at the right hand and the left, and behind you, once formed the enclosure of a large square; beyond these, on every side except in the rear of the house, there are three other rows, quite perfect, forming three complete avenues, affording cool and shady walks at all times of the day. The centre rows are continued down to the river on one side, and toward the city on the other. A slight sketch will make this plain:



A: the River. B: the Garden. C: Road to the City. D: Ruined Dwelling.

Behind the house there must have been a beautiful garden. The borders of the beds are made of 'tabby,' I think it is called, being a composition of lime, sand and shells, and they remain perfect to this hour. This beautiful place has not been inhabited for many years, and other trees have grown up among the live-oaks, producing an appearance of irregularity, which makes it difficult for a stranger to find out at once the details of the plan. These grounds have recently been purchased by the proprietor of the hotel, with the intention of laying them out for a cemetery. The surface of the earth is not so diversified as at Mount Auburn; but its solemn oaks, heavily draped with moss, give it a peculiar fitness for funeral purposes, which cannot elsewhere be obtained.

L.

*Mobile, Alabama.*

## T O M Y A B S E N T S I S T E R .

BY BENJ. T. CUSHING.

## I.

When morning dawns with eye of light,  
 And balmy zephyrs soft and coy,  
 And meadows green, and streamlets bright,  
 Are filling every soul with joy ;  
 When upward wheels the lark on high,  
 And gaily peals the starling's cry,  
 And blithely chirps the tiny wren,  
 And whirrs the partridge through the glen,  
 Then doth my spirit long for thee ;  
 Say, sister, dost thou think of me ?

## II

When all is wrapped in noontide heat,  
 And kindly gales have ceased to blow,  
 And earth is pressed by busy feet,  
 And wild deer to their covert go ;  
 When dews all dry from buds and flowers,  
 And birds all hie to shadier bowers,  
 And every billow, tinged with gold,  
 More softly o'er the beach is rolled ;  
 Then does my spirit long for thee ;  
 Say, dear one ! dost thou think of me ?

## III.

When proudly on his watery bed  
 The bright-haired sun sinks down to rest,  
 And evening steals with silent tread,  
 And gentle ring-doves seek their nest ;  
 When insects raise their piping notes,  
 As twilight haze above them floats,  
 And crimson clouds of changing hue  
 Mix with the deep and boundless blue ;  
 Then does my spirit long for thee ;  
 Say, lov'd one ! dost thou think of me ?

## IV.

When slowly comes the silver moon,  
 And stars in liquid beauty glow,  
 And pearl-like, clustering one by one,  
 The trembling dew-drops gem the bough ;  
 When all things rest in earth and air,  
 While o'er my breast steal memories fair  
 Of all I love, of all I know,  
 Of all I prize most dear below ;  
 My spirit fondly dwells with thee ;  
 Then, Sister ! then, O think of me !

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING, a Major-General in the Army of the United States during the Revolution. By his grandson, WILLIAM ALEXANDER DUER, LL. D.

SUCH is the title of a work recently published by the Historical Society of New-Jersey, as the second volume of its 'Collections,' and which is now for sale in this city, by Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM. To say nothing of the literary execution of this book, we seldom see, in these days of cheap publications, one more attractive in its appearance. The typography is admirable, and it is embellished by a portrait of Lord STIRLING, and other well-executed engravings. Until we had read this volume, we must confess we had no adequate conception of the character and services of Lord STIRLING, important as we believed the latter to have been; and we fully agree with his biographer in considering it 'not less consonant to justice than duty that one of his descendants should attempt to compensate for the neglect' of those historians of the American Revolution, and compilers of American biography, who have so imperfectly appreciated the character and commemorated the services 'of an officer who was surpassed by few of his contemporaries in military experience and enterprise; by *one* only in disinterested and zealous devotion to his country; by none in the sacrifices he made for it.'

The subject of this memoir was born in the city of New-York, in 1726. His father, JAMES ALEXANDER, came from Scotland to this country in the year 1716; and from his mathematical acquirements, soon afterward obtained the appointment of Surveyor-General for the two provinces of New-York and New-Jersey. In the latter he was succeeded by his son, who seems to have inherited his father's fondness for the mathematics. The father had served in the rebellion of 1715 as an officer of engineers; and from him the son may also have inherited his military tastes. Though bred a merchant, young ALEXANDER at an early age joined the British army under General SHIRLEY, and became his private secretary and aid-de-camp. When SHIRLEY was recalled, he accompanied him to England; and upon an inquiry into the conduct of the general during his command in America, the secretary and aid-de-camp was examined as a witness on his behalf, at the bar of the House of Commons. It was not so much the general as the ministry that was attacked on this occasion; and as Mr. ALEXANDER's testimony tended materially to their exculpation, he subsequently received the most flattering attentions from the premier, the elder WILLIAM PITT, afterward the great Lord CHATHAM, as well as from other leading members of the administration. Among them was the celebrated CHARLES TOWNSHEND, by whose encouragement and the persuasions of more intimate friends he was induced to lay

claim to the vacant earldom of STIRLING, to which he was believed to be entitled, as the next heir-male of its last possessor. The proper legal proceedings were accordingly commenced and prosecuted, and they resulted in the establishment of his claim. He now contemplated establishing himself permanently in Great Britain ; took a house in London, and resided there some years, when the death of his mother rendered it necessary for him to return to America.

The difficulties which shortly afterward arose between Great Britain and her colonies on occasion of the stamp-act, and the part taken in that controversy by Lord STIRLING, in favor of his native country, led him to postpone his removal ; and the troubles which speedily followed from the renewal of another attempt to tax the colonists without their consent, and by the authority of the British Parliament, determined him to abandon the project.

He was, as his biographer expresses it, 'a whig, not merely from education and early political associations, but from the convictions of his maturer judgment.' He accordingly espoused the American cause with great ardor, and was among the first to take up arms against the oppressions of the mother country. The service he had seen under General SHIRLEY recommended him to military employment ; and he was drawn from his retirement at Baskenridge by the unanimous voice of his immediate neighbors, who chose him to command a regiment of militia. From this he was soon transferred to the command of the first regiment raised in New-Jersey for the continental service. He repaired at once to Elizabethtown, to recruit ; and before he had completed his ranks, he planned and conducted the first military enterprise against the enemy in the middle states, and was rewarded for the success that attended it by one of the first votes of approbation passed by the Continental Congress. This led to his promotion as a Brigadier-General, and to his being ordered to the command at New-York ; where it became his duty to prepare for the defence of that important place against the British force advancing to its attack. He lost no time in the execution of the orders of his superiors to that effect, and immediately set about constructing works in Manhattan, Long and Staten Islands, and on the opposite shore of New-Jersey. When superseded in this command by the arrival of General WASHINGTON with the main body of the army from Boston, Lord STIRLING was ordered to take post on Long-Island ; and the conspicuous part he took in the battle fought there on the arrival of the British, confirmed his reputation for bravery and good conduct, though the issue was unfortunate. Overpowered by numbers, he was made prisoner, but speedily exchanged by WASHINGTON, who required his services in the field. He rejoined the army in its memorable retreat through New-Jersey, and before the opening of the succeeding campaign he was promoted to the rank of Major-General. In that capacity he led his division at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, in both of which he distinguished himself.

But it was at the battle of Monmouth that he gained his brightest laurels, in contributing to retrieve the fortunes of the day, when jeopardized by the retreat of General LEE. He was next detached to the northern frontier of New-Jersey, upon the Hudson river, and advanced his posts to the neighborhood of Hackensack. While in this command he directed the gallant exploit of Colonel HENRY LEE against Powles-Hook, and covered his retreat ; and for his conduct on the occasion received the thanks of Congress. He was then ordered to the command of a military district comprising the states of New-Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware ; and established his head-quarters at Philadelphia. The next year, upon the alarm of an invasion

from Canada, he was transferred to the command of the northern department, and removed his head-quarters to Albany. A formidable British force under General ST. LEGER was advancing from Canada with the design of drawing attention from Lord CORNWALLIS's operations, and eventually forming a junction with him, similar to that projected between Sir HENRY CLINTON and BURGOYNE. To meet this attempt, Lord STIRLING detached a strong force, under Colonel MARINUS WILLET, to the westward, and proceeded with the remainder of his troops to the support of the force under General STARK, at Saratoga. He called in the neighboring militia, and concentrated his force upon the Hudson, near the ferry at Fort Miller, where he had resolved to dispute the passage of the river. But the enemy, receiving intelligence of the surrender of CORNWALLIS, was fain to make good his retreat, after advancing as far as the head of Lake George. Upon his return to Albany, Lord STIRLING proposed a winter expedition to Canada, and an attack upon New-York; both of which were prevented by the signing of the preliminary treaty of peace. He still continued in the command at Albany, where, in consequence of the fatigue, anxiety and exposure he had lately undergone, he suffered a severe attack of gout, which terminated his life, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and a few weeks before the proclamation of peace.

Although we coincide in the opinion of his biographer, that the man spoken of by WASHINGTON in the terms of his well-known letter of condolence to the widow of Lord STIRLING, upon being informed of his death, could scarcely need other encomium, yet we cannot resist the inclination to transfer to our pages a portion of the concluding summary of his life and character, as given by his descendant:

'To strong native powers of mind he added industry and perseverance, with early-acquired habits of method and attention. His natural abilities were more solid than brilliant; his acquirements more useful than uncommon. His education was such only as the state of the country afforded, but he received from his father instruction in his favorite studies of mathematics and astronomy, which rendered him no ordinary proficient in those sciences. He was bred, as we have seen, a merchant, and was successfully pursuing his business, when he was induced to join the army under General SHIRLEY, first as a commissary, and afterward as aid-de-camp and private secretary to the commander-in-chief. In these stations he served several campaigns in the war which commenced on this continent in 1747; and the result of his military experience was especially evinced in the battles of Long Island, Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth, in all of which he sustained a conspicuous and efficient part. In an evil hour he accompanied General SHIRLEY to England, from motives more consistent with the generosity of his temper than with prudence and forethought; and when there, he was persuaded by SHIRLEY and others of his friends to prefer a claim to what proved to be a barren title. The prosecution of this claim was attended with heavy pecuniary expenses, which, together with those incident to his prolonged residence in England, of which it was the cause, laid the foundation of subsequent embarrassments. Remarkable for the cheerfulness and hilarity of his disposition, he was there confirmed in those convivial habits that increased upon him in after life; though never to such a degree as to interfere with the performance of his public duties, or deprive him of the esteem and confidence of his official superiors or private friends. They contributed, nevertheless, to deepen the shade cast over his latter years by the perplexity of his affairs, and rendered more striking the contrast between the opening and close of his career. Almost from his first entrance upon the active duties of life, he was engaged in the service of his country. Although possessed of an easy fortune, he devoted a large portion of his time, with his peculiar talents and acquirements, to the public in that department of the colonial government in which they were calculated to be most useful. Early imbued with sound principles of constitutional liberty, we find him, when the rights of the colonists were assailed, among the first to take up arms in their defence; and notwithstanding his social and personal relations with Great Britain, cultivated as they had recently been during his residence in the metropolis of the empire, and brightened by the attentions he had received from the most powerful and distinguished of her sons, he did not for a moment hesitate to protest against her usurpations, and declare in favor of his native land. From that moment he literally devoted his life and fortune to her cause, and literally lost them both.'

After this extract, it cannot be necessary for us to add any thing in commendation of the style or literary execution of the work. It is sufficient, both for the discharge of our duty and for the author's fame, to invite our readers to judge for themselves. Notwithstanding the interest of the narrative parts of the book, the most attractive portion to us is the correspondence contained in it. The letters of Lord STIRLING

himself serve to illustrate his character, as his acts exhibit his merits, both as a man and an officer; while those of his correspondents bear witness to the high estimation in which they were held by some of the greatest of his contemporaries. The most interesting letters perhaps are those of the celebrated CHARLES TOWNSEND, and others of his friends in England, and of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, HANCOCK, SCHUYLER, and others of the foremost men of our country, in its most trying times. It is however deeply to be regretted that a number of the most important letters of the original collection are not now to be found. 'They were selected,' as our author informs us in his preface, 'from the mass, and laid aside for greater security; but, as not unfrequently happens in such cases, they were lost, perhaps, through the very means intended for their preservation. This accident is the more to be lamented, as the letters in question comprised the correspondence of Lord STIRLING both during his residence in England, and after his return to this country with the Earls of CHATHAM, BUTE, and SHELBURNE, Mr. CHARLES TOWNSEND, Mr. WEDDERBURN, afterward LOUGHBOROUGH, and other British statesmen, upon American affairs, during a period when most of those persons were cabinet ministers, and all of them members of parliament. The same packet contained also, what was still more valuable, the private correspondence of General WASHINGTON with Lord STIRLING, during the revolutionary war. This circumstance will account for the very few letters of the former, to be found in this publication.' We cordially and confidently commend the work we have been considering to that wide perusal which it is so well calculated to command and reward.

THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON: being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, Official and Private. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE should esteem no privilege of the extensive publishers to whom we are indebted for the admirable work before us, greater than that of placing our imprint upon such enterprises as their superb Pictorial Bible, the works of IRVING and FISK, and now upon the writings of the great and good WASHINGTON. The contents of the superbly-printed book before us, as of those which are to follow this, to the number of twelve, are selected and published from the original manuscripts, which accumulated in the hands of WASHINGTON during the long period of his public life, were carefully preserved by him at Mount Vernon, and by his will left to his nephew, BUSHROD WASHINGTON, from whom Mr. SPARKS, the accomplished editor of the work before us, received them some ten years ago. The original papers and letters amount to more than two hundred folio volumes, and have recently been purchased by Congress, and deposited in the archives of the government. From this immense mass of authentic matériel, Mr. SPARKS has collated all the most valuable parts of WASHINGTON's writings, and has thus brought his work within the means of the general purchaser. The notes and appendixes are ample, and entirely authentic; being derived from a great variety of unpublished manuscripts; while letters in foreign languages, and extracts from such letters, are translated for the convenience of every class of readers. Mr. SPARKS, throughout the progress of the entire work, has followed closely the order of time, and adopted the plan of a personal narrative; introducing collateral events no farther than was necessary to give completeness to his design, but occasionally interweaving anecdotes and such incidents of a private and personal nature as were known to be entirely authentic. There will be no limit, nor should there be, to the

sale of this preëminently interesting and valuable work. The library of no American can be at all complete without it. We have spoken of the great beauty of the paper and printing, but we should not omit to allude to the excellence of the illustrations, including the most authentic portraits on steel, together with numerous fac-similes of drawings and plans, from the pen of WASHINGTON himself. Again do we most cordially commend Mr. SPARKS' admirable work to a wide acceptance at the hands of American readers.

NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW, for the April Quarter. Number CXXXV. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THIS strikes us, on a somewhat cursory perusal, as a very good number of our venerable contemporary. The articles are eleven in number, and are upon the following themes: 'The Intellectual Aspect of the Age,' a scorching review of GILFILLAN's preëminently stupid 'Gallery of Literary Portraits;' 'SCHOOLCRAFT on the Iroquois Indians;' 'AIKIN's Life of ADDISON;' 'Greek Lexicography;' a notice of DRISLER's and PICKERING's Lexicons, in which of course the palm is assigned to PICKERING; 'ROBERT HALL's Character and Writings;' a review of 'Nine New Poets;' 'DIER's Life of Lord STIRLING;' 'The New Timon;' TAYLOR's 'Views Afoot in Europe;' 'AMARI's History of the Sicilian Vespers;' and four briefer 'Critical Notices.' The review of the Life of ADDISON is *rather* retrospective, but it is well written, and possesses a good degree of interest. In the 'Nine New Poets' are included several who will hardly deem themselves flattered by the reviewer. The 'tuneful Nine' are R. W. EMERSON, WILLIAM E. CHANNING, CHARLES T. BROOKS, WILLIAM W. STORY, T. B. READ, JAMES COLMAN, ELIZABETH BROWN, EFES SARGENT, and HARRIET FARLEY. EMERSON is described as writing enigmas in prose and verse, 'sometimes with meaning in them, but more frequently without;' his verse generally defying all laws of rhythm, metre, grammar and common sense.' Mr. CHANNING's poetry is pronounced 'a feeble and diluted copy of Mr. EMERSON's; not so mystical and incoherent, but far more childish and insipid.' The credit is awarded to Mr. BROOKS of being a faithful translator from the German bards, although the reviewer thinks he could have written better poems of his own. 'Mr. STORY has narrowly escaped being a poet; but it is one of those cases in which a miss is as good as a mile.' He is reported an artist in the form of verse, but deficient in feeling and imagination; while his chief merit leads to a vague and rambling diffuseness, which obscures and weakens his best conceptions. 'Mr. READ's verses show taste and feeling, with occasional gleams of fancy;' but the critic declares them to be 'mere copies, reflections in water, of the more popular effusions of favorite contemporary poets.' He is entirely acquitted, however, of *conscious* plagiarism. 'The only fault of Mr. COLMAN's poems' is declared to be, that 'they are oppressively wearisome and dull; quite 'tolerable, and not to be endured.' Miss BROWN, an Englishwoman, is cut short with an extract of four lines from her book, which, although but a mere brick from the lady's edifice, is certainly quite enough to establish her architectural reputation. Mr. EFES SARGENT receives a fair consignment of praise, subject to a slight tariff. Miss FARLEY's volume is pronounced a favorable specimen of what may be produced by a Lowell factory-girl, although the fair author is taken to task for having chosen for her volume 'one of those coxcombical titles which the bad taste of Mr. WILLIS has brought into fashion.' The seventh



article is a justly commendatory review of Mr. DUER's 'Life of Lord STILLING,' elsewhere noticed at large in these pages. The 'North-American' confirms our views of 'The New Timon.' It yields due credit, as we did, to what is commendable in that pretentious volume; but it considers the author a 'snob,' on the very grounds urged by this Magazine. He is an imitator of POPE, but lacks his crystal terseness and epigrammatic point. 'Our author,' says the reviewer, '*makes up* his characters. His mind is not of that creative quality which holds the elements of different characters as it were in solution, allowing each to absorb only that which is congenial to itself, by a kind of elective affinity.' 'He is often exceedingly obscure; certain passages in the poem have defied our utmost capacity of penetration.' His metaphors are confused; and proofs are given that even his use of language is not always correct. 'Vivacity, rather than strength, rapidity of action rather than depth or originality, are the characteristics of his mind.' 'His notions of manliness,' adds the reviewer, 'are carried to an extreme which would be more offensive were it not altogether absurd.' The critic gives the line which we quoted in a notice of 'The New Timon,'

'Even in a love-song, men should write for men,'

with the remark: 'Imagine the author serenading Lord STANLEY, who seems to be an object of his admiration, with 'Sleep, gentlemen, sleep!' Of course his female characters are mere shadows. J. BAYARD TAYLOR's excellent work, 'Views Afost in Europe' are cordially commended, a service which the book is well calculated to command, from its intrinsic merits. As a whole, the present number of the 'North-American' well sustains its honorable reputation.

**HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,** by the three great European Powers, Spain, France and Great Britain, and the subsequent Occupation, Settlement and Extension of Civil Government by the United States, until the year 1846. By JOHN W. MONETTE, M. D. In two volumes. pp. 1062. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

It has been estimated that the lands lying upon the Mississippi river and its tributaries are sufficient to support the whole human race. If this be true, and there seems little reason to doubt it, a work which gives a complete and comprehensive history of the 'rise and progress' of such a vast domain can hardly be too widely diffused. Indeed, the volumes before us supply an important desideratum, for they present a concise and comprehensive detail, a full yet condensed narrative of American colonization west of the Alleghanies. The author has connected the history of the French and Spanish colonies, which had an important agency in the destiny of the American republic with those of the Anglo-Americans in their advances upon the tributaries of the Ohio river. The plan of the work is simple, and grows out of the order in which the different colonies advanced in the occupation of the regions now comprised in the United States. It traces the gradual and steady advance of the European colonies and settlements by their various routes into the central part of North-America, and the 'progressive' extension of the Anglo-American population and republican government throughout the great valley of the Mississippi and the southwest; illustrates the progressive changes and the rapid advance of population and civil government, from the rude and half-civilized pioneer up to flourishing cities and powerful states, extending over regions which a few years previously had been savage

solitudes. Such a work could not fail to be replete with interest and 'large instruction.' It is extremely well printed, and illustrated by an excellent map of the French, English and Spanish possessions in North-America in 1745 ; an accessory which will be found to be of the greatest service to the reader who would acquire understandingly the several 'localities' mentioned in the work.

**MESMER AND SWEDENBORG: or the Relation of the Developments of Mesmerism to the Doctrines and Disclosures of SWEDENBORG.** By GEORGE BUSH. Second Edition. New-York: JOHN ALLEN, 139 Nassau-street.

THE appearance of a second edition of this work, separated by the interval of a very few months from the first, affords evidence at least of a considerable interest *somewhere* in the marvels and mysticisms connected with the two names that stand forth in the title-page. The aim of the book is distinctly enough stated. It is to demonstrate the truth of SWEDENBORG's revelations by an appeal to 'Mesmeric Facts,' or the phenomena of Mesmerism. They had not been observed when SWEDENBORG wrote, and hence were not alluded to by him, among others, to confirm his teaching, but they have since been recorded by many thousands of persons throughout Europe and America. Professor BUSH does not regard them as miracles. He gives no countenance to the idea that mere miracles, as such, can furnish any rational confirmation of truths. He does not infer, because a man speaks a language he has never learned, that *therefore* what he utters is to be believed. The Professor's first chapter is on the state of SWEDENBORG himself, psychologically viewed. The argument, briefly stated, is this: SWEDENBORG asserts that every man possesses spiritual senses corresponding to his bodily senses, and also that if the bodily *senses* are put to sleep these spiritual senses will be opened. He claims, in his own case, that for important purposes his spiritual senses were opened by the LORD, so that for many years he had perceptible communication with both the spiritual and natural worlds at the same time. But the world was profoundly ignorant even of the existence of interior senses. It had been demonstrated by no observed phenomena. Men, with a few exceptions, were incredulous, and unwilling to receive the *ipse dixit* even of SWEDENBORG, when it seemed entirely to lack confirmation by facts. Human experience, in the view of many, was not yet large enough to test either the correctness or incorrectness of SWEDENBORG's statements. But in the mean time new discoveries in Anthropology, as well as in other sciences, have been made, whereby doubtless truths, hitherto unrecognized, may be confirmed. Thus, among the phenomena of Mesmerism, persons, it is alleged, have had their bodily senses put to sleep, and in accordance with the assertion of SWEDENBORG, have still manifested sensations of a more interior kind ; demonstrating the existence of such senses, and the possibility of their being opened during the life of the body. The argument in the chapter headed 'Transfer of Thought' is the same as before. SWEDENBORG asserts, as a law of spiritual life, that there is communication of the thoughts of one spirit to others who come to him, and this without the intervention of language or any arbitrary signs. This to the world was incredible, because no such communication of thought had ever been witnessed. At length, however, the bodily senses were laid asleep, and there appears in activity the law announced by SWEDENBORG. These, and other matters intimately connected therewith, are fully set forth in the volume itself, to which, 'for farther information,' we must refer the reader.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

ROLLING BACK THE TIDE OF TIME: EASTERN ANTIQUITIES. — We invite attention to the subjoined authentic paper upon one of the most interesting and well-established records of antiquity yet found in the world. Will the date of the inscriptions upon the Persian Tablets help us to conjecture how long a period must have elapsed after the first agriculturist sent his ploughshare through the soil yet 'soft with the deluge,' before the invention of man enabled him to transmit his ideas to his fellows in phonetic symbols? This may indeed be a discouraging inquiry, if those to whom we look for knowledge to direct us to this and similar points are no more faithful to fact than is HERODOTUS. Under the modest title of '*Some Remarks upon the Behistun Tablets*,' a correspondent sends us the annexed sketch of the remarkable antiquities to which we have alluded:

The letters of Mr. LAYARD, upon the excavations at Nineveh, which appeared in the March number of the KNICKERBOCKER, have excited to the highest degree, the curiosity and expectations of the learned among our citizens. With your permission, Mr. EDITOR, I propose the exposition in your pages of a discovery of quite as much value, inasmuch as it brings with it something tangible and open to the comprehension of all who can obtain a view of the subject. I allude to the deciphering of the famous monument of Besitoon, or Belistun, which is to be found at the distance of some fifty or seventy-five miles to the south-west of Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana. The 'Tablets of Behistun' are sculptured on the side of a mountain-rock, which rises almost perpendicularly to the height of fifteen hundred feet, and it may be said that *two* pages of the book of History are inscribed upon this portion of the book of Nature; the one which first meets the eye containing, as is supposed, rude and imperfect reminiscences of the time of Semiramis; the other, which is the subject of this memoir, exhibiting a perfect and beautiful memorial of the epoch of DARIUS, the son of HYSTASPES. It was a grand idea of the magnificent heroes of remote days, to imprint upon the everlasting hills the records of their pomp and valor; to leave upon the overhanging cliff or the seemingly inaccessible crag the traces of human power and indomitable human will. An insatiable desire to be glorified throughout all time, in the remembrance of their kind, seems ever to have been with them .. motive principle; and they took the sure method of effecting their object by converting the most enduring of Earth's substance into imperishable archives of their fame; and thus, to change the metaphor, they bridged the Hellespont that lay between the future and the past.

Among the precious relics of olden time, this monument of the triumphs of DARIUS HYSTASPES, commonly called the fourth king of Persia, will henceforth stand conspicuous. The inscription upon it is trilingual, and contained in several columns

of cuneiform writing. The Persian characters, of which the Babylonian and Median are merely transcripts, were deciphered by that accomplished and indefatigable Oriental scholar, Major RAWLINSON, of the British army, after a ten years' study; which however was interrupted by his participation in the wars of Afghanistan; and in 1846, he published his translation, accompanied by an Essay on the Cuneiform writing in a number of the 'Royal Asiatic Society's Journal.' The figures sculptured on the tablets are thus expounded in a book published in 1844: 'A modern traveller copied the above picture from a rock in Media, and supposes it refers to some incident in the Babylonish captivity. It may serve to show the degrading and painful nature of the captivity which the Jews suffered as a punishment for their sins.' Such an assertion may have been a very natural one for the writer of the paragraph to make, especially if he had some particular reason for making it; but surely even in that year enough was known concerning the various nations of antiquity, to induce him to reflect whether, finding this sculpture in the kingdom of Persia, the land of CYRUS, CAMBYSES, DARIUS, and XERXES, these captives might not represent Greeks, Scythians, Babylonians or even Egyptians as well as Hebrews. This however is only a passing remark; for the discoveries and investigation of things pertaining to ancient times, which, through the persevering energy of scientific men, are hourly advancing, have cleared away a mass of rubbish that for ages has encumbered not only the monuments of antiquity, but also the inductive processes of the human mind. And now that the 'star has risen in the East' we may hope that by the light of its steadily increasing beam, Truth, heretofore wandering amid the mazes of conjecture and false premises, will retrace her weary steps and find a resting-place as well as a fresh point of departure.

These sculptures in fact represent a winged figure in the air, and a group of captives standing in presence of a royal personage and his attendants. The foot of the king tramples a prostrate figure which lies between him and the nine erect figures, whose hands are tied behind their backs, and who are bound together by a rope which passes around their necks. These, according to the inscriptions over each, are the usurpers of his authority, whom DARIUS vanquished after he obtained the crown of Persia, and the prostrate form is the Magian impostor whom he slew before he became king. These *labels* designate each 'rebel' by name; and the five interpreted columns of Persian characters contain information extremely important on many accounts. In truth, these tablets are destined to become the object of deep research and discussion, they will henceforth be to Persia infinitely more than the Rosetta stone is to Egypt; for they contain within themselves not only the key to philological enigmas, but also the test of the genuineness of documents that have been handed down to us in the pages of history. Major RAWLINSON remarks, that 'while at Persepolis, the high place of Persian power, DARIUS aspired to elevate the moral feelings of his countrymen, and to secure their future dominancy in Asia, by ostentatiously displaying to them their superiority over the feudatory provinces of the empire; on the sacred rock at Baghistan he addressed himself, in the style of an historian, to collect the genealogical traditions of his race, to describe the extent and power of his kingdom, and to relate the leading incidents of his reign.' The record opens thus:

'I AM DARIUS, the great King, the king of kings, the King of Persia, the king of (the dependent) provinces, the son of HYSTASPES, the grandson of ARSAMES, the Achæmenian.'

'Says DARIUS the King: My father was HYSTASPES; of HYSTASPES the father was ARSAMES; of ARSAMES the father was ARIYAHANNES; of ARIYAHANNES the father was TEISPES; of TEISPES the father was ACHÆMENES.'

'Says DARIUS the King: On that account we have been called Achæmenians; from antiquity we have been unsubdued (or we have descended;) *from antiquity those of our race have been kings.*'

'Says DARIUS the King: There are eight of my race who have been kings before me, I am the ninth; for a very long time we have been kings.'

It will thus be perceived, that from the very onset, the account DARIUS gives us of his *right* to the throne, is adverse to our received opinions on the subject, derived from HERODOTUS; who, it is true, calls HYSTASPES, 'the son of ARSAMES, of the family of the Achæmenians;' and also adds in another place, that the Persian monarchs were descended from the tribe of the Achæmenidæ. But he evidently did not consider HYSTASPES' son entitled by descent, to regal power; and we can only infer that, as he wrote his books after many of DARIUS's descendants had occupied the throne, and while one of them was the actual monarch, he regarded DARIUS as the founder of the reigning dynasty, and meant, in his enumeration of the different tribes, to designate particularly the one whence it sprang. It could not have been his intention to confer the honor of establishing that race in sovereignty upon CYRUS; for, by his own showing this, his *first* king of Persia was the son of a Median princess,\* and a Persian 'of the very meanest rank,' (s. 1; c. 91.) though of a 'respectable family.' (s. 1; c. 107.) Neither can he maintain, indisputably, that even CYRUS' son and successor, was of the Achæmenian family through CASSANDANE; for the Egyptians, whom he allows 'are of all mankind the best conversant with the Persian manners,' affirm that NITETIS, daughter of the Egyptian monarch APRIES, was CAMBYSES' mother. Be that as it may, CAMBYSES died without issue, and therefore his maternity in no manner affects our assertion.

It is also true that HERODOTUS so far coincides with the tablets, as to make XERXES declare that among the ancestors of DARIUS were reckoned ARINNES, TEMPEUS, CYRUS, CAMBYSES and ACHÆMENES; (s. 7; c. 11.) but in this solitary mention of these persons he does not style them sovereigns, nor does he ever, except by calling HYSTASPES an Achæmenian, give DARIUS a kingly origin. On the contrary, he says explicitly that during CAMBYSES' expedition into Egypt, DARIUS was in the king's guards and 'of no particular consideration; (s. 3; c. 139.) This ubiquity, by the way, is rather a remarkable affair, inasmuch as only a few pages back, we find DARIUS travelling from 'Persia to Susa,' to slay the usurper. Neither does he speak, except in the instance quoted above, of any consanguinity between CYRUS and DARIUS, which it might be expected he would do if he believed it to exist; particularly when after a dream, CYRUS, who at the time is in the country of the Massagætæ, summons HYSTASPES, and declares to him his belief that DARIUS intends to usurp the throne of Persia. 'The gods,' says CYRUS, 'whose favor I enjoy, disclose to me all those events which menace my security;' and as HERODOTUS asserts that CYRUS usurped the throne of his grandfather ASTYAGES, CYRUS might very consistently accuse DARIUS of a similar attempt, provided the latter had any shadow of a claim to the crown. But HYSTASPES replies 'Far be it, oh King! from any man of Persian origin to form conspiracies against his sovereign: if such there be, let immediate death be his portion. You have raised the Persians from slavery to freedom; from subjects you have made them masters: if a vision has informed you that my son designs anything against you, to you and to

\* If to this statement it be objected that PRAXASPES, at the massacre of the Magi, is said to have recounted the genealogy of CYRUS 'beginning with ACHÆMENES;' it need only be remarked that it is a pity HERODOTUS did not tell what PRAXASPES said on the subject; and that this recital, as will be shown in the sequel, is without doubt as much a fabrication as his having slain CAMBYSES' brother. CYRUS *was* of the Achæmenidæ; it is true; for the tablets and also the inscription on the pillar at Mourg-sub declare the fact, but HERODOTUS can be no authority in the matter; indeed, it is only in this quotation that he ever alludes to the subject.

your disposal I shall deliver him.' (s. 1; c. 210.) Moreover HERODOTUS styles DARIUS, 'the son of HYSTASPES, the governor of Persia;' and adds, that at the time of the conspiracy against the Magian impostor, he had come to Susa, the royal residence, on pretence of business from his father to the king, but in reality to slay the usurper, which having accomplished, he obtained the throne by a stratagem. (s. 3; c. 70; 87.)

It is worthy of remark that DARIUS calls himself the *ninth* king of his race; and so far his account of himself agrees better with ESCHYLUS than with HERODOTUS; as any one who will take the trouble to read the speech of the ghost of DARIUS in 'the Persians' may see. ESCHYLUS, however in the main, agrees less with the tablets than does HERODOTUS; for he places many kings between DARIUS and CAMBYSES, whereas DARIUS, as will be shown in the following extract, asserts that he killed the Magian usurper. In our version CAMBYSES' brother and his 'counterfeit presentment,' are both called SMERDIS; the Persian writing calls neither by that name, and gives each a separate appellation. DARIUS, it will also be observed, says that CAMBYSES slew his brother before he went to Egypt; while HERODOTUS avers that the monarch despatched PREXASPES from Egypt for that purpose, and 'PREXASPES arrived at Susa, and destroyed SMERDIS, some say by taking him aside while engaged in the diversion of the chase; others believe that he drowned him in the Red Sea.' (s. 3; c. 30.) The reasons, too, for the murder are as diverse as the accounts:

'Says DARIUS the King: This is what was done by me before I became king. He who was named CAMBYSES, (KABUJIYA) the son of CYRUS of our race, he was here king before me. There was of that CAMBYSES a brother named BARTIUS; he was of the same mother and father as CAMBYSES. CAMBYSES slew this BARTIUS. When CAMBYSES slew that BARTIUS, the troubles of the state ceased which BARTIUS had excited. Then CAMBYSES proceeded to Egypt. When CAMBYSES had gone to Egypt, the state became heretical; then the lie became abounding in the land, both in Persia, and in Media, and in the other provinces.

'Says DARIUS the King: Afterward there was a certain man, a Magian, named GOMATES. He arose from Pissiachâta, the mountains named Arakadrea, from thence on the fourteenth day of the month Viyakhuu, then it was, as he arose, he said: 'I am BARTIUS, the son of CYRUS, the brother of CAMBYSES.' Then the whole state became rebellious; from CAMBYSES it went over to that (BARTIUS) both Persia, and Media, and the other provinces. He seized the empire; on the ninth day of the month Garmapada then it was he thus seized the empire. Afterward CAMBYSES, unable to endure his (misfortunes) died.

'Says DARIUS the King: That crown or empire of which GOMATES, the Magian, dispossessed CAMBYSES, that crown had been in our family from the olden time. . . . There was not any one bold enough to oppose him; every one was standing obediently around GOMATES until I arrived. Then I abode in the worship of ORMAZD; ORMAZD brought help to me; on the tenth day of the month Bagazadish, then it was, with the men who were my well-wishers, I slew that GOMATES, the Magian, and the chief men who were his followers. The fort named Siktakhotes, in the district of Media, named Nisera, there I slew him; I dispossessed him of the empire. By the grace of ORMAZD I became King; ORMAZD granted me the sceptre.

'Says DARIUS the King: The crown that had been wrested from our race, that I recovered, I established it firmly, as in the days of old; thus I did. The rites which GOMATES the Magian had introduced, I prohibited. I reinstated for the state the sacred chaunts and (sacrificial) worship, and confided them to the families which GOMATES the Magian had deprived of those offices; as in the days of old; thus I restored that which had been taken away. By the grace of ORMAZD I did this. I labored until I had firmly established our family as in the days of old. I labored by the grace of ORMAZD (in order) that GOMATES the Magian might not supersede our family.'

It is not my intention to quote in detail from the tablets; but so much of an extract is necessary to *prove* the assertion that they and HERODOTUS are greatly at variance. The quotation is also made for another purpose: that of introducing the name of CAMBYSES; which, it is believed, has never before been discovered upon any of the Persian monuments. It will also be observed that DARIUS, in this genealogical account, does not reckon CYRUS and CAMBYSES among his immediate progenitors, although he distinctly shows that he succeeded to the throne after CAMBYSES, 'the son of CYRUS, of our race,' and that he considered himself to have a claim to do so. Neither can the names of any of the persons enumerated as having been 'kings

from antiquity,' be converted into those of CYRUS and CAMBYSES. The Persian word for CYRUS, as deciphered by Major RAWLINSON, is *Khurush*; (WESTERGAARD spells it *Qurus*;) that of CAMBYSES, *Kabujiyâ*; whereas the names in the second paragraph of the tablets are, *Vashtaspa*, (HYSTASPES;) *Arshama*, (ARRAMES;) *Ariyaram(a)as*, (ARIYARAMNES;) *Chispaish*, (TEISPES.) These, however, even with the addition of ACHÆMENES, would give DARIUS but five predecessors on the throne; it is therefore reasonable to suppose that he was a lineal descendant of these five kings, and that three others, of a collateral branch, two of whom were CYRUS and CAMBYSES, had intervened between him and his direct ancestors. It is obvious that much remains to be discovered and deciphered among the ruins of DARIUS's extended kingdom, before any great degree of accuracy can be attained in this matter; but sufficient has been already brought to light, through the genius and sagacity of Major RAWLINSON, to upset our preconceived opinions upon this portion of the annals of Persia, and to weaken our faith in the statements of 'the Father of History.'

The crowned and winged figure above the heads of DARIUS and the captives, deserves particular attention, as it is similar to that on the bas-reliefs at Persepolis, and on the sepulchral sculpture at Nakshi-Rustam; which latter, LANDSEER, in his eighth essay, 'Sabeian Researches,' calls 'the bust of the Persian monarch rising from the winged circle.' He inclined, at one time, to believe it was intended as an apotheosis of the entombed king; but afterward came to the conclusion, that as the figure had downward as well as lateral rays, it was *descending*, and thereby the spectator was 'simply but impressively informed that the deceased tenant of the sepulchre descended from the glorious deity to whom the Persians and the Sabeans in general offer sacrifice.' Sir ROBERT PORTER, also, in his travels through Georgia, Armenia and Persia, refers particularly to these very tablets of Behistun, and observes: 'In the air, over the heads of the centre figures, appears the floating intelligence in his circle and car of sunbeams, so often remarked on the sculptures of Nakshi-Rustam and Persepolis.' Of the writing upon the tablets, unexplained at the time of the publication of his volumes, (1822,) he says:

'FROM so much labor having been exerted on this part of the work, it excites the more regret that so little progress has yet been made toward the deciphering of this character; and most devoutly must we hope that the indefatigable scholars now engaged in the study of these apparently oldest letters in the world, may at last succeed in bringing them to an intelligible language. In that case, what a treasure-house of historical knowledge would be unfolded here and in the vale of Merdasht! Not only the long-overshadowed annals of this country, sunk in the depths of time, must be enlightened, but these inscriptions might elucidate the true meaning of the hovering figure in the air, and say which conjecture is right; that it is a guardian spirit, or a second self; or in declaring both to be wrong, pronounce its proper signification.'

Major RAWLINSON has caused the tablets of Behistun to speak out their oracles, in confirmation, as it were, of the almost prophecy of Sir ROBERT PORTER. His erudition and astonishing research have opened to the world that which, to use his own expression, 'has been a sealed letter for at least twenty centuries;' and while this most valuable of all the remains of Persian antiquity gives now no uncertain information upon many historical points, it seems also to render great assistance toward the solution of the problem respecting the identification of the 'radiant personage' which has hitherto puzzled so many profound scholars. By a careful examination of the inscriptions, it is rational to suppose that ORMAZD alone, the Good Deity of the Persians, in his capacity of ruler of the universe, arbiter of the affairs of men, the preserver, evincing by his presence that he has been propitious to the monarch, who gratefully acknowledges his divine interference, is intended by the representation.

It will strike any reader of RAWLINSON's translation, that throughout his narrative, DARIUS ascribes his good fortune, in every instance, to the direct interposition of this divinity. 'By the grace of ORMAZD, I have become King;' 'ORMAZD has granted me the empire;' 'ORMAZD brought me help;' 'By the grace of ORMAZD, I entirely defeated the rebel army;' 'By the grace of ORMAZD, I entirely defeated the force of NATITABIRUS,' 'of PHRAORTES,' 'of VEISDATES,' etc., etc.

There is another thing to be considered; besides the winged figure on the sculptures, the inscriptions of DARIUS HYSTASPES at Persepolis and Nakshi-Rustum, together with those at Hamadan, commence with the following *apostrophe*: 'ORMAZD is the great God, who created this earth, who also created heaven, who created men, who created the fate of men, who made DARIUS king, the only king over many, the only commander over many.' (Translation of LASSEN's Latin copy.) When, moreover, it is borne in mind that these monuments are likewise the records of DARIUS; that on them he ascribes the glory of his greatness and his achievements solely to the power of ORMAZD; and that he purified the ancient Mithratic religion from many abuses; the inference is unavoidably in favor of the position here assumed. This inference would amount almost to conviction, if Major RAWLINSON's restoration of the latter part of the annexed quotation might be adopted without dispute:

'SAYS DARIUS the King: 'By the grace of ORMAZD have I achieved the performance of the whole. Thou whoever hereafter mayest peruse this tablet, let it be known to thee, that which has been done by me, that it has not been falsely related.'

'SAYS DARIUS the King: 'Ormazd is my witness that this record I have faithfully made of the performance of the whole.'

Unfortunately, there is an obliteration or a confusion of characters in this valuable sentence, which Major RAWLINSON has not investigated as thoroughly as he would have done, had his attention been attracted to its importance. He lays no stress upon this, nor upon any particular passage throughout the tablets; his grand object has been to render as correct a reading of *four hundred* lines of Persian cuneiform writing as it is possible to give, and where an abrasion in the rock occurs he has endeavored to obtain the sense of the lost portion through the medium of the Babylonian and Median characters. It is to be ardently desired, that in the remaining chapters of his important essay he will enter into a complete analysis of the whole document, and publish the results of his scientific labors upon historical and mooted points, as well as upon philological ones. Possibly he has already done so, and his entire work may at the present time be in the hands of all who choose to purchase it, in England. But his first number alone has reached this country, and it is a question whether many of our so-called 'general readers' are aware of the existence of Major RAWLINSON, or of his having achieved 'the impossible' in the deciphering of the tablets of Behistun. Two copies only of this first number are to be found in New-York; one of which belongs to the Ethnological Society, and the other is the property of Mr. BARTLETT; to whose kindness, and that of Mr. GLIDDON, while he was in the city, the writer of this article is indebted for the perusal, once and again, of that remarkable production.

These observations have been thus loosely thrown together, and committed to the press, with the view of attracting the attention of the curious in such matters, and with the hope of inducing some of the Orientalists among us to make a full investigation of the subject; in short, to provoke them to accomplish *en maître* what has here been attempted merely *en écolière*.



'BILVANSNORT, OR MAZEPPA TRAVESTIE.'—We have heard from time to time, within the last three or four years, of a very amusing poetical production of the late ROBERT C. SANDS, entitled '*Bilvansnort, or Mazeppa Travestie; being a third Edition of John Gilpin*;' but until very recently we have never encountered a copy of it. It bears this motto from OVID's *Metamorphoses* :

'NIL illo fertur volucrum moderator equorum,  
Post Phætonicos, vidiisse dolenti, ignes.'

and is thus dedicated to JOHN NEAL, 'the author of 'Keep Cool,' and 'The Battle of Niagara.'

'DEAR SIR: Here is a ride, which beats all the whirligigs of your imagination. Eagles, stars, rainbows, thunder, lightning, and Lake Ontario, fall incomparably below the sublimity of the subject, and the grandeur of the execution. I hear you have lately broken loose from the Lunatic Asylum; and hope that this performance may get into your hands; having no doubt, it will yield you that unfeigned delight which such a terrible genius as yourself is alone capable of enjoying, in its most inaccessible eccentricities. When you are next disposed to make some music, as you found so much difficulty in performing under Niagara Falls, I would beg leave to recommend 'Snake Hill,' the scene of the present discourse, to your serious and devout attention. With sentiments of incomprehensible profundity,

'I remain,  
'My dear friend,  
'Unutterably and inexpressibly,  
'Yours, etc.,  
'THE AUTHOR.'

In an 'Advertisement,' Mr. SANDS says: 'The Tale of Mazeppa, which has been just published, offers so many striking points of resemblance to the adventures of a YOUNG JERSEYMAN, which are well authenticated, and notorious on the other side of the river, that I was induced to throw the latter into the form of a parody. I have endeavored to preserve that familiarity of diction and carelessness of versification which characterizes the model before me. Let no sage critic sing out 'Eureka,' therefore, if he find that the metre sometimes claudicates; that many rhymes are uncanononical; and that many expressions are not genteel.' We approach the poem itself without farther prelude; premising only that it was written nearly thirty years ago, when the gifted and lamented author was only nineteen years of age :

I.

It was not very long ago,  
When steam-boat stock was rather low ;  
And LYONS in the stable kept,  
For want of work, his founder'd titts;  
At hours when decent people slept,  
And those not decently crept  
Abroad, to exercise their wits:  
All POWLES-HOOK snor'd, but six, whom fleas  
Kept waking long, and ill at ease;  
GRAVES, who takes ferriage at the gate,  
Whom to the barn that night had fate  
Doleful consign'd—upon a block he  
Was fain to lay his aching head;  
And his stark limbs in straw were spread:  
Among their steeds the ostlers lay,  
And scratch'd and curr'd by turn till day:  
But wiser BILL VAN SNORT, the jockey,

From trouble to be out of danger,  
Spread his horse-blanket in the manger;  
Then generous from his watchcoat poke  
A jug of cider-brandy took;  
And first, to show it was not bad,  
Pill'd three long swills—then sent it round;  
The ostlers consolation found,  
And GRAVES within his heart was glad.  
Then BILL with anxious eye survey'd  
A scurvy, broken-winded jade;  
A poor blind nag, with staggers blest,  
And spavin'd in two legs—at best;  
Exam'd all his numerous plasters,  
And heav'd a sigh for his disasters.

II.

Then, with the fleas and drink grown merry,  
Thus spoke the master of the ferry:  
'I never saw a hand, so good  
At making carrion titts show blood,  
Whose veins hold scarce a quart,  
And plundering from the dogs their food,  
As thou, O BILL VAN SNORT!  
That spavin'd beast, to some one's sorrow,  
Thou'lt ride till he is warm to-morrow,

\* We regret to state that BILVANSNORT, who was largely interested in this stock, is reduced to living on his wits and on charity; and is an object worthy of the attention of the police and other benevolent institutions.

And fling him off for sound;  
This too shall be avouch'd by me;  
For length of wind, and motions free,  
On all the turnpike, none like thee,  
O BILL VAN SNORT! are found.'

## III.

'Long as my wind,' then BILL replied,  
'The tale of how I learnt to ride,  
And how I got my wind beside.'  
Says GRAVES, 'Then tell it, BILL VAN SNORT,  
And if you can, do make it short.  
Drawl out your words, like dead men's groans,  
Mix nasal with sepulchral tones;  
Put in as many as you please  
Of 'wells,' 'you sees,' 'says I's,' 'says he's';  
And soon as I have fall'n asleep,  
You have my leave your tongue to keep;  
You know mine own peculiar snore,  
Something between a grunt and sneeze;  
When this you hear — then say no more.'

## IV.

'Well, GRAVES, you see, if memory serve me,  
It might be twice ten years ago,  
Since I was not quite such a scurvy  
And scaly object as I have grown;  
'T was then I lived, perhaps you know,  
At the old tavern that's pull'd down.  
'T was kept by Mr. — What d'ye call?  
A pious man, who wrote E-quire,  
And in whose house was never brawl  
But what was kick'd up by his wife —  
Who sometimes led him such a life,  
He wish'd the tavern was on fire,  
To burn up her, and him, and all,  
And all of us, who knew his way,  
Us'd to sing psalm tunes, night and day;  
But one poor negro; being grum, he —  
A slave, his labor was in vain —  
Us'd to sing 'possum up a gum tree,'  
And other songs alike profane.

## V.

There was a certain publican,  
Rich as salt meadows, when they're drain'd;  
His grandsire was a quack of fame;  
And, as this character maintain'd,  
Had set the leg of some great man,  
And had been knighted for the same  
In England — whence this person came.  
Full often sorely he complained  
No more respect they show'd him, than  
They did to one of his own horses;  
His wife, by thirty years his junior,  
Felt her veins run with livelier courses,  
And thought — if noblemen were punier  
Than common men — 't was a good deed,  
Perhaps — sometimes — to cross the breed.

## VI.

As I have said, I was not then  
So tatter'd, scarecrowish, and dirty,  
As, GRAVES, you know I long have been,  
Disguised, on Sundays in clean shirt, I  
Look'd smart and strong, and fit for duty;  
Cuffs, kicks, hard work, have spoil'd my beauty;  
Stables and roads and sleepless nights,  
Have nigh plough'd out my very lites.\*  
My legs were crook'd beyond all straight'ning,  
As shortly I shall tell you how;  
And those who knew me when but eighteen,  
Can hardly know me now.

\* Ploughed my soul from out my brow.' MASHFFA

It is not Time, but the small-pox,  
That thus has stigmatized and scarr'd me;  
Years have not blanch'd my raven locks,  
But hail, rain, snow. Else I should hardly,  
By a tin lantern, stories babble  
Beneath the cock-loft of a stable.

## VII.

Methinks I see MEXHITABEL —  
By the brown mare in yonder stall —  
It is the brindled calf — that's all.  
Though I remember her so well,  
Mistakes, like that, occur well may;  
She had a Bergen eye of gray,  
And something of a fraudulent squint  
Leak'd out through different corners in't;  
Wandering, like sunbeams in the water;  
As through this lantern's holes the streaks  
Of light disport in various freaks,  
Making the shadows long or shorter;  
As flares the candle, wandering show  
Hayloft, rack, stall — our beds below —  
So stray'd her glances far and near;  
The sun that kiss'd her cheek had made  
Her blushes of a brownish shade;  
Her mouth, when stretched from ear to ear,  
Made thirty-two white teeth appear,  
Like ivory knife handles, when set  
In a mahogany cabinet.  
Strapping and stout, she laid about,  
A lusty dole of spats and thwacks;  
And all the waiters made mistakes  
On purpose — for it was so sweet,  
A cuff from her white hands to get,  
Or kicks, from two such pretty feet.

## VIII.

I blunder'd — I received a cuff  
On my left ear; it was enough:  
There are ten thousand symptoms plain,  
We feel, but can't describe again.  
From her five nails, as from the points,  
Collecting the electric fire,  
Came, through her fourteen ivory joints;  
At once the subtle fever;  
I felt it through my ear transpire,  
Thence leak into my liver.  
I long'd to ask for one more lick,  
But felt the words within me stick,  
Yet some how so — I cannot say  
Exactly how it came to be —  
We got acquainted; and one day,  
We play'd at nine-pins in the yard;  
I did not look — I did not see  
What pins had been howl'd down by me:  
I look'd at her alone; and she,  
For so it seem'd, as little car'd;  
She let me win the pint of beer,  
But that was naught: to be so near —  
To see, but better still, to feel  
The sidelong glances she would steal,  
And read the thoughts their beams reveal —  
Something between a blush and giggle —  
Much as to say, 'I know you peep' —  
My counsels I no more could keep —  
Within my throat I felt it wriggle,  
And all I wish'd to say I said;  
She let the bowlie fly at my head;  
But, in that she had heard me through,  
That was for bashfulness I knew —  
Perhaps a spice of anger too —  
But soon her anger fled.

## IX.

'But, GRAVES, as you begin to snore,  
I s'pose I needn't tell you more  
Of how we fix'd this business;

I own — or rather own'd — two stages,  
And I would give the meager wages  
Of a whole life of dizziness,  
Spent amid rattling wheels, and horses —  
Shorting, upsets, profane discourses —  
If I could but from fate recall  
That hour, remember'd above all;  
Though then the poorest among paupers,  
Taking my kicks along with coppers.  
And — something too that very common is —  
I thought, were difficulties fewer,  
And I as single woman might woo her,  
I would have taken her to the Domine's  
And stuck, like well girt saddle, unto her,  
I was not such a hair-brain'd spark as  
To like to risk my bones in darkness.

## x.

There 's in the rottenness of sin  
Something that shines like lightning-wood;  
And people to suspect begin  
Whatever is not understood.  
The devil had put it in the head  
Of What-d'ye call, that in his bed,  
His wife was not; he undertook  
To ferret her out at twelve o'clock —  
Or it might be — an angel came  
And told him, 'twas a burning shame —  
But toward the barn his steps were led;  
He searched, and found her where he sought.  
Pummel'd, abus'd and curst her;  
Me too, up in the hayloft, caught

Freezing and scared. He made a muster  
Of all his stable boys — what might  
I do 'gainst pitchfork, whip and bludgeon?  
They drove me in the yard outright,  
Naked, forlorn, and captive gadgoon.  
I never learnt, and cannot tell  
What went with poor MEHITABEL;  
I hear'd she cross'd into the city —  
And led bad courses — 'twas a pity.  
If it had been a lord who thus  
Within his barn had made a fuss,  
Her spouse had thought it no greater sin —  
But for the walter at the inn!  
He call'd me naughty names and swore —  
And you shall hear what he did more.

## xi.

'Fetch out the cow!' and out they fetched her;  
A Bergen Cow, black, blind and scraggy;  
Who, if she had been turn'd adrift,  
None, but for pity, would have caught her;  
Lame, partly bare and partly shaggy.  
I had no time for pray'r or shrift,  
While on her back they made a shift  
To fasten me; they tied my feet  
Under her paunch, with my own garters,  
While on her bony hinder-quarters  
The rascals splic'd my naked seat.  
They put each horn in either flat  
Tightly secur'd by hempen twist;  
Then to the cow's tail tied a kettle,  
Well lin'd with pitch and resin, which

'*Hiatus valde defendus*.' Let us beg that if any one of our readers, any old friend of the author of '*Bilvansnort*,' has a copy of the remaining half of the poem, that he will oblige us with it 'at the meekest vantage of the time.' It will be carefully preserved and promptly returned, after it shall have fulfilled its office.

MORE 'TALK WITH MR. MOTH. — We have only one wish ungratified in relation to Mr. MOTH; and that is, that he would somehow or other manage to detain our obliging correspondent, who so faithfully transcribes his conversations, a little longer, on each occasion of their interviews. The result, we are sure, could not be unwelcome to the reporter, and we can answer for its cordial reception at the hands of our readers:

A few days after my last conversation with friend MOTH, I popped in upon him; one drizzly Sunday afternoon, when the world and the welkin presented, as CARLYLE would say, the most '*meeserable*' aspect of wo-begone forlornness; 't was indeed a suicidal day; such as swells the London bills of mortality to a fearful enumeration; when the heavy hanging clouds suggested immediately to any sad soul, gazing from the dim parlor windows, fatal ideas of ropes and silk handkerchiefs, and the overflowing gutters seemed to woo one to a wet death; while the murky fog, saturated with the exhalations of reeky chimneys, demanded the full strength of a man's Christian principles to combat the conception of charcoal fumes and asphyxia. Life was reduced to its very lowest terms; one could not eye the dismal heavens and think of existence without muttering to himself:

'If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
Which none but fools would keep; a breath thou art,  
Servile to all the skyey influences.'

I had waked in the morning with a head-ache; swallowed my coffee with contempt; smoked a pipe with disgust; listened to a dull doctrinal sermon, with most

intense inattention ; gone through the usual dinner ceremony, with immense lack of appetite ; tried for the tenth time to understand 'The Sphinx' of poetic EMERSON ; grinned gloomily over the Editorial Table of the KNICKERBOCKER ; nodded over the North-American ; gone dead asleep over the 'Democratic ;' and finally rushed from stupid and aldermanic dreams into the drenched and dirty streets, in very despair of contentment with any thing or any person on earth, or in heaven.

At this wretched juncture I passed by MUNROE's shop ; and wet as I was, dull as I felt — severe and savage, moist and miserable — without hope and without umbrella, I dived into MOTH's door-way, tumbled up the three damp flights of weary stairs ; and knocked surlily at the door of Mr. MOTH. At the second summons, MOTH came.

'Enter ! its grandour overwhelms thee not !'

he exclaimed, with a Childe Harold-ic quotation.

I obeyed, and found that my worthy friend had risen from his 'Homer' to let me in. He appeared glad to greet me ; and I could not but feel flattered that he condescended to ask me to sit even in presence of

'The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.'

'Well,' thought I, 'here is after all a gleam of sunshine ; here shines out a scrap of poetry, even amid the prosaic misery of a Boston Sunday. To think that a being should be found upon such a day, in such a season, under such circumstances, depressed by such dismal neighborhood, amid such sights and sounds, reading HOMER !'

'Ha !' said I, 'old MELESIGENES ? Can you read him, while 'CHANNING'S Poems' lie uncut on your table ?'

'Yes ; i'faith ; 't is perfect luxury to think how one can escape from the nonsense of to-day, by wandering into the sense and wisdom of antiquity. Here is FELTON's 'Homer,' which MUNROE has dropped upon my table, and I have spent a whole happy morning in looking at the curious learning of the noter.'

'You think well then of the Professor's new edition ?'

'T is excellent,' answered MOTH. 'FELTON is an admirable scholar ; and his judgment is even superior to his scholar-ship — except on *one* point. He is a perfect Pagan with regard to HOMER's identity. He talks of '*Homeric Poems* ;' '*ballads of HOMER* ;' '*Songs attributed to HOMER*,' and so on. Now, for my own part, I am a perfect Unitarian as regards HOMER. One man wrote these immortal lines ; one man conceived them ; one man composed 'em. It makes me mad to hear clever scholars talk of the 'Iliad' as a book of ballads, as if 't were a mere collection, like PERCY's Reliques, or my friend LONGFELLOW's 'Estray.' How ridiculous an idea it is, that in those old times, before printing, before Reviews, before blue-stocking ladies and elegant critics existed, that some clever gentleman should have looked into the old Magazines and periodicals of the day, and made a collection of the stray scraps of poesy, thawed 'em down into a congruous mass, knocked out the absurdities here and there ; mended the rhythm, re-touched the characters, amplified the descriptions, embellished the rough sketch, and of the loose, rude fragments of the day, made an immortal, indestructible, orderly and perfect Iliad.'

I could not but agree with my friend that the creed of HORACE and MACÆNAS, and the literati of their day, was a more sensible one than the German faith which now prevails ; the poor theory, spawned of doubt and distrust, under the influence of Teutonic beer ; that HOMER's eternal song was the *rifacimento* of some Athenian MACPHERSON.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Hear our friend and correspondent, 'THE DOCTOR,' in a pregnant paper which he has sent us at a late hour, and which he entitles '*The Aristocrat, the Radical, and the Indefinite*.' 'Every calling has its bright side, its advantages and hindrances, its pros and cons. A country doctor sees all sorts of people; high and low, good and bad; while the city practitioners are classified, as are their patients. The rich have their doctors; the poor have theirs. Not that men of medical science do not descend into the low places, and feed and cure the poor. Our profession is a sacred phalanx; it is no humbug. Nevertheless, we catch the spirit of the age; to live in the world, we permit many things to be done to us, as do all sorts of good men who cure and teach the world, which we disapprove of. We humor the sick to cure them; we humor society to cure it. We country doctors see all sorts of people, and know all phases of human nature. We see ladies without their curls, and bald pates without their wigs; men and women as they are; for when people are sick they try to be sincere and honest. Whatever be the motive, whether to get up a little sum on the credit side of the account, or to enjoy the comfort of being free from all shows, it is foreign to my object to determine. It is enough to say, that our profession see men and women as they are; and on this account, profiting by my large experience, I purpose to classify the men of my country as I know them, sick and well, at home and in the street.

'Three seems to be one of the favored numbers in the works of nature. There are three classes of men: the Aristocrats, the Radicals and the Indefinites. The last make a very large proportion of the men of our generation.

'THE ARISTOCRAT is not proud; he is very often the humblest man in the town, because he knows what is due to himself. He steps aside to let people pass him, and is polite and modest, because he is a man of delicate nerve, and nice sense of what is proper and right. He is content to be a high, generous, noble being; bearing in his body the blood of generations, unsullied by a single dishonor. Mr. BAOWNSON, with all his deep radicalism once, in his education, slumped into this fact; that races of men are susceptible of improvement by inheritance; that there is something in blood; that qualities of mind are transmitted from father to son; that a man may take pride in noble descent; and that the chances are altogether in favor of those who come from a good stock. It surely is true of animals; why not of men? Let not this discommode you, my poor struggling brother; for you—you, I say—must be the founder of a stock, the ancestor of heroes in the battle of life. The real aristocrat is a modest, thoughtful, delicately-organized mortal, who cannot bear the rough-and-tumble of every day life. He keeps out of the way of men, and lives apart from the masses, because his tastes and feelings are refined to a painful degree. He often laments his own want of adaptation to his times, especially in this country, and wishes he had been born of poor and pious parents. The true aristocrat is often poor, and in situations that gall him to the quick. He had rather die than beg. His high blood is often a curse to him, in this republic; but he cannot help it. The blood does many things the man disapproves, by an inexorable necessity. This is our first class.

'Next comes THE RADICAL; a man of strong natural sense, conscious of something wrong in the state of things about him, and feeling anxious every thing should be right. Not reasoning so much as feeling, more ready to force himself out of his dilemma than to philosophize about it, he attacks the lion in his den, and rejoices in

a contest where there can be in his opinion but one issue. His watchword is Freedom; and to show his love of liberty, he runs into license. If he be inclined to polemics, in his hatred of Calvinism he runs into Universalism; to show his republican spirit he becomes an Agrarian; and in his war with monopolies he takes it for granted that every rich man got his money by some kind of fraud. But he is honest and sincere, and means right, whatever be his extravagance. We will let him off easy. He creates a laugh by his oddity, and says many useful things by chance.

'But here among THE INDEFINITES is baser stuff; the worst kind of radicalism. Here are the men that make the word 'Reform' a censure and a nuisance. The Indefinites hate every body that is better off than themselves; they hate the exclusives, because they are shut out; the rich, because they are poor; the men in office, because they themselves are out. We call them 'Indefinites' because *they do not know what they want*. They have no love of freedom, like the true and honest-hearted radical; no great impulses after a better general state of things; but are bound up in themselves, and growl and snarl at their own ill-fortune. When they get into power, they are tyrants; when they become rich, they are miserly; and when admitted to the higher circles, they become the most exclusive of the exclusives. You will find these men in all reform movements, muddling the pure stream of philanthropy by the low position they take, by their nature; the depths to which they sink by their own specific gravity. They talk the most and do the least. They love the bounty given to new recruits, and, by a skilful change of position, are ever on the eve of actual service. Their manner of fighting is to retire to an upper room, and from the windows thereof set on their dogs to bite passengers. The Indefinite is a man of no principles; he is too unsettled to have any. He is a radical if he is poor; and when he becomes rich, he tries to be an aristocrat. He thinks he can do this by putting on a pompous air, and setting up a carriage, and maltreating his servants, as if they were dogs. He does not know that a man is only born to aristocracy; that it is a work like the formation of the diamond, which can't be imitated. The New-Haven professor is said to have made *black* diamonds; as 'CUFFEE' has come the nearest to being an imitative aristocrat. See him in his high cravat and brass-headed cane! His boots shine like silver; he walks majestically and looks solemn in vain. Alas! poor fellow, he 'can't come it.' It is a failure. It can't be done!

'These classes will embrace all the men of our country. Do n't be alarmed, Mr. Democrat; we are republican to the back-bone. There are long lines of ancestry in our country; there are men who can trace their descent back for many hundred years, through generations of men who have occupied high stations in civil and social life. The chances are that these men will be high-minded. It seems to me that we real democrats do not make allowance enough for their natural condition; and we often use them roughly, not considering that there are strong natural propensities and tastes, which are inherited. I have ever found the true aristocrat the gentlest of gentlemen, the most modest, humble, retiring class, of any in my walk. It is the counterfeit aristocrat that makes the term odious. This counterfeit is the Indefinite become rich. Lord! how he pays 'em off! He remembers that he was once tyrannized over by his master when he was an apprentice, or a stable-boy, and his blood boils to revenge his wrongs. No matter whom he hits, so he makes somebody smart. Perhaps he moves into the country, selecting a village where few can exceed him in wealth. Here he is a grandee at once; for the people love his money, and love to be paid for their work in cash, and will permit a good deal of insolence from fools, if

they pay well for it. They call him 'Squire' or 'Capt'ing' forthwith, and this tickles him. He sinks the tailor, and looks with contempt upon mechanics. Ten years ago he sat cross-legged, or stood behind a counter and tied up quarter-pounds of tea. He aspires at influence, and thinks it not impossible he may be put up for Congress. Here he is mistaken. Here you touch the people in a tender point. They will do any thing for him but put him in office. They know him too well for that. They despise him too deeply to make him a real 'Squire' or 'Capt'ing.' They had rather call him so than make him so.

'The radical is an angel of light in comparison with one of this class. There is some honesty in him, if he is in error. He means right, if he acts wrong. There are deep wrongs in society; every body knows it. Who doubts that a good deal of what is called 'refinement' is as rotten as punk? Who doubts that women are poorly paid for their labor? that labor of all kinds is not regarded with respect to its utility? By what philosophy is the occupation of the farmer a lower calling than that of a retail merchant? Why is the mechanic in a low grade? for he is, practically. Nobody of any sense will pretend to support the justice of the fact, and most will deny it to be a fact; and yet to be a mechanic is to shut one's-self out of 'the best society.' The radical establishes himself upon a few unanswerable questions like the foregoing, and complains and groans. He is an honest fellow, for there are wrongs that are only to be helped by the general progress of the world. These are the exponents of a sinful, struggling world; these inequalities and this injustice. God help the Right! Keep moving, talking, writing; keep their rights before the people; their right to education, to happiness, to peace, to respect; their right to be great in labor and toil; respectable in poverty, and honest in rags; temperate in abundance; prudent in power; humble in high stations, contented in low places; no more proud and cringing, but ever wearing the front of a true man, accountable to God.' . . . LET us hope, reader, that you will admire as we do the quaint and beautiful thoughts in the passages which ensue, taken from '*The Lover's Melancholy*,' by JOHN FORD, one of the most felicitous of England's elder dramatists. Our attention has been called to it by a correspondent, who has been reminded of it by the admirable paper in our last number upon *Tropical Ornithology*, by an esteemed friend and correspondent, JOHN ESAIAS WARREN, Esq., of Troy:

**MEN.** PASSING from Italy to Greece, the tales  
Which poets of an elder time have feigned  
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me  
Desire of visiting that Paradise.  
To Thessaly I came; and living private,  
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions  
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,  
I day by day frequented silent groves  
And solitary walks. One morning early  
This accident encountered me: I heard  
The sweetest and most ravishing contention  
That art and nature ever were at strife in.

**AMET.** I cannot yet conceive what you infer  
By art and nature.

**MEN.** I shall soon resolve you.  
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,  
Indeed, entranced my soul. As I stole nearer,  
Invited by the melody, I saw  
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,  
With strains of strange variety and harmony,  
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge  
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,  
That, as they looked about him, all stood silent,  
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.

AMET. And so do I; good! on.

MEN. A nightingale,  
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes  
The challenge, and for every several strain  
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own.  
He could not run division with more art  
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,  
The nightingale, did with her various notes  
Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,  
AMETHUS, 't is much easier to believe  
That such they were, than hope to hear again.

AMET. How did the rivals part?

MEN. You term them rightly;  
For they were rivals, and their mistress Harmony.  
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last  
Into a pretty anger, that a bird  
Whom art had never taught clefs, moods or notes,  
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study  
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:  
To end the controversy, in a rapture  
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,  
So many voluntaries, and so quick,  
That there was curiosity and cunning,  
Concord in discord, lines of differing method  
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

AMET. Now for the bird.

MEN. The bird, ordained to be  
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate  
Those several sounds; which, when her warbling throat  
Failed in, for grief down dropped she on his lute,  
And brake her heart! It was the quaintest sadness  
To see the conqueror upon her hearse,  
Weeping a funeral elegy of tears;  
That, trust me, my AMETHUS, I could chide  
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me  
A fellow mourner with him.

AMET. I believe thee.

MEN. He looked upon the trophies of his art,  
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried:  
'Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge  
This cruelty upon the author of it:  
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,  
Shall never more betray a harmless peace  
To an untimely end:' and in that sorrow,  
As he was pushing it against a tree,  
I suddenly stepped in.

We would be willing to 'give something handsome' to know who is the author of the review of 'The New Timon,' in the last number of the 'North-American Review.' He is a rare spirit and a true critic, whoever he may be. He has a proper contempt for literary charlatans, of every degree; and is especially and justly severe upon those indifferent authorlings who have vainly attempted to create a market for their own small wares, by prating about a 'national literature,' to which their 'American writings' could have contributed nothing save discredit. We quote a few passages:

'Many respectable persons are greatly exercised in spirit at the slow growth of what they are pleased to call a national literature. They conjecture of the forms of our art from the shape of our continent, reversing the Platonic method. They deduce a literary from a geographical originality; a new country, therefore new thoughts. A *reductio ad absurdum* would carry this principle to the extent of conforming an author's mind to the house he lived in. These enthusiasts wonder, that our mountains have not yet brought forth a poet, forgetting that a mouse was the result of the only authentic mountainous parturition on record. Others, more hopeful, believe the continent to be at least seven months gone with a portentous minstrel, who, according to the most definite augury we have seen, shall "string" our woods, mountains, lakes and rivers, and then "wring" from them (no milder term, or less suggestive of the laundry, will serve) notes of "autochthonic significance." We have heard of one author, who thinks it quite needless to be at the pains of a jury of matrons



on the subject, as he makes no doubt that the child of Destiny is already born, and that he has discovered in himself the genuine *Terra Filius*.'

The critic has a true sense of the necessity of more originality on this side of the water. He remarks with equal force and truth, that

'At present, every English author can see a distorted reflection of himself here; a something like the eidolons of the Homeric Hades, not ghosts precisely, but unsubstantial counterparts. He finds himself come round again, the Atlantic Ocean, taking the function of the Platonic year. Our authors are the best critics of their brethren (or parents) on the other side of the water, catching as they do only what is exaggerated in them. We are in need of a literary declaration of independence; our literature should no longer be colonial. Let us not be understood as chiming in with that foolish cry of the day, that authors should not profit by example and precedent; a cry which generally originates with some hardy imitator, the "stop thief!" with which he would fain distract attention from himself. It is the tower-stamp of an original mind, that it gives an awakening impulse to other original minds.'

How perfectly true are the remarks we have italicized! We are at once reminded of 'Puffer Hopkins,' and the charge lately brought against DICKENS of having plagiarized from that author!!\* Is not the following a capital bit of satire?

'THE "mystery of our being" has become a favorite object of contemplation. Egoism has been erected into a system of theology. Self has been deified like the Egyptian onion,

'Nascuntur in hortis  
Numina.'

Poets used to look before and after. Now, their eyes are turned wholly inward, and ordinarily with as useful result as was attained by the Brahmin who spent five years in the beatific inspection of his own navel. Instead of poems we have lectures on the morbid anatomy of self. Nature herself must subscribe their platform of doctrine, 'for substance, scope, and aim,' but without qualification. If they turned their eyes outward for a moment, they behold in the landscape only a smaller image of themselves. The mountain becomes a granite Mr. Smith, and the ocean (leaving out the salt) a watery Mr. Brown; in other words a Mr. Brown with the milky particles of his composition deducted. A new *systema mundi* is constructed, with the individual idiosyncrasy of the poet for its base. And, to prolong the delight of swallowing all this sublime mystification, enraptured simplicity prays fervently, with the old epicure, for the neck of a crane. Fortunately, that of a goose will suffice.'

The following remarks upon '*Anacreon Moore*,' and the correspondence to which they are introductory, will arrest the attention of our readers: 'The most striking features of MOORE's personal character have ever been his independence and his patriotism. It is notorious that the court, the government, and even the PRINCE REGENT himself, sought often and vainly to win MOORE's partisanship, or at least his silence. But neither the prospect of preferment, nor the seductions of fashion, nor yet the personal blandishments of the 'first gentleman of Europe,' could induce the bard of Erin to become the tool of party, or to forego the free expression of opinion in his contributions to the newspapers, and in those unequalled satires, where wit and imagination gave such a sting to truth, that political abuses, fashionable follies and regal vices simultaneously felt its power. Through all this, above it all, amid all changes, 'in season and out of season;' heightening every jest and deepening every touch of pathos; sparkled and burned, with unequalled brightness, MOORE's love for his degraded and unhappy country. Her degradation, her faults and her crimes, were not included in his too partial view. He saw but her wrongs, her loveliness and her tears. And when some great name did shed a passing gleam of brightness upon the dark record of Ireland's 'sorrow and shame,' in what rainbow-hues was its light reflected and multiplied by the sparkling gems of MOORE's lyric poetry! He loved his country, and he loved and praised those who had dared and suffered in her

\* SEE the last 'Democratic Review,' in a ridiculous article, which we understand was previously placed in type for the 'Literary World,' but peremptorily cancelled by the proprietors.

cause. His verse is no where so lofty, so sublime, as when, with the boldness of truth, it dares defend the character and the motives of those men whom their country's wrongs had roused to deeds which tyranny branded as *treason*, but which he fearlessly worships as PATRIOTISM.

'Let not this independence and this boldness be underrated. We speak of the 'Reign of Terror' in France with the shudder which the phrase itself enforces; but be it remembered, there was also a 'Reign of Terror' in England. Privy-Council-warrants were almost as rife in England, less than half a century since, as ever *lettres de cachet*, or those nameless warrants of the Terrorists (comprising imprisonment and death in a word,) had ever been in France. The breath of 'sedition,' if not stopped forever by the hangman, was more elaborately suffocated in the dungeons of Newgate. The English government were so vigilant, so suspicious and so vindictive, that men who called rebellion 'patriotism,' who denounced the measures of government as 'tyranny,' and the 'venial errors' of royalty as 'vices' and 'crimes,' wrote with Newgate in view at least; to say nothing of the trifling *addenda* of a running-oose and the 'new drop' scene. That THOMAS MOORE might have possessed worldly wealth and rank in exchange for the wealth of his genius and the nobility of independence, (even if he did not incur positive danger by his fearless course,) no one who knows his history can doubt; and it was with a full persuasion of this truth that the following letter, and the lines which accompany it, were some two years since addressed to Mr. MOORE. The writer dares not ask from the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER so favorable an estimate of these unpretending verses as Mr. MOORE's kindness has induced him to express; and, (although their publication has been repeatedly and strenuously urged,) if Mr. MOORE's very interesting reply were at all suited for *separate* publication, the present writer would have published that *by itself*, and foregone the gratification of seeing his own name so flatteringly associated with that of Mr. MOORE, rather than appear ostentatiously to obtrude himself upon the public in such illustrious fellowship:

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQUIRE.

'DEAR SIR:

London, 28th June, 1845.

'Retaining a vivid recollection of the courtesy which you extended to me last winter, and of the pleasure which I derived from my brief association with you, I have sought the opportunity, of which I now avail myself, to solicit your acceptance of a curious and somewhat rare record of the peculiar greatness of WASHINGTON. Of his principles and his actions, you Sir must, I feel assured, entertain a high and thorough appreciation; and I therefore venture to hope that this little volume may prove acceptable to you.

'This is my excuse for laying it before you; but I fear that I can neither find nor invent an apology half so valid for my presumption in prefixing to it an inscription in verse. I can say in my own defence only, that I am far from imagining myself to possess any real poetic talent; and that I have prefixed a few verses to this volume, merely as an unassuming expression of the grounds upon which I have based a belief that the offering itself might interest you.

'Still, it is presumptuous to address, in verse, a Master of the art; but I am sure that no one more readily than yourself will admit that certain classes of ideas find more appropriate and fluent utterance in that form than in any other.

'The position which the public voice and the public feeling have so long accorded to you, will redeem from all suspicion of insincerity the expression of the profound admiration and respect with which I esteem it an honor to subscribe myself,

'Dear Sir,

'Your very faithful servant,

'ROBERT HOWE GOULD.'

## L I N E S

REFERRED TO BY MR. MOORE, AND INSCRIBED IN A VOLUME OF 'MEMORIALS OF WASHINGTON.'

'The foremost patriot of all time  
Must hold high place in his regards,  
The power and fervor of whose lays  
Have stamped him first of patriot bards.

'The bard and soldier share the praise  
Of equal patriotic fire;  
To freedom one devotes his sword,  
The other consecrates his lyre.  
The poet prompts the noble deeds  
The warrior's sword achieves;  
The soldier from the poet's lyre  
His meed of fame receives.

'The bold assertion of the truth,  
'The love of right, the scorn of wrong,'  
Shine in the western chieftain's deeds.  
As in the island-poet's song.  
Kindred their souls, each boldly stood  
The champion of his native shore;  
Fate handed WASHINGTON the sword,  
And gave the impassioned lyre to MOORE.

'On the high altar of the muse,  
Where long his myrtle-branch hath hung,  
I place these records of such deeds  
As oft the patriot-bard hath sung.  
Sacred to him is now the shrine  
On which I lay my offering down;  
His genius will avail to twine  
The 'laurel with the myrtle-crown.'

R. H. G.

## MR. MOORE'S REPLY.

'MY DEAR GOULD:

*Sloperton, Chippenham, July 1st, 1845.*

'I regret exceedingly that it was not till after your departure I discovered the curious and interesting gift which you so kindly, and at the same time so modestly, left behind for me.

'I assure you I shall value it most highly, not only for its own intrinsic worth, but for the graceful and only too flattering verses which accompany it.

'Much as I have *written* of English poetry, I am ashamed to say how *very* little of it I have ever *read*; prose having been always my favorite line of study. I may therefore plead guilty to being far less versed in American poetry than I ought to be. But if your Parnassus can boast many such denizens as the author of the graceful lines which you have done me the honor of addressing to me, I shall certainly be tempted, though my own poetical days are over, to refresh my memory of them with a taste of yours; and as in my youth I drank of the waters of your *Niagara*, regale myself now with the *torrentia flumina* of your poetry.

'Believe me, dear GOULD, yours very truly,

'TO ROBERT HOWE GOULD, Esq.

'THOMAS MOORE.'

We are 'throwing light' upon a great many subjects, and thus performing an acceptable service to the public, by announcing that the *dépôt* of the *Carcel Mechanical Lamp* is removed from John-street to Number 377 Broadway; and there we would suggest that the reader should call, to see how far the Beautiful can be carried. The exquisite ornamental forms and figures, of the most admirable materials, now employed in decorating the different varieties of the Carcel lamp, would certainly seem to have reached their acme. The force of art, one would think, could no farther go. . . . THE felicitous application of a quotation is oftentimes almost akin to the actual inspiration of genius. The veteran GEORGE GRIFFIN, in a speech shortly after the war, made use of the following admirable expression: 'At this dark hour, our little navy, a remnant of federalism, plucked up by the locks the drowning honor of our country.' . . . '*Washington and his Generals*,' by Rev. J. T. HEAD-

LEY, author of 'NAPOLEON and his Marshals,' has just been published by Messrs. BAKER AND SCRIBNER. We shall notice this excellent work hereafter. Four thousand copies were ordered before the book was out of the press! . . . We quite agree with the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal, that the reviews of GRISWOLD'S 'Prose-Writers of America,' which have appeared in the '*Democratic Review*' and '*The Literary World*,' are 'very shabby, very weak, and show only uneasy malice.' We understand that the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' has been hired, by a species of literary 'dicker' of no particular value, to republish one or both of those notices. It is well remarked by the '*Boston Courier*,' that Mr. GRISWOLD and the public know too well how this 'independent criticism' is prepared and managed, 'to be at all affected by malevolence in the mask of candor, or to have any difficulty in detecting the whine of whipped conceit or the howl of mortified vanity in the disguise of affected sneer. Mr. GRISWOLD'S book has been executed honestly, ably and well; and is a valuable contribution to the original literature of the country.' . . . ONE seldom hears, now-a-days, in the metropolis, complaints of the Sunday newspapers. We believe it is now generally conceded that a well-conducted Sunday journal has a valuable conservative influence over a large class of readers, who would be less creditably engaged were they not attracted by the character and variety of its contents. These papers, too, have been constantly growing better. '*The Atlas*,' one of the oldest, in its excellent engravings, and great amount and variety of matter, has secured that public favor which it has labored long and well to deserve; '*The Mercury*,' with its amusing illustrations, its scorn of *humbugousness*, its trenchant satire, and its most original Dow sermons, has experienced similar good fortune; while '*The Times*,' the veteran NOAH'S sheet, with its keen observation of the antics of society, and its exposition of fashionable or domestic folly and affectation; and '*The Dispatch*,' a large and well-filled paper, and already a very popular candidate for the suffrages of the reading public, derive a liberal support, without at all affecting the circulation of those contemporaries which have been longer in the field. . . . WE have an elaborately-pencilled catalogue of the exhibition of '*The National Academy of Design*;' but preparation for May-day has compelled us to postpone our comments upon the pictures until our next. The exhibition is an excellent one. . . . WHAT-EVER may be said of our own departments in the present number, it will be conceded, no doubt, that we have bestowed little editorial 'tediousness' upon the reader. There is quite other than *literary* gossip to be encountered by the Gothamite householder, compelled to fall in with the caravan of movers on May-day; and our readers may on this ground felicitate themselves upon an escape, for *one* month at least. Still, we must have 'our say' hereafter, on several matters of which we intended to speak at this present. . . . 'YOUR anecdote of BURCHARD,' writes a Buffalo correspondent, 'reminds me of another, touching the same individual. Some years ago he was holding a series of meetings in Windsor, (Vt. ;) and among other attendants on them was a medical student, whom I shall call WINCKS. He was a hearer from curiosity. One evening, toward the close of a meeting, he was observed by BURCHARD, and was addressed as follows: 'WINCKS! they say you come here for sport!' 'Who told you so?' was the prompt and loud inquiry. 'I shall not tell,' said BURCHARD. 'Then,' replied WINCKS, 'I shall think you made the story up.' In a few moments afterward, BURCHARD descended from the pulpit, and edging along toward WINCKS, asked him in a low but audible voice if he would not go forward into the anxious-seat. 'Not I,' was the ready reply.' 'Then,' said BURCHARD, with a smile, 'give us a quid of tobacco!'

LITERARY RECORD.—THE BROTHERS HARPER give to the public a very instructive and valuable work, in three volumes, in their '*Lives of Eminent Men*.' The first volume contains the lives of JOHN STARK, DAVID BRAINARD, ROBERT FULTON, and JOHN SMITH; the second, ETHAN ALLEN, SEBASTIAN CABOT, HENRY HUDSON, JOSEPH WARREN, ISRAEL PUTNAM, and DAVID BITTENHOUSE; the third, WILLIAM PINCKNEY, SIR HENRY VANE, ANTHONY WAYNE, WILLIAM ELLERY, and RICHARD MONTGOMERY. These lives are extremely well written, and each volume contains a portrait; the first, of ROBERT FULTON, the second, of SEBASTIAN CABOT, and the third of SIR HENRY VANE. Among other late publications of the same house are new numbers of their great '*Pictorial History of England*;' new editions of Mr. SAMUEL SPRING's Eastern tale of '*Giasfer Ali Bermeki, or the Rose of Persia*;' of ALEXANDER SLIDELL MACKENZIE's '*Spain Revisited*,' in two volumes; '*The Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties*,' with examples and portraits, by Rev. Dr. WAYLAND; '*The String of Pearls*,' by the everlasting JAMES; '*Historic Tales for Youth*,' by Miss MARY E. LEE; and last and least, '*Alice Gordon, or the Uses of Orphanage*;' a dull, namby-pamby, 'very poor and very pious,' but very pretty-looking little volume, which calls for no farther notice at our hands, and will attract none from the public. . . . THE reading public are bound to thank the enterprising house of WILEY AND PUTNAM for a new and excellent edition of CARYLLE's '*Past and Present*' and '*Chartism*,' two works which have already been largely noticed in these pages; while juvenile readers will render to the same publishers their 'selectest praise' for the first volume of their pretty '*Home Treasury*,' with its charming stories, illustrated by charming pictures. The 'home demand' of the little people has already spirited it away from the sanctum; and as we write, we hear enthusiastic encomiums passed upon its varied attractions. The same publishers have in press '*Isaac Walton's Complete Angler*,' with notes by an American Editor, who is an accomplished disciple of the rod and line; and a new work by Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER. . . . AMONG other entertaining and instructive works recently put forth by Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY, is one entitled '*A Book of Travels in Africa*.' It embraces all the travels in that country from the earliest ages to the present time, compiled by Professor JOHN FROST of Philadelphia, from the best authorities. The volume, which could not be otherwise than interesting, is embellished with a very fine portrait on steel of Captain CLAPPERTON, the celebrated African traveller, as well as numerous other engravings on steel and wood. . . . WE thought to have had opportunity to say something of '*The New-Englander*' for the April quarter, but have not found it. We have read the number, however, and found it to contain several very excellent papers. Of those we would name especially that on 'The Best Society,' and 'Thoughts on the Revelations of the Microscope.' The latter bears we think the impress of Professor OLMSTED's mind and pen; while the former is full of important, wholesome truths, which ought to be, and we trust may be, carefully heeded. . . . WE acknowledge the receipt of two charming pieces of music from the new establishment of Mr. C. HOLT, Number 156 Fulton-street: The first, '*Fairest Flower so palely Drooping*' is a beautiful tribute to the memory of a lovely and gifted lady of Brooklyn, the late Mrs. L. B. WYMAN, the poetry by Mrs. BALMBO, and the music by Miss AUGUSTA BROWNE; the second, '*The Shepherd's Cottage*,' a pastoral ballad, composed by Gen. GEORGE P. MORRIS, the music by CHARLES HORN, as sung by Miss ABBY J. HUTCHINSON. . . . MR. J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, has published the '*American Drawing-Book*,' a Manual for the Amateur, and Basis of Study for the Professional Artist: especially adapted to the Use of Public Schools as well as Home Instruction; by J. G. CHAPMAN. 'Tell CHAPMAN to crow!' and his publisher also; for truth to say, they may both do so, and with perfect propriety; for we doubt whether either can be beaten in the excellencies which unite in the composition of the Drawing-Book, the first number of which lies before us. We were a little incredulous at first as to the postulate assumed on the title-page, 'Any one who can learn to write, can learn to draw;' but as we went on, and saw how clearly the learner was conducted, step by step, from the lightest straight continuous, dotted, or curve line to the diversified combination of these, which make up the finished sketch, we were compelled to admit that the assumption was well-grounded. Mr. CHAPMAN's directions are clear, simple and forcible; and illustrated at every point by explanatory drawings, which are of such a character as at once to convince the reader that he can practice with as much felicity as he can teach. There can be no more delightful accomplishment than that of drawing; and this work is so distinct and progressive in its instructions that we cannot well see how it could fail to impart a full and complete knowledge of the art. The publisher has successfully vied with the author; leaving absolutely nothing to be desired on the score of execution; it being quite equal in this respect to the best ornamental issues of the English press.

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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. XXIX.

JUNE, 1847.

No. 6.

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## The Egyptian Letters.

NUMBER SEVEN.

LETTER TWENTIETH.

FROM ABD' ALLAH OMAR, TO SEYD AHMED EL HAJI, CHIEF SECRETARY OF THE CHAMBER AT CAIRO.

IN no country are the changes of fortune more frequent than in this; not merely the casual mishaps which daily prostrate a few individuals, but the catastrophes that overwhelm a whole community. Every few years a calamity of this sort overtakes people, who from a season of great prosperity are suddenly reduced to a condition lower than that in which they were at the beginning of their commercial career. These reverses come round with so much seeming regularity, that one would think they who had eyes to see would guard against their recurrence; but they do not. Perhaps the reason for this apparent negligence is found in the fact, that no single individual can ward off the impending danger, and no possibility exists of getting the public to unite in general measures of precaution. Moreover, the false hopes mankind are prone to feed themselves with, the self-confidence that attaches itself to most persons, with the desire to continue on to the last moment, in constant expectation of farther gains; all these blind men to the future, and bring them to the full knowledge of their situation only when they are suffering under the 'rod of the oppressor,' Adversity. If people could only be induced to stop short, or gradually curtail, as trouble approaches, they would often save themselves from ruin, and sometimes from disgrace; but they are prevented from doing this by a petty feeling of rivalry toward their neighbors, or more frequently by false pride. They cannot bear to acknowledge their own fears; or, by curtailing their business, allow it to be supposed they are less rich than they desire the world should believe them to be.

It is true, furthermore, that there are persons who do not know



on the subject, as he makes no doubt that the child of Destiny is already born, and that he has discovered in himself the genuine *Terræ Filius*!

The critic has a true sense of the necessity of more originality on this side of the water. He remarks with equal force and truth, that

'At present, every English author can see a distorted reflection of himself here; a something like the eidolons of the Homeric Hades, not ghosts precisely, but unsubstantial counterparts. He finds himself come round again, the Atlantic Ocean, taking the function of the Platonic year. Our authors are the best critics of their brethren (or parents) on the other side of the water, catching as they do only what is exaggerated in them. We are in need of a literary declaration of independence; our literature should no longer be colonial. Let us not be understood as chiming in with that foolish cry of the day, that authors should not profit by example and precedent; a cry which generally originates with some hardy imitator, the 'stop thief!' with which he would fain distract attention from himself. It is the tower-stamp of an original mind, that it gives an awakening impulse to other original minds.'

How perfectly true are the remarks we have italicized! We are at once reminded of 'Puffer Hopkins,' and the charge lately brought against DICKENS of having plagiarized from that author!!\* Is not the following a capital bit of satire?

'THE 'mystery of our being' has become a favorite object of contemplation. Egoism has been erected into a system of theology. Self has been deified like the Egyptian onion,

'Nascuntur in hortis  
Numina.'

Poets used to look before and after. Now, their eyes are turned wholly inward, and ordinarily with as useful result as was attained by the Brahmin who spent five years in the beatific inspection of his own navel. Instead of poems we have lectures on the morbid anatomy of self. Nature herself must subscribe their platform of doctrine, 'for substance, scope, and aim,' but without qualification. If they turned their eyes outward for a moment, they behold in the landscape only a smaller image of themselves. The mountain becomes a granite Mr. Smith, and the ocean (leaving out the salt) a watery Mr. Brown; in other words a Mr. Brown with the milky particles of his composition deducted. A new *systema mundi* is constructed, with the individual idiosyncrasy of the poet for its base. And, to prolong the delight of swallowing all this sublime mystification, enraptured simplicity prays fervently, with the old epicure, for the neck of a crane. Fortunately, that of a goose will suffice.'

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\* SEE the last 'Democratic Review,' in a ridiculous article, which we understand was previously placed in type for the 'Literary World,' but peremptorily cancelled by the proprietors.

cause. His verse is no where so lofty, so sublime, as when, with the boldness of truth, it dares defend the character and the motives of those men whom their country's wrongs had roused to deeds which tyranny branded as *treason*, but which he fearlessly worships as *PATRIOTISM*.

'Let not this independence and this boldness be underrated. We speak of the 'Reign of Terror' in France with the shudder which the phrase itself enforces; but be it remembered, there was also a 'Reign of Terror' in England. Privy-Council-warrants were almost as rife in England, less than half a century since, as ever *lettres de cachet*, or those nameless warrants of the Terrorists (comprising imprisonment and death in a word,) had ever been in France. The breath of 'sedition,' if not stopped forever by the hangman, was more elaborately suffocated in the dungeons of Newgate. The English government were so vigilant, so suspicious and so vindictive, that men who called rebellion 'patriotism,' who denounced the measures of government as 'tyranny,' and the 'venial errors' of royalty as 'vices' and 'crimes,' wrote with Newgate in view at least; to say nothing of the trifling *addenda* of a running-noose and the 'new drop' scene. That THOMAS MOORE might have possessed worldly wealth and rank in exchange for the wealth of his genius and the nobility of independence, (even if he did not incur positive danger by his fearless course,) no one who knows his history can doubt; and it was with a full persuasion of this truth that the following letter, and the lines which accompany it, were some two years since addressed to Mr. MOORE. The writer dares not ask from the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER so favorable an estimate of these unpretending verses as Mr. MOORE's kindness has induced *him* to express; and, (although their publication has been repeatedly and strenuously urged,) if Mr. MOORE's very interesting reply were at all suited for *separate* publication, the present writer would have published that *by itself*, and foregone the gratification of seeing his own name so flatteringly associated with that of Mr. MOORE, rather than appear ostentatiously to obtrude himself upon the public in such illustrious fellowship:

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQUIRE.

'DEAR SIR:

London, 28th June, 1845.

'Retaining a vivid recollection of the courtesy which you extended to me last winter, and of the pleasure which I derived from my brief association with you, I have sought the opportunity, of which I now avail myself, to solicit your acceptance of a curious and somewhat rare record of the peculiar greatness of WASHINGTON. Of his principles and his actions, you Sir must, I feel assured, entertain a high and thorough appreciation; and I therefore venture to hope that this little volume may prove acceptable to you.

'This is my excuse for laying it before you; but I fear that I can neither find nor invent an apology half so valid for my presumption in prefixing to it an inscription in verse. I can say in my own defence only, that I am far from imagining myself to possess any real poetic talent; and that I have prefixed a few verses to this volume, merely as an unassuming expression of the grounds upon which I have based a belief that the offering itself might interest you.

'Still, it is presumptuous to address, in *verse*, a Master of the art; but I am sure that no one more readily than yourself will admit that certain classes of ideas find more appropriate and fluent utterance in that form than in any other.

'The position which the public voice and the public feeling have so long accorded to you, will redeem from all suspicion of insincerity the expression of the profound admiration and respect with which I esteem it an honor to subscribe myself,

'Dear Sir,

'Your very faithful servant,

'ROBERT HOWE GOULD.'

pressed, but begin again with vigor to recover from their losses and regain the position their former wealth had acquired for them. Although they do not always succeed for themselves, they offer a good example to their offspring, and are able to bequeath to them, if not wealth, certainly that which is the means of obtaining it; industrious and frugal habits. Their very misfortunes are turned into lessons which teach economy and moderation; qualities they would not have taught had they continued in their prosperous state.

In the struggle men have to maintain to keep from falling, or to recover themselves after their fall, it is delightful to observe the sympathy and support they receive from the tender assiduity, the unwavering affection of their wives. Women bear reverses better than men, are more submissive under the changes of fortune, murmur less, and preserve cheerfulness in times when men lose their temper. It is in these moments of severe trial that woman's virtues are most strongly developed; it is then she seems most deeply impressed with what constitutes one of the most sacred duties of her mission, carrying balm to the wounded mind; not resisting the strokes of fortune, but teaching how to bear them. The fearful anticipations that beset a man when his misfortunes thicken round him; his wounded pride; the gnawing cares that he feels obliged to conceal from the eyes of the world, and the thousand schemes of relief, conceived to-day and dispelled to-morrow, almost disorder the brain, and leave the sufferer unfit for outward exertion, nearly deprived of inward resource. This is a state more painful than reality itself. At such a moment comes the calm still voice of the bosom friend, strong in its very gentleness, for it holds the power to subdue; rich in consolation, for it possesses the art to soothe; a fountain of hope, where the troubled soul may refresh itself without fear that the stream will fail; for it springs from disinterested affection, and is directed to the heart.

Our holy law furnishes precepts adapted to the condition of those who labor under affliction of mind or body. All gracious ALLAH is ever careful of his stricken children, and bestows upon them inward strength to bear the evils they bring upon themselves. Well is it written in chapter 'The Brightness': 'By the sun in his meridian splendor, by the shades of night, the LORD hath not forsaken thee, neither doth he hate thee.' In the true spirit of this sure dependence, one of the faithful, a dethroned prince and gifted poet, thus expresses his resignation:

'WHY should I blush that Fortune's frown  
Dooms me life's humble paths to tread?  
To live unheeded and unknown,  
To sink forgotten with the dead?

'T is not the good, the wise, the brave,  
That surest shine or highest rise;  
The feather sports upon the wave,  
The pearl in ocean's cavern lies.

'Each lesser star that studs the sphere  
Sparkles with undiminished light;  
Dark and eclipsed alone appear  
The Lord of Day, the Queen of Night.'

*New-York, twenty-sixth day of the Moon }  
Zoo'l Chadeh: Hegira, 1260. }*

## Letter Twenty-first.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

THE more I see of this people, the more I am charmed with their benevolence. This shows itself not only in individual acts of kindness, as I have already in another letter brought to your notice, but now a number of persons suddenly come forward, who seek to do good on a much larger scale. They find so many radical defects in the present system of morals, and the modes by which masses are put together, that all endeavor to improve the condition of the human race, while this system exists under its actual form, is entirely hopeless. They propose to amend the moral and physical state of the whole world at once; by an entire new scheme, to elevate mankind; 'to extricate them from this social abyss;' in short, break up the present arrangement of society, which is believed to be a circle of abuses and defects throughout. You will at once perceive what a Herculean task this is, beside admitting that they who undertake it must possess indomitable courage, and a degree of perseverance without example. They have not only to contend against the predilections, prejudices and obstinacy of the upholders of the present system, which has prevailed several centuries, but must present another, which has not the sanction of experience. In the face of all these difficulties, men, even bodies of men, are found, who propose what they call a 'System of Association,' in which individuals and entire families are to live, not as at present in an isolated household, but by hundreds, all under the same roof.

What do you think of what they call a *small* association, or phalanx, yet which consists of about four hundred persons, all well cooped up within walls of a few hundred feet square, where, according to their representation, there will be council-rooms, reading-rooms, library, exchange, public halls, banquet-rooms, saloons for parties, with play-rooms for children; all well lighted, well aired, quiet and clean. Within, all is to be social order and harmony. The men will never fight, for there is hardly space for sparring; the women never pull caps, because they will live under the 'charm of social relations in which will be found a compatibility of tastes;' and the dear little children will never cry, for they will be restrained by the gentle influence of moral suasion, and be full of the 'spirit of ascending imitation.'

Where every one is to be induced by devotion and attracted by social philanthropy, it is of course not necessary to enact laws for the government of the assembly; these two high motives are thought sufficient to restrain from doing wrong, and powerful enough to incite to the performance of all acts for the maintenance of 'social unity;' that fraternity of classes which has so long been the dream of politicians and philosophers. Instead of laws as made by the advocates of 'Competitive Industry,' there will be 'Pledges and Rules of Human Progress.' Whether there are penalties for the non-fulfilment of these pledges, or the infringement of these rules,

I have not learnt; but as these worthy people are opposed to much punishment of any kind, it is probable that they who misbehave will be invited to withdraw, being found hardened against social attraction, and inapt to secure a full and harmonious development of the moral powers.

In this blessed abode all are to labor, not so much for the purpose of amassing fortune as for mere support; and to this they are to be enticed by 'Attractive Industry,' instead of being drawn by the present incentive of '*Repugnant Industry*.' It is admitted that duties must be performed which do come under the latter appellation; such as unclean and despised works and functions; and in order to remove an unwillingness from among any of these 'free-and-equal rights' inmates to labor in this vocation, they are to be attracted to it, (every thing is done by attraction) by public honors and by a high sounding name. The '*Sacred Legion*' will perform all the dirty work, in which they will be occasionally aided and always encouraged by the '*Group of Self-Denial*,' who will, by example, show them that they must put their hands to every thing, and turn up their noses at nothing. The Sacred Legion are paid with honors without end. They are to rank as the '*Servants of God*,' the '*Preservers of Social Honor*,' and by assuming all filthy and degrading occupations, will smother pride, be the centre of all the social virtues, and 'one of the firm supports on which the association will rest.' It appears to me this Sacred Legion should acquire by the appellation of '*Servants of God*' a heavenly frame of mind, and may well be called the basis of the edifice; inasmuch as they are the lowest in the structure; if I were inclined to join the association, I would choose a seat among them or the '*Self-Denial Group*,' for low as they both are, they are people who are 'looked up to.' But according to the form of government of these reformers, it is not easy to obtain a place in this favored corps. In the first place a selection is made among boys from nine to sixteen years; it being found that at this age, so far from having a natural antipathy or repugnance to dirty or offensive contacts, they have a decided fondness for them; yet as a further stimulus, they are to be induced by a '*Spirit of Devotion*' and '*Social Philanthropy*,' beside the high honor and consideration which will be bestowed on these functions. These honors will be so great as to create a competition for these uncleanly labors; admission will be rendered difficult, and be considered as a signal favor. These functions, instead of being degrading, will bring forth what is called '*The Passion of Self-Sacrifice*,' which these reformers assert requires to be satisfied as much as any movement of the human heart. I think this is all charming; verily, attractive; it makes one envy the boot-black and the scullion. I am almost ready to swear an eternal friendship with the scavenger.

On inquiry how the baser passions of men are to be subdued; how pride, ambition, the love of distinction or wealth, are to be controlled; I am told that this object is attained by putting into practice the laws of '*Universal Unity*,' which are '*The Material Movement*,' '*The Aromal*,' '*The Organic*,' and '*The Instinctual*;' that

these of themselves produce social order and harmony, by which the sovereign good is made so attractive that this favored association becomes at once smitten with the love of virtue, and falls insensibly into membership with the general principle of Association, which is the 'Social Destiny of Man.'

Now, dear Ahhmad, if you have any bad passions, come here quickly and rid yourself of them. Leave behind you all the evil propensities and habits the filthy Nile has generated; come to the pure banks of the Hudson, and inhale the 'Aromal' which maketh clean the heart. Much is said in the books of the Christians of the flesh-pots of our country, and of the great number that abound therein. For myself, I confess I never saw a supply beyond the demand; so you will do well to relinquish an uncertain fare, and come to this land, join yourself to an 'Industrial Group,' in which your passions will be 'harmoniously developed and your individual antipathies be absorbed in collective affinities.'

In the books which these Reformers publish, I find that the earth is the joint property of the human family; of course every individual has a right to as much of it as he may require, from which to derive a support; therefore the present system under which we live is one of usurpation, to the exclusion of the legitimate owner. Arguing from this, it would seem as if each individual on coming into the world and finding the earth monopolized around him, would be justified in seizing whatever came in his way, as his rightful portion; but as this would be a method of acquiring property attended with much inconvenience, beside being a measure liable materially to disturb social harmony, it is judged preferable to change the absolute claim into a right of possessing the product of individual labor, or what is called the usufruct of the earth. This is a mode of smoothing over a great difficulty, beside being a good way of keeping on friendly terms with those who came first, and already hold possession of the soil. An association on the point of forming itself, finds the occupants so deeply tinctured with old prejudices as to be unwilling to relinquish their right of possession, or take persons as sharers in the product of their industry; it is therefore obliged to buy a domain, which they throw into a common field, allowing to each individual whatever he can raise from it by his personal labor. 'The Industrial Bondage,' such as is practiced in manufacturies, will not exist, perfect liberty will be secured, the workman will be their own masters, will fix upon their own working hours, choose their occupations, divide the profits of their labor, and in every way govern their own affairs. This perfect liberty of action is a remarkable feature in Association, and if it were not that the laborers are governed by a new motive called the 'Attraction of Unity,' one would incline to fear some contending interests might arise to disturb the harmony of this unparalleled free condition.

When a number of persons sufficient to form an Association is assembled in one abode, it becomes necessary not only to give them occupation as a means of preserving health, but provision must be made to enable them to subsist; in other words they must be brought

under the influence of 'Associative and Attractive Industry.' They are then divided into 'Series,' which are subdivided into 'Groups.' These groups and series are arranged by classes of occupations, so that a person about to enter may choose the one which falls in with his taste, either as to the object of industry or sympathy of character. A group chosen by the free voice of the Association chooses for itself an occupation; it may be scientific, mechanical or agricultural. Suppose the latter; it rests with the members to decide what branch of agriculture they will adopt; of course they will take that to which they are impelled by their attractive affinities; it may be horticulture, in which case the seeker after the absolute may go to the onion group, or he may be attracted toward the squash; he may have a leaning toward beets, or be smitten with pumpkins; all is free, according to the bent of his mind. A person may also vary his occupation according to the seasons; but it is recommended that each adhere to the pursuit first chosen, so that he may become perfect in one branch; in which case he remains an onion, a squash, a beet or a pumpkin, during the time of his stay as a member. This is peaceful, pastoral and primitive.

These and other pursuits are the occupation of the male portion of the community; the females, or as they are termed the *feminalties*, are to be attracted to industrial habits, such as suit their tastes and sex. They will be distributed in like manner as the men, into series and groups, and be employed as cooks, seamstresses, laundresses, house-keepers and above all as nurses. In the latter capacity it will be their duty to give infants the first rudiments of education; to form their minds, mould their inclinations, watch over their 'instinctual movements,' their moral propensities and hydropathic habits; in short, by the development of industrial tastes or instincts, fit them to become useful members of the Association.

The Reformers consent to sustain the marriage tie as it now exists, especially as it is found not easy to dissolve it; but they do object to the confinement of an isolated household, or the living of one man and one woman in one house; indeed there are not wanting others, of ardent zeal, who to hasten the blessings they promise, would dissolve the marriage state altogether; and they attribute many domestic evils to the existence of this union. Nevertheless the main body of the Associationists deem it advisable, under all the circumstances of the case, to uphold the connection.

While the body and mind are thus provided for, it is intended to have religion; indeed a good deal of it; but according to their views, it must be of the genuine, or what they term the 'integral' kind, which is the more to be cherished as it inculcates order and harmony, the two main pillars on which Association rests. Beside receiving as much as is necessary to aid in the new scheme of temporal happiness, it is made the ground-work of a novel theory to prove the immortality of the soul, which one of the head-men asserts he has established by a scientific process. He begins by presenting a scale of seven proofs, derived principally from 'Attraction Proportional to Destinies,' 'Universal Analogy,' 'Harmonic Transi-

tions,' with others equally intelligible; thence he comes to radical, primary, and pivotal attributes, which last typifies 'Unity of System,' or in other words, Association itself, a subject I am trying with all my might to make you understand. Each of these divisions is subjected to a critical analysis, from which the proof of his position is adduced; but in order that mankind may not feel too secure, by which pride may be engendered, we are told 'the lot of the two worlds is linked together, the happiness and misery of both are reciprocal, and the souls of the departed remain in an inferior condition, in which ours will participate after this life, until the social world shall have been elevated from its state of discord and subversion to one of harmony and unity.'

Now I hold this to be unfair toward the dead, who after toiling and sweating in this life, in the hope of enjoyment hereafter, are now told they are to rest in an inferior condition in the next, until the Association shall have accomplished the great work of destroying the present system of society, and have built up one much better. This is cold comfort; and then what a length of time in which the departed are left in suspense! In mercy to those who wait, I hope these gentlemen will quicken their motions. '*Depecher vous, depecher vous; je vous en prie.*'

In after life the soul will be placed under three conditions; 'the simple and infra-mundane,' 'the compound or mundane,' and 'the super-compound or super-mundane;' the first of these states goes by the vulgar name of sleep, the second that of watchfulness, and the third is the ultimate or future life: when arrived at this last point, the bodies of our souls will be Ether-Aromal, formed of two subtle elements, air and aroma. How beautiful! And can any thing be more clear? We are to live, in another sphere, in perfumed vapor, being made of and inhaling an ethereal substance, as we now do on earth when we smoke and drink our coffee. Our holy prophet, (on whom be blessings!) must have foreseen all this when he permitted these two essences to form essential elements of comforts in this life, and means of enhancing the joy of that which is to come.

I might greatly enlarge upon many topics connected with this subject, to prove the advantages the world would derive by adopting the plan of these Reformers. Space will not allow me to continue; but in this very brief outline I have said enough to give you an insight into the happiness these benevolent people propose to bestow upon the human race; and I leave you to reflect on the perfectibility to which mankind may arrive by adopting a system that removes all misery from the world by a quicker process than was ever thought of before.

I cannot but rejoice, dear Ahhmad, that you and I are brought up under a dispensation that teaches full and entire dependence on the wisdom of Providence in the government of the world. We have no need of systems of unity, of attraction, of radical, primary or pivotal attributes, or any other scheme of visionary men to regulate our community or prescribe rules of doctrine. Our holy law is a sure guide, that leads us safely through the devious path of life, and



a firm support to all those who obey its sacred precepts ; neither is gracious Allah slow in exhibiting on proper occasions on earth the extent of his power in favor of those who are true believers, as is well proved by recurrence to our historical records.

In the year of the conquest of Egypt by the Arabs, Amr Ibn El-A's, the Arab general, was told that the Egyptians were accustomed at the period when the Nile began to rise, to deck a young virgin in gay apparel and throw her into the river as a sacrifice, to obtain a plentiful inundation. This barbarous custom he abolished ; in consequence, the Nile did not rise during the space of three months. The people were greatly alarmed : Amr therefore wrote to the Kaliefeh, to inform him of what he had done, and the consequence. Omar returned for answer that he approved, and desired him on receipt of the letter to throw into the river a note which it enclosed. The purport of the note was as follows : ' From Abd Allah Omar, Prince of the Faithful, to the Nile in Egypt. If thou flowest of thine own accord, flow not : but if it be God, the One, the Mighty, who causeth thee to flow, we implore God, the One, the Mighty, to make thee flow.' Amr did as he was commanded, and the Nile rose sixteen cubits in the following night.

*New-York, fifth day of the Moon }  
Zoo'l Hagegeh : Hagira, 1280. }*

# HUMAN LIFE.

HUMAN life is like a river, constantly passing onward, and constantly coming on.

I.

HUMAN Life is like a river  
Swiftly flowing to a main ;  
And whatever passes onward  
Comes not back to us again.

II.

But from out its unseen sources  
Constantly the tide comes on ;  
Every moment a new current  
Follows after what is gone.

III.

And in coming and in going,  
In the night as well as day,  
Speed the waters of the river,  
Until all have passed away.

IV.

For the stream must lose its being  
In the dark and soundless main,  
And the spring when once exhausted  
Never is renewed again.

V.

It moves where plains are bleak and sterile,  
Where the days are drear and long ;  
And where palm-trees watch the flowers,  
In a land of love and song.

VI.

And the current, ever onward,  
Wears to day a look serene,  
And to-morrow dashes madly  
Where the hidden rocks are seen.

VII.

But serene or madly dashing,  
Flows it still toward the main ;  
Not a drop of all its waters  
Can come back to us again !

VIII.

Oh ! that truth so grand and solemn  
Might awaken every soul  
To the purposes of being —  
To the glory of its goal !

A. D. F. B.

## STRAY LEAVES

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A GEORGIA LAWYER.

SOME time less than a thousand years ago, a motley group stood upon the banks of the Alatomaha river, in the city of Darien. It was a lovely spring afternoon. The majestic live-oaks stretched out their lofty arms, and as the sun-light quivered through the leafy branches, disclosing the rainbow-hued nonpareil, as it flitted from limb to limb, and the beautiful red-bird that nestled among the foliage, a vision of loveliness was presented that none but a dweller in a southern clime can well imagine. The gentle wind moved the long moss that hung suspended from the noble oaks, and caused it to wave as gracefully as a banner borne by gallant knight; the yellow jessamine twined itself around the trunks or hung in festoons from branch to branch; the mocking-bird poured forth its multitudinous notes; and as you gazed upon the crystal stream, and saw the light canoes of the merry slaves as they glided along, you would have thought that if but *one* evil were removed, you could sit there forever and look upon the scene.

But every body has said, (and for once common report has not been proved to be a common liar,) that to every enjoyment, every condition in life, there is some draw-back; some evil, great or insignificant, but which nevertheless serves to detract from what would otherwise be unmitigated pleasure. And that one evil we had; small in one sense, very great in another. Ten thousand myriads of that species of gnat called the 'sand-fly,' that infinitesimal vampire of the sea-coast, hovered around us, nestled in our bosoms, intruded into our throats, buzzed in our ears, and blinded our vision. Miss Landon has said, that 'the little things of life are the terrible;' she must surely have had some experience of the 'sand-flies,' or she could not have combined so much truth with so much poetry.

The session of our Superior Court had just ended; to use a vulgar expression, 'Court had broke.' A case of great importance had gathered in that city, at that term, many of the leading members of the Georgia bar from different sections of the state. There you might have seen a distinguished member of congress, who had recently returned from his legislative duties, and now reappeared in the professional arena; and there too you might have beheld the tall and manly form of a grave counsellor from the far-off and far-famed Cherokee Country of Georgia, whom not to know would argue yourself unknown. Generals who had done the state *some* service, (how much, I cannot say,) presidents of banks, judges and ex-judges, attorneys of talent and of standing, all were there. The sun never shone on a more dignified, manly and courteous set of men, as they stood there awaiting the arrival of the steam-boat that was to bear them away from that spot to the city of Savannah.

But the cloak of dignity, albeit a graceful mantle, is sometimes as

heavy and tiresome as the armor of the ancient crusader, and the weary frame longs to throw it off, that it may put on the fustian jacket of ease and rest; and as we remained there, annoyed to death by the incessant stings and buzzings of our countless foes, some one of the group proposed that the afternoon should be made a *saturnalia*, and that dignity should be thrown aside for a season, and fun and light-heartedness should take its place. And so it was voted unanimously, only one young gentleman, who had been recently clothed with the judicial ermine, and who had not yet felt its weight too heavy, making the least objection; but his scruples having been overcome, the reign of liberty, equality and democracy commenced in right earnest.

And lo! what a change from a few moments before! On the top of a huge pile of light-wood sat a judge, whistling Yankee-Doodle to a new tune; that is, it was intended for Yankee-Doodle, but like most things in this world, the execution fell short of the intention, and sometimes the merry strain seemed mingled up in such a way as to make it difficult to determine conclusively whether Yankee-Doodle or Roslin Castle had 'the better of it.' A few steps from him a merry set of lawyers were throwing stones at thistle-flowers, making the welkin ring when any one hit the thorny mark; two of the most (quondam) dignified were angling for cat-fish, and had just succeeded in drawing one to the surface, which was nearly as large and quite as respectable-looking as his captors. A little farther on, a gentleman, who had been *almost* governor, was amusing himself by making oyster-shells skip along the stream; and still farther, a very modest-looking advocate, who had at one time been hung up as a judicial luminary, and had passed in *some* sections of the country, especially among the juvenile misses, as a poet, was making better use of his legs than he had ever done with his brains, or the wings of his fancy, and was leaping successfully, despite the vain competition of some of the ragged sovereigns of the land, who had entered the lists against him. The congress-man sat whittling a shingle with a pen-knife, and enjoying with undisguised emotion a battle between a soft-shell turtle (which one of our number had purchased and was carrying home as a *bonne-bouche*,) and a terrier puppy, which another of our gang had half begged, half stolen from his landlord; two generals meanwhile superintending the combat between the belligerents; thus exhibiting at the present time their ruling passion, and giving strong promise of future usefulness when their country should call them to the bloody fields of Mexico or Patagonia. The staid and lofty lawyer from the Cherokee circuit was bargaining with an old African woman for a lot of sea-terrapins, which he persisted in designating as 'chickens,' to the great amusement of the vendor, who finally went off into 'a series of short convulsions' when 'Maussa Buckra' (the name they use to designate the whites,) proposed to purchase 'half of *one* of her funny chickens.' The only melancholy face in the whole group was the respected owner of the soft-shell turtle; who, having read in one of his boyhood's books that care had once killed a cat, was

apprehensive that the same mental malady, superinduced by the efforts of the terrier puppy, under the valuable and philanthropic aid and countenance of the two generals, might possibly produce the same catastrophe with his turtle, and thus spoil a prospective dinner. It is nothing more than sheer justice to the congress-man to say, that having been accustomed to the rowdy scenes in the representative hall, he seemed more at ease in this new vocation than the less tutored actors.

The scene which I have thus attempted briefly to describe was regarded with some interest by two different sets of spectators. One of them was composed of the orderly citizens of Darien, who, having been accustomed to see the bar walk on the stilts of dignity and decorum, were exceedingly surprised at the legal saturnalia, and they gathered in an anxious crowd to watch our movements. At first they seemed to have jumped to the conclusion that we were suddenly stricken with madness, and some incipient preparations were made to prevent us from casting ourselves into the stream that flowed beside us; but after a few moments, they appeared to have settled down into the charitable conviction that it was nothing more than '*Punch's* holiday,' and accordingly they dispersed, and left us to our fun. We met with a very different reception, however, from the other set of observers. These consisted of 'the sable suffering sons of Africa,' who had then and there assembled to await the arrival of the steam-boat, and to tender their valuable services to any one who was, and to every one that was not, in need of them. They presented a scene, *per se*, nearly as grotesque as the frolicsome lawyers. Seated on a low stool was the venerable colored lady whom our up-country advocate called the 'Chicken *Mamma*,' ('*Mamma*' is an epithet of respect and affection which our children use toward their black nurses,) with her family of 'funny chickens' (i. e., terrapins,) around her; there, leaning against a post, was a tall negro, who had marked the straw-hat he wore with divers cabalistic characters, in feeble imitation of the steam-boat porters of the city of New-York. The only things we could make out among the unknown writing were a set of letters that looked like a disorderly F. F. V.; that is to say, they looked just as we might suppose those respectable and eminently useful members of the alphabet would look if they should so far forget themselves and their duty as instructors of our youth as to go upon a frolic and get drunk, and then strive to return home without support. What the meaning of these letters was, we could not agree upon. A Virginia scion insisted that they were an abbreviation he had seen used in the navy to represent 'First Family in Virginia;' but no accurate and fixed conclusion could be arrived at on the subject, our black friend declining to give us any information, or to gratify what he evidently considered either impertinent curiosity or deplorable ignorance. All around us our sable companions were scattered in a perfect *abandon* of delight, and all things were going on right merrily, when suddenly the steam-boat rounded the point of land that had hidden her from our view, and her bell warned us to be ready to embark.

With the rapidity of the lightning's flash the whole scene became again changed ; the wild shout and the loud laugh were hushed ; the governor looked as if he had been nailed to the gubernatorial chair for years ; the judge sprang from his wooden throne, and wrapped his judicial dignity gracefully around him ; the congressman flung his shingle, with all the valuable improvements he had made upon it, into the river ; the tall advocate left off his sport with the 'Chicken Mauma ;' the generals handed over the belligerent turtle and puppy to two of their sable companions, late the 'partners of their toil, their feelings and their fame,' bidding them now, with a stern look, to put these things on board the boat ; the countenance of the owner of the turtle resumed once more its usually placid smile, as he saw his *bonne-bouche* rescued from its quadruped and biped tormentors ; and last, not least, the poet looked as if he had been on Olympus for a month. In short, one and all were once more the sober, courteous, refined and reserved gentlemen that had first come down to the river's edge.

But while the approach of the boat had thus suddenly brought us to our senses, and although we fully realized our own identity, it seemed to be very difficult for our late observers to convince themselves that we were the same persons they had lately beheld in our wild unbending. It was amusing to see the puzzled looks of the respectable citizens of Darien, as we lifted our hats in respectful recognition of them, as they passed to the boat. But they were too courteous to express their surprise, except by their looks ; and so gradually they became satisfied of our identity.

But we did not get off so easily with our colored friends. Their powers of ratiocination not being as quick or as strong as their masters', they could not be made to recognize the distinction between their late play-mates and companions and the demure 'Maussas' that now stood before them. They persisted in their familiarities and offers of assistance. The last I saw of my *brothers-in-law*, the 'Chicken Mauma' was persecuting the Cherokee advocate with her *razeed* (*i. e.*, reduced,) offers in reference to the sale of the 'funny chickens,' while he was vainly seeking to escape her observation by dodging among the crowd on deck ; and one of the young gentlemen of cat-fish memory, who five minutes before would have hugged a porcupine with intense affection and familiarity, had managed, since he picked up his dignity, to pick up also with it a quarrel with an unfortunate passenger, who had accidentally touched the border of a paper that he held in his hand.

The steam-boat bell rang once more, and off went the gallant barque, bearing with it my friends and companions, and leaving me, whom stern fate compelled to wait another day. Soon she disappeared ; and as she receded from the sight, the spectators of her departure one by one returned to their respective homes. I stood there alone, meditative and melancholy. Over me were the giant oaks that I have described, the dark covering of the moss giving to them an unearthly appearance ; 'the weary sun had made his golden set ;' the clouds over head had caught his retiring rays, and blushed

as those rays darted into their snowy bosoms ; the waters flung back to the clouds their vermilion hues ; a slight breeze dispelled the legions of sand-flies, and brought with it the sweet odors of the jessamine and orange-flowers, and the sweeter music of the mocking-bird, the red-bird and the nonpareil, singing their vesper hymn.

And all this in its turn passed away. The silver moon shed her soft lustre upon the aged oaks and the crystal stream ; the stars one by one struggled through the firmament, and spangled the azure sky ; the voice of the whip-poor-will was heard, sending forth its melancholy cry. Last of all, I passed away also ; and as I left the water's edge, and sought the loneliness and retirement of the lately thronged hotel, I could not help realizing the rapid changes of life's drama, which had been so forcibly illustrated by the scenes of the passing hour.

T H E B A N I S H E D L O V E R .

'CHACQUE pas qui m'éloignoit de vous, séparoit mon corps de mon âme, et me donnoit un sentiment anticipé de la mort, Je voulois vous decrire ce que Je verrois. Vain projet ! Je n'ai rien ver quo vousz.'

ST. PAUL.

THEY tell me of the prospect I survey,  
They speak of streams, and skies of deepest blue,  
That shine o'er fertile vales and flowery meads ;  
Of mountain clefts, with torrents dashing through ;  
It may be so ; for nature to the gay  
Is ever beautiful ; it charms not me !  
I only feel my soul remains afar ;  
My passion-clouded eyes see naught save thee.

The tender, blissful thoughts that fill my soul,  
Bound by mine oath to thee, I fain would quell,  
For I have promised, dear one ! for thy sake  
To yield no more to love-enrapturing spell ;  
I would obey ; like other mortals, seem ;  
Bear with my fate, and brave reality ;  
But shrinking from the wretchedness it brings,  
I cling to visions that are fraught with thee !

I know that we must part ; but do not prove  
Too pitiless, beloved ! nor urge too far  
The sufferings of a grieved and tortured heart,  
Where love and honor hold perpetual war ;  
I go at thy command ; but can I join  
A dreary world, where thou art naught to me ?  
No ! better far in solitude to dwell,  
And cheer its lonely hours with dreams of thee.

Yet oft will memory paint one happy scene,  
One moment fraught with ecstasy of bliss,  
When, thrilling 'neath the soft clasp of thy hand,  
My lips met thine in one long glowing kiss ;  
Ah ! fatal gift, that was our parting doom,  
How wert thou shadowed by Fate's stern decree !  
Alas ! that clouds of sadness should have marred  
The first, the only boon of love from thee !

MARY L. LAWSON.

## THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Oh! those were happy 'good old times,'  
 Ere luxury had changed  
 The lives of all the fairer sex,  
 And reason's throne deranged.  
 When damsels knew the washing-tub,  
 The milking-pail and broom,  
 And earned their wedding *padua-soie*  
 By spinning at the loom.  
 Oh! those were happy 'good old times,'  
 When the table, white as snow,  
 Groaned 'neath baked beans and pumpkin-pies —  
 Oh! I wish I had some now!

Oh! those were happy 'good old times,'  
 Ere Chinese corns we knew,  
 Ere every miss of port sixteen  
 Esteemed herself 'a blue:'  
 When lasses laved in running streams,  
 Nor with a fork sipped pap,  
 But lolled on mother Earth's green sward,  
 And not in velvet lap.  
 Oh! those were joyous olden times,  
 The times of which we 've *read*,  
 Of good old-fashioned pandowdy,  
 Of rye-and-Indian bread!

Oh! those were happy olden times,  
 Ere opera or play,  
 And waltzing reels with jackdaw fops,  
 Consumed both night and day;  
 Ere easy-chairs and feather-beds  
 (Oh! how my back complains!)  
 Had opened to our head-strong race  
 PANDORA'S box of pains.  
 Yes, truly those were glorious times,  
 The times to do one good,  
 While talking husking frolics o'er  
 By blazing fires of wood.

Oh! those were good Dame *Nature's* times!  
 How memories sweet o'er-swarm us,  
 Ere wasp-like forms were girt around  
 With 'bustles' so enormous;  
 When modest arms were never bared  
 And trinketed for show,  
 Nor ever left their hiding-place,  
 Save to be hid in dough!  
 Yes! those were *truly* happy times,  
 Of gladsome, rustic life;  
 Those sanded floors and wax-neat homes,  
 The buxom, lovesome wife;  
 Bright fancy limns upon my mind  
 A life of love I trow;  
 Ah, me! *delicious* times were those!  
 Oh! I wish we had them now!

Salem, Mass.

AN 'OLD SCHOOL' BARD.

## THE OREGON TRAIL.

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN.

## THE BIG BLUE.

EVERY THING here bites, stings, or bruises; every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before except SWANKERDAM and MURRAY. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup, a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small-beer, or a caterpillar with several dozen legs in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter.

JEDDAH SMITH.

THE great medley of Oregon and California emigrants, at their camps around Independence, had heard reports that several additional parties were on the point of setting out from St. Joseph's, farther to the northward. The prevailing impression was, that these were Mormons, twenty-three hundred in number; and a great alarm was excited in consequence. The people of Illinois and Missouri, who composed by far the greater part of the emigrants, have never been on the best terms with the 'Latter Day Saints;' and it is notorious throughout the country how much blood has been spilt in their feuds, even far within the limits of the settlements. No one could predict what would be the result, when large armed bodies of these fanatics should encounter the most impetuous and reckless of their old enemies on the broad prairie, far beyond the reach of law or military force. The women and children at Independence raised a great outcry; the men themselves were seriously alarmed; and, as I learned, they sent to Colonel Kearney, requesting an escort of dragoons as far as the Platte. This was refused; and as the sequel proved, there was no occasion for it. The St. Joseph's emigrants were as good Christians and as zealous Mormon-haters as the rest; and the very few families of the 'Saints' who passed out this season by the route of the Platte, remained behind until the great tide of emigration had gone by; standing in quite as much awe of the 'gentiles' as the latter did of them.

We were now, as I before mentioned, upon this St. Joseph's trail. It was evident, by the traces, that large parties were a few days in advance of us; and supposing them to be Mormons, we had some apprehension of interruption from this horde of fanatics.

The journey was somewhat monotonous. One day we rode on for hours, without seeing a tree or a bush; before, behind, and on either side, stretched the vast expanse, rolling in a succession of graceful swells, covered with the unbroken carpet of fresh green grass. Here and there a crow, or a raven, or a turkey-buzzard relieved the uniformity.

'What shall we do to-night for wood and water?' we began to ask of each other; for the sun was within an hour of setting. At length a dark green speck appeared, far off on the right; it was the top of a tree, peering over a swell of the prairie; and leaving the



trail, we made all haste toward it. It proved to be the vanguard of a cluster of bushes and low trees, that surrounded some pools of water in an extensive hollow ; so we encamped on the rising ground near it.

Shaw and I were sitting in the tent, when Delorier thrust his brown face and old felt hat into the opening, and dilating his eyes to their utmost extent, announced supper. There were the tin cups and the iron spoons, arranged in military order on the grass, and the coffee-pot predominant in the midst. The meal was soon despatched ; but Henry Chatillon still sat cross-legged, dallying with the remnant of his coffee, the beverage in universal use upon the prairie, and an especial favorite with him. He preferred it in its virgin flavor, unimpaired by sugar or cream ; and on the present occasion it met his entire approval, being exceedingly strong, or as he expressed it, 'right black.'

It was a rich and gorgeous sunset, an American sunset ; and the ruddy glow of the sky was reflected from some extensive pools of water among the shadowy copses in the meadow below.

'I must have a bath, to-night,' said Shaw. 'How is it, Delorier ? Any chance for a swim down there ?'

'Ah !' I cannot tell ; just as you please, Monsieur,' replied Delorier, shrugging his shoulders, perplexed by his ignorance of English, and extremely anxious to conform in all respects to the opinions and wishes of his *bourgeois*.

'Look at his moccasin,' said I. It had evidently been lately immersed in a profound abyss of black mud.

'Come,' said Shaw ; 'at any rate we can see for ourselves.'

We set out together ; and as we approached the bushes, which were at some distance, we found the ground becoming rather treacherous. We could only get along by stepping upon large clumps of tall rank grass, with fathomless gulfs between, like innumerable little quaking islands in an ocean of mud, where a false step would have involved our boots in a catastrophe like that which had befallen Delorier's moccasins. The thing looked desperate : we separated, so as to search in different directions ; Shaw going off to the right, while I kept straight forward. At last I came to the edge of the bushes, they were young water-willows, covered with their caterpillar-like blossoms, but intervening between them and the last grass clump was a black and deep slough, over which, by a vigorous exertion, I contrived to jump. Then I shouldered my way through the willows, trampling them down by main force, till I came to a wide stream of water, three inches deep, languidly creeping along over a bottom of sleek mud. My arrival produced a great commotion. A huge green bull-frog uttered an indignant croak, and jumped off the bank with a loud splash : his webbed feet twinkled above the surface, as he jerked them energetically upward, and I could see him ensconcing himself in the unresisting slime at the bottom, whence several large air bubbles struggled lazily to the top. Some little spotted frogs instantly followed the patriarch's example ; and then three turtles, not larger than a dollar, tumbled themselves off a broad 'lily

pod,' where they had been reposing. At the same time a snake, gaily striped with black and yellow, glided out from the bank, and writhed across to the other side; and a small stagnant pool into which my foot had inadvertently pushed a stone was instantly alive with a congregation of black tadpoles.

'Any chance for a bath, where you are?' called out Shaw, from a distance.

The answer was not encouraging. I retreated through the willows, and rejoining my companion, we proceeded to push our researches in company. Not far on the right, a rising ground, covered with trees and bushes, seemed to sink down abruptly to the water, and give hope of better success; so toward this we directed our steps. When we reached the place we found it no easy matter to get along between the hill and the water, impeded as we were by a growth of stiff, obstinate young birch trees, laced together by grapevines. In the twilight, we now and then, to support ourselves, snatched at the touch-me-not stem of some ancient sweet-briar, 'born to blush unseen,' and grown prim and scraggy with protracted singleness. Shaw, who was in advance, suddenly uttered a somewhat emphatic monosyllable; and looking up, I saw him with one hand grasping a sapling, and one foot immersed in the water, from which he had forgotten to withdraw it, his whole attention being engaged in contemplating the movements of a water-snake, about five feet long, curiously chequered with black and green, who was deliberately swimming cross the pool. There being no stick or stone at hand to pelt him with, we looked at him for a time in silent disgust; and then pushed forward. Our perseverance was at last rewarded; for several rods farther on, we emerged upon a little level grassy nook among the brushwood; and by an extraordinary dispensation of fortune, the weeds and floating sticks, which elsewhere covered the pool, seemed to have drawn apart, and left a few yards of clear water just in front of this favored spot. We sounded it with a stick; it was four feet deep: we lifted a specimen in our closed hands; it seemed reasonably transparent, so we decided that the time for action was arrived. But our ablutions were suddenly interrupted by ten thousand punctures, like poisoned needles, and the humming of myriads of overgrown mosquitoes, rising in all directions from their native mud and slime and swarming to the feast. We were fain to beat a retreat with all possible speed.

We made toward the tents, much refreshed by the bath, which the heat of the weather, joined to our prejudices, had rendered very desirable.

'What's the matter with the captain? — look at him!' said Shaw. The captain stood alone on the prairie, swinging his hat violently around his head, and lifting first one foot and then the other, without moving from the spot. First he looked down to the ground with an air of supreme abhorrence; then he gazed upward with a perplexed and indignant countenance, as if trying to trace the flight of some sudden enemy. We called to know what was the matter; but he replied only by execrations directed against some unknown

object. We approached; when our ears were saluted by a drowning sound, as if twenty bee-hives had been overturned at once. The air above was full of large black insects, in a state of great commotion; and multitudes were flying about just above the tops of the grass-blades.

'Don't be afraid,' called the Captain, observing us recoil. 'The brutes won't sting.'

At this I knocked one down with my hat, and discovered him to be no other than a 'dor-bug;' and looking closer, we found the ground thickly perforated with their holes.

We took a hasty leave of this flourishing colony, and walking up the rising ground to the tents, found Delorier's fire still glowing brightly. We sat down around it, and Shaw began to expatiate on the admirable facilities for bathing that we had discovered, and recommended the Captain by all means to go down there before breakfast in the morning. The Captain was in the act of remarking that he could n't have believed it possible, when he suddenly interrupted himself, and clapped his hand to his cheek, exclaiming that 'those infernal humbugs were at him again.' In fact, we began to hear sounds as if bullets were humming over our heads. In a moment something rapped me sharply on the forehead; then upon the neck, and immediately I felt an indefinite number of sharp wiry claws in active motion, as if their owner were bent on pushing his explorations farther. I seized him, and dropped him into the fire. Our party speedily broke up, and we adjourned to our respective tents, where closing the opening fast, we hoped to be exempt from invasion. But all precaution was fruitless. The dor-bugs hummed through the tent, and marched over our faces until day-light; when, opening our blankets, we found several dozen clinging there with the utmost tenacity. The first object that met our eyes in the morning was Delorier, who seemed to be apostrophizing his frying-pan, which he held by the handle, at arm's length. It appeared that he had left it at night by the fire; and the bottom was now covered with dor-bugs, firmly imbedded. Multitudes beside, curiously parched and shrivelled, lay scattered among the ashes.

The horses and mules were turned loose to feed. We had just taken our seats at breakfast, or rather reclined in the classic mode, when an explanation from Henry Chatillon, and a shout of alarm from the Captain, gave warning of some casualty; and looking up, we saw the whole band of animals, twenty-three in number, fling off for the settlements, the incorrigible Pontiac at their head, jumping along with hobbled feet, at a gait much more rapid than graceful. Three or four of us ran to cut them off, dashing as best we might through the tall grass, which was glittering with myriads of dew drops. After a race of a mile or more, Shaw caught a horse. Tying the trail-rope by way of bridle round the animal's jaw, and leaping upon his back he got in advance of the remaining fugitives; and soon bringing them together, we drove them in a crowd up to the tents, where each man caught and saddled his own. Then were heard lamentations and curses; for half the horses had broke their

hobbles, and many were seriously galled by attempting to run in fetters.

It was late that morning before we were on the march; and early in the afternoon we were compelled to encamp, for a thunder-gust came up and suddenly enveloped us in whirling sheets of rain. With much ado, we pitched our tents amid the tempest; and all night long the thunder bellowed and growled over our heads. In the morning, light peaceful showers succeeded the cataracts of rain that had been drenching us through the canvass of our tents. At about noon, when there were some treacherous indications of fair weather, we got in motion again.

Not a breath of air stirred, even over the free and open prairie: the clouds were like light piles of cotton; and where the blue sky was visible, it wore a hazy and languid aspect. The sun beat down upon us with a sultry penetrating heat almost insupportable; and as our party crept slowly along over the interminable level, the horses hung their heads as they waded fetlock deep through the mud, and the men slouched into the easiest position upon the saddle. At last, toward evening, the old familiar black heads of thunder clouds rose fast above the horizon, and the same deep muttering of distant thunder that had become the ordinary accompaniment of our afternoon's journey began to roll hoarsely over the prairie. Only a few minutes elapsed before the whole sky was densely shrouded; and the prairie and some clusters of woods in front assumed a purple hue beneath the inky shadows. Suddenly from the densest fold of the cloud the flash leaped out, quivering again and again down to the edge of the prairie; and at the same instant came the sharp burst and the long rolling peal of the thunder. A cool wind, filled with the smell of rain, just then overtook us, levelling the tall grass by the side of the path.

'Come on; we must ride for it!' shouted Shaw, rushing past at full speed, his led horse snorting at his side. The whole party broke into full gallop, and for the trees in front. Passing these, we found beyond them a meadow which they half enclosed. We rode pell-mell upon the ground, leaped from horseback, tore off our saddles; and in a moment each man was kneeling at his horses' feet. The hobbles were adjusted, and the animals turned loose; then, as the wagons came wheeling rapidly to the spot, we seized upon the tent poles, and just as the storm broke, we were prepared to receive it. It came upon us almost with the darkness of night: the trees which were close at hand, were completely shrouded by the roaring torrents of rain.

We were sitting in the tent, when Delorier, with his broad felt hat hanging about his ears, and his shoulders glistening with rain, thrust in his head.

'Voulez vous du souper, tout de suite? I can make fire, sous la charette — I b'lieve so — I try.'

'Never mind supper, man; come in out of the rain.'

Delorier accordingly crouched in the entrance, for modesty would not permit him to intrude farther.

Our tent was none of the best defence against such a cataract. The rain could not enter bodily, but it beat through the canvass in a fine drizzle, that wetted us just as effectually. We sat upon our saddles with faces of the utmost surliness, while the water dropped from the vizors of our caps, and trickled down our cheeks. My india-rubber cloak conducted twenty little rapid streamlets to the ground; and Shaw's blanket coat was saturated like a sponge. But what most concerned us, was the sight of several puddles of water rapidly accumulating; one, in particular, that was gathering around the tent-pole, threatened to overspread the whole area of the tent, holding forth but an indifferent promise of a comfortable night's rest. Toward sunset, however, the storm ceased as suddenly as it began. A bright streak of clear red sky appeared above the western verge of the prairie, the horizontal rays of the sinking sun streamed through it, and glittered in a thousand prismatic colors upon the dripping groves and the prostrate grass. The pools in the tent dwindled and sunk into the saturated soil.

But all our hopes were delusive. Scarcely had night set in, when the tumult broke forth anew. The thunder here is not like the tame thunder of New-England. Bursting with a terrific crash directly above our heads, it roared over the boundless waste of prairie, seeming to roll around the whole circle of the firmament with a peculiar and awful reverberation. The lightning flashed all night, playing with its livid glare upon the neighboring groves, revealing the vast expanse of the plain, and then leaving us shut in as if by a palpable wall of darkness.

It did not disturb us much. Now and then a peal awakened us, and made us conscious of the electric battle that was raging, and of the floods that dashed upon the staunch canvass over our heads. We lay upon india-rubber cloth, placed between our blankets and the soil. For a while, they excluded the water to admiration; but when at length it accumulated and began to run over the edges, they served equally well to retain it, so that toward the end of the night we were unconsciously reposing in small pools of rain.

On finally awaking in the morning the prospect was a cheerful one. The rain no longer poured in torrents; but it pattered with a quiet pertinacity upon the strained and saturated canvass. We disengaged ourselves from our blankets, every fibre of which glistened with little bead-like drops of water, and looked out in the vain hope of discovering some token of fair weather. The clouds, in lead-colored volumes, rested upon the dismal verge of the prairie, or hung sluggishly overhead: and the earth wore an aspect no more attractive than the heavens; exhibiting nothing but pools of water, and grass beaten down, and mud well trampled by our mules and horses. Our companion's tent, with an air of forlorn and passive misery, and their wagons in like manner, drenched and wo-begone, stood not far off. The Captain was just returning from his morning's inspection of the horses. He stalked through the mist and rain, with his plaid around his shoulders, his little pipe, dingy as an anti-

quarian relic, projecting from beneath his moustache, and his brother Jack at his heels.

‘Good morning, Captain.’

‘Good morning to your honors,’ said the Captain, affecting the Hibernian accent; but at that instant as he stooped to enter the tent, he tripped upon the cords at the entrance, and pitched forward against the guns which were strapped around the pole in the centre.

‘You are nice men, you are!’ said he, after an ejaculation not necessary to be recorded, ‘to set a man-trap before your door every morning to catch your visitors.’

Then he sat down upon Henry Chatillon’s saddle. We tossed a piece of a buffalo robe to Jack, who was looking about him in some embarrassment. He spread it on the ground, and took his seat, with a stolid countenance, at his side.

‘Exhilarating weather, Captain.’

‘Oh, delightful, delightful,’ replied the Captain; ‘I knew it would be so; so much for starting yesterday at noon! I knew how it would turn out; and I said so at the time.’

‘You said just the contrary to us. We were in no hurry, and only moved because you insisted on it.’

‘Gentlemen,’ said the Captain, taking his pipe from his mouth with an air of extreme gravity, ‘it was no plan of mine. There’s a man among us who is determined to have every thing his own way. You may express your opinion; but do n’t expect him to listen. You may be as reasonable as you like; oh, it all goes for nothing! That man is resolved to rule the roast, and he’ll set his face against any plan that he did n’t think of himself.’

The Captain puffed for awhile at his pipe, as if meditating upon his grievances; then he began again.

‘For twenty years, I have been in the British army; and in all that time I never had half so much dissension, and quarrelling, and nonsense, as since I have been on this cursed prairie. He’s the most uncomfortable man I ever met.’

‘Yes;’ said Jack, ‘and do ’nt you know, Bill, how he drank up all the coffee last night, and put the rest by for himself till the morning!’

‘He pretends to know every thing,’ resumed the Captain; ‘nobody must give orders but he! It’s, oh! we must do this; and, oh! we must do that; and the tent must be pitched here, and the horses must be picketed there; for nobody knows as well as he does.’

We were a little surprised at this disclosure of domestic dissensions among our allies, for though we know of their existence, we were not aware of their extent. The persecuted Captain seeming wholly at a loss as to the course of conduct that he should pursue, we recommended him to adopt prompt and energetic measures; but all his military experience had failed to teach him the indispensable lesson to be ‘hard’ when the emergency requires it.

‘For twenty years,’ he repeated, ‘I have been in the British army, and in that time I have been intimately acquainted with some

two hundred officers, young and old, and I never yet quarrelled with any man. Oh, 'any thing for a quiet life!' that's my maxim.'

We intimated that the prairie was hardly the place to enjoy a quiet life; but that, in the present circumstances, the best thing he could do toward securing his wished-for tranquillity, was immediately to put a period to the nuisance that disturbed it. But again the Captain's easy good-nature recoiled from the task. The somewhat vigorous measures necessary to gain the desired result were utterly repugnant to him; he preferred to pocket his grievances, still retaining the privilege of grumbling about them. 'Oh, any thing for a quiet life!' he said again, circling back to his favorite maxim.

But to glance at the previous history of our transatlantic confederates. The Captain had sold his commission, and was living in bachelor ease and dignity in his paternal halls, near Dublin, I believe. He hunted, fished, rode steeple-chases, ran races, and talked of his former exploits. He was surrounded with the trophies of his rod and gun; the walls were plentifully garnished, he told us, with moose-horns and deer-horns, bear-skins and fox-tails; for the Captain's double-barrelled rifle had seen service in Canada and Jamaica; he had killed salmon in Nova Scotia, and trout, by his own account, in all the streams of the three kingdoms. But in an evil hour a seductive stranger came from London; no less a person than R——; who, among other multitudinous wanderings, had once been upon the western prairies, and naturally enough, was anxious to visit them again. The Captain's imagination was inflamed by the pictures of a hunter's paradise that his guest held forth; he conceived an ambition to add to his other trophies the horns of a buffalo and the claws of a grizzly bear; so he and R—— struck a league to travel in company. Jack followed his brother, as a matter of course. Two weeks on board of the Atlantic steamer brought them to Boston; in two weeks more of hard travelling they reached St. Louis, from which a ride of six days carried them to the frontier; and here we found them, in the full tide of preparation for their journey.

We had been throughout on terms of intimacy with the Captain; but R——, the motive-power of our companions' branch of the expedition, was scarcely known to us. His voice, indeed, might be heard incessantly; but at camp he remained chiefly within the tent, and on the road he either rode by himself, or else remained in close conversation with his friend Wright, the muleteer. As the Captain left the tent that morning, I observed R—— standing by the fire; and having nothing else to do, I determined to ascertain, if possible, what manner of man he was. He had a book under his arm, but just at present he was engrossed in actively superintending the operations of Lorel, the hunter, who was cooking some corn-bread over the coals for breakfast. R—— was a well-formed and rather good-looking man, some thirty years old; considerably younger than the Captain. He wore a beard and moustache of the oakum complexion, and his attire was altogether more elegant than one ordi-

narily sees on the prairie. He wore his cap on one side of his head; his checked shirt, open in front, was in very neat order, considering the circumstances, and his blue pantaloons, of the John Bull cut, might once have figured on Bond-street.

'Turn over that cake, man! turn it over quick! Do n't you see it burning?'

'It aint half done,' growled Lorel, in the amiable tone of a whipped bull-dog.

'It is. Turn it over, I tell you!'

Lorel, a strong, sullen-looking Canadian, who, from having spent his life among the wildest and most remote of the Indian tribes, had imbibed much of their dark vindictive spirit, looked ferociously up, as if he longed to leap upon his *bourgeois* and throttle him; but he obeyed the order, coming from so experienced an artist.

'It was a good idea of yours,' said I, seating myself on the tongue of the wagon, 'to bring Indian meal with you.'

'Yes, yes,' said R——, 'it's good bread for the prairie—good bread for the prairie. I tell you that's burning again.'

Here he stooped down, and unsheathing the silver-mounted hunting-knife in his belt, began to perform the part of cook himself; at the same time requesting me to hold for a moment the book under his arm, which interfered with the exercise of these important functions. I opened it; it was 'Macaulay's Lays;' and I made some remark, expressing my admiration of the work.

'Yes, yes; a pretty good thing. Macaulay can do better than that, though. I know him very well. I have travelled with him. Where was it we met first—at Damascus? No, no; it was in Italy.'

'So,' said I, 'you have been over the same ground with your countryman, the author of 'Esther?' There has been some discussion in America as to who he is. I have heard Milnes's name mentioned.'

'Milnes? Oh, no, no, no; not at all. It was Kinglake; Kinglake's the man. I know him very well; that is, I have seen him.'

Here Jack C——, who stood by, interposed a remark, (a thing not common with him,) observing, that he thought the weather would become fair before twelve o'clock.

'It's going to rain all day,' said R——, 'and clear up in the middle of the night.'

Just then the clouds began to dissipate in a very unequivocal manner; but Jack, not caring to defend his point against so authoritative a declaration, walked away whistling, and we resumed our conversation.

'Borrow, the author of 'The Bible in Spain;' I presume you know him, too?'

'Oh, certainly; I know all those men. By the way, they told me that one of your American writers, Judge Story, had died lately. I edited some of his works in London; not without faults, though.'

Here followed an erudite commentary on certain points of law,  
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in which he particularly animadverted on the errors into which he considered that the Judge had been betrayed. But not to weary the reader with any farther record of his interminable conversation, suffice it to say, that having touched successively on an infinite variety of topics, I found that I had the happiness of discovering a man equally competent to enlighten me upon them all; equally an authority on matters of science or literature, philosophy or fashion. The part I bore in the conversation was by no means a prominent one; it was only necessary to set him going; when he had run long enough upon one topic, to divert him to another, and lead him on to pour out his heaps of treasure in succession.

'What has that fellow been saying to you?' said Shaw, as I returned to the tent. 'I have heard nothing but his talking for the last half-hour.'

R—— had none of the peculiar traits of the ordinary 'British snob;' his absurdities were all his own, belonging to no particular nation or clime. He was possessed with an active devil, that had driven him over land and sea, to no great purpose, as it seemed; for although he had the usual complement of eyes and ears, the avenues between these organs and his brain appeared remarkably narrow and precarious. His energy was much more conspicuous than his wisdom; but his predominant characteristic was a magnanimous ambition to exercise on all occasions an awful rule and supremacy; and this propensity equally displayed itself, as the reader will have observed, whether the matter in question was the baking of a hoe-cake or a point of international law. When such diverse elements as he and the easy-tempered Captain came in contact, no wonder some commotion ensued; R—— rode rough-shod, from morning till night, over his military ally.

At noon the sky was clear, and we set out, trailing through mud and slime six inches deep. That night we were spared the customary infliction of the shower-bath.

On the next afternoon we were moving slowly along, not far from a patch of woods which lay on the right. Jack C—— rode a little in advance:

'The livelong day he had not spoke.'

when suddenly he faced about, pointed to the woods, and roared out to his brother:

'Oh, Bill! here's a cow!'

The Captain instantly galloped forward, and he and Jack made a vain attempt to capture the prize; but the cow, with a well-grounded distrust of their intentions, took refuge among the trees. R—— joined them, and they soon drove her out. We watched their evolutions as they galloped around her, trying in vain to noose her with their trail-ropes, which they had converted into *lariettes* for the occasion. At length they resorted to milder measures, and the cow was driven along with the party. Soon after, the usual thunder-storm came up, the wind blowing with such fury that the streams of rain flew almost horizontally along the prairie, roaring like a

cataract. The horses turned tail to the storm, and stood hanging their heads, bearing the infliction with an air of meekness and resignation; while we drew our heads between our shoulders, and crouched forward, so as to make our backs serve as a pent-house for the rest of our persons. Meanwhile, the cow, taking advantage of the tumult, ran off, to the great discomfiture of the Captain, who seemed to consider her as his own especial prize, since she had been discovered by Jack. In defiance of the storm, he pulled his cap tight over his brows, jerked a huge buffalo-pistol from his holster, and set out at full speed after her. This was the last we saw of them for some time; the mist and rain made an impenetrable veil; but at length we heard the Captain's shout, and saw him looming through the tempest, the picture of a Hibernian cavalier, with his cocked pistol held aloft for safety's sake, and a countenance of anxiety and excitement. The cow trotted before him, but exhibited evident signs of an intention to run off again, and the Captain was roaring to us to head her. But the rain had got in behind our coat-collars, and was travelling over our necks in numerous little streamlets; and being afraid to move our heads, for fear of admitting more, we sat stiff and immoveable, looking at the Captain askance, and laughing at his frantic movements. At last the cow made a sudden plunge and ran off; the Captain grasped his pistol firmly, spurred his horse, and galloped after with evident designs of mischief. In a moment we heard the faint report, deadened by the rain; and then the conqueror and his victim reappeared, the latter shot through the body, and quite helpless. Not long after, the storm moderated, and we advanced again. The cow walked painfully along under the charge of Jack, to whom the Captain had committed her, while he himself rode forward in his old capacity of vidette. We were approaching a long line of trees, that followed a stream stretching across our path, far in front, when we beheld the vidette galloping toward us, apparently much excited, but with a broad grin on his face.

'Let that cow drop behind!' he shouted to us; 'here's her owners!'

And in fact, as we approached the line of trees, a large white object, like a tent, was visible behind them. On approaching, however, we found, instead of the expected Mormon camp, nothing but the lonely prairie, and a large white rock standing by the path. The cow, therefore, resumed her place in our procession. She walked painfully on until we encamped, when R—, firmly approaching with his enormous English double-barreled rifle, calmly and deliberately took aim at her heart, and discharged into it first one bullet and then the other. She was then butchered on the most approved principles of woodcraft, and furnished a very welcome item to our somewhat limited bill-of-fare.

In a day or two more we reached the 'Big Blue.' This, the reader will probably need to be informed, is the name of a river; and by a title equally elegant, almost all the streams of this region are designated. We had struggled through ditches and little brooks

all that morning; but on traversing the dense woods that lined the banks of the Blue, we found that more formidable difficulties awaited us; for the stream, swollen by the rains, was wide, deep and rapid.

No sooner were we on the spot, than R—— had flung off his clothes, and was swimming across, or splashing through the shallows, with the end of a rope between his teeth. We all looked on in admiration, wondering what might be the design of all this energetic preparation; but soon we heard him shouting: 'Give that rope a turn round that stump! You, Lorel; do you hear? Look sharp, now, Boisverd! Come over to this side, some of you, and help me!' et cetera, et cetera. The men to whom these orders were directed paid not the least attention to them, though they were poured out without pause or intermission. Henry Chatillon directed the work, and it proceeded quietly and rapidly. R——'s sharp brattling voice might have been heard incessantly; and he himself was leaping about with the utmost activity, multiplying himself, after the manner of great commanders, as if his universal presence and supervision were of the last necessity. His commands were rather amusingly inconsistent; for when he saw that the men would not do as he told them, he wisely accommodated himself to circumstances, and with the utmost vehemence ordered them to do precisely that which they were at the time engaged upon; no doubt recollecting the story of Mahomet and the refractory mountain. Shaw smiled significantly; R—— observed it, and approaching with a countenance of lofty indignation, began to vapor a little, but was instantly reduced to silence.

The raft was at length complete. We piled our goods upon it, with the exception of our guns, which each man chose to retain in his own keeping. Lorel, Boisverd, Wright and Delorier took their stations at the four corners, to hold it together, and swim across with it; and in a moment more, all our earthly possessions were floating on the turbid waters of the Big Blue. We sat on the bank, anxiously watching the result, until we saw the raft safe landed in a little cove far down on the opposite bank. The empty wagons were easily passed across; and then, each man mounting a horse, we rode through the stream, the stray animals following of their own accord. Thus we crossed the Big Blue, the most formidable obstacle that lay in our way to the Platte.

A M O T H E R ' S L A M E N T .

OH! my sweet babe! around thy brow  
The rose and yew are twined together;  
The rose was blooming, so wert thou —  
Too blooming far for Death to gather.  
The yew was green, and green to me  
Forever lives thy memory!

## M I D N I G H T O N M A R A T H O N .

WHEN midnight to the peasant yields  
 The meed from labor won,  
 'T is said the sleeping legions rise  
 On storied Marathon.

Their banner with its sacred bird \*  
 Flung proudly to the sky ;  
 Down sweeps again the Athenian host,  
 To conquer, or to die.

Again the air-forged falchion cleaves  
 The turban of the Mede,  
 And sinks beneath the shadowy spear  
 The Persian and his steed.

There 'mid the pale contending hosts,  
 The watcher may behold  
 The shade of THESEUS lead the fight,  
 As on that day of old. †

The rush of spectral war is heard,  
 And clearly on the breeze  
 Comes from the fiercely charging band  
 The cry, ' MILTIADAS !'

Where'er that glorious shape appears,  
 Wherever sounds that cry,  
 Again the phantom cohorts reel,  
 Again they turn and fly.

Till from the dim Ægean shores  
 To Sunium's rocky brow,  
 The wave that bristled with their masts  
 Foams 'neath each hurrying prow.

They fly, as from that field of yore  
 The smitten Asian fled ;  
 And Marathon lies calm once more  
 Above her silent dead.

And thou, when darkness o'er thee lies,  
 And fears to being start,  
 And strong-conflicting memories rise  
 From that deep grave, the heart :

Oh soul ! appalled with doubt and dread,  
 How would all terrors fly,  
 Were Faith thy leader in the fight,  
 And CHRIST thy battle cry !

M. E. E.

\* THE OWL, sacred to MINERVA, was the device borne on the Athenian banner.

† It was a superstition not uncharacteristic of that imaginative people, that many of the soldiers (at the battle of Marathon) fancied they beheld the gigantic shade of their ancestral THESEUS, completely armed, and bearing down before them upon the foe.

ATHENS: ITS RISE AND FALL.

## 'THIRTY YEARS LOST.'

TRANSLATED FROM A FRENCH NOVELLON, BY OUR ORIENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

It was nine o'clock in the evening; Madame La Presidente de Blamont was seated in a large arm-chair; Colonel Le Larreton sat opposite her. The Presidente rang a bell, and a servant appeared. 'Go,' said she, 'tell the porter that I am out; that I do not wish to receive any one.' The servant disappeared, and Madame turned toward the Colonel, as if prepared to hear a confession of all the reasons why he had not been married long ago.

'I do not understand, Colonel,' said she, 'how it is that you have never been married.'

'Well, Madame,' was the reply, 'that is precisely what I have been told this twenty-five years.'

'And you have been told it truly these twenty-five years. You have always been rich, have conducted well, and you are of a gentle disposition; in fine, you are the very person to have a wife and children.'

The Colonel continued: 'Well, Madame, be so good as to hear me. In 1812 I was a captain in the army in Spain, and was there when I heard of my mother's death. It is now thirty years ago, and I was then just twenty-five years old. The inheritance left me by my mother was much embarrassed, so that I obtained a congé and returned to Paris. All my relations attacked me. They said that I was young, handsome, rich and a captain, and that I would certainly become a General; all of which might have been true, or possible. In fine, they insisted on my marrying. 'Marry?' thought I; 'why, I wish for nothing better.'

'There was at that time in Paris a rich banker, named M. Grandville, who cared for nothing more desirable than to give his daughter, an only child, to a young captain like me. I had been decorated; I had gained my cross on a field of battle, which in those days was something. I was presented to M. Grandville, and had the pleasure to suit him. I saw Mademoiselle Zoé Grandville, his daughter, and she pleased me enormously. Just imagine a young girl, only sixteen years of age, with a fresh complexion, a figure *spirituelle*, a perfect form, and a mouth sweetly made, though a little malicious. I was enchanted. I did not feel precisely in love, but a sensation so near akin to it, that I am quite sure after three or four months of marriage I should have become perfectly crazy for her. The marriage was arranged forthwith. I had very little time to court her whom I was to marry, before she set out to join her mother, who resided in the country, and it was settled, to my great regret, that she was not to return to Paris until a few days before our wedding; so that I was in the capital free, though really

engaged, with fifteen long days before me, ere which to finish *ma vie de garçon*.'

'Ah! Colonel,' said Madame La Presidente, 'I see how it was; in those fifteen days of liberty you committed sundry acts of folly?'

'You are going to see, Madame, for yourself. I believe that I acted in a very loyal, military manner; a little too promptly, perhaps, but as a defender of the feeble and oppressed.'

'These 'feeble and oppressed,' whose protection you took upon yourself, were doubtless females; and it was only by chance that they were young and pretty?'

'You are going to see, Madame. The very day of Mademoiselle Zoë's departure I went in the evening to the *Theatre de la Gaité*. It was in the time of the glory of Sautin, Frénois and Marty. They played a fashionable piece; the boxes were full, and I was walking about rather triste in the corridor, when I remarked a very fine girl near me, conversing with a handsome young man, quite as young as herself. The poor girl was wholly taken up with her confidential conversation, and did not see the storm which was about to break down upon her, in the form of a tall gentleman with enormous moustaches, who approached them with a whip raised up ready to strike. On seeing this, I of course threw myself between the assailer and his victim:

'Gently, Sir,' said I; 'you do not intend to strike that female, I hope?'

'Attend to your own concerns!' was the reply, in a tone which made the timid couple take to flight. And there we remained alone in the corridor, one with his cane raised, and the other with his whip in the air.

'You are an insolent fellow!'

'And you are a brute,' replied I; 'unworthy of being an officer, if indeed you are one.'

So there we had a quarrel, about a woman wholly unknown to me; but how could I do otherwise? Could I let a young girl be beaten under my very eyes? It happened that my adversary was decorated like myself, and like me a captain, but a captain of dragoons, while I have always served in the infantry. This circumstance, light in appearance, prevented all arrangement, on account of the rivalry which had always existed between the officers of the two branches of the service. We exchanged cards. The next day we went out into the field, and my adversary received one of the best sword-thrusts I think I ever have given.'

'Did you kill him?' cried La Presidente.

'Not at all, Madame, not at all; he is now very well, and at present an officer, *en retraite*, like myself. He is one of my best friends, and every time we meet we squeeze each other's hands in remembrance of our adventure. Some days afterward, I got it into my head to go to the Bal de l'Opera.'

'You would have done better,' said La Presidente, 'had you gone to the country and joined your betrothed.'

'I had asked in vain permission to do so of Mr. Grandville,' an-

swered the Colonel. 'We were in the middle of winter; Madame Grandville was ill in the country, where her daughter had gone to take care of her, and wait for the moment of her return to Paris: my request was therefore rejected; so I went to the Bal de l'Opera. That is the place where one is more annoyed than any other, when you do not know any one, and are without relations or intrigues; which is precisely as I was situated. I surveyed the theatre, quizzed the different masks as they passed by, though they paid no attention to me. I gazed on at the dancers, and was giddy at the sight of the crowd which poured around me, and was on the point of closing my carnival-night by going to a *traiteur* next door to ask him for a cold partridge and a bottle of champagne, when, at the entrance of a saloon which I wished to lounge through for the last time, a little rose-colored domino slipped under my arm.

'Beautiful mask,' said I to her, 'I will not say that I do not know you, but may I be hung if among all these masks here there is one who —'

'For myself, Sir,' replied the rose-domino, in the sweetest tone imaginable, 'I have only one small service to ask of you. Be so kind as to lend me your arm to pass through this saloon, for my companion waits for me at the other end of it.'

'I granted her request politely, and we set out on our short journey, brushing the walls, as we passed close by them, to keep out of the way of the crowd. We had not more than half passed through, when a stout, dark-complexioned gentleman, some forty years old, stopped before us and cut off our passage. I felt the little rose-domino fail in strength, and her hand caught my arm convulsively.

'There you are!' exclaimed this gentleman; 'it is her! I recognize her, in charge I suppose of some new lover; one of these young men who make a point of seducing women, to ruin them, to carry them off from their husbands, and afterward abandon them, as your lover of yesterday did you; is it not true, Madame? But this one shall pay for all the others!'

'The crowd surrounded us, the domino fainted on one of the seats, and her husband in his rage had already raised up his arm to punish in me the lovers of his wife, when I struck him a blow with my fist in his stomach, which knocked him down; and thus making a path for me through the crowd, I left husband and wife to settle their quarrel as best they might, and escaped from public attention. I wished to leave the opera and go to my supper; but under the colonnade I met my man, who stopped me, swearing that he would not leave me until I had given the satisfaction due him. I was a military man, and I speak of a period when explanations had the appearance of giving ground; so I had to make up my mind to a second duel. The man in question was named M. De Herbay. He was then carrying on a suit for a separation from his wife, of whose conduct he had good reason to complain, but whom he loved nevertheless passionately. He was greatly pleased with an opportunity to insult his wife publicly, and to punish her in one of her lovers; for he thought I was one, and intended to kill me. He

was pretty expert with his sword, and might well bring it about; so the next day he heard all my denials with a sneer. It was no use to relate to him the whole occurrence just as it really happened, nor for me to swear to him that I had never heard speak of him or his wife; for he was determined to regard me as one of the favorites of the frail Madame De Herbay, and it only remained for me to unsheath my sword.'

'So you killed him?' asked La Presidente.

'Dear me, no, Madame!' answered the Colonel; 'but notwithstanding his expertness, I treated him in a manner somewhat in the same way that I fixed the captain of dragoons. I gave him a thrust of the sword, and left the forest of Bologne, where I had shed blood twice in three days, cursing all theatres and balls in which I could not put my foot without quarrelling with some one or other.'

'I hope,' said Madame La Presidente, 'that these two affairs made you wiser?'

Alas! no, Madame; it seemed to have been destined that I should only commit follies during the absence of Mademoiselle Zoé Grandville.'

'You had a third duel?' exclaimed La Presidente. 'Come, tell me all about *that* one also, and it may perhaps make me forget the other two.'

'Oh! Madame, it would be necessary to be very severe indeed to censure me. What would I become were I to refuse to fight? I am an officer; and would have been obliged to give up my commission, and shut myself up in a monastery. Be it as it may, here is my third adventure.'

'I had a brother officer at Versailles, whom I had neglected going to see for a long time, so I determined to make him a visit. I set out in my cabriolet with my servant, and thus got rid of two or three of the tedious fifteen days. The very evening previous to my arrival, my friend had received orders to join his regiment, and had set out for Strasbourg, where it was stationed. So I visited the palace, the chapel and the theatre, the great Trianon and the little Trianon. The weather was cold, rainy and windy, and it was impossible to walk in the park. What could I do at Versailles? I decided to return to Paris, and went to the Place d'Armes, where I expected to find my cabriolet. I have already mentioned that it was wet weather, the city was covered with heavy gray clouds, which threatened that the storm would last the whole day. I found, on entering the Place d'Armes, a young woman attacked by the driver of one of the carriages known by the name of Concous, much more common then that at present, for in 1812 there were no rail-roads. She proved to be a beautiful grisette.'

'Oh! Colonel, Colonel!'

'Yes, Madame, it is now thirty years ago, and I still cannot help recollecting without emotion her enchanting figure, her grace, and that bewitching *je ne sais quoi*, which accompanied by real beauty is irresistible; add to this, the additional charm which her tears gave her.'

'And so you broke your marriage for that grisette?' said La Presi-



dent, with emotion. 'I do not say that, Madame, but she contributed much to cause my regretting Mademoiselle Grandville. Allow me to finish the story. The poor girl had paid the usual fare for her place, and patiently waited for the carriage to be filled, to set out; but at the sight of the storm, and the number of the passengers who asked admittance, the driver had doubled the prices, and sold her place to one of a company which threatened not to take places without he drove them all the way to Paris. At the moment of my arrival he had forcibly ended the discussion, by throwing the money of the poor girl down in the street; and closing his door, cracked his whip, and was about to start. She therefore remained alone in the middle of the Place d'Armes, her money lying on the ground, and her eyes filled with tears. The rain ran through her little round bonnet and fell down on her dark curls; and there was no carriage to take her to Paris! It would have been easy for me to overtake the driver, and oblige him to perform his duty, but if there should happen to be another hot-head in the carriage, it would end in another quarrel. The young girl was nevertheless in the right, and I approached her.'

'Mademoiselle,' said I, 'if you have kept the number of that rascally *concou*, you will easily have justice done you, but you cannot remain here; I have a place in my cabriolet; will you do me the favor to accept of it?'

'And she accepted?' asked La Presidente.

'What would *you* have done?' inquired the Colonel.

'But what did *she* do?'

She at first hesitated, and looked around her despairingly: there were no carriages, no shelter, but in the houses of persons wholly unknown to her; and the rain which fell in torrents appeared every moment to increase; so she accepted.

'And had I been in her place I would have done the same,' said La Presidente.

'Imagine the bewitching grace of this young creature; it was impossible to be more becoming than she was, and yet more amiable: no prudery, and yet so retiring; so that notwithstanding the attractions which drew me toward her, I did not think an instant of taking advantage of my position or hers. Indeed I cannot reproach myself with having proffered her one word which could offend her; however, the way was long, for the roads were bad, my horse was tired, and also because I wished to enjoy the girl's company as much as possible; at length we arrived at the Barrière des Bons Hommes, about night fall.

'You know, Madame, that the clerks of the Octroi customs stop travellers upon their entrance into Paris, and examine the seats of their carriages, to see whether or not they contain any thing subject to duty. So while I was standing up in my cabriolet undergoing their visit, and inquiring of my companion where she desired me to put her down, her arm was violently seized by a young man.

- 'Oh! here you are!' said he; 'so you went with Monsieur to Versailles, did you? — and this is the secret of your visit there?'

The young girl screamed out, and threw herself back in the cabriolet. As for myself, I felt a strong impulse to give the impertinent fellow a cut with my whip, and then continue my journey; but the remembrance of my duels prevented me.

'Monsieur,' said he, 'whatever claims you may have to this young lady, it seems to me ——'

The brute still kept hold of her arm, made her get out of the cabriolet, and then ——

'Then,' said La Presidente, 'you gave yourself up to passion; you ill-treated the young man, and that was the cause of another duel!'

'Imagine my conduct, Madame, as you may, you cannot but approve of it; I could not act otherwise than I did; and I acknowledge that in our tussle my adversary had the worst of it, and was even a little ill-treated. The affrighted young girl had much difficulty to calm her anger, and notwithstanding my supplications, insisted on following the defeated man: he asked me for my address, and on the following day I had a visit on his part. He was some kind of a magistrate, an auditor, or a simple lawyer; in fine, he in some manner belonged to the law, and evidently out of respect for his profession, only gave me his baptismal name: he called himself Arthur. Well, this Mr. Arthur maintained that he had the choice of weapons, and wished to fight with pistols. He fired first, and was so ignorant of the proper manner of using his arm, that he pointed his pistol in a direction which sent his ball full thirty feet above my head. When my turn came, I took a shilling, threw it up in the air and it fell with a round hole in its centre, which I showed to him.

'Do you see it, Monsieur?' said I; 'at twenty-four paces I uncork a bottle; at one hundred I break an egg: it is probable you will be done for, if you do not apologize to me in the manner due to me.'

All the answer Mr. Arthur made, was to throw himself in my arms.

'I am a brute, Sir,' said he, 'and you are a better man than I.'

This duel ended in an excellent *déjeuner* at the Trois Frères, and Mr. Arthur acknowledged to me that he had had an explanation with his sweet-heart, after which it only remained for him to offer me the excuses which I asked for. So all I had to do then was to forget a very pretty woman and think of Mademoiselle Zoé Grandville, who returned the same day to Paris. On the following day I went to her father's. He received me coldly, and asked me to walk into his cabinet.

'Monsieur,' said he, 'we were rather hasty in our arrangements; and before going any farther, an explanation is necessary; you keep a mistress, Sir.'

'Me!' exclaimed I, with unfeigned surprise.

'Without speaking of more than I actually know,' replied Mr. Grandville, 'I am certain that you have two mistresses whom you keep publicly and for whom you have had duels. One is an actress of La Gaité, whose name I know; the other a Madame De Herbay, whose

conduct has rendered a very honest man desperate, whom you were near killing.'

On hearing this accusation, I became so enraged that I was very near having a fourth duel with my future father-in-law, and had he been a man to make a trial of skill with me, it would certainly have ended there. I exclaimed against his charges. I told him all the details which I have just given you; I admitted that I had had a meeting with the actress of *La Gaité*; it was true; but I swore that I was wholly ignorant even of her name. And as to Madame De Herbay, I had only seen her in a mask; I was ignorant of her form.

As Mr. Grandville had great difficulty to believe me, I insisted on his accompanying me to the Captain of Dragoons to whom I owed a visit. He consented. He found the Captain confined to his bed, but not in a condition that called for any anxiety; and at his pillow we found the young actress who had been the cause of our duel. So soon as she recognised me, she turned away her head with horror, arose, and wished to leave the room; but before going out, she called me by all the most odious names.

'Why did you meddle with our affairs?' said she; 'he wished to beat me, and he was in the right; it was but proper; what had you to do with it? He wished to whip me! And suppose I chose to be whipped? What was it to you?'

We all laughed at this whim, and I left the house, having made up with Mr. Grandville.

'So far so good,' said he, 'and I am quiet on that score; but if you were only a quarrelsome fellow about an actress, it was not so about Madame De Herbay, and it was not for nothing, as you tell it, that her husband provoked you.' We hastened to Mr. De Herbay's residence, where we had to beg hard for admittance, before being received: she proved to be a very handsome woman, and I easily conceived the husband's vexation at not being able to make himself loved. She did not recognize me; it was necessary to remind her of the unfortunate night in which I had been her cavalier for a few minutes; then she burst into tears. She found herself, she said, in a strange position; a person unknown to her, had protected her, and misfortune willed him to expose his life for her, but at the same time he rendered her odious by dangerously wounding her husband; he had compromised her in the eyes of one who was dear to her, and she could not regard her meeting with this man but in the light of an occurrence as fatal to her reputation as to her happiness.'

'On my faith, Madame,' cried I, 'I must say the same about you; on your account I pass for a duellist: I half killed a man who never injured me, and in the eyes of Monsieur, whose daughter I am to marry, I am your lover, truly grateful to you, really. Madame De Herbay evidently took me for a blood-thirsty clown or a bully; but I left her perfectly exculpated in the eyes of Mr. Grandville.'

'You are a little quick,' said he to me, as we entered his house, 'and a little too hasty with your sword; but *au fond*, an honest fellow. My daughter is yours. Go now and see the ladies.'

'I cannot but admire how chance arranges things. I was accused

of two duels, in which I had in no way been in the wrong, while Mr. Grandville remained ignorant of the last, which left but little hope for Mademoiselle Zoé.

‘And so you were still in love with the little grisette?’ asked La Presidente.

‘With all my heart, Madame; the recollection of her followed me every where, and the impression which she made on my fancy was most lasting.’

However, I proceeded toward the parlor in which I was to find my intended. The door was half opened; I heard my name mentioned, and I did all in my power to listen. I heard all the speaker said. I have already told you that Mademoiselle Zoé was spirituelle and malicious, and one of her cousins adored her: she did not hate him, and she was just then consoling him for her coming wedding, in the following terms:

‘My dear Alfred,’ she told him, ‘you know that I love you, and do not love the Captain; why then despair? I am going to marry him, it is true; but in a month after the wedding he will join his regiment: let us therefore console ourselves with that. Add to this, before six months are over, a cannon ball may carry him off: I shall become a widow, and free. What more could you want?’

I ought to have presented myself suddenly before them; gave a couple of cuffs to Mr. Alfred, and arranged for a fourth duel, which would put the little cousin out of the way of marrying my widow, in case a ball happened to kill me. But I was wiser; I found Mr. Grandville, and led him to the door of the parlor, where he heard the end of this very edifying conversation.

‘Now, Sir,’ said I to him, ‘if you can exculpate your daughter as well as I did myself, I will marry her; in all cases, I am your very humble servant.’

I made him a low bow, and departed. I subsequently learned that the little cousin, who had not a cent in the world, did *not* marry Mademoiselle Zoé, but that she became the wife of a rich lawyer. But as lawyers do not go to the army, she had no chance of becoming a widow by a cannon-ball. As for myself, delighted at being free, I cherished in my heart the image of the young girl that I met at Versailles, and went twenty times over all Paris in hopes of finding her; but in vain. On what encouragement did I found my hopes? Doubtless on nothing certain; but it seemed to me that she ought to love me as I loved her; and that if ever I met with her again, I could easily take her away from this Mr. Arthur, who was not worthy of her. In the midst of these illusions my *congé* expired, and I cherished them until the fall of the empire. What shall I add, Madame, if not, that either from the souvenir of this young girl, or from the mishap of my affair with Mademoiselle Grandville, I have always been averse to matrimony? And now, old dreamer as I am, I still catch myself sometimes hoping to meet her on the road to Versailles, or in some *magasin* of Paris. Certainly that is to make no count of time, Madame.

‘That is truly a singular fidelity, Colonel,’ said La Presidente,

‘which you perhaps would not have felt had you found the young girl.’

‘What do you say, Madame? I would have been the lover, the husband; I ought rather to say, the most constant and loving husband in the world. Ah! she was just the proper wife for me, and even now ——’

‘Now you would not know her, if you met her.’

‘You are mistaken, Madame. I would recognize her among a thousand. Her eyes, her smile, the sound of her voice, are things never to be forgotten!’

‘How long is it, Colonel, since we became acquainted?’ asked La Presidente.

‘Why, Madame, some eighteen months,’ answered the Colonel; ‘some time since the decease of the late M. Le President de Blamont.’

‘Well, Colonel, it is now eighteen months since, and you have seen her every day!’

The Colonel arose, pale with emotion, and with a palpitating heart: he imagined that the young girl of former days had been the invisible witness of his conversation; and walking round the screen, he raised up the curtains of the window, to see if he would not find hidden behind them the little Tulle bonnet and black curls which had bewitched him: then turning toward Madame La Presidente: ‘Nearer, Colonel, nearer,’ said she; ‘examine me well.’

‘Ah! it is indeed you! it is you!’ cried the Colonel, in raptures; ‘you are indeed the woman that I love, and whose loss I have now regretted more than thirty years! Yes, it is truly you; I recognize your voice and look.’

‘No, Colonel; neither your eyes nor your heart recognize me!’

‘My heart! ah, Madame, my heart is not guilty! I appeal to the tale which I have just related to you; my eyes alone have failed. Heavens! what can the warm friendship be which I feel, since I have found you again, if it is not love? But where have you been hidden since your journey from Versailles? for I have not told you the thousandth part of my rambles and attempts to discover you.’

‘*Mon Ami!*’ said La Presidente, ‘the jealous and foolish man who quarrelled with me on account of my accepting a place in your cabriolet, was Mr. Arthur de Blamont. He was much in love with me, and I will acknowledge to you that I lived with him as the grisettes of Paris live with the young men who are not disagreeable to them. The occurrence at the *Barrière des Bons Hommes* changed the relations which existed between us; though Mr. De Blamont pretended to believe that all I had told him of our chance *rencontre* was precisely true, he imagined that I had nevertheless a penchant for you, and that if we happened to meet again, you would easily prevail upon me to commit *une folie*; and to prevent this disaster, he committed one himself. He was in love, and jealous; he imagined that I was ready to escape from him, so he proposed to marry me. You know that he was a magistrate; he was appointed Imperial Procureur in Ardennes. We were married without delay,

and soon left Paris. Thus I owe to you, Colonel, the rank which I hold in the world, and for what I am. I will not say whether or not I regretted sometimes not having committed the *folie* which M. De Blamont so much feared ; but what I will assure you of is, that I am greatly satisfied you did not marry Mademoiselle Grandville, for she is still living.'

'But why did you not tell me earlier?' exclaimed the Colonel.

'Tell you who I was?' continued La Presidente. 'Was it not enough for me to have loved you a long time? I wished also to know you well. And now, can you have any esteem for a widow of my age, who married only two years after the death of her husband?'

A speedy marriage was the result of all these avowals of a long-cherished affection. La Presidente, notwithstanding her forty years, did not seem to have more than thirty-five ; and the more she was graceful, *spirituelle* and good, the more the Colonel regretted the Thirty Years Lost.'

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S T A N Z A S : E V E N I N G .

CALM is the hour of daylight's close,  
When evening fades away ;  
When glimmering twilight scarcely shows  
Where lingering shadows play.

Silent and dark the forest-trees,  
Silent the wild-bird's notes ;  
No longer on the summer breeze  
Its blithesome music floats.

Darkly the mountains o'er the lakes  
Their sombre shadows throw ;  
On high no screaming heron breaks  
The quiet rest below.

Silent the ocean's calm repose,  
Quiet its slumbering power ;  
At the sweet time of evening's close,  
At the soft moonlight hour.

Now, MEDITATION ! 't is the hour  
We own thy sober sway ;  
Now lead us, by thy gentle power,  
To view life's closing day.

Soon shall we view life's setting sun,  
Soon feel the coming night ;  
Teach us with zeal the race to run,  
The battle bravely fight.

## T H O U G H T S O N A M B I T I O N .

BY MISS O. H. FRASER.

DECLINING day smiled in the golden west,  
And mount and vale, and lucid lake and stream,  
Reflected back his smile, and blushed his praise.  
One beauteous lake, that, like a massive gem,  
Lay on earth's verdant robe, and mirrored clear  
Sun, cloud and sky, in its transparent depths,  
Was girt with mountains; grand and lofty peaks,  
That stood like sentinels around the lake,  
As Age and Love guard Innocence and Truth.

Upon a high and rugged rock, that rose  
Above the mountain's sloping side, on which  
The sunlight fell, with beams of ardent force,  
Was built an eagle's nest. Of clay and boughs  
Of trees, with linking rushes intertwined,  
The humble dwelling-place was formed; and yet  
This was the home of that aspiring thing,  
'The Bird of Heaven!' A single eaglet there  
Clasped round him close his pinions of dark gray,  
As yet unpractised in the daring flight,  
And bathed in mountain air and cloudless warmth,  
Till strength and vigor nerved his feeble wing,  
And his young eye seemed of the sun-light given.  
Then were those wings expanded in their might;  
The kingly bird first waved them gracefully  
Above the nest, then lightly left his perch,  
And on the dazzling sun he fixed his gaze,  
And toward it bent his high-aimed, tireless flight.  
That tranquil lake, the counterpart of all  
He saw in upper air, was sleeping far  
Below the rock from which he flew, and still  
Arrested not his eye; *that*, upward turned,  
Gave not a look to earth, but higher still  
And higher, bade his unwearied pinions bear  
Him on. The mountain-tops invitingly  
Stood forth and offered rest; yet scorned he rest!  
That young, proud bird, of heaven-aspiring soul,  
Onward, still onward, through the pathless air  
He soars, unbending, drooping not. And bright  
The sunbeams flash among his rapid plumes,  
In sparkling gold, but fading fast away  
Into a single shadowy speck afar.  
Farther and farther still! Why, fearless bird,  
Thus task thy might to fathom endless space?  
Why stretch thy flight toward that still unreach'd goal?  
Will thy weak wing not droop in ceaseless flight?  
Thine eye grow dim before that burning orb?  
Where art thou now? In lucid distance lost!  
Our vision cannot follow thee so far!  
That cloud of silver, borrowed from the sun,  
Is nearer us than thou, unrivalled bird!

What is the eagle of the heart's wide world,  
That soars aloft into the spirit-sky,  
And seeks the dazzling throne of excellence?  
It is Ambition! — 'Genius' called by men,  
And glorious, like the eagle, in its strength!  
It only lingers on our lowly earth  
To nourish vigor, basking in the beams,  
Feeble, though pure, that reach us from above;  
Then spreads its stainless wings, and soars away,  
To seek the soul's light, in the highest Heaven!

## THE HISTORY OF POETRY.

BY REV. S. D. BURNHARD.

POETRY is the language of the imagination, felt or uttered. It is not a thing of mere dactyls and spondees, but the out-gush of a lofty genius, irrespective of the laws of rhetoric or versification. Whatever warms the heart, sends it with a purer and happier sweep over the field of its own energies, whether it be a statue of surpassing beauty, fresh from the chisel of the sculptor, or a glorious sun-set among the hills, or even a simple blossom by the way-side, chronicling some old buried memory; that object, be it what it may, is poetical. All nature is full of poetry. There is a voice that speaks high mysteries as the wind roars along the tops of the tall forest-trees. It speaks no words, and yet it is a voice; its language is the language of the soul, beyond the power of words. There is merriment and gentle laughter in the bubble of the rivulet, as it leaps and sparkles on its way, when the last sunbeam, struggling through the foliage, falls doubtfully upon its surface, as if trembling for its welcome. There is a majesty in the deep roar of the ever-sounding sea; there is a strange sense of some invisible presence among the silent hills, in the lovely glens of the woods, that obtrudes on every man, and sends his thoughts away into the infinite and unknown. Why is this? Why do the black clouds, rolling up the sky, or the sunshine, thrown like a robe of beauty over the earth, send crowding in upon the mind the most varied imagery, from the fearfully grand to the most exquisitely pleasing? It is because we read in these external symbols the workings of the Infinite Mind, awakening emotions of the sublime and the beautiful in our own. Now this power thus to affect us has been given in some degree to a chosen few, from the very infancy of time. The creations of their fancy have a similar but subordinate effect with the poetry of the material universe. Who, for instance, can read



Byron's thunder-storm at night, among the Alps, without feeling somewhat as the poet felt, when he penned these lines :

'Far along  
From peak to peak the rattling crags among,  
Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers through her misty shroud  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.'

There is a *felt* sublimity in these lines. The mountain-peaks, the rattling crags, and the leaping lightning, with the answering voice of Jura, are placed before us in all the vividness of the original scene. It is an embodiment of the grand and the true, which will find its way to millions of hearts, and be remembered as long as a thunder-storm shall break over the hills. There is indeed nothing which deserves the name of poetry that does not bring before the mind's eye truthful copies of Nature in her own unstudied grandeur or beauty. The heart leaps at the touch of the true poet, who fills the minds of his readers with those thick-coming fancies which people his own brain, and which give a freshness and an eloquence of thought to every thing around and within him. It is this power over the suggestive faculty which has given the poets of all ages such an omnipotence over the human heart. No man needs a guide-board to the truly poetic; his own heart is the best guide. If it be untouched; if the living springs of thought are not set gushing with loftier and purer out-goings than the mere inspiration of words and sounds can accomplish; if the outward ear is only gratified, either the poet has failed in his legitimate mission, or there is something defective in our own moral susceptibilities.

The heart then is the only judge of the poetical. It may indeed be so sunk in sordid enjoyment as to have lost its native relish for the true or the beautiful. The fire-winds of passion may have swept over it, making it a moral Sahara; yet still, in its deepest abandonment, it will acknowledge the divinity of the Muse.

It is not every man that can wield this wand of the enchantress, and unseal the deep fountains of feeling. 'The art poetic' is a natural gift, which neither education nor industry can procure. Unless a man feels within him the high promptings of genius; unless he can hold converse with the Muse, as Numa Pompilius is said to have done with the goddess Egeria; unless he has been gifted with the '*Os magna Sonaturum*,' the divine faculty of poetic expression, he may never hope to play upon the chords of the human heart, as upon a lyre, filling the soul with grandeur, melody and love. A poet must have not only judgment, taste, imagination, and a far-seeing insight into human nature, but above and beyond every other attribute, a sovereign eloquence, which is as purely the gift of divine goodness as the air he breathes, or the water he drinks from the leaping brook. Indeed, the qualifications necessary to form the true poet are seldom united in the same individual. Hence it is only at far intervals that a master-spirit, such as Homer, Virgil, Shakspeare or Milton appears, and holds, as by magic, the minds of individuals and of nations.

The earliest and most correct historians bear testimony to the great antiquity of poetry; that it existed before prose in history; before music in melody; before painting in description, and before sculpture in imagery. It has its origin in the nature of man; in the deep and mystic recesses of the human soul. And we may suppose that the great Parent of our race, when placed amid the green trees of Paradise, amid its clear and quiet rivers, beneath the over-arching sky, and while the mysterious visitants of the air and the woods were pouring their rich melody upon his outward ear, felt the potent influence, and gave utterance to his struggling emotions in language eminently poetic. Adam then may be regarded as the first poet; and we may infer that his early descendant, who so skilfully handled the harp and the organ, was also a poet. But for boldness and beauty, the Hebrew poets stand unrivalled and alone. Their daring personification and bold imagery sink into our hearts like the voice of *DEITY*. The floods, the mountains, the trees, all nature, in their hands, become instinct with life, and fearfully eloquent. Cold and stupid—dead, indeed—must be that heart that does not actually quake, as well as bow in humble adoration, while reading Habbakuk's unutterably sublime description of the majesty of the *DIVINE ONE*. There is something so solemn and awful in it, that one can scarcely commence it without hearing the Syballine warning ringing in his ears: 'Procul, oh! procul este profani!' The song of Moses and the Israelites, on passing the Red Sea, is by far the finest specimen of ancient poetry on record. It is impossible to read it without admiring the majesty of the style, or even feeling a desire to unite our sympathies with the hosts of Israel, and shout aloud our gratitude to their Deliverer.

In the earliest times to which we have any historic access, we find poetry associated with religious worship. The poet held at once the office of prophet and priest. Plato says: 'The most ancient poetry was that in the form of hymns, addressed to the *DEITY*.' And there is a reason for this. Men, however benighted, cannot but be struck with wonder, fear, joy and other kindred emotions, as they witness the wonderful displays of power, beauty and majesty in the world around them. The earthquake making the solid ground to tremble; the terrific march of the thunder-storm; the gorgeous piles of cloud gathering round the sun at eventide, could never be viewed without mingled emotions of fear and reverence, of gratitude and joy. Hence there would arise hymns and songs of deliverance; bold, figurative and highly poetic forms of religious worship. Thus poetry finds its appropriate channel in the out-reachings of the heart after the good, the all-powerful, in those strong but mysterious sympathies which unite us with that unseen *BEING* who animates and adorns the whole material universe. If we come down to pagan nations; to the palmy and prosperous days of Greece and Rome, we find poetry holding a conspicuous place in the worship of the people. The responses of their oracles were delivered in poetic form. The only theology with which they were familiar consisted of poems recording the history of the gods.

Their whole system of religion was a religion of poetry; the floating fragments of that majestic structure once reared by patriarchs and prophets. In their misty conception of spirits presiding over fields, forests, fountains; over the husbandman in his toils, guarding his flocks and his grain; we recognize the original and truthful doctrine of the ministration of angels. On the wings of a glowing fancy the devout pagan rose upward to the abodes of the gods, and there he held converse with beings of unconquerable might; of majestic form; of matchless beauty; of indescribable grace of motion; whose eloquence was irresistible in its power to awe, to instruct, to win; whose music could tame a fury's heart, and hush all heaven with rapture; and the natural and inevitable emotions of his soul found outlet in the highest forms of poetic utterance.

But poetry was not confined to religion. Before the time of Herodotus, all history was preserved in this form, and even the dry and dusty details of law. The laws of the Greeks were originally in verse, set to music, and sung at their public feasts. The ancient laws of Spain were in verse. Tacitus tells us that the songs of the German bards were their only annals. In the same manner, the Persians, the Arabians, and most of the ancient Eastern nations kept their history, religion and morals in verse. The Scythians, the Celtic tribes of Gaul, the ancient Britons, the Scotch and Irish nations, held their bards in the greatest veneration, and their religious ceremonies were almost entirely made up of their poetry. It is to the poems and songs of the bards that we are mostly indebted for all the access we have to the history of the past. As these songs were sung at every festival, they were handed down from father to son, and thus kept alive till the introduction of the art of writing. These bards were the priests, the legislators, the peace-makers; in a word, the civilizers of mankind. They celebrated the deeds of the virtuous warrior; they seated themselves in the festive halls of kings and princes, soothing the haughty lordlings of royalty; or, at the head of an army, they sent such a thrill of martial ardor over the feelings of the soldiers, as they sang the achievements of their favorite heroes, that the most timid became brave, the most irresolute, daring.

It is somewhere stated that Attila, king of the Huns, after one of his victories, called for the bards; and as they sang the heroic deeds of other warriors, their virtue and their patriotism, the iron-hearted chieftain wept. He felt the force and beauty of the virtuous, the heroic and generous in human character, and a sense of his own worthlessness and wickedness smote him. He wept, for his own heart told him that though he had overran with a fierce soldiery the empire of a great but degenerate people, yet his name would never live in song with the virtuous warriors of other lands. It was this immortality of verse, this deathless spirit of song, which of all honors the warrior regarded the highest, that nerved the arm and fired the heart of the soldier.

No mere prose writing could have produced this effect, or gratified this yearning of the soldier for the memory of posterity. Prose-

writing neither admits that strongly metaphorical style and beautiful inversion of words, which not only gives a musical cadence to the sentences, but tends also to fasten them in the memory. Hence poetry rather than prose was adopted as the early and only vehicle of knowledge, as the connecting-link between the far-distant past and the present. We have probably the very words of Lamech and Homer and Ossian, and in the very form in which they were uttered. Indeed, there seems to be a living principle in poetry, utterly unknown to any other human production. Cities have been built and swept again into oblivion; nations have arisen and passed off from the field of history like pictures from the screen of the phantasmagoria; the shores of the Red Sea have been trodden again and again by the living tides of men, whose arts, arms and very names have perished with themselves; but the song of Miriam and Moses still warms the heart of the Christian, while the *Iliad* of Homer rouses the warrior like the distant sound of martial music.

As the two great poets of heathen antiquity, I mention the names of Homer and Virgil. The genius of both these men was most magnificent. Homer had more fire and rapture; Virgil more light and sweetness, at least the poetical fire was more raging in the one, but clearer and milder in the other, which makes the first more amazing, the latter more agreeable. In short, these two immortal poets must be allowed to have so much excelled their contemporaries, as to have exceeded all comparison; to have even extinguished emulation, and in a manner confined true poetry not only to their own languages but to their very persons. And yet we may venture to name among the Greeks, as holding an enviable position, Sophocles, Euripides and others, of whom miracles of song are recorded. And among the Latins, Ennius, Lucilius, Plautus and Lucretius. The period from Pisistratus to Philip of Macedon, may be regarded as the golden age of Grecian poetry, but her glory departed when her liberty was gone. Thus also during the triumphate of Octavius, Antony and Lepidus, poetry flourished in Italy. But in Rome, as in Greece, with Liberty fell Literature; not indeed at once, for she rose and fell frequently, rising weaker and falling heavier at each successive time. But after Augustus assumed the purple, chains were put upon the muses, golden ones indeed, and sparkling with gems, but still they were chains; chains that bound the soul. Adorned and degraded with these, they were compelled to walk as beautiful captives, smiling like infants and singing like syrens, but sick at heart, pining in thought, as they followed the triumphal car of the enslaver of their country; at whose wheels, Roman freedom, Roman virtue, Roman poetry and Roman glory were dragged in the dust; and never, never again stood upright and strong and fearless and towering as before! Succeeding this, was a long night of more than a thousand years, during which time scarce a meteor's light was seen to mingle amid the deep and horrid gloom.

The war of proscription against the freedom of opinion was continually waged, thus presenting to the spirit of poetry an impassable

Avernus, where she well nigh drooped her wings and expired. But when the human mind was disenthralled by the power of Christianity, a new era dawned upon the world. From the time Wickliffe opened the Scriptures, which were a sealed book before, we can distinctly trace the influence of Christianity on the poetry of the English bards, exciting the dormant intellect of the nation, and contributing to its future field of song. It was Christianity that gave a new impulse to thought, and produced the circumstances which evolved such minds as shone in Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Beattie, Young, and a host of others, who were the pride and ornament of the English nation. And Milton, that prince of modern poets, gathered strength for the noblest flights of human genius, by an habitual and reverent contemplation of the sacred volume. It was on Zion's hill and at Siloa's brook that he caught that inspiration which raised him above the Aonian Mount. It was under the refined, elevating influence of the sacred oracles, that he rose, as on angel's wing, and soared like the bird of morn out of sight amid the music of his own grateful piety. The poets that have risen the highest, and whose names will go down to posterity associated with all that is pure in sentiment and lofty in song, gathered the materials of their verse, not from a world where every grove, field, forest and fountain had its nymph, god or goddess, but from that world of 'life and immortality,' over whose peopled realms, Derry Himself presides.

Much as we admire the poets of Pagan antiquity, we do affirm that Homer has been surpassed in his battle scenes by Miriam and Deborah; the Grecian drama rises not to the sublimity of Job. And where shall we find any thing, even in the Orphic hymns, to compare with the richness, the sweetness, the *grandeur* of David? Who shall equal Isaiah in his lofty imaginings? Who shall sing, like Jeremiah, the dirge of a fallen nation? Who shall tread that burning pathway which is lighted by Ezekiel's genius? These men caught the inspiration of their poetry from the throne of God, and they will stand on a lofty preëminence above the rest of the race until the world shall expire!

What a different man would Byron have been, had he been under the conservative influence of Christianity; and how would the products of his noble genius come, like visitants from the better land, casting the influence of a hopeful and happy faith in upon crushed and bleeding hearts! He had the soul of poetry in him; his heart was tremblingly alive with adoration, but there was no temple in his understanding. A mind he had, of the highest order, but it wanted the balancing power of religious principle; truly splendid were the efforts of his genius, but these could not hush the mad turbulence of his bosom. Like moonlight on a troubled sea, they only brightened the storm, which they had no power to calm or control.

But we must leave the poets and poetry of the old world, and visit this our native land, where the genius of song was cradled by the hardy and heroic men who laid the first foundations of our nation's fame and greatness. Some of our readers may smile perhaps, if we

attempt to convince them that the true poetic feeling *did* exist in the land of blue-laws and bigotry and witchcraft; in a land, where the only song was the harsh nasal chanting of some limping version of a psalm. But who will say there was no poetry in the bosom of those in the 'May Flower's' cabin, when she hovered on that stern rocky coast, like a wounded sea-fowl, seeking a place to die; her torn rigging crackling in the December's blast; behind, three thousand miles of water stretching between them and civilization; before them, an unbroken snow-covered forest, where the howl of the wild beast mingled with the wilder war-cry of the savage, and yet not a regret in man's heart to shake his high resolve, and not a tear to dim the lustre of a woman's eye.

Was there no poetry in the transactions of that first, long, terrible winter, when disease was laying low the pride of manhood and the loveliness of woman; when one by one, in swift succession, the sad, stricken, but still high-souled and trusting band laid their loved ones in that sloping bank which looks out toward England, and then returned, undismayed, to the high task of unrolling a nation's destiny!

Need I say that the highest elements of poetry were with these men, and the influence of a free and enlightened Christianity was only needed to call forth the genius who would sweep, as with a Milton's hand, the harp-strings? We have no wish to pluck a single gem from the crown of English poets; we yield them all their laurels; but still we say that the *spirit* of poetry is here. America, our own America, is the home of Genius; the home of the Muses. And under the influence of our free institutions, sweeter songs may yet arise than ever floated over the Adriatic, or breathed among the islands of the blue Ægean. Nothing but the love of gold, 'that vile idolatry,' can prevent us from becoming as classic as Greece. From *this* source there is danger. In man's heart of hearts, in the inner chamber of the immortal spirit, there is *one* celestial harp, whose strings give no response to the touch of Mammon's fingers.

That poetry will have an influence, and that it may be made an efficient instrumentality in improving the intellect and the heart, will be evident to any one who will contemplate the elements of its power. It is more effective, more spirit-stirring, than music, statuary or painting. Let us quote two stanzas from Wordsworth, which illustrate the suggestive power of poetry. They are addressed to a butterfly:

'STAY near me; do not take thy flight!  
A little longer stay in sight,  
Much converse do I find in thee,  
Historian of my infancy.  
Float near me! Do not yet depart!  
Dead times revive in thee:  
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,  
A solemn image to my heart,  
My father's family!

O! pleasant, pleasant were the days,  
The time when in our childish plays,  
My sister EMMELINE and I  
Together chased the butterfly.  
A very hunter, did I rush  
Upon the prey. With leaps and springs,  
I followed on from brake to bush,  
But she, God love her! feared to brush  
The dust from off its wings.'

Now in these few lines the poet calls up a train of treasured memories, utterly beyond the reach of every *other* except the poetic art divine. The utmost skill of the painter could never, by a simple butterfly, a boy and his little sister, bring such a rush of old buried feelings over the heart.

There is little indeed in the mere apostrophe of the poet to the butterfly. But the moment he calls it the 'historian of his infancy,' up leap the old familiar faces of other days; his father's family, his own boyish sports, his sister Emmeline, with a thousand other thoughts associated with the dark and dream-like past. Then what a contrast the poet draws between himself and his sister! The one, in the rough, wild wantonness of boyhood, leaping and springing from brake to bush after the glossy winged wanderer, determined to catchit, though at the loss of one of its wings or feet; but she, with all the fawn-like movements of a gentle girl,

—— 'feared to brush  
The dust from off its wings.'

Our moral sensibilities are so arranged and attuned, that true poetry will find its way to the heart and leave its impress there. Hence its influence, during all time, over the moral feelings and habits of men. Some of the grandest revolutions and changes that have signalized the world's history have been effected through the instrumentality of poetry. It was the lyre of Orpheus that civilized Thrace. It was the sublime ode of Miriam and Moses that developed the patriot spirit of the Jews. It was the songs of the bards, those divinely-inspired old men, that preserved the Welsh unconquered and unconquerable in their mountain fastnesses. It was the Troubadours and minstrels of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries that laid the foundation of modern literature and civilization. They invested the whole circle of the virtues with an ideal beauty, which found its way to the better feelings of men, in those dark and barbarous ages, and called up through the whole length and breadth of Europe the most romantic love of the brave, the beautiful and the good.

It was the Holy Song Book and the Psalms, which the solitary monk of Geneva appointed to be sung among his followers, that spread the doctrines of the reformation like wild-fire over Germany, Holland, France and England. They formed the chief pillar of Cromwell's power during the protectorate. His soldiers sang them on their march, at parade, and on the battle-ground. So too when the licentious and infidel court of Charles the Second had sensualized the public taste, it was the muse of Pope, Young, Swift, Addison and Gay, a shining phalanx of poetic talent, that restored the public mind to its original purity and healthfulness. They *lashed* the vices of the times. They held up the mirror of virtue before the public eye, until the profane wits of that profligate age saw themselves mirrored in all their deformity, and shrunk back self-condemned at the sight. Adam Smith, the well-known author of 'The Wealth of Nations,' has finely remarked, 'The poets who best paint the refinements of love and friendship, and of all the private and domestic virtues, are much better instructors than Zeno, Chrysippus or Epictetus.' 'Let me make the ballads of the country, and I care not who are its rulers,' was the saying of one who well

understood the workings of the human heart. He knew that their effect upon the hopes and fears and patriotism of the people was greater than that of a standing army or the statute-book. These address men as beings of sympathies and affections. They go with them into the every-day duties of life, modifying and shaping their character and habits.

Nor is it only in a moral point of view that the poets are valuable : they are among the most inexhaustible mines of solid instruction. We learn from the ancient poets more of the history and manners of the past, than from all other sources combined.

All the arts and sciences, as has been remarked, were originally recorded in poetry. Hence Homer has been styled the *father* of philosophers. Alexander learned from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* his institutes of war ; Lycurgus his laws and political economy. Aristotle his rules of criticism ; Strabo the exact geographic location of cities, islands and nations. It is to Juvenal, Horace, Ossian, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and the poets of a nation, that we must go for a faithful portraiture of men and manners. The poets too are among the best-read scholars and philosophers of their age. If we can credit our Lexicons, the Muse takes her name from a tendency to investigate. The etymology of the word muse, as is well known to every scholar, being *Μεο τῆρεω*, that is, *I inquire*. Thus there is a mutual affinity between philosophy and poetry.

The ancient fabulists tell us that the river Alpheus runs by underground channels for a vast distance, and cuts its way through the sea without mixing its waters with the salt waves, till it finally blends itself with the fountain of Arethusa, near Syracuse, so that whatever is thrown in on the Grecian side is found ultimately on the Sicilian. Thus it is with philosophy and poetry. The same impulse that carries the mind to poetry, inclines it to a love of general excellence, and by a most natural sympathy connects it with art and science. Hence, as we run the eye along the line of the past, we always find the Muse hand in hand with Science and Literature.

Knowledge of every kind is valuable, especially in this age of progress ; but if we would increase our real happiness, we must become familiar with the poetry of nature, and acquire a cultivated and well-regulated taste for the Ideal, and the True. In this manner we shall people the fields and the streams, not with the genii of a Pagan Mythology, but with the bright visions of an active and refined fancy, making the earth more sunny to our eyes and more musical to our ears. Add to this, that the study of the poets is the best academic exercise preparatory to the philosophy of mind. The Romans so well understood this, that Horace and Virgil were their two most popular school-books. The study of these authors increased the imaginative power of the Roman youth, while they nurtured and warmed their affections with the love of virtue. In the same manner a course of analytic readings of the ancient Hebrew poets, of Moses, Isaiah, Habbakuk, and the Revelation of John the divine ; a work of surpassing beauty and sublimity, together with the didactic and moral poets of later times, would do much to coun-



teract the selfishness manifest in the trades and professions of life; they would warm and widen the philanthropy, especially of the young heart, and prepare it for the most expansive schemes of usefulness. I do not mean that nothing but poetry should be read or taught, but I *do* mean that Shakspeare, Milton, Thompson, Cowper, Pope, Young, and selections from the ancient Scriptures, should be studied with as much devotion in our schools as the discoveries of Plato, Locke, Newton or Herschel. A knowledge of the geology of the globe, or the distances of the stars, or the motions of the earth, or the science of metaphysics, is of far *less* moment, in the practical duties and relationships of life, than a knowledge of the science of the human heart, which is professedly the science that poetry loves to study and to inculcate.

There is far too much cold and barren speculation in the present age of the world. The culture of the affections; the outpourings of the heart after the *infinite* and the *pure*, which become beings endowed with immortality, and that spirituality of soul which can hold communion with the Beautiful and the Good, whether it be found in a budding flower, or in the lofty virtues of an honest and upright statesman, are all in a fair way of being neglected, if not utterly despised in the race, after wealth and the heartless glitter of fashion.

I close with a fragment from Lord Bacon: 'As poetry,' says he, 'contributes not only to pleasure, but to magnanimity and good morals, it is deservedly supposed in some measure to participate of divine inspiration; since it raises the mind and fills it with sublime ideas, by proportioning the appearances of things to the desires of the mind, and not submitting the mind to things, as reason and history do.'

Well, therefore, has Mrs. SIGOURNEY, in one of her select poems, very prettily represented a young girl, in her dewy bower at sunrise, and an aged pilgrim at noon day, toil-worn and weary, and a willing spirit at night-fall, with the curtains of death gathered round it, each respectively singing, saying, sighing:

'Oh! speak no ill of Poetry,  
For 't is a holy thing!'

---

'A V E M A R I A!'

AVE MARIA! 't is the evening hymn  
Of many pilgrims on the land and sea;  
Soon as the Day withdraws, and two or three  
Faint stars are burning, all whose eyes are dim  
With tears or watching, all of weary limb,  
Or troubled spirit, yield the bended knee,  
And find, O VIRGIN! life's repose in thee.  
I too, at night-fall, when the new-born rim  
Of the young moon is first beheld above,  
Tune my fond thoughts to their devoutest key,  
And from all bondage — save remembrance — free,  
Glad of my liberty as NOAH's dove,  
Seek the MADONNA most adored by me,  
And say mine 'Ave Marias' to my love.

T. W. F.

## F O R B E A R A N C E : A N I L L U S T R A T I O N .

## I.

THERE are pleasant spots where no sunbeams glow,  
 There are fertile vales where no rivers flow,  
 There are flowers that bloom where no south-winds come,  
 And the air is stirred with the drowsy hum  
 Of bees, where the place seems not to be  
 A fitting haunt for such melody:  
 And we wonder much that things should be so,  
 Till, searching above and searching below,  
 We the hidden secret of Nature know.

## II.

There are cheerful homes, where the light of day  
 Steals in with a faintly-glimmering ray;  
 Where the labor is hard, and coarse the bread,  
 And but scanty rest for the weary head;  
 Where childhood is nursed by Hunger gaunt,  
 And clasped in the cold embrace of Want:  
 And we wonder much, until we find  
 That a faith which never looks behind,  
 Gives feet to the lame and eyes to the blind.

## III.

There are yearning hearts that wander on  
 Through life, as if seeking a light that is gone;  
 Though no outward cause of grief appear,  
 Yet no friendly hand may stay the tear,  
 Which only in silent sadness reveals  
 All that the desolate spirit feels:  
 These love not darkness, they seek for light;  
 But what to other eyes seems most bright,  
 To them brings naught but despair and blight.

## IV.

There are gentle natures, that strangely turn  
 From the hearths where Love doth warmly burn,  
 Who hearken not to Flattery's voice,  
 Who care not for wealth, but make their choice  
 To dwell alone, that so they may hear  
 The Muse's sweet voice forever near:  
 And amid the treasures of the mind  
 A solace and support they find,  
 Than friendship far more true, more kind.

## V.

This is Nature's grand primeval law,  
 That from many sources the soul shall draw  
 Happiness, profit, strength and content,  
 As from every changing element,  
 The leafy tree and the springing flower,  
 Derive new beauty and added power:  
 Then blame not thy mates that they do not see  
 Each feature of truth which charmeth thee,  
 But abide in thine own sincerity.

## LETTERS FROM THE GULF STATES.

BY A NORTHERN TRAVELLER.

AN INN-KEEPER WITH LIMITED ACCOMMODATIONS. WILD-TURKEYS: INDUCEMENTS TO ATTEND A WEDDING: JORNALDOES.

*Dale County, (Ala.) May 10, 1847.*

In coming down from Montgomery a few days ago, in company with an Alabamian friend, we were delayed by the rough travelling, so that we reached a difficult fording-place after dark. My companion, who was the better acquainted, in venturing to swim the creek first, fell from his horse and was carried by the current among the brush-wood below; while the animal, turning round, made his way to the bank from whence he started. The ardor of my friend was somewhat dampened by the accident, and after he reached the dry land we decided to make our way back to a dwelling we had left some two miles behind. The warm air of a May-night compensated in part for our mishap, and we reached the cabin, glad that our luck was no worse. An old negro woman and a 'quantity' of children were gathered round the fire of a light-wood stump, and a pack of dogs from under the house came baying furiously toward us, with the good effect of bringing the master of the house to the door.

'Can we have a staying here to-night?'

'Well, we a' n't so mighty fine here; but you 've had a smart chance of travel, and a' n't particular. I reckon you 'll turn in.'

While the landlord and my companion were taking care of the horses, I began to survey the premises, and commenced with endeavoring to count the children, which we succeeded in accomplishing, though we began to think they furnished examples of the long-sought perpetual motion. They were nine in all, with an infantile 'John Rodgers' at the breast. The old negro woman was busily occupied, varying her employment by nursing the babies and fondling the children, and then fondling the children and nursing the babies. Upon his return we inquired of our landlord what he could furnish us for supper.

'Why, you can have hoe-cake and common-doin's for a bit and a half; but if you want extra doin's and chicken-fixin's, you can have 'em for three bits.'

As we had been without dinner, we decided to have the 'extras and chicken-fixin's.' After supper, which was quite satisfactory, save that the coffee was villanously strong and bitter, our host gave us a few hunting-stories, and brought his observations to a close by saying:

'Strangers, may be you would like to *lie*?'

'Mighty tired—reckon we 'd better,' said I, adopting the old

man's provincialisms, according to the adage: 'When we are in Buffalo we must do as the *buffaloes* do.'

My previous examination of the premises had apprized me that we were occupying the parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, dormitories and all, and that there were but two beds. The old gentleman pointed us to one of them, and in a few minutes we were in a sound sleep. The old people and the children were of course accommodated somewhere; where, I do not know; save that I heard an ominous rustling under our bed during the night.

This reminds me of a friend and his lady, who, having put up for the night while travelling in Georgia, were shown an apartment where there were several beds. On retiring, our friend thought it prudent to securely fasten the door of their sleeping-room. About midnight he and his lady were suddenly awakened by a violent rattling at the door. The assailants, finding an entrance denied them at that point, were by no means repulsed; but scaling the beams and removing a loose plank, like the occupants of the ancient Trojan horse, let themselves down from aloft; and our friend, at day-break, found that instead of having fallen among thieves and robbers, he was surrounded by the young people of the house; who, having been out at a party, had returned at an unusually late hour.

Crossing the fording-place the next morning, we continued our journey through the sparsely-settled pine-lands, once in a while starting up from their hiding-places a flock of quails, and at one time during the day driving up some eight or ten wild turkeys. There are no finer-looking birds than these. They frequent the harvest-fields in autumn, and are exceedingly wary of the approach of the hunter. Some of them weigh twenty-five pounds. They are swift on wing or foot, and when near a thicket, resort to the latter as a means of flight. The most profitable mode of catching them is to make a small building of logs, several inches apart, and dig a trench leading from the outside to the centre of this temporary cabin. The trench is then covered over, leaving each end open, and corn or grain is strewed about the outside entrance, and from thence to the place where it communicates with the cabin. In this way the turkeys are decoyed into the building, where, finding themselves entrapped, they are incessantly thrusting their heads through the crevices of the shanty, without ever discovering the opening from whence they made their entrance.

Toward sun-set we fell in with a large party on horse-back, who informed us that they were going to a wedding, which was to take place that night at a village some miles in the advance of us. One of the 'crowd' was a brother of the bride, who gave us a cordial invitation to participate in the festivities of the occasion. When we arrived at the village, we found there was no little excitement in view of the approaching nuptials. Guests had come in from every precinct of the county. At the tavern, the venerable landlady, noticing that we were not disposed to attend the approaching festival, said, in a bland voice:

'Strangers, you 'll lose a mighty fine chance to see all the pretty

young ladies in the settlement; and many of 'em are so pert and likely that their betters are very scarce. Beside, the bride herself is a mighty well-raised lady. She was at the high-school at Tuscaloosa for a long while, and last winter travelled with her uncle as far as the 'Federal City.'

Finding that these considerations, though weighty, especially to bachelors like ourselves, were not likely to overcome our disposition to repose, the son of our hostess, beckoning us to the door, presented an additional variety of inducements.

'They 'll have the nicest table to-night over to the widow Powell's that was ever spread this side of Mobile. The wines and fruits are the best that can be scared up, and there 's no end to the other fix-in's they 'll have there. You 'd best go over, gentlemen, for the room is fixed up a little of the tallest sort, with every kind of vines and flowers; and do n't you believe it, strangers, they 've even gone to the expense of buying sperm-candles!'

The dust and fatigue of a forty miles' ride on horse-back having unfitted us for social life, we felt compelled to neglect the advice of our landlady and her son.

Near this place we passed the track of a tornado; a phenomenon more frequent in the Gulf States than any other section of the Union. They occur in mid-summer, and vary in their length, width and intensity of movement. Their general direction is from west to east, with a slight inclination northward. They are intermittent in their violence, sometimes prostrating every tree in their course, and again sparing the sturdier portion of the forest. One of these furious tempests passed over the county of Yalabusha, in Mississippi, last season, destroying the most of the flourishing village of Grenada, killing several persons and injuring others. In 1838 one passed over the counties of Barbour and Russell, in Alabama, and Stewart, in Georgia, extending forty miles, with an average width of three hundred and fifty yards. An acquaintance of ours was overtaken by it, and dismounting from his horse, reached a spot where there was but one tree which he thought could endanger him. When this fell, it struck him senseless to the ground. Fortunately the tree did not fasten him, and on recovering he succeeded in reaching a neighboring plantation. A log-house was entirely carried away, except the sills and flooring, leaving the occupants, a woman and five children, uninjured. Some of the shingles of the roof were identified at the distance of ten miles eastward. A planter informed us that his negroes, the ensuing evening, picked up two maimed deer and three bushels of black-birds. The tornado lasts but a few moments, and is always attended with heavy rain and thick darkness.

Montgomery is one of the most productive counties of Alabama. It has an undulating surface, a deep soil and an unusually large number of well cultivated plantations. In commencing a settlement in this region, the pioneers went into the rich valleys, girdled the trees, cleared up the rubbish, and the next spring planted with corn or cotton. In this way crop after crop was planted amid the decay-

ing forest, until the bristling limbs and finally the heavy trunks were brought to the ground during the storms and strong winds of winter. Many of the cultivated fields of this county are now free from trees and stumps, but in a thinner soil we often see the lands worn out and abandoned while the native forest trees are yet standing; the former occupants having left them for the fresh soil of the west.

No where is a visitor met with a more cordial welcome than by the southern planter. You find his residence some twenty or thirty rods from the road with a wide avenue leading to it. Around are numerous shade trees, the sycamore, mimosa and china. The house is adapted to the climate with a piazza in front, and one often two passages intersecting each other, which in the warm season contribute much to the comfort of the occupants. The apartments are spacious, and are higher posted than we find them in a northern latitude. If you are a stranger your host extends to you the hospitalities of his house as frankly as if you were an old acquaintance, cheerfully answers your inquiries, and volunteers to show you whatever you may choose to examine upon his premises. You notice the log-cabins of his slaves arranged in two rows in the rear of his dwelling, rough in appearance, but from the thickness of the walls, cooler in summer than framed buildings. The adults, both male and female, are in the fields, but here and there is a group of children who, during the absence of their mothers, are 'minded' by the aged negroes who are too infirm to labor.

In the garden are a numerous variety of vegetables and fruit trees, and if you make any inquiries of the gray-headed negro you meet with a spade in one hand and his hat in the other, you will ascertain that for years he has acted in the two-fold capacity of carriage driver and gardener, and if desired he will expatiate largely on the importance of the manifold duties devolving upon him, and on the skill with which he manages the horticultural affairs of the household. You see all the fences made of wood, for the manifest reason that there is no other material of which to build them. The rails are cut in winter and seasoned before using them. When the wood fails the planter resorts to ditches.

The large and closely-made barns attached to every farm-house in the north are never seen southward. The fodder here is put in stacks and the corn in 'cribs' or small log-buildings. Neither are there any cellars under the houses, and whatever the planter wishes to keep cool he places in a dry well.

At table you find your host provided with all the necessaries of life. While you are enjoying the hospitalities of the festive board, you observe that the servants are continually bringing hot dishes from the kitchen. Instead of cold wheat bread, you are served hot biscuit, waffles and fritters. You will see but little beef except in winter, but an abundance of excellent ham, fowl and eggs. The butter is daily made from the fresh milk, but you find no cheese save what is brought from the north, the produce of the dairy not being sufficient to admit of it.

After dinner your host accompanies you on horseback to visit his

plantation. In no other month are field and forest clothed with a more attractive livery than in May. You pass an orchard of peach trees thickly set with the promised fruit. The wheat fields are yellow for the harvest. The cotton fields often contain several hundred acres, and during this month demand close attention. Agriculture, however, requires less severe labor here than in New-England. Haying time, the most busy and laborious season at the north, occurs during the warmest months; a period of comparative leisure here, since the crops are laid by and none of them are yet matured for harvest. The mule is chiefly used on the plantations, as he is better adapted to the climate than the horse, and can better endure harsh usage.

When a planter has a sufficient force he employs an overseer who superintends the business of the plantation, and who occupies his time with the hands, directing their labors and seeing that the work is well performed. The value of a crop depends much upon the good judgment and energy of the overseer, and he who has established his reputation as an enterprising and skilful manager obtains high wages.

Many planters live from five to fifty miles from their plantations, in order to avail themselves of a more healthy location, to enjoy better social advantages, and what is more frequently the object, to obtain better facilities for educating their children. In this case more responsibility devolves upon the overseer, as the owner visits his plantation but rarely, and can only give general directions in regard to its management.

There are few men whom you can meet with who are so free from care, and who are so truly sinecures as the southern planter. His crops never prove an entire failure, but are always sure to meet the current expenses of the year. As he is able to produce almost every article of consumption within himself; if his crop is short he has only to reduce his expenses to the more immediate necessities of life, and these he can produce except coffee, salt and iron. His overseer, whose place depends upon his diligence, relieves him from the labor and perplexity of superintending his hands. His duties are not sufficient to afford him exercise. He employs his time in social intercourse with his neighbors in travel, in hunting or any amusement which inclination may dictate. Should you tarry with a planter a few days he will invite you to a deer hunt: a favorite exercise at the south; and soon after day-break with half a dozen of his neighbors, and twice that number of well-trained dogs will mount you on one of his horses, and set off at full speed for the open pine-woods. The morning air is exhilarating, but as you are not an old hunter you can see no adequate reason why your companions should be as full of enthusiasm in search of a red-deer, as most men would be when a private fortune is at stake, or a public enemy is to be encountered. After reaching the hunting-ground and the party are apprized by the barking of the dogs that a deer is started, the company station themselves one by one at points where the deer is expected to come, and if he escapes the first marksman,

he is liable to be brought down by the second or third. The hunters fire while the animal is at full speed; and it requires a practised eye and a steady nerve to make a successful shot. After a few excursions of this sort you will find yourself participating as deeply in the ardor and excitement of the deer-chase as if you were a native Alabamian.

Among the wealthiest planters of the state is one who came here thirty years ago with about a dozen hands and settled upon the then wild lands of Montgomery county. The income of each year was invested in additional lands and negroes, and he has at the present time seven plantations and four hundred slaves. The spacious and beautifully-arranged grounds about his residence are frequently visited by travellers, and will richly repay a journey of many miles. They abound with almost every species of shrubbery, vine and plant. Among them are the American aloe, the India-rubber tree, and the pine-apple. The hedges are of arbor-vitæ, cedar, and cape-jessamine. In a region where so little effort is employed to adorn and make cheerful either the mansion of the rich or the cottage of the poor, he who by his munificence contributes to improve the public taste, to make our homes and our way-sides more pleasant, is truly a public benefactor.

MONADNOCK.

#### T O T H E C R O W .

SAY, weary bird, whose level flight  
Thus, at the dusky hour of night,  
Tends through the midway air,  
Why yet beyond the verge of day  
Is lengthened out thy dark delay,  
Adding another to the hours of care?

The wren within her mossy nest  
Has hushed her little brood to rest;  
The wood-wild pigeon, reeked on high,  
Has cooed his last soft note of love,  
And fondly nestles by his dove,  
To guard their downy young from an inclement sky.

Each twittering bill and busy wing  
That flits through morning's humid spring,  
Is still; list'ning perhaps so late  
To PHILOMEL's enchanting lay,  
Who now, ashamed to sing by day,  
Trills the sweet sorrows of her fate.

Haste, bird, and nurse thy callow brood,  
They call on Heaven and thee for food,  
Bleak, on some cliff's neglected tree;  
Haste, weary bird, thy lagging flight!  
It is the chilling hour of night;  
Fit hour of rest for thee!



## S P R I N G D A N D E L I O N S .

BY W. H. C. HOOPER.

DANDELIONS of the velvet lawn,  
Golden broaches on the plaid of May ;  
Living tints of beauty ye have drawn  
From the noontide of some cloudless day.

A prolific sisterhood are ye,  
Blooming in the common paths we tread,  
Giving lustre to the grassy lea,  
Growing on the green mounds of the dead.

Tulips nod on longer, fairer stems,  
Blue-bells swing more gracefully in air,  
Roses boast far richer diadems,  
Gayer dress the jewelled lilacs wear :

Wherefore, then, so dear are ye to one  
Finding sweet romance no more in life ;  
Struggling on beneath a clouded sun,  
Daily covered with the dust of strife ?

Drinking gladness from the gentle rain,  
Looking upward to yon concave blue ;  
Faded chaplets ye recall again,  
Worn by May-time when my years were few.

When I plucked ye in my rural walks,  
While the ground-bird framed her nest and sung ;  
Piping gaily on the hollow stalks,  
Changing them to *ring*-lets with my tongue.

When ye graced with yellow dots no more  
Pastures old, through which I loved to stray,  
Filmy globes of silver that ye bore  
With a breath I used to blow away.

Emblems were they of delusive schemes,  
Wildly shaped in boyhood by my brain ;  
Passing joys and evanescent dreams,  
Perished, never to revive again !

Some at rest beneath the turf of spring,  
Dear to me in those enchanted hours,  
Back with looks they wore in life, ye bring —  
Back with shouts and laughter wild, ye flowers !

## THE STATE OF MAN IN SOCIETY.

SOCIETY, in all its gradations of human character, spread over the surface of the globe, as a mass, is the same 'many-headed monster' it was thousands of years ago, to the uttermost stretch of oral tradition and the most distant records of time. No change, as a whole, has intuitively taken place. The same natural causes have produced the same natural effects. The same natural impulses, passions, feelings and affections give identity to the human character now, as they did in the remotest period of man's existence. In his aboriginal state he sinks lower than the beast, as he gorges his degenerate appetite on the mangled carcass of his species. In his state of refined voluptuousness he rises above his fellow animals to the highest progress of epicurean gluttony, equally at a distance with the savage from the 'boundary line' of natural appetite necessary to the preservation and continuance of his species.

What a field for the contemplation of man is man! In the inexplicable range of his powers he rises from the abyss of his degeneracy to the apex of his pride. Within this natural order of organized beings, from the projectile point of man's transitory career to the mouldering return of his constituent elements beneath the silent sod, or in monumental fane, are all the nations of the world involved! Whence then comes this mighty mass of good and evil; this general flux and reflux in the tide of human existence; entailing in its consequences precarious portions of pleasure and pain through the chequered scenery of his little season, redolent with the brilliant flowers of hope and fallacious anticipations, till death puffs out the little lamp of life, and precipitates him to the dark abyss of the grave; where the elements of vitality become decomposed, and are again destined to contribute materials for the production of future generations; while the refined functions of the mind, which distinguish him from the brute, furnish metaphysical dogmas for the pulpit, maxims for the moralist, and matter of research to the philosopher; the three great masters in the school of human intellect!

Hence the natural philosopher closes his research; the anatomist drops his knife, the moralist his pen, and the mathematician his corollary, when they attempt to penetrate beyond the boundary of physical phenomena, and seek in the mysterious problem of entity and its properties, or form abstract from matter, a consciousness of existence, which religion alone, in its multifarious forms, furnishes to its millions of zealous votaries. '*Sic transit gloria mundi!*' Pope says:

'ALL discord's harmony ill understood,  
All partial evils universal good.'

Pope's natural philosophy thus indicates that the alternations of good and evil in human life result in the approximate solution, experimentally established, that evil is either simple, concomitant, or involved as a consequence; never an ultimate end.

J. CHADWICK.

## BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S *ARS AMATORIA*.

'Gnosis in ignotis amens errabat arenis  
Qua brevis equoreis Dia feritur aquis, etc.

ON Dia's sandy islet the ocean billows beat;  
On Dia's sandy islet stray ARIADNE's feet,  
Just as from sleep she started, those erring feet are bare,  
All loose her flowing garments, all loose her yellow hair.

She plained to the deaf waters of THESEUS' cruelty;  
Her tender cheeks were tear-bedewed, most pitiful to see.  
She shrieked and wept together, but both became her well,  
Nor was her face disfigured by all the tears that fell.

Her soft, soft breasts still beating with open hands, she cried,  
'The traitor hath departed! — ah, what will me betide?  
Ah what will me betide?' she said. Hark! over all the shore,  
Sound cymbals shrill and tambourines that phrensiad hands run o'er.

With terror fell she prostrate and stammered like the dying:  
Her color fled, and as the dead her pallid limbs were lying,  
When lo! the wild Bacchantes come, with tresses all abroad,  
And lo! the buoyant satyrs come, that swarm before their god!

And lo! the drunk SILENUS his seat can scarce retain;  
The ass is bending with his weight, his hands grasp tight the mane;  
He chases the Bacchantes: they fly and tempt pursuit,  
The while that clumsy rider goads on his sluggish brute.

Down from the long-eared creature he tumbles on his head!  
'Get up! get up, old fellow!' the noisy Satyrs said.

His chariot top IACCHUS with vines hath wreathed about;  
His golden reins IACCHUS to his tiger-team lets out.

Nor blush, nor speak, nor even think of THESEUS now she may,  
And thrice to fly she started, and thrice fear made her stay:  
She shuddered like the barren ears, what time the tempest blows,  
She trembled like the light reed that in the dank marsh grows.

'Behold a love more constant in me!' IACCHUS cried,  
'Fear not; thou, Cretan woman, shalt be IACCHUS' bride:  
The heaven shall be thy dowry! a star for all to see,  
Thou oft shall guide from heaven, my bride, the ship tost doubtfully.'

He said and from his car, lest the tigers her should fright,  
Leaped down to land; the yielding sand confest his footstep's might.  
He pressed her to his bosom — to strive she had no skill;  
He bore her off — for easily a god does what he will.  
Then some went singing Hymen! and some cried Evœe!  
And so the God and his true-love were wedded holly. CARL BENSON.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS, with Notes, by C. C. FELTON, A. M., ELIOT Professor of Greek Literature in the University at Cambridge. In one volume. pp. 189. Boston: JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, 1847.

THE Bostonians are proud of themselves, and justly so, on many accounts. Their high standard of morality is undoubted; equally undoubted are their social virtues; their enterprise is most commendable, and few would be disposed to deny them a large amount of general information and much learning, of the 'Society-for-the-Diffusion-of-Useful-Knowledge' sort. Unfortunately, the best of men often fall into strange delusions. The inhabitants of 'the American Athens,' setting up for universal geniuses, have, among other things, assumed to be the classical instructors of the whole American community; while it is notorious that there is not a man among them who can write three pages upon any subject involving real scholarship without exposing himself egregiously. And not only do they claim to be *the* classics of this continent, but the *only* classics; affecting to despise New-York scholarship, which is really very respectable, as far as it goes, and not altogether condemned on the other side of the water; Professor ANTHON's books being extensively read and republished in England and Scotland. And all this they profess to do, quite *à rapto*. Here, for instance, is Mr. FELTON, who, we have no doubt, from all that has been told us of him, is a very excellent citizen and agreeable man; a nice, pleasant gentleman, who knows a little of every thing, including a little Greek; took the Greek Professorship at Harvard because it happened to be vacant, and could have filled any other chair with at least equal success. Last autumn a dark rumor reached us that, emboldened by previous impunity, he was about to lay pen upon ÆSCHYLUS; and happening to be in Boston soon after, we took pains to inquire whether such a fate was actually impending over the venerable poet. But the knowing ones waxed mysterious and uncommunicative; finally it was hinted that the Professor's editorial labors were suspended indefinitely, by reason of a happy event that was speedily to take place; whereat we were glad, for the Professor's sake—and still more glad for that of ÆSCHYLUS. So FELTON's Agamemnon lay in abeyance till last month, when it burst out upon us in all its brilliancy. Truly, it would have been well for the ELIOT Professor's reputation, and for the reputation of American scholarship generally, could JOE DUGGINS's 'good time that's coming' have been so far anticipated as to allow him to marry half-a-dozen times over, provided it had in each instance insured a half-year's postponement of this Æschylean and Herculean publication.

Not that we are at all disappointed with the book. On the contrary, we find it

better, or to speak more accurately, *less bad*, than Mr. FELTON's previous editorial performances had led us to expect. There are no very outrageous grammatical blunders; nothing, for example, like TAYLER LEWIS's *constituting state* for *ἀσθενέειν* ζῆς. The Agamemnon is better off for commentators than PLATO's *Laws*, and the American editor who wishes to present this magnificent play in a popular and generally accessible form is not called on for many original hypotheses or emendatory speculations; his task is chiefly one of discrimination and selection. But this is the very task for which Mr. FELTON is not qualified; for discrimination requires accuracy, and he is as inaccurate as a man can be. Hence we have abundance of annotation in the RUPERTI style; *i. e.*, a number of worthless and valuable interpretations thrown down together, without any hint of their respective merit; many difficulties and niceties of construction passed over without a word of explanation; and numerous desperate attempts at word-for-word translation, which invariably expose the editor's loose ideas of syntax, or the superficial extent of his etymological researches. Nor is his want of precision such as arises from a limited knowledge of Greek merely; it seems to spring from an inaccurate frame of mind, and manifests itself in matters quite independent of scholarship; in his geography, for instance, as we shall see.

Mr. FELTON's favorite commentator is KLAUSEN; an ingenious editor, certainly, but one given to *ex cathedra* dogmatisms, and utterly unsafe to depend upon.\* PERLE the ELIOT Professor seems to have half read, and not quite half understood: in some places he has apparently grown lazy over him, where he might have escaped various unfortunate slips by simply reading the notes which were straight before him. And while attaching great weight to SCHNEIDER, indubitably the worst editor of ÆSCHYLUS extant, and notorious as such throughout England and Germany, he seems absolutely ignorant of the existence of such men as PALEY, a keen and accurate scholar, who has made ÆSCHYLUS his *specialité*, and DONALDSON, of whom it is not too much to affirm that no one who has not read his emendations (new Cratylus *passim*.) can safely say that he understands ÆSCHYLUS, much less that he is competent to edit him.

Having thus given our general impression of the book, we proceed to verify it by an examination in detail; not pretending to notice *all* Mr. FELTON's mistakes and inaccuracies, but only the more obvious and glaring ones.

'The opening scene represents the palace of AGAMEMNON, at Argos.'

*Mycenæ*, Mr. Professor, *Mycenæ! Mycenæ!!* This error, which we have noticed as a common one among tyros and *dilettanti*, arises from confounding the *territory* of Argos with the city of that name.

2. κοιμώμενος: '*Keeping watch by night*.' This is LINWOOD's translation, (borrowed without acknowledgement,) but it is a bad one for all that. *Reposing* is the best word.

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\* For instance, on *ἐμάρπηνα*, v. 848, he says: 'Observandum est sensu fati divini nusquam legi hanc vocem apud Æschylum.' On which PALEY naively observes: 'Credo, cum semel tantum ea unus est poeta.' And we well remember how, some five years ago, this authoritative *dictum* set us hunting all over ÆSCHYLUS (with the assistance of our learned friend Mr. PUNCH, then a private tutor at the University,) to find out other instances of *ἐμάρπηνα*. The fact is, that, as PALEY says, the word only occurs in this one place, and KLAUSEN's flourish about its peculiar Æschylean sense is merely *εὐωλόγητος φληαρία*, or, as the commentators say, when they wish to be peculiarly civil to each other: '*Mire hallucinatur*.' See also v. 949, where one of KLAUSEN's clumsinesses has led FELTON into an almost incredible mis-translation.

\* *στῆναις*, on the roof, dative of place where.—*ἀγκάθεν* has been variously explained in this place. LINWOOD (Lexicon to ÆSCHYLUS in verb.) considers it as a contract from *ἀνέκαθεν*, i. e., *above, at the top*, connecting it with *στῆναις*. PEILE agrees substantially with this view, and compares it to v. 36, *μεγαλὴ δακτύλιον*. SCHNEIDER says, '*ἀγκάθεν*, from *above*, stands after *στῆναις* *Ἀτρεΐδων*, as it were a part after the whole, more closely marking the latter.' But the editor of SCHNEIDER's posthumous edition observes, that '*ἀγκάθεν* can neither be immediately connected with *κάτοιδα*, nor with *κοιμώμενος*, nor taken according to SCHNEIDER's view. *κοιμώμενος* denotes not simply an actual lying down, but at the same time also the place of staying on the roof, *where being lodged*; or, on the *bedstead*, *ἀγκάθεν* (*sczo cubito*), in this position, like a watchful dog fixing his attention on something, *κυνὸς ἔικον*, observes the stars; *ἀγκάθεν*, therefore, I refer directly to *κυνὸς ἔικον*, and so gain here a significant comparison, by which the *κυνὸς ἔικον* acquires a far nobler meaning than in the common acceptance of the passage. In this view of the comparison it must be connected with *κάτοιδα*. This observation was made on the battlement of the roof, where the couch was placed. But we must bear in mind that the signal-fire was expected only in the night, when it could clearly show itself, and not by day; wherefore we are not to imagine a day and night watch by alternate watchmen.' The word *ἀγκάθεν* occurs in the Eumenides, v. 80, *ἀγκάθεν λαβόν, taking in your arms*, = *ἐν ἡ ἀγκάλαις*. KLAUSEN connects it with *κοιμώμενος*, and seems to think it describes the position of the watchman as he tries to rest. *Cubito in cubando nititur custos*. But the manner in which he applies the gloss, *ἐν ἀγκάλαις*, in the *arms*, is quite ambiguous. I am inclined to think the true meaning is nearly that given by the editor of SCHNEIDER. VOSS, in his German translation, passes the difficulty over by the general expression, *Vom Dach der Atreiden her*. KENNEDY renders it, *Aloft here on the roof of the Atreidae*. Even HUMBOLDT escapes rather than meets the difficulty, by translating, *Dem Hunde gleich, gelagert auf der Atreiden Dach*, i. e., *Like to the hound, lodging upon the Atreide's roof*.

This a regular 'RUPERTI' note. That *ἀγκάθεν* is *not* contracted for *ἀνέκαθεν* we believe there is now no reasonable doubt. DUNBAR's translation, *from between my bent arms*, explained by *κυνὸς ἔικον* following, is more satisfactory than any of those quoted above, and has been of late generally adopted. The introduction of the *bedstead* is simply absurd.

10. ἀλώσιμόν τε βάξιν, 'and the announcement of capture.' Not correct; *τε* has here its explanatory sense—namely, so that *βάξιν* is expegetical of the preceding *ράτιν*. Translate, 'A report—the announcement namely of capture,' and compare.

118. ἐλάν λαγοδείτας πομπὸς τ' ἄρχας. 'Was taught to know the hare-devourers, THAT THEY WERE the conducting rulers,' and Supplices 60,599, ὅσα τας ηἱρέας ἀλόχων κιοκηλάτου τ' ἀηλόνοσ. 'The voice of the spouse of Tereus, THAT is, of the hawk-chased nightingale.'

\* *νυκτίπληκτον*, the epithet of the couch, does not admit of a precise and satisfactory explanation. Properly and naturally, it means *restless at night*, applied to a person; or, *disturbed at night*. It may be considered as applied to the couch, instead of to him who vainly tries to rest upon it; or one who lies upon a couch, not obtaining or intending to obtain any sleep, as is the case with the watchman here. The couch is *disturbed by night*, and *moistened with the dew*. Unless we are to understand him to call his place on the house-top a couch, because he holds it at night; and then to show what sort of a couch it is, characterizes it as *night-roaming*, and *bedewed*; meaning simply, that, instead of sleeping quietly in his bed, he is a *night-walker*, and exposed to the chill and dew of the open air. SCHNEIDER, however, understands *νυκτίπληκτον*, *night-encompassed*, i. e., with the night-breeze wandering about it.

Of course; if there is a stupid mistranslation to be made, SCHNEIDER is sure to make it. There is no difficulty about the word; it occurs again v. 305, *νυκτίπληκτος πάρος*, 'labor that causes them to wander by night.' So here, *νυκτίπληκτον ἐνὲν*, 'the place of repose (the house-top,) about which I wander by night.'

35. βασιτάσαι extollere blandiendo, KL.' A translation which conveys no very definite idea. Render simply *to grasp*, and compare Alcestis 917, (quoted by BLOMFIELD,) *ῥαδ' ἵας ἀλόχου χεῖρα βαστάζων*.

38, 39. ἔκων. . . λήθομαι, 'for those who know I willingly speak, for those who know not I willingly forget.' Here an important nicety of language is passed over. In this construction we should expect *μὴ μαθονσι*, not *ὅν μαθονσι*. Are *ὄν* and *μὴ*, then, interchangeable at pleasure? They might be, for any thing that Professor FELTON has vouchsafed to say on the subject. The difficulty is solved by taking *ὄν μαθονσι* as one word = *ἀγνοονσι*.

56, 57. δειωνόθρουον. . . μετρίκων. 'The general sense of this passage, viz: that

it describes the screaming of the birds for the loss of their young, is obvious enough ; but it is not so easy to interpret the single expressions, especially the meaning and construction of *τωνδε μερόικων*. KLAUSEN and PEILE, following a scholiast upon the *Œdipus Coloneus*, refer them to the parent birds, who utter this cry, and who are called *sojourners* of the air, or of the high places. ‘*Pullos vero minime dixisset μερόικους,*’ says KLAUSEN, ‘*quos non modo abductos sed devoratos esse consentaneum est.*’ Another scholiast interprets *τωνδε μερόικων* to mean *των μετοικισθέντων πρὸς αὐτοὺς*. SCHNEIDER so understands it, and connects the case with *Ἐπεινόν*, v. 59. KLAUSEN’s objection to this explanation, that the young birds were not only stolen away, but *eaten up*, and therefore could not be called *μέτοικοι*, will not hold, because there is no hint of the birds being eaten at all, any more than there is that HELEN, whose abduction the robbery of the nest represents, was eaten up by the Trojans. [We suppose this is meant for wit.] Applying the remark made above, (that the terms drawn from law and politics entered into the poetry of the Athenians, and gave it a strong local coloring,) to these words, we shall see a confirmation of the sense that SCHNEIDER and the second scholiast affix to *μερόικωι*. The *μέτοικοι* were aliens, who had left their homes and changed their residence. At Athens they were not allowed to *live in houses of their own*. These young birds, in the same way, have left their proper dwelling ; are borne away to other places, as HELEN was to Troy, where also too was a sojourner ; are shut up, perhaps, in cages. [There is no hint that the birds were caged at all, any more than there is that HELEN was shut up in a cage by the Trojans.] As to the construction, the genitive *on account of* is better than the genitive depending on *Ἐπεινόν* ; the cry is uttered *on account of* those birds stolen from their home.

There is only one rational explanation of *μερόικων*, that which refers it to the parent birds, who are *sojourners in the air, the dominion of the supreme gods, and therefore under the protection of those gods*. It is doing violence to language to apply the term *μέτοικοι* to persons or animals forcibly compelled to change their place of residence. Moreover, by adopting this view we get over all difficulties in the construction of the genitive, which thus depends naturally on *γῶος*.

\* 69-71. Οὐδ’ . . . παραθέλει. The subject of this sentence is *τίς*, to be mentally inserted after the negative, *no one*. The general idea is, No one shall avert the punishments which are destined to avenge the offended majesty of the gods. Justice must have its course, let ruin fall where it may. Neither sighs, nor libations, nor tears shall appease the wrath of Heaven. *ἀνίσταν ἱερῶν* is understood by KLAUSEN to mean the *sacred rites neglected* ; i. e., the violation of the laws of hospitality by PARIS. PEILE, on the other hand, refers it to the *Parcæ* or *Fates, the sacred personages to whom no offering is made by fire*. Taking the first interpretation, the sentence is, *No one shall appease by secret sobbing, nor by secret libations, nor by shedding of tears, the unyielding anger (of the gods) on account of the neglect of sacred things*. The second is, *No one shall appease the unyielding anger of the fireless goddesses (the Furies) by, &c.* SCHNEIDER has still another explanation : *No one shall appease the fixed desire (of ZEUS and Destiny) for fireless sacrifices (for battle sacrifices—who fall in war, and are not, like victims, brought as burnt-offerings to the altar)*. May not the words *ἀνίσταν ἱερῶν* form an independent clause, a genitive absolute, *the sacrifices being unoffended, the sense of the whole being, No one shall by sighs, or libations, or tears, appease the inflexible anger (of ZEUS and Destiny) until the sacrifices shall have been burnt ; until full atonement shall have been made ; until all the destined victims shall have been offered up, including, in the silent thought of the poet, though not in the consciousness of the chorus, the awful tragedy of the death of AGAMEMNON, and the bloody retribution exacted by ORESTES upon his mother ! If this interpretation is admissible, there should be a comma after ἱερῶν.*

SCHNEIDER’s explanation is, of course, inadmissible ; *ἀργή*, (literally, *temper*,) has, like our own corresponding word, come to be used almost entirely in a specific sense, and certainly cannot be rendered here by *desire*. The interpretation of PEILE is exhibited with Mr. FELTON’s usual accuracy, so as to confuse the *Fates* and *Furies* together ! Such carelessness would in any case be highly reprehensible, and here it makes a very important difference ; for the sacrifices of the *Semnæ*, or *furies*, were

not ἀπυρα, (vid. BLOMF. Glossar.,) while those of the Parcae were. But on the whole, the meaning assigned by KLAUSEN, BLOMFELD and PALEY is the safest. Cf. Eurip. Hippolyt., 145-6: ἀμπλακίαις ἀνέτρος ἀθέτων πελάνων.

77. ἀνασσων. A better reading here is ἀναισσων, or ἀνάσσων, *springing up*; first suggested by HERMANN.

79. τὸ θ' ὑπεργήρων. Almost all the recent editors have adopted the reading of the Farnese manuscript, τὸ θ' ὑπεργήρων; *ævetas nostra*. See PEILE's note.

86, 87. 'Τίνας. . . θυοσκινεῖς. *By the persuasion of what announcement (induced by what news,) dost thou kindle the sacrifices sent around?*' Translate rather: *Dost though cause to be kindled the sacrifices distributed* (through the city?)

94—96. 'φαρμασσομένη. . . βασιλείῳ;' literally, '*Drugged by the soft, not fraudulent persuasions of the pure unguent, the royal oil from within the palace.*' This is by no means an accurate rendering of πελάνῳ μυχθῆν βασιλείῳ; the literal meaning of which is πελάνῳ, the *concretion* (of oily matter, implied in the preceding χρίσματος,) βασιλείῳ, *from the palace*; μυχθῆν, *from its inmost recess*. PALEY's conjecture, βασιλείων, is worthy of all attention.

'104. ὄδιον κράτος αἰσίων, the *ominous power or propitious victory on the way*, i. e., the omen of victory, or, rather, the power of destiny indicated by the omen which met the army, and which is described in the lines that follow.

'105-107. Ἑκτελέων. KLAUSEN reads ἐκ τελίων, and understands τέλη to mean *the gods*, the magistrates, as it were, over the affairs of men. But the reading of SCHNEIDER and others makes a better sense—the *finishing*, i. e., *avenging men*, i. e., the Atreids, or the Greeks.—ἐτι . . . αἰών, *for still, persuasion from the gods inspires my strain, kindred age (supplies the) strength*, i. e., the gods give me confidence, and the time born with me (the years I count from my birth) gives me the needful strength, for this, though not for deeds of war. Of various interpretations, I adopt this, with hesitation.'

Of various interpretations, we reject this without hesitation. The adjective ὄδιον governs ἀνδρῶν. We are unwilling to admit KLAUSEN's strange separation of ἐκτελέων, or the active sense which SCHNEIDER and PEILE give to the word, or PALEY's interpretation of it as the nominative participle of ἐκτελεῖν. BLOMFELD and SCHUTZ read ἐντελέων = τῶν ἐν τέλει; which answers very well, but the change is unnecessary. Εἰ seems to have the sense of *completion* here; ἀνδρεῖς ἐκτελεῖς are *the royal or supreme men*. The two nouns which compose v. 106 should be read as *perispomena*, κτεῖω μολπᾶν (acc. and Dor. gen.) ἀλκῶν is exegetical of κτεῖω, (as we say in English, '*Which is my forte?*') The whole passage then will run thus: '*I am able to sing of the confidence inspired by propitious omens that led the royal men, for my time of life inspires me divinely with the persuasion of songs; the only strength left me.*'

114, 115. 'Βοσλόμενοι. . . ὀρέμω. There is some difficulty in the construction of βλαβέντα, γένναν, to which it would seem to refer, [to which it *must* refer,] being feminine, and the participle being either masc. acc. sing., or neut. plural. But the birds are represented as devouring the female hare, *young and all*. The participle may, in the connection of thought, be referred to all together, and therefore should be construed as a neuter plural.' This neuter plural won't do at all. Vid. PEILE's note on this passage, and cf. 520, ὀρέσσι τιθέντες.

122, 123. 'Πάντα. . . Βίαιον; πρόσθε is to be referred to πύργων, according to KLAUSEN and PEILE. *In front of the towers*, i. e., the walls. '*Bona ex urbe e mœnibus erepta in castra ad naves portantur.*' KLAUSEN. SCHNEIDER, however, constructs πύργων with κτήνη, and πρόσθε with τὰ δημοκλήθη, the sense being according to him.'—Never mind what the sense or nonsense is according to SCHNEIDER; there



can be very little doubt that the construction of PEILE and KLAUSEN (and PALLEY,) is the proper one.

141. 'Ὁ δεισήμενος, reverencing not, or causing to reverence not the character of husband: PEILE. *Religiosus*: KL. Perhaps the literal meaning, *not fearing man*, not dreading the reproaches of men; as we say of an audacious person, 'He neither fears man nor devil!'

Mr. FELTON ought to have given us KLAUSEN's reason for his peculiar version of δεισήμενος. 'Nulla est ultimæ in hoc composito partis vis,' says KLAUSEN. But this is neither more nor less than one of his hap-hazard dogmatical assertions, without any thing to corroborate it. The true meaning of the word is that given by PEILE, as is evident on comparing it with the kindred word φιλάνωρ. In the next line we see PALLEY has nodded strangely, translating οἰκουδὸμος δολία, 'A crafty housewife!'

143. ἀπὶ κλαγγῆν. This word, literally meaning *screeched out*, is to be understood as referring rather to the nature of the oracular communication, and its effect upon the hearers, than to the manner in which it was delivered.'

This observation we confess ourselves unable to understand. We had always supposed the word a very appropriate one to express the frenzied utterance of the inspired seer.

151, 152. 'εἰ . . . ἐτητύμως, 'If one would truly cast from the mind the useless burden.'

Not if one would truly cast, but if I ought really to cast.

157, 158. 'Ζηνα . . . παν. But one by zealously shouting Zeus in songs of victory shall obtain all of his mind.'

No, shall obtain his desires to their full extent; φέρων depends on ῥέζεται, and πᾶν is explanatory. No mention is made of any difficulty in v. 155, but there is a considerable one, and the text has been much disputed. The ordinary readings are οὐδὲν λέξαι, οὐδὲν ἐτι λέξαι, οὐδὲν ἄν λέξαι, *will say nothing to the point; will talk nonsense*. Too prosaic an expression for so highly poetical a passage. PALLEY has οὐδὲ λέξεται, *will not even be mentioned*. In default of something better we would suggest οὐδὲν ἀρκέσαι, *will prevail nothing*; a conjectural emendation which we find pencilled in the margin of our lecture-room copy of PEILE. Not being able to discover it in any of the commentators, we make bold to take the credit of it ourselves, till a claimant shall appear, and meanwhile commend it to the attention of Messrs. ANTHON, DRISLER and WOOLSEY.

'161, 163. Δαιμόνων . . . ἡτέων. This sentence is variously explained. *Daemum hoc est gratis, potenter sublimi transtro insidentium.*—WELLAUER. *Deorum autem hoc est beneficium neque ut malo suo monito homines inviti discant, sedem venerandam potenter insidentium.*—BUTLER. BLOMFIELD, connecting it with the preceding line, translates, *For a respect for the gods seated on the worshipped bench of justice is somehow or other driven into men*. SCHNEIDER, *Der Götter aber wohl (vermuthlich) Gnade ist es, die gewaltig (mit Macht) am überwürdigen Steuer sitzen (der höchsten Götter, namentlich des ZEUS), i. e., but it is, perhaps, the favor of the gods who forcibly (with power) sit at the awful helm (of the highest gods, especially ZEUS).*

'If we look at the single words, and review them in connection with what precedes this passage, we shall see that Δαιμόνων, though plural, refers, as SCHNEIDER says, to Zeus; χάρις, whatever it may mean specifically, refers generally to the supreme law, that men are taught by suffering to be wise: βίβλος evidently is explained by the forcible manner in which the new dynasty (that of Zeus, and this idea is most clearly brought out in the PROMETHEUS Bound) rose to power; σέλιμα is borrowed from nautical language, and here means *the upper bench, the awful bench, i. e., the seat of supreme power*. I suggest, therefore, that the sentence may be easily rendered, and in accordance with what precedes it—*Such is, somehow (πῶς, a qualifying particle, and here implying, for some mysterious reason, which the speaker does not attempt to fathom or explain), the will of the gods (χάρις may mean will, i. e., what is pleasing to them, their pleasure, as well as their favor to others, &c.), who sit by force (and, therefore, they may the more naturally be expected to use force in leading men to wise moderation) upon the awful seat.*

Χάρις may not mean 'will'; we will bet our copy of ORELLI's 'Cicero,' (eleven

volumes, full-bound,) against Mr. FELTON's 'Agamemnon,' that he cannot show us a passage in any standard author where it does. On BLOMFIELD's translation, which we much prefer, it may be as well to remark that it requires the reading *βίαιος* instead of *βιάτως*.

170. 'The ships were assembled in the harbor of Aulis, opposite to Chalcis, in *Bœotia*.' Annexation being the order of the day, Mr. FELTON has stuck the very respectable island of Eubœa bodily on to the continent! We wonder if the 'pocket editions' of the classics, which Boston *scholars* are said to delight in, have any maps in them?

201. 'θρασύνει here means, *gains courage, or strength*.'

θρασύνει happens to be active, *gives courage, not takes courage*.

213. 'The construction of φυλακῶν is a sort of apposition with the rest of the sentence! 'To restrain the voice, which (act) would be the guarding of,' etc.'

Altogether wrong. φυλακῶν is the accusative before κατασχέειν, ultimately depending upon φράσσειν, v. 209. ('Ὡς may be understood if insisted on, but we are opposed to ellipses on principle.) 'He commanded that the guard of her beautiful mouth should restrain her voice,' etc.

231. 'Ἀπίας. In HOMER, this is only an epithet of PELOPONNESUS; in the Attic writers it is often used as a proper name.'

The difference of quantity might have suggested a doubt as to the identity of the words; but quantity is a matter of marvellously small account with the Bostonians. In truth, they are two different words, just as much as ἐπράθην and ἐπράθεν, or πικᾶμαι and πικᾶμαι. The Homeric ἀπιος is a common adjective, derived from ἀπὸ: ἀπὶ γαλῆ means *the far-off land*. The *Æschylean* ἀπιος (mind that, Professor,) is a proper adjective, and an epithet of the Peloponnesus. (Vid. LINWOOD's Lexicon and BURTMANN's Lexilogus.)

240. 'Ἐως. . . πάρα. In their idea of the succession of time, the Greeks gave precedence to the night. The morning thus naturally became the child of the night; hence the origin of the παροιμία, the proverb, here applied by CLYTEMNESTRA.'

Proverb is not the proper expression here: ὥστε ἡ παροιμία means *just as the saying is*.'

250. 'I would not take a fancy of a slumbering mind.'

A vague and obscure translation. Rather, *I would not admit the opinion of, or I would not adopt an opinion from, etc.*

251. 'ἄπτερος φάνης, wingless word, or thought. Unless α is to be considered as intensive. In the former case the words are to be rendered *an unspoken word*, that is, a thought or passage; the opposite of the ἔκτα πτερόεντα of HOMER. In the latter, a sudden or swift-flying rumor.'

This is a very loose and unsatisfactory note. First of all, ἄπτερος cannot mean *swift* or *winged*. Indeed, this intensive alpha is a great impostor, and is now in a fair way to be done away with altogether. Sometimes he is really copulative, sometimes pleonastic, sometimes arising from a mistranslation; e. g., ἄλῃ ἐξ ἄλως, II. xi., 125, does not mean a *thickly-wooded forest*, but a *forest not cut into timber*. The phrase τῇ δ' ἄπτερος ἔπλετο μῦθος, which occurs four times in the *Odyssey*, may perhaps be explained with KLAUSEN, but her word was unspoken; i. e., she made no response; but it is better to translate it, *The word did not fly away from her; did not escape her*. In the present passage we prefer PALEY's rendering: 'Præagitio non ab avidis profecta: a fancy of your own, confirmed by no omen.'

262. 'πευρεῖς has, I suppose, the usual meaning of the verbal; *πευρεῖς λαμπρῆς*, then, is a torch to be passed on, to be forwarded.'

That would be *πευρεῖς*. *Πεπυρεῖς*, in its passive sense, means *travelled on, passable*, applied to roads. (We cannot now quote some desiderated passages from *Polybius*, but will engage to look them up before the congregated might of *Boston* shall have found answers to half the points in this review.) But here it has its active meaning, *journeying*.

'281-283. *Σαρωνικὴν . . . φλέγονταν*. SCHNEIDER, KLAUSEN, and PEILE read *κατόπτον πρῶν* understanding it to mean the mirror surface of the strait; on the ground that *πρῶν* is not only a projection of the land into the sea, but an indentation or frith of the sea in the land, and no doubt it does mean the latter, especially in *Æschylus*. But there is a difficulty in the apposition, with an adjective signification of *κατόπτον*, a mirror. The examples of several substantives used together without a copula, designating the same notion, are not exactly to the point, as KLAUSEN, referring to *BERNHARDY* (*Synt. Gr.*, p. 50), would have them. CANTER's correction, adopted by *WELLAUER*, and generally received, is that of the text, *κατόπτον πρῶν*. But I am inclined to think *πρῶν* here is the surface of the Saronic gulf; *κατόπτος* means, properly, *to be seen, or visible from above*; in sight of one who looks down from, *κατά*. Here the flame shooting from *Egeiplanctus*, streams from the height, over the strait or gulf, making it visible, lighting its surface, so as to render it *κατόπτον* to one who looked upon it from a neighboring hill; i. e., he might have traced the path of light across the waters. Translate, then, *to shoot onward, blazing over the lighted surface of the Saronic strait*.'

We shall not attempt to disguise the difficulties of this passage, or pretend to explain them fully. One thing is pretty clear: *πρῶν* cannot mean the surface of the strait; it is connected with *πρῶ*, and its leading idea is that of *prominence or projection*. If, therefore, it means the frith at all, it must be as 'an indentation of the sea into the land.' And we are also pretty sure that some of the passages adduced by *PEILE* are susceptible of a different explanation; e. g., 'Αγάδες πρῶνας in *ARISTOPHANES* may very well mean *The cliffs about the Ægean*, like 'Ὠκεανὸν πύργα, *Eurip. Hippol.* 121, 2: *a rock near the ocean*. It must be confessed, however, that there are others not so easily disposed of; such as *Persæ* 132, where *SCHUTZ*'s and *BLOMFIELD*'s interpretations of *ἀνὰ πύργον δῖον πρῶνα* are very forced. But on the whole, as it is always safer to adopt the more usual sense of a word when practicable, we prefer to translate *κατόπτον πρῶνα*, 'The promontory looking down upon,' etc.

'287-289. *Τοῖσι δ' . . . ἐρχομένων*. The allusion is to the *λαμπάδεσσις*, a spectacle given at the festivals in many parts of Greece. At Athens the preparation for it was very costly, and it was reckoned among the burdensome offices—the *liturgies*. (See *BOECKH*'s *Public Economy of Athens*, 3d edition, Eng. Tr., p. 463, 464.) SCHNEIDER says there were two kinds; one, in which several persons ran together, and the victor was he who first reached the goal with his torch still blazing; the other, in which the rivals stood at certain distances from each other. The first must run to the place of the second, the second to the place of the third. The victors were those who succeeded in reaching their destination without extinguishing the torch. *HERODOTUS* compares the Persian arrangement of post-expresses to this species of torch-race (viii., 96). *PAUSANIAS* describes one of these races, starting from the altar of *PROMETHEUS*, in the Academy (i., 30). 'In the Academy there is an altar of *PROMETHEUS*, and they run from it to the city, holding burning torches; and the contest is to keep the torch burning while running. The first loses the victory if his torch is extinguished, and the second takes his place; and if his torch goes out, the third is the victor; and if the torches of all are extinguished, the victory accrues to no one.'

'Translate, *Such are the ready stations of the torch-bearers, one filled up by succession from another; one taking the torch from another in regular succession; and he who runs the first and last wins*. SCHNEIDER explains the first, because it gave the first announcement of the capture of *Troy*; the last, because it brought the news to me. But *PEILE* says, 'The fiery courier that set out from *Ida*, the first and last that ran, the same arrived at the victorious goal.'

The explanation of the *Lampadephoria* now generally adopted, and indeed the only satisfactory one, is *LIDDELL*'s: 'Suppose that there were several chains of runners, each of which had to carry the torch the given distance. Then both conditions would be fulfilled. The torch would be handed together along each chain; which would answer to the first condition of successive delivery. That chain in which it travelled most quickly and soonest reached its destination, would be the winner; which would answer to the second condition, its being a race between competitors.' (*Class. Dict.*, p. 544.)

339. 'τένοντα. BUTLER has *τένοντα*; the present is better, for it describes the continued steady aim of ZEUS; whereas the aorist would mean simply *aimed*.'

Is it possible that the ELIOT Professor can be ignorant of the *frequentative* sense of the aorist?

342. 'ἔχουσιν, they (i. e., the Trojans,) *have the stroke of Zeus to speak of*.'

Inaccurate construction. ἔχουσιν governs ἐπείν, and ἐπείν, πλάγαν. They can tell of the stroke of Zeus. But a better reading is to put a colon after ἔχουσιν, making ἐπείν independent and explanatory. They have the stroke from Zeus — so to speak.

'344. Ἐπραξεν ὡς ἔπραπεν. These words are quite obscure. PRILE renders them, *He (Jove) has done as he decreed*. KLAUSEN, *Perseus est ut egit*. SCHNEIDER, with a different reading, ὡς πρᾶξεν, *That he (ZEUS) hath done it, that he hath brought it to pass, i. e., the fatal stroke*. BÖTTE, connecting it with ἐξευθεῖναι. *Hoc investigare, quomodo ea fecerit et perfecerit*. SCHÜTZ nearly the same. BLUMFIELD, *Perfecit quod decrevit*. Of all the explanations, I prefer to consider the subject of the sentence, which is very elliptically worded, the *wrong-doer*, and ἔπραξεν, *he hath fared, ὡς ἔπραπεν, as he hath done*: the stroke of ZEUS has inflicted punishment due for crime; the wrong-doer is again referred to in the same line by the indefinite pronoun *τις*.'

The natural subject of the sentence is ZEUS, not the wrong-doer, who, by-the-way, (we suppose Mr. FELTON means the *particular* wrong-doer, *Paris*;) is not necessarily referred to by *τις*.\* Translate *He (ZEUS) hath done as he hath fulfilled, ἔπραπεν* referring to the *completion of his vengeance, ἔπραξεν* to the more immediate working-out of it. This explanation we offer *nostro periculo*.

348—352. Here FELTON is quite right in taking πένανται from φάινω; but the instrumental dative, ἐκγόοις, is a better reading than ἐκγόους.

379. 'οἱ τοὶ φιλόπορες, traces or scenes of love.' Translate '*Traces of one who once loved her husband*,' and cf. φιλόπορος τρόπος, v. 788.

'382, 383. *In the sorrow and longing for her who is beyond the sea, her image will seem to rule the house*. Most of the translators, including KENNEDY, MEDWIN, VOSS, DANZ, and SCHÜTZ (cited by DANZ), refer this to MENELAUS; the idea being that sorrow has reduced MENELAUS to a mere phantom. This is a soft and sentimental view of the case, neither consistent with the legends of the Heroic age, nor with the mighty genius of ÆSCHYLUS. Whatever might have been the feelings of MENELAUS on the flight of HELEN, like a practical man that he was, he set himself about recovering her; and after the Trojan war they lived together in Sparta, quite as happily, for aught we know, as they would have been without this little episode in their married life. However a modern husband might have pined away under these circumstances, such a way of taking the irregularities of a wife would have been quite unintelligible to the sturdy warriors at Troy; and ÆSCHYLUS certainly was not the man to soften the strong characters of HOMER, whose poems were his delight and reverence.'

Who can doubt, after this, that 'FELTON's judgment, [to say nothing of his good taste,] is quite equal to his scholarship?'

417. 'ἐχθρὰ δ' . . . ἔχοντας ἐκρυψεν, sc. γῆ, and a hostile land has buried them there, having their last resting-place in it.'

Clumsy. Translate simply, '*A hostile land hath buried them, its tenants*.'

429, 430. 'βάλλεται . . . κεραυνῷ; for a bolt from Zeus is hurled upon the eyes; i. e. of him who is in the condition just described. The eyes are mentioned,' says SCHNEIDER, 'because it is on that part of the body that the light produces the most effect.'

Dear ingenious SCHNEIDER! How clever it is! *δοσοίς* happens to be the instrumental dative. *A bolt is hurled from the eyes of Zeus*, cf. *δμματος φθόος*, 889.

442—443. 'Γυναικὸς . . . ξυναινεσθαι literally. *It is fitting woman's spear to approve a joy before the thing has appeared*. *δύχμη* is applied with some contempt to express, by sarcastic contrast, the feebleness of the sex.'

Translate. *It befits the direction of a woman's mind to acquiesce in what gives*

\* SOME have supposed, not improbably, that *Anaxagoras* is the person here aimed at.

pleasure before it is proved. διχμή (δίττω) means originally *direction, tendency*. (Vid. *New Cratylus*, p. 324.)

444. 'ὁ θῆλυς ὁσος. KLAUSEN renders 'ambitus mentis muliebris,' *the compass of the female mind*: a Scholiast says it is simply a periphrastic expression for ἡ γυνὴ *woman*. Perhaps the best explanation is *the female sex* — ἐκτεταταί *ranges*.'

Translate. *The boundary of the female mind is easily encroached upon*. (Vid. *New Cratylus*, l. c.)

468. 'μηκέτ', distinguished from οὐκέτι, inasmuch as it is only hypothetical, whereas the latter would express a certainty. In this place, it implies a wish that he may not, a deprecation. The herald is not quite sure that the dangers are fairly over.'

To make this note practically useful to a learner, it should have been accompanied by a proper translation of μηκέτι, *no longer I trust*.

484. 'τῇ κατελογασται πόδον, πέδον may be taken as the nominative or accusative; perhaps the nom. is better here.'

Rather better, inasmuch as κατεργασται is passive.

491. 'Ἐξέχεται . . . πλέον. Boasts the doing more than the suffering.'

An obscure and clumsy rendering. Translate. *Boasts that their deed is greater than their suffering*, or goes beyond their suffering.

535—538. 'Namely the armament of the Greeks, having taken Troy, have nailed up their spoils in honor of the Gods in Greece an ancient glory to these dwellings.'

'Αρχαίων γάρως means a *lasting ornament*, like ἀρχαίων πύστιν. Œdip. Col. 1268.

551. 'Ἀόρυς . . . ἐπαύθην. By such words I was made to seem insane (wandering) literally, *I was appearing*.'

Translate. *I was tried to be proved*: cf. πρὸ τοῦ φανέντος ante v. 443.

'χαλκοῦ βεφός, the stainings of brass; the expression is proverbial for whatever is impossible, or most unlikely to happen. The precise meaning is uncertain. SCHEIDER seems to understand, *the staining the sword in blood*. If he is correct, the passage means, *I know no reproach, &c., any more than I know of dipping the sword in blood; I am as innocent of any wrong to him as I am of murder*. What lends probability to this explanation is the idea that it conveys a covert taunt to AGAMEMNON, who has slain his daughter; on which the thoughts of CLYTEMNESTRA are constantly turning. KLAUSEN cites WELCKER with approbation. 'Recte hoc loco mentionem artis tunc temporis nuper invente paucisque notis, qua color quidam aeri dabatur, videtur reperisse WELCKERUS. Addit. ad Tril. ŒSCH., p. 42. n. 6.' This seems to me far-fetched. It is almost ludicrous to imagine CLYTEMNESTRA saying, *I know no more of infidelity to him than I know how to color brass*, in the sense of WELCKER, i. e., that being a new art of which she had just heard, but knew nothing.'

As the best explanation of this controverted passage we would read χαλκός. *I am not conscious of delight or criminal conversation with another man any more than brass is of dye*. We have much faith in this emendation which has been suggested to us at different times by independent authorities.

578—579. 'Ὅυκ . . . χάθον, *I cannot speak fair falsehoods for friends to reap the fruit of a long space of time*.'

τὰ ψευδῆ καλὰ can never mean *fair falsehoods* any more than ὁ ἀνθρωπος ἀγαθός would mean *the good man*. The construction is οὐκ ἐστὶ ὅπως λίσσεται τὰ ψευδῆ. It is not possible for me to tell falsehoods ὥστε εἶναι καλὰ so *that they shall be fair*.

644, 645. 'ἀβυστίμων προκαλυμμάτων, *luxurious hangings*.'

More accurately, *hangings of costly luxury*.

666. 'ἀγάλακτον, *without milk*, brought up by hand and attempted to be tamed.'

ἀγάλακτον means a *foster-brother*. The α is conjunctive not negative.

670. 'Καὶ . . . ἐπὶ χαρτον and rejoiced in by the old.'

This cannot be the meaning of ἐπὶ χαρτον which is used in a bad sense *rejoicing over or rejoiced over*, as in Prom. Vinc. 164. ἐχθροῖς ἐπὶ χαρτα πτόνθα. 'I have en-

dured things to be rejoiced over by enemies. Γεραῖσις, means gifts or honors as DONALDSON has conclusively shewn. (New Cratyl., p. 377.) Translate with PALEY, *propter oblata munera jucunda, rejoicing in gifts.*

683 — 692. 'Παρ' αὐτῶν . . . ἄνθος. Παρακλίνουσ' . . . Εριννύς. And in the same way I might say there came to Troy a feeling [φρόνημα spirit] of unruffled, calm, and a luxurious [ἀσκασιον (ἀή) means quiet not luxurious] ornament of wealth, soft dart of the eyes, soul-piercing flower of love, i. e. HELEN came,' etc. 'But the bride-bewailed Erinnyes changing all this, made the ends of the marriage bitter, having rushed to the Priamides (the Trojans) under the guidance of Xenian Zeus, seated for wo, mingling with them for wo.' It is much better, with PEILE, to make Helen the subject all through, and govern ἄνθος by παρακλίνουσ'. Translate therefore :

Similarly I would say that there came into Ilium a spirit of breathless calm, but quiet ornament of wealth as she was, shooting sideways the soft dart of her eyes, the soul-penetrating blossom of love, she brought about a bitter termination of her marriage, having rushed upon the sons of Priam under the guidance of the Zeus of hospitality, an unlucky resident and companion, a Fury woful to her connexions.

\*703-708. φιλεῖ . . . τοκεῦσιν. The general idea of this passage is, that insolence and overbearing injustice are sure to be followed by a progeny like themselves, by woe and crime.—φιλεῖ, is wont.—νεύουσιν, springing up anew.—τὸ κῆριον, the appointed time.—νερά, neuter plural adverbially used.—φίους κότον, wrath of light; i. e., wrathful, baleful light, like φῶς αἰνολαμπές, v., 360.—μελαίνας μελῶθροισιν ἄτας, of black calamity for houses.

The following is DONALDSON's lucid emendation of this difficult and corrupt passage :

φιλεῖ δὲ τίκεται ὕβρις  
μὲν παλαιά νεία—  
—ουσαν ἐν κακοῖς βροτῶν ὕβριν,  
τοῦ ἢ τῶν ὅταν τὸ κύριον μολῇ.  
καὶ δὲ φύει Κόρον,  
δαίμονα τε τὸν ἀμαχον, ἀπολεμον ἀνέρον  
Θρήσοις, μελαίνα μελᾶ θροισιν Ἄτα  
εὐρομένη τοκεῦσιν.

which we will leave Mr. FELTON to translate at his leisure, merely pointing out to him the parallel passages. PINDAR, Olymp. xiii. 10. SOLON, p. 88. BACH, and BACON apud HEROD. viii., 77, for the genealogy of ὕβρις and Κόρος.

714. 'Παράσημον αἶνον, falsely stamped by praise,' αἶνος and δινεῖν are *indifferent* words, not necessarily, and in this play not usually having a good sense. Cf. v. 98, καὶ θέμις δινεῖν, and translate here by *common report*, as PEILE has done.

731 — 738. 'May not γεγραμμένος be used in its legal sense, ἀπομόσως, signifying *unsuitably, improperly, ignorantly*?' Possibly it may, but PALEY's explanation, *inscite pictures, thou wert unskilfully represented* is more conformable to the usual sense of ἀπομόσως.

748, '49. 'Ελπίς προσήει. Hope approached — χειρὸς should be constructed with πληρουμένην *not filled by a hand*, having not a single vote deposited therein.' As this construction (πληρουμένην χειρὸς for πληρουμένην ὑπὸ χειρὸς) is a very uncommon one, and the passage is much disputed, (SCHUTZ, KLAUSEN and PEILE taking Ελπίς χειρὸς together. The hope of a hand only approached, i. e., no actual hand) it ought to have been supported by some similar examples. BLOMFIELD gives two, Eurip. Orest., 491, πηγῆτις θυγατρὸς τῆς ἐμῆς, and El. 123, κείσαι σὰς δλόχον σφαγῆς, (in which latter however the reading is doubtful.) CARAUBON's conjecture χειλὸς is not unworthy of notice.

754, 755. 'ἐπείπερ . . . ἐπράξιμιστα. Since we have sprung the snares of victori-

ous vengeance.' Translate. *Since we have both wrought out for ourselves very triumphant strategems, etc.*

'776-778. τὰ δ' ἄλλα . . . βουλευσάμεθα. BUTLER, 'Intelligo de ludis, solemnī more ob felicem reditum Diis institutis, de quibus in concione (ἐν πανηγύρει) agendum erat.' KLAUSEN, PRILE, and WELLAUER, *Having instituted a general debate, or contest of opinion, in full assembly*; KENNEDY, *Having appointed public meetings, we will in full assembly consult*. But ἄγων, especially when connected with πανήγυρις, means a *contest, a game*; and the latter word signifies a *general assembly* for festal purposes. The great assemblies at Olympia, for instance, were so called. This makes it probable that the words refer to the rejoicings to be instituted in thanksgiving to the gods for AGAMEMNON's safe return, immediately after which a deliberation is to be held upon the present condition of public affairs, and what should be done to remedy the disorders that may have crept into the state during the long absence of the king. Translate, then, *And having appointed public games (or rejoicings), in the festal gathering of all the people, we will deliberate on public affairs.*

This note gives the impression that ἄγων never signifies *an assembly*, whereas it is its primary signification (ἄγω to lead or bring together.) Mr. FELTON is believed to have edited the Iliad; can he have forgotten the opening of the last book?

Ἀπὸ δ' ἄγων λαοὶ δὲ θεῶς ἐπὶ νῆας ἕκαστοι  
ἑκιδνάντ' ἵεναι.

*Now the assembly was broken up, and the people scattered to go each to their swift ships.*

'816. βουλὴν καταρρίπτειν. Two interpretations have been given to these words; *should form a degenerate scheme*, BLOMFIELD, SCHNEIDER, and others; and, *to overthrow the senate*; i. e. the council of elders, who may be supposed to have been invested with the powers of government during the absence of the king. This is the view of SCHÜTZ, BUTLER, WELLAUER, and KLAUSEN. The objection to the former is, that it requires a forced meaning to be assigned to καταρρίπτειν, i. e. *to form rashly, or to push on desperately*, whereas its usual signification is *to cast down*. The objection to the latter is, that it is an abrupt and unprepared introduction of the council of ἱέροντες, without the article τῆν. May not the difficulty be removed by taking βουλὴν in its usual sense of *counsel, deliberation*? Then καταρρίπτειν βουλὰς would be to do just what a mob is most likely to do, *to cast down counsel*; to reject authority and scorn deliberation.

BLOMFIELD's interpretation does *not* require a forced meaning to be assigned to καταρρίπτειν as any one may see who will take the trouble to look at his note on Theb. 1030. καταρρίπτειν βουλὴν is *periclitari consilium*, the metaphor being taken from throwing dice.

849, 849. 'ἄλλ' . . . γέρας, *but to praise reasonably — this honor ought to come from others.*

Another mistranslation of διειπν. *To speak with propriety this honor (of a long speech, etc.) ought to come from others.*

888. 'Ἐπεὶ . . . τάδε. *And since I am compelled to hear these things from you.*

Translate. *Since I am compelled to obey you in these things*, (σὺν depending on κατίτταμμαι and τάδε an accus. of reference,) and cf. 988. Ἥ μάλιστα γὰρ κακῶν κλύει φρεσὶν.

893, 894. 'Οἶκος . . . ἔχειν. *And the house, O king, is in a condition to have enough of these under favor of the gods.* There is some question of construction here; τῶνδε may easily be explained as the partitive genitive.

There is no question about τῶνδε, the partitive genitive being one of the first rules a boy learns in his syntax; the difficulty is with respect to the construction of ἐπάρχει with a nominative, and followed by a verb. Cf. Theocr. xxii. 222. 'Οὐδ' αὖται παρῆχοντο καὶ ὡς ἱμῶς οἶκος ἐπασχεῖ, which however does not help us with regard to ἔχειν. On the whole it is better to read with PORSON, αἰεὶς.

908. 'Δεῖγμα ποσειδάριον haunting phantom.' This is not accurate; ποσειδάριος governs καρδίας. Translate. *Phantom stationed before my heart, etc.*

'915-917. Χρόνος . . . σπαράσκει. It is not easy to construct this sentence in a satisfactory manner. Taking it in connection with the first part of the antistrophe, however, the chorus seems to be reflecting upon the length of time since the expedition was undertaken; then it is an eye-witness of

AGAMEMNON's safe return; and yet an overmastering fear takes possession of it. KLAUSEN constructs χρόνος with παρήβην, translating, *Postquam tempus jam, quo rudentium auxilio in arena tenebatur navis, præterierat, quum sub Trojana profectus est navigans exercitus*. But this is obscure, and fails to present a consistent idea to the mind. SCHNEIDER, with a different reading (ἐνυπόβλοις, instead of ἐνυπόβλοις, and παρήβην, = παρήβην, instead of παρήβην), renders, *It is a long while since the embarking host, when it started for Troy, with the cables (i. e., taking in the cables) pushed on the sandy ships (i. e., the ships that had been drawn up on the sand-beach)*. That is, it is a long while since the Grecian army went on board their fleet and made sail for Troy; implying, that even then the same forebodings haunted the mind of the chorus as haunt it now.

This explanation is probably near the true one. But with the reading of the text we must translate, *A time (a long time) has passed since the naval host spent their youth, with the embeddings of the cables in the sandy shore (ἀκάτας, doubtful, but perhaps = ἀκτῆς), after they had hastened to the plain of Troy (had issued forth, making for the place under Troy)*.

ἀκάτας is not for ἀκτῆς any more than ἀγαθεν is for ἀνέκαθεν. Ἀκάτος navis is familiar to all readers of HERODOTUS, and there is nothing strange in supposing the existence of a feminine form ἀκάτη. But to this word ἀκάτος Mr. FELTON makes no allusion, neither does he to the emendation of Heath παρήβην, the only reading that suits the metre.

944—949. 'Τὸ . . . ἐπατιδών; but the mortal blood of a man which has once fallen before [already] on the ground, who can by incantation again recall? — 'Οὐδὲ . . . ἐνλαβεία. Nor with delay did Zeus stop him who knew aright to raise the dead' [!]

How Mr. FELTON came to make this absurd blunder in the very teeth of sense, syntax and etymology, it is not very easy to determine; but we suppose it must have been somewhat in this way. KLAUSEN discourseth on the passage thus luminously; 'ἐνλαβεία, cunctatio, cautio ut Soph. El. 994: ἐσώζῃτ' ἂν τὴν ἐνλάβειαν, cunctabunda mansisset Eur. Phœn. 782; τῇ δ' ἐνλαβείᾳ, χρησιμωτάτῃ θεῶν.' Jumbled up with this, the Professor probably had some dim recollection of the use of σχολῇ in such sentences as this, σχολῇ γὰρ, ἡμῶν ἔνεκα, λόγιος καὶ δεινὸς ἂν ἀένοιο. For we should be slow, for our part, to call him a clever scholar; and by putting the two together he fell into his truly remarkable version. Now, since precaution often implies delay, a sentence in which the former word occurs may often be rendered as if it contained the latter, e. g. in KLAUSEN's first example, ἐσώζῃτ' ἂν τὴν ἐνλάβειαν may be loosely rendered cunctabunda mansisset; but it is not what a scholar would call an accurate version, nor has ἐνλαβεία properly any meaning but caution or precaution. And by no possible concatenation of circumstances can ἐν have an instrumental force. 'Ἐν ἐνλαβείᾳ is by way of precaution. Cf. ARISTOPH, Vesp. 511. ὀφυνεῖν ἐπὶ τυραννίδι. To buy fish with a view to (establishing) a tyranny, where 'that eminent Hellenist,' (as FELTON calls MITCHELL,) has made one of his usual slips; and Lysias, 577-8, τοὺς πιλοῦντας ἑαυτοὺς ἐπὶ ταῖς ἀρχαῖσι. Those who mat themselves together for the purpose of getting offices. 'Οὐδὲ here means else not. All this is clear from the context, as we shall see on translating the whole passage. The abundant gift of Zeus indeed, copious and from perennial furrows, is wont to dispel the affliction of hunger; but the dark blood of man that has once already fallen upon the earth in death, who can call up again by incantation? ELSE WOULD NOT ZEUS BY WAY OF PRECAUTION HAVE PUT A STOP TO HIM THAT KNEW ARIGHT HOW TO BRING BACK THE DEAD.

950-954. There is much obscurity in these lines, arising from the peculiar use of μοῖρα, twice in different or modified senses. KLAUSEN explains it, *Nisi fines a diis præscripti ne colliduissem, ne fines meos ultra proferrem, sane hæc palam professus essem . . . μοῖρα, sors cuius assignata. Hæc distribuunt dii certis finibus circumscriptam, quos ultra proferre nemini licet. Quibus quum ratio reddatur, cur nihil de his curis regi dixerit chorus, non potest hæc sors certis circumscripta finibus ad quemquam referri, nisi ad chorum. Hic e finibus egressus esset, quos ei assignaverunt superi, si hæc professus esset.* FRILE thinks 'that there is an opposition intended between that τρυφήν μοῖρα, fœd Fate or Destiny, to which the Father of gods and men himself was thought to be subject, and the same μοῖρα, as in a more limited sense administered by the gods. . . . Translate, therefore, But if unalterable Fate had not restrained fate in the hands of the gods, i. e., the power of the



gods, that it should lend no assistance, and understand the allusion to be to the very remarkable silence of the oracles, of CALCHAS, &c., &c., respecting the fate of AGAMEMNON on his return home in consequence of which the chorus is discouraged from giving vent to, or in any way acting upon: their suspicions.'

BUTLER, cited by PEILE, suggests the following: 'Μοῖρα τεταγμένα de fato quidem ipso, μοῖρας de futuro eventu divinitus constituto, intelligo: ut sit sensus, *Nisi vero fatum prohibuisset me de futuro rerum eventu divinitus constituto plura proferre vel praestare.*'

I should translate it literally, *Did not fixed Fate hinder me from receiving fate more from the gods, my heart, anticipating my tongue, would be pouring out these things.*

Φέρειν to receive! The diametrically opposite sense of the word, which always has the idea of bearing from one, not of taking to one. μοῖραν πλέον αἰ θεῶν. *Fate more from the Gods!* What Greek! what Greek!! This Professor will be the death of us!

There is no reasonable doubt as to the general correctness of PEILE's interpretation which is now usually received. Cf. Prom. 515, sqq.

Χορ. Τίς οὖν ἀνάγκης ἐστὶν οὐλοστροφός;  
 Πρ. Μοῖραι τρίμορφοι μνήμονες τ' ἱερνύες.  
 Χορ. Τυπτῶν ἀρετῆς ἐστὶν ἀσθενέστερος;  
 Πρ. Οὐκ οὖν ἂν ἐκψύγοι γὰρ τὴν περρωμένην.

About πλέον φέρειν however, we have an idea of our own, viz., that it should be translated not to lend assistance, but to prevail (= πλέον εἶχιν) like πλέονος φερεσθαι in Herodotus. Not being able to support this conjecture by any parallel passages we merely throw it out for what it is worth.

979. 'Θυράϊαν τῆνδε, here at the door; τῆνδε the demonstrative is idiomatically used for the adverb here. The accusatives agree with ἐμὲ understood referring to Clytemnestra.'

The slight objection to this construction is, that it leaves πάρα utterly unprovided for (as badly off as CASSANDRA was in a strange country, we should say, if it were worth while to imitate Mr. FELTON's desperate jokes) Construe, οὐ τοι σχολή there is not leisure you must know, (ἐμὲ) τρίβειν θυράϊαν for me to delay at the door παρὰ τῆνδε by this woman.

1068, 1069. 'ἀμφιβαλὴ κακοῖς . . . βίον, 'life encompassed with ills.' More accurately overgrown with ills.

1101 — 9. 'Δαμκρὸς . . . μεῖζον. And it seems about to approach like a blast (πνέων) brightened to the rising of the sun, so as to dash against the rays much more than this calamity.'

If Mr. FELTON had taken the trouble to read PEILE's note, he would have seen how and why λαμκρὸς (and similarly clarus in Latin) when applied to wind comes to mean fresh-blowing, and would have been saved a mistranslation accordingly. Τὸ δὲ πῆματος πολὺ μεῖζον does not mean much more than this calamity, but a much greater calamity than this one.

1122. 'Ὡς περ εἰ παρестαιεῖς, as if you were native here.'

Translate simply just as if you were standing by.

1132. 'Πῶς δῆτ' . . . ἄφρα expresses surprise on the part of the speaker. How in the world were you unharmed by the Loxian's wrath.'

This would rather be ἄρα as in Plato, Phaedr. 228, D., τί ἄρα ἐν τῇ ἀριστερᾷ ἔχεις, what in the world have you, what can it be that you have in your left hand. Δῆτα has three significations. 1st. In affirmations intensive ὅς δῆτα certainly not. 2d. In ironical concessions admittive; τῷ σὺ δικάϊω δῆτα your principle forsooth. 3rd. In prohibitions and interrogations, supplicatory, μὴ δῆτα. Do n't, I beg of you, and above; how, prithee, were you unscathed, etc.

1173. 'H . . . ἐμῶν. *Indeed thou didst greatly mistake the curse of my predictions.* This would require a genitive ἀπὸ; Translate. *Thou didst pay little attention to, thou didst entirely overlook the curse, etc.*

1183. 1184. Ἐπύχειραι . . . φθόνον. *She exults while sharpening the sword for her husband, to repay death for my bringing hither.'*

*Is exults to repay good Bostonese?* It certainly is not good English.

1206. 'παύλαμα is the subject of the infinitive δέξιν that the prostration of his fallen father shall bring him.'

This is a possible translation of πάλαμα, but it is better to understand it the supplication. 'Caelo supinas si tuleris manus.' Hor.

1221. 'Ο δ' ὅτατος . . . πρὸςβύται.' SCHNEIDER says, 'Ο δ' ὅτατος τοῦ χρόνου for δ' δ' ὅτατος χρόνος,' i. e. the longest (latest) delay is best.

Bad Greek; it would be τὸ ὅτατον τοῦ χρόνου, The common interpretation is the correct one.

1244-1247. ἤλω . . . χειρώματος. SCHNEIDER constructs both datives in the same way, and translates, *I pray to Heiōs, turning toward the last light (last for me), to requite my avengers, together with my hated murderers, for the slave who died an easy capture; i. e., the former with good, the latter with evil.* KLAUSEN has a different construction: 'Ἐπύχεσθαι duplici sensu cum dativo jungi solet, tum invocandi, tum imprecandi; illud dei, hoc hominis ratione habita. Utrumque hoc loco junxit poeta; deus, qui invocatur, est sol; homines, quibus imprecatur Cassandra, sunt ultores; utrique dativo casu positi. Id quod imprecatur, additur accusativo positum, verbum τίθειν. Ab hoc pendet dativus alter ἐχθροῖς φονεῖν τοῖς ἡμεῖς. Precibus, quibus solem in ultima luce inuoco, imprecor ultoribus meis ut occisoribus invidis meis idem solvant. Ἐπύχεσθαι est vox media pariter etque imprecari, imprecari potes bona et mala; Cassandra imprecatur vindictibus facilem victoriam. Τίθειν quidem dici solet de eo qui penam solvit; at τίθειν omnino est debitum reddere, debitumolvere, quod quia ad ultorem, qui debitam infligit penam, transferatur, non est quod impediat.'

PEILE translates the whole passage, *And unto the sun do I address my prayer, with last gaze on his brightness, for my avengers in wrath to make the like return unto my murderers, for a slave's death, an easy achievement.* With this I should, in the main, agree. The dative τιναῖσιν I understand to be the dativus commodi, instead of an accusative before τίθειν. Translate, then, *I pray to the sun, looking upon his light for the last time, in behalf of my avengers, that they may repay to my hated murderers alike (treatment like to that I have received, i. e., death), I having died a slave, an easy captive.*

It is not at all surprising that MEER, SCHNEIDER and FELTON, should have mistaken the construction here, but somewhat singular that KLAUSEN and PEILE should have done so. Τίθειν is said of those who pay the penalty, not those who inflict it. Translate. *I invoke the sun upon my hostile murderers THAT THEY MAY PAY THE LIKE PENALTY TO MY AVENGERS, when I, a slave, have been put to death, an easy conquest.*

1254. 'δακτυλοδείκτων. Both KLAUSEN and PEILE have this reading in the text, but explain it in their notes as if it were δακτυλοδείκων, agreeing with μελέων. But the word, at least as here accented, is a participle of δακτυλοδείκτω; agreeing with τις, *And no one, pointing with his finger.* SCHNEIDER agrees with KLAUSEN and PEILE's interpretation, and has the reading δακτυλοδείκτων, which that interpretation requires.'

Boves locuti sunt! SCHNEIDER and the ELIOT Professor are actually right for once!

1278, 1279. 'οἱ δὲ . . . χεῖρ but they, treading to the earth the fame of delay, sleep not upon their hand.'

Translate: *But they, trampling to the ground regard for delay, do not sleep, (are not inactive) with their hand.*

1311 — 1314. 'Κάφρονιαν . . . λοχέμασιν, *And panting out a sharp gush of blood, he strikes me with the dark drop of bloody dew, rejoicing no less than the harvest field rejoices with beauty in the south wind of Zeus.* [Porson's emendation Διωσέω is universally received; translate therefore, *rejoices in the shower given of Zeus,*] is the birth of the flower-cup. Rather in the birth of the fruit, 'when the calyx is putting forth its fruit.' (Linwood.)

1317 — 1318. 'Εἰ . . . οἷον, *And if it were a seemly thing (of seemly or befitting things) to pour libations upon the corpse, it would be justly done — nay, over-justly.*

The peculiar force of ὥστε, to go so far as is entirely omitted in this translation.

1349. 'Ὀνείριον . . . ἐπιπάλαιται, *Thy mind raves as therefore, (οἷον therefore, i. e. as was to be expected) with blood-shedding fortune.*

Translate. *Thy mind raves then, just as was to be expected in an occurrence of bloodshed.*

1350, 1351. 'Αἷμα . . . ἔτιτα, *A clot of blood upon thy face unatoned for, becomes thee well.* Spoken in bitter sarcasm and by implication threatening punishment, the threat being completed in the rest of the sentence. KLAUSEN explains it: *spēti clare apparet, and PEILE, is clearly to be seen.*

KLAUSEN and PEILE are quite right and FELTON is quite wrong.

1353. 'Καὶ . . . ὀρκίζω. *And thou hearest this justice of my oaths.*

Translate: *This sanction of my oaths.*

1365. 'ἔτιμα δ' οὐκ ἐπαίεον, *and they have done things not unestimated; i. e., the acts have been noted and the proper penalty has been affixed to them; or, and they have not fared undeservedly; they have received the punishment they deserved.*

This is a fair specimen of the way in which Mr. FELTON brackets together a wrong and a right translation, without passing any opinion on their respective merits.

1403. 'αἰεὶς, *'you speak of; a sense which properly belongs only to the radical verb αἰεω, I say; whence αἰεος, a speech, narration or mention.'* PEILE.

Where was this note when Mr. FELTON mistranslated αἰεὶς and αἰεος three times over, as we have shown? How came he to bring it in here, at the eleventh hour? Such an inconsistency is almost enough to make us suspect that this edition is the work of two hands; certainly it is too bad for any one man.

1453, 4. 'Δίκην . . . μοῖρα, *And Justice is whetting (her sword) for another business of harm — Fate, in addition to other whettings.*

Here is a mistranslation of πρὸς ἄλλαις θηγάσαισι, which, however, is corrected a few lines lower down, for the Professor's translations are like some people's stories: they are never repeated twice the same way. The best reading here is δίκην. *Fate is whetting (the edge of) Justice, against (to avenge) a fresh deed of wrong, upon fresh whet-stones.*

'1573, 1574. Στείχε' . . . ἐπὶ δαίμον. This is one of the least explained passages in the whole play. CLYTEMNESTRA has interposed to prevent bloodshed. She has spoken to Εὐριπίδην, and now turns to the old men, the chorus, wishing obviously to persuade them to desist. Taking the words as they stand in the text, they mean, literally, *And go now, old men, to your fated houses, before doing or suffering any thing unreasonable; these things must needs be as we have done them.* One difficulty is with περρωμένους, applied to houses. KLAUSEN says, 'Περρωμένους, quiddam certa quadam naturæ lege alicui assignatur est; id quod optime dicitur de domibus, quæ hereditatis jure a patre ad filium transeunt.' Upon this PEILE remarks, that the expression 'is probably to be traced to those predestinarian notions which ÆSCHYLUS, "non poeta solum sed etiam ΠΥΘΑΓΟΡΕΥΣ," is known to have entertained; and with the "flattering unction" of which it is curious to observe how CLYTEMNESTRA once more seeks to sustain her drooping spirit, under that manifest reaction of the moral sense under which, true to nature, the poet has introduced her in this closing scene.'

SCHNEIDER explains the word very much in the same way, and refers to EURIPIDES for authority. EURIPIDES, however, never uses the word in connection with such an object as a house or common residence, and there is no passage in any of his plays by which this usage can be justified. A writer in the *Rheinisches Museum für Philologie* (1841-42, p. 450) stigmatizes δαίμονες περρωμένους as 'ineptum,' 'quod nihil aliud significet quam ad suas cujusque sedes. Tales insublidum est fato alicui assignatas appellare.' He punctuates and reads the passage thus:

'Στείχε' οἱ γέροντες ἥδη πρὸς δαίμονες· περρωμένους  
Πρὶν καθέιν ἐργὰν· ἀκαίρον χρόν τὰς ὡς ἐπὶ δαίμον.

*Go now, old men, to your homes; it was necessary that we, being fated, should do what we have done to him who wrought a crime before he suffered. This brings out PEILE's idea of predestination in a strong light; but the language is harshly dealt with to force that construction upon it.*

Our only remark upon this long and inconclusive note shall be to quote the proper emendation of v. 1573, (HEATH'S):

‘Στείχετ’ ἤδη δ’ οἱ γέροντες, ποδὶ δόμους, τετραμένους  
πρὶν παθεῖν, ὀρασαὶ τ’ ἄκαιρον.’

*Go home now, old men, before you are wounded and suffer, and do what is unseasonable.’*

1578. ‘Ἄλλὰ . . . ἀπανθίσαι. *But that these men should flourish at me an idle tongue; that they should cast off upon the flowers of a foolish tongue.’*

The former of these is meant for the literal translation, but the latter is decidedly the more literal of the two; though neither of them is remarkable for accuracy. Translate with PEILE, *But to think that these men should thus shed upon me the exuberance of a foolish tongue!*

1588, 9. ‘Ἦ καλῶς. *Pay no heed to these senseless howlings; I and you in power will set all right about this house.’*

He cannot leave ÆSCHYLUS without a blunder in the very last line. *καρθεύετε* governs *δομάτων*. Translate, *I and you, ruling these halls, will set them well in order.*

We have thus proved at length Mr. FELTON's inaccuracy. There are a few other sins which we have to charge him with. In the first place, he is to blame for much otiose information and translation. We do not allude to such notes as that on v. 7. It is possible that the Harvard youth may require to be informed that ‘the article, by a frequent usage, stands for a pronoun.’ But we mean such remarks as ‘*ἀνθήν*, in opposition with *σύμβολον*,’ v. 9, and ‘*ἀντὶ λύρας*, without the lyre,’ v. 920. Why, what *could* *ἀντὶ λύρας* mean but *without the lyre*? Could it mean *with the lyre*? or without a drum? Who could ever mistake the meaning of it? Now there are two reasons why Mr. FELTON should have kept clear of these superfluities; first, because the room they take up might have been much better occupied by explanations of real difficulties which he has left unexplained; secondly, because his clique have always blamed our New-York editors on this very account; that their notes and explanations were too profuse.

Next, he has endeavored to get credit for extensive poetic reading at second-hand. Numerous passages are quoted from the English poets in illustration of particular expressions, and very seldom is any intimation given that they have been before cited. Now of these extracts, (there are some twenty-eight of them in all,) *all but three* are taken from ‘BOYES’ Illustrations of ÆSCHYLUS and SOPHOCLES,’ a work of equal labor and taste, and better known in this meridian than the professor seems to have suspected.

Finally, he is guilty of sad disrespect to his author in the matter of various jokelets and punlings. A commentator on ARISTOPHANES may be allowed to show his wit, though considering the humorist he is brought into comparison with, he ought first to be quite sure that it is of the first water; but what shall we say to a note like this: ‘806 — 808. The high-wrought expressions which the poet places in the mouth of CLYTEMNESTRA are in strict accordance with her fierce but most dissembling and simulating character. The *many* halters that had been loosened, sorely against her will, would have excited AGAMEMNON's suspicion, perhaps, at any other moment, that there was a drop too much.’

That an editor of ÆSCHYLUS should play off such foolery! We must drop the ELIOT professor; he is altogether too much for our patience.

C. A. B.

A YEAR OF CONSOLATION. By Mrs. BUTLER, late FANNY KEMBLE. Two volumes in one. pp. 307. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS is a very characteristic book. In the year which Mrs. BUTLER passed in Italy, she evidently crowded together as much observation of nature, art, and Italian human kind, as could well be embraced in that space of time; and numerous, nay almost thrice-hackneyed, as works on Italy have become, it is no scant praise of the book before us to say, that we have read it through, from title-page to colophon, with unabated interest. Much of this interest may be owing to the strong sympathy which one naturally feels for a lady so gifted, placed, by the shipwreck of her domestic affections, apart with RACHEL, 'mourning for her children, and refusing to be comforted,' how attractive soever the scenes and teeming the associations by which she is surrounded. It will be remarked by even the most casual reader of her pages, how frequently, after long wanderings among the hallowed scenes and objects of the 'Eternal City,' and filling her mind with the thoughts and images of the past, she returns home only to commune with her sorrowful spirit, and pour out her soul in sad, sad song. Take the following touching lines, as one of many kindred examples in verse, of the grief which 'sat at her bereaved heart, and gnawed at its cruel leisure.' 'I have seen to-day,' she writes, 'the first blossoms of the spring;' and thereupon arises to her desolate recollection this affecting picture, limned by 'a branch of flowering acacia:'

'THE blossoms hang again upon the tree,  
As when with their sweet breath they greeted me  
Against my casement, on that sunny morn,  
When thou, first blossom of my spring, was born  
And as I lay, panting from the fierce strife  
With death and agony that won thy life,  
Their snowy clusters hung on their brown bough,  
E'en as upon my breast, my May-bud, thou.  
They seem to me thy sisters, Oh, my child!  
And now the air, full of their fragrance mild,  
Recalls that hour; a tenfold agony  
Pulls at my heart-strings, as I think of thee.  
Was it in vain! Oh, was it all in vain!  
That night of hope, of terror, and of pain,  
When from the shadowy boundaries of death,  
I brought thee safely, breathing living breath  
Upon my heart — it was a holy shrine,  
Full of God's praise — they laid thee, treasure mine!  
And from its tender depths the blue heaven smiled,  
And the white blossoms bowed to thee, my child,  
And solemn joy of a new life was spread,  
Like a mysterious halo, round that bed.  
And now how is it, since eleven years  
Have steeped that memory in bitterest tears?  
Alone, heart-broken, on a distant shore,  
Thy childless mother sits lamenting o'er  
Flowers, which the spring calls from this foreign earth,  
Thy twins, that crowned the morning of thy birth.  
How is it with thee — lost — lost — precious one!  
In thy fresh spring-time growing up alone?  
What warmth unfolds thee? — what sweet dews are shed,  
Like love and patience over thy young head?  
What holy springs feed thy deep inner life?  
What shelters thee from passion's deadly strife?  
What guards thy growth, straight, strong, and full and free,  
Lovely and glorious, oh, my fair young tree?  
GOD — FATHER — Thou — who by this awful fate  
Hast lopp'd, and stripp'd, and left me desolate!  
In the dark bitter floods that o'er my soul,  
Their billows of despair triumphant roll,  
Let me not be o'erwhelm'd!

As a vivid picture of life in Rome, as a record of thoughts made sacred by sorrow, and as in all respects an eminently readable book, we commend this 'Year of Conso-

lation' to our readers. It strikes us that in certain of her descriptions Mrs. BUTLER would have done well to have chosen with more care the synonyms of sundry terms which she employs, and again and again repeats, as if there were something attractive in a nasty word; but that is a matter of taste, with which we are not disposed to quarrel — especially in the case of a lady. The volume, we should add, is distinguished by that external neatness which is characteristic of the issues of its publishers.

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THE LIBRARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Lives of DANIEL BOONE and BENJAMIN LINCOLN. In one volume. pp. 432. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE and JAMES BROWN.

WE always welcome with pleasure any of the volumes of this excellent series; being well assured that under the competent and careful supervision of a historian so long and so well approved as Mr. SPARKS, each successive issue will sustain the promise of its predecessors. Of the many writers who have given sketches of the history of DANIEL BOONE to the public, scarcely any two, according to the author of the life before us, (JOHN M. PECK, Esq., formerly of Saint Louis,) have agreed in many of the prominent events of his life, and still more have they differed in the time and place of his birth and that of his decease. A fiction concerning the latter event was adopted with too little caution by the lamented TIMOTHY FLINT, and on the authority of his book has been propagated by several others; a story which, a few days after its first promulgation, the old pioneer told the editor he would n't believe, if he had told it himself. A tale of BOONE equally groundless 'stands grouped a marble lie' in the rotunda of the capital at Washington. FILSON's brief sketch, published in 1784, is the earliest authentic account of BOONE, who wrote it from the statements of the adventurous backwoodsman himself. The sources from which the author of the present memoir derived the events of BOONE's early life, are conversations with Colonel BOONE himself, the traditions of his family and friends, and especially the communications of his nephew and niece. Many incidents, and the means of settling several doubtful points, have been obtained by much research from other sources; while many facts appertaining to the middle and latter periods of his life have been obtained from the children with whom he resided toward the close of his life and from his wife. Indeed every publication concerning BOONE, or the early history of Kentucky, has been carefully examined and collated with other statements; and even while the work was in progress, the author made a visit to the settlement in Missouri, where he lived and died, to confer with his descendants and neighbors; thus being enabled to confirm some doubtful particulars, and to add two or three new incidents to his spirited and interesting narrative.

The memoir of General LINCOLN, so well known by his deeds in the dark times of our history, is from the pen of FRANCIS BOWEN, Esq., editor of the 'North-American Review.' Its materials have been drawn almost wholly from the letters and private papers of the General himself, which have been preserved in a state of great completeness, and which throw much light on some of the most interesting passages in the history of the American revolution. A clear narrative of facts is here submitted to the public, unconnected with speculations about causes and political principles. The present volume, like its predecessors, is beautifully executed, and has the added attraction of a faithful portrait of the great western pioneer.

OMOO: A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By HERMAN MELVILLE, Author of 'Typee.' In two volumes. pp. 285. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WITHOUT being equal in spirit and interest to its popular predecessor, this is yet a very clever and entertaining work. Aside from the fact that the volumes are full of incident, which if not always striking is nevertheless generally attractive, the *style* of the writer—simple and unpretending, with no apparent aim of forcing the attention and admiration of the reader, and by that very circumstance securing both—is one of its very highest recommendations. Mr. MELVILLE gives us at times, in his narrative, admirable limnings of life on board whaling vessels, filled as they too generally are with the most motley crews, reckless sailors from every nation in the known world, who, when not on ship-board, harbor among the barbarous or semi-civilized islands of Polynesia, or along the western coast of South America. A familiar (and but for the solemn assurance of the author to the contrary, we should add, high-colored) account is given of the present condition of the 'converted' Polynesians, as affected by their promiscuous intercourse with foreigners, and the teachings of the missionaries, combined. In a modest preface, Mr. MELVILLE tells us that the present narrative has no other connection with 'Typee,' save that it necessarily begins where that work left off. Its title is derived from the dialect of the Marquesas Islands, where the word, 'Omoo,' among other uses, signifies a rover, or a person wandering from one island to another, like some of the natives. The author professes to describe merely what he has seen; and so evidently natural are his pages, that we are bound to take him at his word, and to believe farther, that the reflections in which he occasionally indulges are spontaneous, and such as would suggest themselves to the most casual observer. 'Omoo' has already passed to a third edition.

WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS. By J. T. HEADLEY, Author of 'NAPOLEON and his Marshals,' 'The Sacred Mountains,' etc. In two volumes: Volume First. pp. 348. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

THERE are very many modern historical works, coldly correct and methodically dull, which in the eyes of certain astute critics would no doubt bear away the palm from this book of Mr. HEADLEY's. While we would say nothing in favor of incorrectness or carelessness of style, of which our author is certainly not unfrequently guilty, in the heat and impetuosity of his descriptions, we must nevertheless admit, that we are inclined to overlook these defects when they are so well atoned for by the life and vigor of the narrative, in perusing the stirring incidents of which we are borne so unresistingly along. Mr. HEADLEY's design, in which he has well succeeded, was to group around WASHINGTON the chief characters and scenes of our revolution; and in doing so, to present an accurate description of every battle-field in which they were engaged; leaving out dry detail, and those minutiae which might be indispensable perhaps in giving their separate lives, and preserving only their more important characteristic acts. In this way he sets before us, by no elaborate touches of the pencil, but by the bold strokes of a rich brush and a free hand, the picturesque and striking features in the history and career of WASHINGTON, PUTNAM, MONTGOMERY, ARNOLD, STARK, SCHUYLER, GATES, and WAYNE. To these sketches we would call the attention of our readers; not by a labored review, made up of long extracts, open to all readers, (a cheap method of filling the pages of a magazine,) but by the expression of our own unbiassed opinion of its merits.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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DOCTOR J. C. WARREN, OF BOSTON. — We welcome with pleasure the following tribute to an eminent surgeon, who although belonging to a sister city, has acquired a fame which makes him the common property of the republic: 'The Boston journals announce that Doctor J. C. WARREN, the celebrated and venerable surgeon — indeed we may say, the father of modern surgery in America — has recently been chosen President of the Natural History Society in that city. This election is no less honorable to the learned Society than to the veteran Professor whom they have sought to honor by their vote. It is no weak testimony to our own worth, justly to appreciate what is truly worthy in others; and we doubt if the Boston Society could have given a more satisfactory proof of the high stand they have taken and sustained in the sacred cause of science, than the unanimity with which a man of such various merit and unceasing ardor in the service of his noble profession was called to the chair.

'It is now three months since Doctor WARREN delivered his valedictory address to the Boston Medical School. At that time it was generally understood that his desire was gradually to wean himself from the severer bondage of the profession to which for upward of forty years he has given his labor and his life; that he was willing to resign to younger men a post which he has so honorably occupied, and to devote a larger portion of his time to those kindred studies which have always been his passion, but spite of his enthusiasm, whose blandishments he has hitherto resisted for the more charitable, the more christian office of doing practical good to his fellow-men. We can contemplate no nobler self-sacrifice than that of duty to desire, when desire is encouraged by success. Doctor WARREN has made this sacrifice, and for his goodness thousands will sigh thanks to his name. Almost half a century of his life — a life that might have been given to social pleasures, to learned ease, to the cultivation of innate propensities for study and science — he, like a valiant martyr, has resigned to hard work, to professional bondage, to daily toil; incessant, restless though regular; unmitigated and without a truce. Surely this must be a source of unfailing complacency, that powers which have, amid all the drudgery of worldly business, contributed so greatly to the advancement of his art, have not the less been steadfast to the mechanical, the less glorious but not less useful duty, of relieving pain, of curing the infirm, of bringing back the dying to life. All honor to such a man! Let not the world, in their blind admiration for accidental discoveries; for early and fortunate pioneers in the cause of knowledge; for lucky speculators and ingenious finders of new arts; forget their vast, their manifold obligations to those conscientious and generous men who consider that day lost which is not spent in direct benefit to humanity; who bravely resign the allurements of experiment for the practice of established du-



ties ; and who are more sensible of the excellence of labor than of literary or scientific distinction.

' But Doctor WARREN in his busy life has found space for both. In him we have seen beautifully combined the hard-working, plodding, indefatigable craftsman with the quickness, the caution, the close observation and the philosophic conclusion of the well-trained and careful thinker. The skill of his hand has a precious counterpart in the sagacity and profundity of his mental achievements. From the time when, ardent with youth and ambition, he brought from Europe those new operations for hernia, for the ligature of arteries, for staphyloraphy, and many others previously unknown in this country, to the present day, he has manifested the same zeal, the same spirit of investigation, the same strictness of research and anxious struggles for improvement which distinguished his early career. Nothing that promised well escaped him ; nothing that savored of charlatanry received his encouragement. Cautious, judicious and deliberate, he has keenly distinguished between pretence and truth. He did *not* believe in '*L'Enu Brocchieri*,' but he had faith in the late development of Sulphuric Ether. It ought to be conspicuously recorded to Doctor WARREN's honor, that he was one of the first who gave countenance to the promulgation of this new discovery, and who acceded, against much discouragement and frequent sneers, in spite of professional prejudice and unexperienced fears, to the trial of a novel and doubtful process which now bids fair to stand out as one of the great triumphs of modern experiment. Had not Doctor WARREN consented to the trial of Ether at the Massachusetts hospital ; had he been as timidly over-wise as some other sage doctors (of New-York and elsewhere) perhaps the world would still be ignorant of the blessing which has been bestowed upon them in this new practice.

' Honor, we say, to a man like this ! Long may he live to enjoy the fruits of his long life of toil, and to prosecute those studies which have ever been his passion, and which he still feels a duty ! May the blessing of a late departure, which he has himself bestowed upon so many, be allotted to him, both for his own sake and for mankind's ! May he forget in his studies the slow approach of years, and preserve to the end that youthful zeal and that genial interest in his race which a life of honorable toil and watchful temperance have fairly earned :

*'Semper enim in his studiis laboribusque viventi ; non intelligitur quando obrepit senectus : ita sensim, sine sensu, aetas sonescit ; nec subito frangitur, sed diuturnitate extinguitur.'*

Long may the venerable Professor be permitted to apply these words of TULLY to himself ! All who knew him will acknowledge the modesty, while they feel the strength, of his own claims to such a gentle close of his earthly labors. It ought to be a satisfaction to himself, as it is a comfort to the commonwealth, that in doffing the harness in which he has so faithfully toiled, he bequeaths his duties and his skill to a son\* in every way worthy of his distinguished father. He need not say with PROSPERO, in abjuring the 'rough magic' of his art :

——— 'I'll break my staff,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I'll drown my books.'

A filial hand has already received the hereditary implements which we trust he is destined to wield with equal felicity, and keep fresh for another half century the illustrious name of WARREN.

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\* DOCTOR J. MASON WARREN, one of the youngest, but most assiduous and thorough-bred surgeons of America.

MUSIC IN THE METROPOLIS.—Music has not been very flourishing for the last few weeks, for almost all the concert-givers are out of the city. English opera we have none, and our Italian company at PALMO's has been very irregular in its performances; partly in consequence of the illness of the tenor, and then through sickness of the Prima Donna. Our resident artists but rarely give concerts, because the public never support them. However good the programme offered, the professor always loses money by the affair. Mrs. EDWARD LODER and Mr. W. A. KING tried a concert conjointly a short time since; and although the bill was very attractive, (the first part consisting of gems from the opera of 'Oberon,' and the second part of the entire first act of 'Cinderella,' songs, duetts, chorusses, etc.,) still the concert was poorly attended. Those who were there were delighted; but the givers of the concert must have lost money. The same thing may be said, with some little qualification perhaps, of the recent concert given by Mr. GEORGE LODER, one of the cleverest and most versatile of our musical professors. His bill of performance was an excellent one; his assistants of the first order of merit; yet he could not have realized more than an hundred dollars by his concert.

The Italian opera company, from Havana, played two nights at the Park Theatre, previous to going to Boston, and the rush to hear them was tremendous. There has not been such a crush in 'Old Drury' for many a long day. In its arrangements the company is perfect; that is to say, they have two or three excellent singers of each voice, soprano, tenor and bass; so that if the Prima Donna is taken ill, another nearly as good is ready to supply her place; and so with the other voices. They also brought with them a splendid chorus, and a really fine band. They produced the opera of '*Ernani*,' by VERDI, for the first time in New-York. There is much in the music to please, and much that if left out would greatly improve the opera. The lovers of the German school look with contempt upon VERDI, because he is an Italian; while the devotees of BELLINI and DONIZETTI give him the cold shoulder because he leans somewhat toward the Germans; so that poor VERDI is in a situation somewhat similar to MAHOMET's coffin; suspended between two opinions, and rejected by both.

The Prima Donna, Signorini TEDESCO, is a true artiste. She is youthful, finely formed, with features at once commanding and expressive. Her voice is delicious in quality, pure and equal throughout, powerful and flexible in a remarkable degree. She sings with passion and energy, delicacy and expression; her style is finished, and her execution is very brilliant, distinct, and marked by fine artistical taste. She made a decided 'hit'; indeed, we have rarely seen so much genuine enthusiasm displayed by the public in this country. She was of course called out, and was received with a waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the audience standing all the while. The tenor, the baritone and the bass are all of them finished singers. Their school is unimpeachable, and all they do is distinguished by the utmost taste and artistic propriety. The chorus is the best operatic chorus we have had here, both in the quality of the voices and the promptness and precision of their execution. The band is also admirable. It contains, among a number of excellent artists, at least two who are eminent as soloists. Signor ARDITI, as a violinist, exhibits many points which mark him out as a superior artist; and with so many excellences, we are at a loss to imagine why he has not attained a place in the front rank of living violinists. Signor BOTESINI, as a contra-bassist, or double-bass-player, is second to none in the world.

He is the PAGANINI of that cumbersome instrument, and hugs it as closely and tenderly as the mighty Wizard fondled his favorite Cremona or Straduorious. The ravishing tones and wonderful execution which he draws out of this unwieldy instrument beggar all power of description; and his hearers, at the conclusion of his concerts, seemed actually beside themselves with delight and astonishment. To say that he was applauded would but half express the tumult of enthusiasm which greeted him. The entire company return to New-York this month; and if we may predict their success by their merit, they will have no reason to regret their visit to our northern regions.

There is great talk about new opera-houses in New-York. One, to be devoted entirely to music, has been commenced in Astor-Place. This is an up-town speculation, and will answer admirably in ten or fifteen years, provided the plan of shareholders' tickets be abandoned; but if that system is persisted in, the theatre will never answer. The theatre now rising so rapidly on Broadway and Leonard-street is, we hear, to be devoted to English and Italian opera during certain portions of the season. The situation points this out as a perfectly safe enterprise, and one which will be popular with the people. But there is another scheme, as yet only talked about, and that is, a magnificent hotel, theatre and concert-room on the site of NIBLO's Garden. Whoever carries such a scheme out will surely realize a colossal fortune. At present, however, Rumor is the only one actively engaged in this undertaking. A splendid concert-room, one hundred and twenty feet long by eighty feet wide, is now in the progress of erection adjoining Bond-street-House, by Mr. LAFARGE. The situation is very high up, but the building is so greatly needed that it must needs command success.

We are promised, early in September, a magnificent *Musical Festival*, which is to continue for three days and three nights, after the plan of the English and German festivals. There are to be nearly six hundred vocal and instrumental performers; and to insure a performance as great in quality as in numbers, the rehearsals are to commence immediately. This festival will be worthy of New-York, and will undoubtedly attract hundreds of visitors from the neighboring cities and state; for certainly such a musical gathering has never been known in this country. And lastly, touching musical matters, a musical weekly paper, to be called '*The Musical Times*,' to be edited by Mr. HENRY C. WATSON, assisted by several musical and literary gentlemen, is about being published by Mr. JOHN P. RIDNER, 289 Broadway, who is already the agent for the most useful and valuable artistic journal in the world, namely the '*London Art-Union*.' By the prospectus we learn that the '*Musical Times*' will be a journal of news, correspondence and criticism; a sort of expositor between the profession and the public; a means of communication for manufacturers and publishers with the people and the profession. Such a journal has been wanted here for years; but at this time it seems indispensable, when we reflect how many interests there are to advocate and abuses to correct. The editor, Mr. WATSON, is a gentleman whose ability we have never heard questioned, even by those who dissent from his opinions upon certain points. The public may therefore rely, that whatever he does will be well done. Beside occasional pieces of original engraved music, four fine portraits, separate from the paper, will be given during the year. The first one is promised to be ready with the first number. These portraits alone will be worth the price of subscription. The musical public should cordially support a journal which may effect so much good in the cause of the art.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—We sit down to our 'gossipry' for June at our summer quarters on the Hudson. At Mr. DOBB, his Ferry, we indite this matter; and reader, wherever you are, and 'whoever you may be, or not,' if you have human perceptions, and a heart, would that your 'daily walk and conversation' might be amidst such glorious scenery as that by which we are surrounded! Before us spreads wide the Tappaan Zee, so perilous of yore to the old Dutch navigators. Not a wave dimples its broad breast, save the undulations which the frequent passage of some floating palace of the Hudson sends on its musical errand up the smooth beach; southward, the Palisades, for fifteen miles, frown in purple shadows upon the blue waters of the river; far northward the West Point Highlands tower faintly into the sky; while between them and us the broad bays which indent the beautiful shores of the Hudson are thickly sprinkled with white sails, some flitting into dimness in the distance, and others gliding lazily hitherward on the receding tide. The whole region, moreover, is classic ground. We are but little removed from the wizard precincts of Sleepy Hollow, the creator of whose celebrity sojourns (and long may he sojourn there, in health and happiness!) within sound of cock-crowing from the spot where we write; and over on the opposite height, beyond where you hear the shriek and trample of the iron steed rushing toward from the 'land of Goshen,' bearing the 'milk-and-honey' of that fertile region, poor ANDRÉ expiated his fool-hardy offence against military law. Pleasant it is to be now in the easily-accessible town, and anon in the equally-accessible country, while both seem but the fresher for the sudden contrast. We have been out to look at our recent experiment in hydraulics, and living over again our first impression of a brook water-wheel. What a power that trifling thing had in evoking past memories! Possibly the thoughts of our own boyhood reverberating in 'Young KNICK's' mind, at sight of our unique machine and crude 'water-privilege' had something to do with it. We 'll think of that, while we go out upon the veraudah, in the beginning of this meek yellow gloaming, to see the evening star go up upon its watch, and mark the young moon tracking its descending course in light across the silvery waters of the Tappaan Zee. . . . The reader will find in the story of '*Thirty Years Lost*,' from our esteemed Constantinople correspondent, some graphic indications of life in the French capital. Apropos of that, and especially of a Parisian '*Bal Masqué*,' here is an extract of a letter from a highly respectable citizen of New-York, written in February last, the revelations of which will not be lost upon American readers:

'Did you ever see a '*Bal Masqué*?' Of course not. Well, I have been to one. J——A would n't go; so Mr. T——s, Mr. J——s and I 'put out' at twelve o'clock one night, which is the hour at which they commence. The '*Bal*' was at the '*Academie Royale*,' the great French opera-house; a very large and splendid building. On these occasions the stage and pit are converted into one vast floor for the dancers; the orchestra, composed of over two hundred performers, led by the celebrated MUSARD, being elevated at the farther end of the stage. On our entrance we promenaded the saloon, already quite filled by ladies in masks and dominoes. Ladies are all required to be masked, which is generally accomplished by a little black mask covering the nose, with openings for the eyes, and leaving the forehead, mouth, and lower part of the face uncovered. The gentlemen do not mask, so that the ladies have greatly the advantage, inasmuch as the little mask I have mentioned completely disguises and conceals them, so that it is entirely impossible to recognize them. In this saloon every thing was decent, and going on regularly and in order. We passed from here to the floor, where the music and dancing had already commenced; and I wish it were possible for me to convey to you an idea of the scene. Men and women, in all sorts of dresses, of all colors and shapes, in chapeaus and caps of all conceivable forms, filled the vast area, and were occupied in

the most lascivious dance you can imagine. Picture to yourself girls in trousers of crimson, purple and other colors, fitted closely to their well-developed limbs; generally short, and trimmed with lace at the bottoms, so as fairly to exhibit their pretty ankles to the best advantage, setting closely around the waist, with nothing but a shirt above, showing their pretty busts perfectly; their hair 'worked under' (in a way to which I believe only Parisian barbers are competent,) so as to resemble boys' hair exactly; and then after you have got this part of the picture complete, hang these girls around the necks of the men, closely hugged, and then set them to dancing some exaggeration of the Polka, in comparison with which the waltz is nothing; then imagine the most glorious music from the best orchestra in the world, and you will have some idea of the Grand Bal Masqué of Paris. The men (those on the floor, I mean,) are dressed in all sorts of fantastic costumes. Among them I noticed two dressed in imitation of our Indians. The 'Pierrot,' as they call it, a white shirt and trousers, with a long white cap, (precisely such, by-the-by, as the clown in the RAVEL pantomimes always wears,) seemed to be rather the favorite, as I saw more of that than of any other one. Our tickets admitted us to all parts of the house; so we went all over it, to see what we could see. Mr. J——s talks French, and became acquainted at a previous 'Bal' with a young girl in boys' clothes, of the kind I have described, whom we met in one of the boxes. Acquaintance, however, is quite immaterial, as every one speaks to whosoever he pleases. However, she accosted me in very good English with 'How do you do?' 'Very well,' said I; 'how do you do? how have you been?' 'Oai, yes,' said she; 'will you kiss me?' Of course I declined, alleging the presence of so many people as a sufficient apology; to which she replied, that that made no difference; a fact of which I was already very well aware, as all around were women on the men's laps, kissing and hugging, etc., etc. These two sentences were all she knew of English. Do you see now what 'Bal Masqués' are made of? Do you wonder that corruption pervades Parisian life almost universally? The '*Bal Valentine*' is another place of similar character, which I have also visited; though here the participants are in their ordinary dress. Here, as at the other, the performers are chiefly of the grisettes, etc.'

JAMES SMITH, The witty author of the 'Rejected Addresses,' once observed, in a letter to a female friend: 'We are enjoined upon grave authority to 'put off the old man.' I should be very happy to do so, if I could. At present, I am flying in the face of Scripture, and putting it on.' The author of the following lines, penned when the writer was seventy-eight years of age, does n't seem to regard *his* case as at all pity-worthy. And truth to say, with such a young spirit in his bosom, why *should* he?

'Yes, I am old; my strength declines,  
And wrinkles tell the touch of Time;  
Yet might I fancy these the signs  
Not of decay, but manhood's prime;  
For all within is young and glowing,  
Spite of old age's outward showing.

'Yes, I am old; Ambition's call,  
Fame, wealth, distinction's keen pursuit,  
That once could charm and cheat me — all  
Are now detected, passive, mute.  
Thank God! the passions and their riot  
Are bartered for content and quiet.

'Yes, I am old; but as I press  
The vale of years with willing feet,  
Still do I find life's sorrows less,  
And all its hallowed joys more sweet;  
Since Time, for every rose he snatches,  
Takes fifty thorns, with all their scratches.

'Yes, I am old! Experience now,  
That best of guides, hath made me sage;  
And thus instructed, I avow  
My firm conviction that old age,  
Of all our various terms of living  
Deserves the warmest, best thanksgiving!'

Some one has well remarked that 'it is a benevolent provision of nature that in old age the memory enjoys a second spring; and that while we forget all passing occurrences, many of which are but painful concomitants of old age, we have a vivid and delightful recollection of all the pleasures of youth.' Objects become shadowy to the bodily eye as they are more remote, but to the mental eye of age the most distant are the most distinct. A man of eighty may forget that he was seventy, but he never forgets that he was once a boy. Who can doubt the immortality of the soul, when we see that the mind can thus pass out of bodily decrepitude into a state of rejuvenescence? The seventy-fifth year of his age was a period selected by the judgment and experience of the sage FONTENELLE as the most agreeable of his long life. Cheer up, therefore, ye foot-sore and travel-soiled pilgrims and journeyers from

a far country! You will meet your road-companions ere long, 'where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.' . . . 'G. B.,' of B——, tells a good story of a youth who came home one night, prepared 'to build,' having 'a brick in his hat,' 'to whom thus' his father: 'What do you mean, Sir, by coming home *again* in a state of intoxication? Before I was as old as you are, I had left off entirely the use of liquor.' 'Ver' good,' hiccoughed the hopeful son, 'ver' well, I'm not as old as *you* are, *yet*; I'll leave off, too, 'fore I'm as old as *you* are! Come—ain't *that* the ticket!' How vast, to his maudlin comprehension, must have seemed the 'height of that great argument!' . . . Our obliging correspondent, Mr. STUART PERRY, in a note to the EDITOR, corrects two or three inadvertencies which were contained in the incidental description of the battle of Waterloo, in our April number. Mr. PERRY remarks: '*First*, the impression may be derived from your kind notice of me in the 'EDITOR'S Table,' that I actually partook in the battle; which is not the fact, I being but a spectator. *Secondly*, it was not a mere dragoon who slew the lancer; it was my uncle, an officer, who was wounded in the bridle-arm, and had received a severe contusion on the head, who was ordered to the rear, and who knew by appointment with my father, (also a spectator,) of the direction in which he would be found in case of such event. *Thirdly*, the troops that gave way were not those which guarded 'La Haye Sainte.' These troops never gave way: it was the left wing, placed in front of 'Terre La Haye,' which broke ground, and this was owing to the fact that there were too many continental troops, 'Brave Belge,' among them. The island troops rarely run. *Fourthly*, and lastly, the cut 'six' is never made upon the casque, for that would break or bend the sword: this arbiter of doom is directed against the jugular vein and the vertebrae of the neck. It is true that all these errors would pass the ordinary eye without detection; but a judge of the matter would not let them escape without detection and animadversion; and allow me, my dear Sir, to say, that any article emanating from either of us ought to be out of the reach of both.' . . . 'R. W. J.' propounds the following for solution, without satisfactorily answering the query of our own upon which it is based:

'SUPPOSING that all the world were Shakers, as the society ought surely to desire it to be, where would they get recruits from after a while?' *KNICKERBOCKER* for April, 1847: p. 372.

'ANSWER.—When the war between *Spirit* and *Flesh* shall be ended by the complete victory of the former; and 'the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of God and of his CHRIST,' we shall not be troubled about recruits.

'Allow us to put the question, 'What is to become of the world' if it goes on, 'as in the days of Noë, marrying and giving in marriage,' for two hundred years to come? For, according to published statistics, the population of

The United States, since 1790, has doubled in . . . . .	24 years.	} Average less than 40 years.
The British Islands, in . . . . .	49½ "	
France, beside its loss of over 2,000,000 by wars, etc., in . . . . .	35 "	
The German States, say . . . . .	50 "	
Russia, about . . . . .	35 "	

'Therefore, if the present organization of society and the advance of the arts and of civilization serve to increase the means of subsistence, of course population will increase in at least a corresponding ratio, and double in less time.

'It is estimated that there are at this time one thousand millions of people on the globe; which, if doubled only five times in two hundred years, will make the number thirty-two thousand millions. So if the whole surface of the earth, including rivers, lakes, swamps and deserts, contains but fifty millions of square miles, or thirty-two thousand millions of acres, there will then be less than one acre of land for each individual!

'We ask, 'What is to become of the world?' And without seeking for '*recruits*,' what will you do with *supernumeraries*?'

We'll 'inquire round' a little, and let you know! The 'Two drops' of our friend would be more than 'a drop too much' in our pages; Miss HANNAH F. GOULD's (or Mrs. SIGOURNEY's?) lines on the same theme having fully 'satisfied the sentiment.' . . . A LEGAL member of Congress was once foiled in an important lawsuit before an Indiana jury, by the adroitness of a pettifogger who was opposed to him. The 'honorable gentleman' was but little acquainted in that region of his circuit, whereas the pettifogger was altogether at home. The former had occasion, in the course of his argument, to make frequent reference to 'the common law of England,' which made his side of the case quite clear; but his antagonist soon demolished that strong-hold. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' said he, in reply, 'what have you to do with the common law of England? What have you to do with any English law? If we are to be guided by English law at all, we want their best law, not their common law. We want as good law as Queen VICTORIA herself makes use of; for, gentlemen, we are all sovereigns here. But we do n't want no English law. United States' law is good enough for us; yes, *Indi-a-na law* is good enough for an Indiana jury; and so I know you will convince the wordy gentleman who has come here to insult your patriotism and good sense by attempting to influence your decision through the common law of England!' The jury gave the pettifogger his case without consultation! . . . We propose to say a few words in the present number touching some of the *Pictures in the National Academy of Design*, and to continue our remarks in the July issue. We shall do this with brevity, for the reason that to our readers elsewhere than in the metropolis, observations upon paintings on exhibition, which they have no means of seeing, must necessarily be rather dull reading. But let us plunge in *medias res*: Mr. DURAND's landscapes are Numbers 24, 29 and 77; and we mention them first, because they will first arrest the eye of the lover of nature on entering the exhibition. Now we know of no artistical terms wherewith to express our impression of the characteristics of Mr. DURAND's pictures; but *this* we know, that while we are looking at them, the illusion is such that we soon forget that they are paintings. The sleepy summer haze, the living, *sappy* trees, the quiet waters, the pervading atmosphere, all these fill the eye and the mind; and if one standing by your side whispers, 'A little too yellowish in tone, perhaps;' 'He wants a little more middle-distance,' and the like, you thank your stars that you are no critic, and are glad that you can't see the justice of the objection. — Of ELLIOTT's portraits, including his large picture of Governor BOECK, we have already spoken at large. Their superiority is conceded, as well by all his brother artists as by the public. We must not omit to call attention to one among the best of this fine artist's efforts, which from its position, high up between the second and third saloons, is liable to be overlooked. It is Number 334, a portrait of a lovely lady, exquisitely painted; the hair and simple drapery, especially, being absolutely faultless. — Number 6, Mr. GLASS's representation of 'Cromwell exhorting his Captains before the Battle of Naseby,' is a good picture. Mr. GLASS is an unprofessional artist; for although he sells his pictures, he paints them *en amateur*. The ensemble of this painting is excellent, and the execution striking. Its defects are, somewhat too much density in the group surrounding CROMWELL, and a little too much perpendicular abbreviation of the human form. Mr. GLASS might have 'split the difference' with Mr. ROTHERMEL, in his CORTES (Number 1;); for the procerity of his figures is a most remarkable feature in an otherwise cleverish picture. — Mr. CHAPMAN, in 'The Sentinel,' (Number 46,) has embodied some of his very best characteristics. A noble dog stands 'senti-

nel' over a sweetly-painted boy, asleep on a rock near the water. The coloring of the child is admirable, and nothing could exceed the spirit, the 'life and fire' assurance of the dog's eye and manner. Catch a stray vagabond molesting that boy! — Mr. JESSE TALBOT, as a landscape-painter, is a very 'rising man.' We have seen nothing from his pencil to compare with his '*Christian and the Cross*,' a scene from the '*Pilgrim's Progress*,' in the present exhibition. TALBOT has the true *feeling* for his art, and he is approaching the higher rounds of the ladder with long strides, for so diminutive a person. *Macte Virtute*, Mr. TALBOT! Let us have your own impressions of nature, and we stand ready to endorse their faithfulness. Leave imitations of particular schools and particular artists to less original and capable painters. No matter whether critics or brother-artists praise or blame; 'do you 'give 'em Jesse,' and that will suffice. — Mr. MARCHANT's portrait of our old friend, the late lamented Colonel WILLIAM L. STONE, is a striking likeness and a good painting. Memory, a good critic in portraits as in the contents of books, is 'unanimous' in this behalf. — MANY of the old masters, avowedly deficient in drawing and composition, were celebrated for their coloring, a merit which the mere effects of time, in the course of three or four centuries, must inevitably destroy; and yet TITIAN, the great colorist of his day, but whose pictures have mostly faded into a cold dimness, is still held up to admiration, because his blended hues delighted the good people of the fifteenth century. Mr. GRAY, we were not a little fearful at one time, had fallen a victim to a blind admiration of TITIAN; but preserving all due 'classicality,' he has shown us his improvement upon the past, in Number 62, '*Teaching the Immortality of the Soul*.' Look at the drawing and flesh-tints of the child in that picture, and admit that merit which cannot be denied. Of the picture called '*The Greek Lovers*' we may say with Iago, we 'like not that.' — Mr. HUNTINGTON has several pictures in the exhibition, the best of which we conceive to be '*MERCY fainting at the wicket-gate*,' a scene from the '*Pilgrim's Progress*,' to which, with others from the same pencil, we hope to be able to advert hereafter. — '*The Last of the Red Men*,' by J. H. BEARD, a well-approved western artist, was in its conception highly poetical; in his original group of statuary, from which the figures are drawn, also, the whole seemed effective and felicitous; but something — haste, or *other* something — has interfered with the happy transfer of the group to canvass. It is not deemed by the public as being above the level of Mr. BEARD's acknowledged genius. — Mr. PRELE's '*Children of the Country*,' (Number 95,) we very much admire. It is simple, unostentatious, yet most effective; admirable, alike in composition, drawing and color. While looking at the absolutely perfect lamb, and the figure of the boy, we were forcibly reminded of a remark of the '*Oxford Student*': 'We are more gratified by the simplest lines or words which can suggest the idea in its own native beauty, than by the robe or the gem which conceal while they decorate. We are better pleased to feel by their absence how little they could bestow, than by their presence how much they can destroy. No weight, nor mass, nor beauty of execution, can outweigh one grain or fragment of Thought. Three pen-strokes of RAFAËLLE are a greater and a better picture than the most finished work that ever CARLO DOLCI polished into inanity.' — Mr. COLE has only two pictures in the academy, but they are of a very superior order of execution, judged even by his own high standard. We consider Mr. COLE to be quite as much of a poet as a painter, in his pictures. The '*Voyage of Life*' and '*The Course of Empire*' are elaborately painted poems, in which we scarcely know which most to admire,



the suggestiveness to the mind or the lovely limning to the eye. '*The Mountain-Fair*' embodies nearly all Mr. COLE's most felicitous points. — We have never seen for Mr. MATTESON's capable and industrious pencil so high a reach of art as is shown in '*The First Sabbath of the Pilgrims*.' The wintry scene is desolation itself, and must have been attained only by the most minute observation of nature; not even we well conceive a more impressive representation of devotional feeling than is imparted to the countenances of the worshipping pilgrims. — '*The Force of Music*,' by MAY, is almost equal to his celebrated picture of '*Selling a Mare*.' To say nothing of its faithful accessories, did you ever see a more *speaking* face and figure than that of the gro's? Don't you perceive, that the moment the fiddling ceases, he is going to kick himself 'pon de subject, and spress his sentiments' on the same? The fiddler himself, and the old man listening, are all admirable. Bravo! Mr. MOUNT. You are coming back to the field and to the matériel of your old triumphs. — Mr. CLOONEY is standing in the footsteps of Mr. MOUNT. If you will do us the favor, reader, to look at Number 166, and say if the old fisherman in the boat, with his sparkling eyes, speaking mouth, patched trousers, and triumphant bearing, is n't a production of great merit, 'why we are mistaken — that's all.' We should like to have seen his fin for a little more little about the tail, however, and the line not quite so 'tant.' If the old fellow had been 'playing' his tail he had 'drowned' him, the captor would have that freshness of keen, sudden exultation in his face. No; that fish's weight was never anticipated. — '*The Orphan's Funerals*,' by Mr. F. W. EDMONDS, is a picture which at the first glance tells its own affecting story. A young mother is carrying to the grave the coffin of her only and infant child; and 'all the mother's' bereavement of her last earthly joy, is expressed in her face. Such a mother we once saw at an undertaker's window, looking wistfully at a dirty bank-note and some small change which she had untied from the corner of a handkerchief, and then at two little coffins, counting again and again her money, to see if she could make out enough to purchase the most costly one for her dead babe. You can add nothing to such scenes, and Mr. EDMONDS has wisely, and with characteristically good judgment, omitted all such accessories as might distract attention from the main object. — We thought to have said something at this time of Mr. INGRAM's delicious picture of '*The Flower-girl*.' Mr. CROSSBY's landscapes, Mr. PAGE's valuable contributions, as well as those of several other artists: but the printer cuts us off abruptly, with the information that the abundant antecedent matter, in this department, leaves us little space for after 'gossiping.' We shall revert again to the Academy's catalogue. . . . One doesn't like to be considered a 'tool'; but CARLYLE makes man, as a tool-using animal, something worthy of especial honor: 'Weak in limbs, and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at most, for the flattest-soled, of some half-square foot, insecurely enough; has to straddle on this legs lest the very wind supplant him. Forbiest of bipeds! — the steer of the meadow tosses him aloft, like a waste rag. Nevertheless, he can use tools, can devise tools; with these the granite mountain melts into dust before him; seas are his smooth highway, and winds and fire his unwearying steeds.' . . . The very ridiculous custom of carrying a hat into a drawing-room, originated with the English, who never know what to do with their hands. The custom is properly tabooed in Paris, where there is less awkwardness to hide in the salon. It is sometimes imitated here, however. We saw a gentleman standing at a supper-table the other evening, holding his hat between his knees, and with a face as red as a beat, from his compound exertions, trying to eat a plate of oysters with a look of uncon-

cern. 'T was a sad spectacle. . . . Mr. JOSEPH C. PANCKO, the 'poet and colored pusson' of Utica, has been illustrating General TAYLOR's victory at Buena-Vista. He publishes his effusions, we are told, headed by an endorsement of his genius from the KNICKERBOCKER, in hand-bills, which he retails in person at the canal packet-station and rail-road dépot of the flourishing and beautiful city which claims the honor of his residence. Here is a sample of the effusion in question :

'HAIL peace ! sweet peace ! where art thou fled ?  
Thou art not numbered with the dead ?  
Arise and shield us from disgrace,  
And show thy gold illustrious face !

'For SANTA ANNA long has been  
In war, and in disgraceful sin ;  
And TAYLOR, by thy golden grace,  
May make him hide his hostile face.

'In eighteen forty-seven he come  
With infantry and with big guns ;  
With a numerous host in good repair,  
'Old Rough-and-Ready' for to scare.

'He said he was old ZACHARY's friend,  
And wisdom to him he would lend ;  
Twenty thousand troops he had on hand,  
And, surrounded, TAYLOR then did stand.

'Capitulation I demand  
Within two hours as you stand ;  
And blood and carnage you shall see,  
Unless you surrender unto me !'

'Brave TAYLOR, in his Yankee phrase,  
Said 'Light your lamps, and let them blaze ;  
And if we cannot blow them out,  
We probably then may back out !'

We see it stated in some of the public journals that that nicest of Gotham's FRIGAROS, Mr. JAMES GRANT, Ann-street, is likely, at some period not specified, to inherit his share of the vast estates of the GRANT clan, in the north of Scotland. Forbid it, long and pleasant memories of artistic neatness of touch around the editorial chin ; of faultless tonsorial appliances ; of delicious shampooing in melting summer days ; of garrulous chattings, long by-gone ! Be ever 'JIM GRANT,' and 'nothing else,' for that is enough for a faithful, honest man's ambition. . . . A YOUNG Irish servant-girl, coming from Albany recently in one of the night-steamers, had the bad luck to lose the 'recommend' which had been given her on leaving her last place. She brought however the accompanying rather dubious 'ticket,' which she presented to a neighbor of ours : 'This is to say, that KATHLEEN O'HAZEN had a good character when she left Albany, but she lost it on board the steam-boat coming down from Albany. TIM MURPHY, Cherry-street.' . . . THERE is some amusement in 'B. P.'s' *'Johnsonian Exercises,'* but the antitheses too frequently lack force. The instances are not all of them original, Mr. 'P.' It was SHERIDAN who said (to a tailor, who had asked him 'at least for the *interest* on his bill,') 'It is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest ;' and no matter what 'JONES' may have 'remarked,' it was the witty SMITH who retorted upon some one who had called him 'an every-day man,' 'Well, if I am an *every-day* man, you are a *weak* one !' it was the same SMITH, too, who when it was mentioned that a certain confectioner thickened his isinglass with dissolved parchment, observed, that 'some fierce people made you eat your *words*, but that he ate his *deeds* ;' and if it was n't SMITH it was somebody else, who described an epitaph as 'giving a good character to parties on their going into a new place, who sometimes had a very bad character in the place they had just left !' . . . THERE is great force in the ensuing reflections upon the too common impression that mere money is a sure passport to cultivated society. The passage is taken from Mr. COOPER's novel of 'The Red-Skins' :

'ONE of the commonest errors of those who from position and habits are unable to appreciate the links which connect cultivated society together, is to refer every thing to riches. Riches, in a certain sense, as a means and through their consequences, may be a principal agent in dividing society into classes ; but, long after riches have taken wings, their fruits remain, when good use has been made of their presence. So untrue is the vulgar opinion — or it might be better to say, the opinion of the vulgar — that money is the one tie which unites polished society, that it is a fact which all must know who have access to the better circles of even our own commercial towns, that these cir-

cies, loosely and accidentally constructed as they are, receive with reluctance, nay often sternly exclude, vulgar wealth from their associations, while the door is open to the cultivated who have nothing.'

'Very genteel' people are sometimes quite goodish sort of folk; but they are too often vulgar, as all persons must necessarily be, who judge solely from appearances, and attach inordinate importance to externals. They live for show, and are ever fretting their lives out in the endeavor to be considerably more 'fashionable' than somebody else of their acquaintance. Such a family we have known, on New-Year day, to plant an old gray-headed white man, hired 'for that occasion only,' at the door, in place of BETTY the maid, whose duty it was, at all other periods of the year, to admit visitors. An old white-haired seneschal, 'the family servant so long,' was *so* 'genteel!' One may perhaps envy such 'rich people' for what they *have*, but they cannot help pitying them for what they *are*. Oh! the *ennui*, the un-self-reliance, the desolation of mere ostentatious 'gentility!' One who 'knew whereof he spoke,' in allusion to the merely physical capacity of enjoyment of these faded, jaded worldlings, wrote thus feelingly: 'I have sometimes observed a baked dinner carrying home to the proprietor, consisting of a piece of beef, potatoes, and a brown pudding, and I have said to myself: 'The owner of that need not envy the richest parvenu his luxurious table. Hunger is better than a French cook.' . . . We derive the subjoined interesting oriental intelligence from our long-time correspondent at the Turkish capital. 'Morn breaketh in the East:'

'THE present ministry under RICHID PACHA is wholly in favor of civilization and improvement: it has abolished the black slave-market as a preliminary step, and advocates religious liberty and toleration. Long may it continue! The young Sultan is no longer urged on by his ministers, but takes the lead in carrying out whatever tends to benefit his country and people, and will gain for himself great commendation in Europe. Before long, I think, you will hear of very surprising changes in Turkey, and the introduction of measures of the highest and most liberal order. On the site of the *Hôtel de Ville* of the Greeks of the Lower Empire, opposite the great church of SAINT SORHIA, he is erecting an immense university, which is to be supplied with good professors from Europe. He has recently finished an extensive military academy, of a superior kind. Hospitals are being erected around the city, one of which, built by his mother, is for people of all classes and religions. You are perhaps aware of the Sultan's having established extensive manufactories of silk, cotton and cloth; and one of our countrymen, from South Carolina, has in the vicinity of the capital an extensive model-farm for the cultivation of cotton, etc., and the breeding of the best kinds of animals. The farm is worthy of the Sultan, and is patronized in a most liberal manner. DR. SMITH, also from South Carolina, is the Sultan's mineralogist, and has been very fortunate in rendering him good service. You will have heard of the new trouble between Turkey and Greece, growing out of some remarks made by the king of the latter country to the minister of the Sultan, resident at Athens. There are a few families professing the Greek religion, which for a century or two past have enjoyed certain honors and offices under the Turkish government. These families are called 'Fanariotes,' from the place of their residence, the *Fenar*; and the principal members have always been remarkable for their cunning and intrigue. The Greeks of Athens have a particular antipathy for these Fanariotes, and as the Sultan's representative is one of them, he fills rather a thankless post amongst his own co-religionists though not co-nationalists, at the capital of what should naturally be his own country. The minister, it is generally believed, has in this instance done but his duty, or at least obeyed his instructions; and yet M. CALETTI, the King of Greece's first minister, refuses to receive him again at Athens. The 'five great powers' have taken the difficulty into their hands, and we look with no little interest to the *dénouement* of the quarrel. The Porte gave Greece a month in which to offer an *amende*, and that term is *nearly* up. The Porte has forbidden the export of grain from most parts of its territory, lest the inhabitants should deprive themselves even of the seed for next year.'

THE author of the '*Letters from the Gulf States*' is commended in the Southern journals for the faithfulness of his sketches. He has called public attention to the

fact, of which however we suppose few persons had any doubt, that the pictures of Indian character and Indian life, drawn in certain pen-and-ink novels of the South, have little truthfulness of portraiture to recommend them. The males, coarse, indolent and forbidding, have been idealized out of all recognition; and the transcendent aboriginal specimens of female grace and beauty are utterly wanting. We are especially pleased to note the progress of domestic manufactures at the South. Our correspondent's remark, that 'a few years ago one could n't find a plough, an axe, or a tin-pail, which was not the handiwork of a Yankee,' is confirmed by our friend WHITTIER, who mentions as a fact, that not many years ago, in the neighborhood of the Cypress Swamp and the mouth of the Great Bay, 'a whole wedding-party rode half a dozen miles to see the operation of a common pump, which some enterprising Yankee had substituted for the bucket, drawn up with a rope or pole by main strength!' . . . THERE are many striking epitaphs in the grave-yards of the metropolis. One in ST. PAUL's church-yard we copied recently, for its unique conceit. It is of 'JOHN CARTER, a native of Old England,' who 'died and was buried' in 1802:

'THOUGH Boreas' blasts and boisterous waves  
Have tossed me to and fro,  
In spite of both, you plainly see,  
I harbor here below:  
Where safe at anchor though I ride,  
With many of our fleet,  
Yet once again I must set sail,  
Our ADMIRAL to meet.'

The following sentence is a homily that every passer-by may read on a tall cenotaph in the same burial-place:

'Life! how short!'

Simple as truthful. . . . 'TOM PEPPER,' a very spirited serial novel in the *'Evening Mirror'* daily journal, is drawing to a close. We trust the hero may succeed at last in finding his father; for we know of nothing more affecting than the situation of a foundling. How many thousands, coming from the foundling-hospitals of Paris, for example, can confirm the experience of the desolate wanderer, described by the tender-hearted TEUFELSDRÖCKH: 'Ever in my distress and my loneliness have I turned full of longing to that unknown Father, who, perhaps far from me, perhaps near, either way invisible, might have taken me to his paternal bosom, there to lie screened from many a woe. Thou beloved Father! dost thou still, shut out from me only by thin penetrable curtains of earthly space, wend to and fro among the crowds of the living? Or art thou hidden by those far thicker curtains of the everlasting Night, or rather of the everlasting Day, through which my mortal eye and outstretched arms need not strive to reach! Alas! I know not, and in vain vex myself to know! More than once, heart-deluded, have I taken thee for this and the other noble-looking stranger; and approached him wistfully, with infinite regard; but he too had to repel me—he too was not thou!' Alas! poor foundling! Thy only FATHER is in heaven, whom with the bodily eye thou shalt never behold, but only with the spiritual.' . . . OUR Providence friend's *'Anecdote of a Connecticut Parson'* has already appeared, or at least the spirit of it, in a western journal. It has however reminded us of a remark of WESLEY to one of his large congregations, as it was about dispersing: 'I am credibly informed that there are doubtless thieves in this assembly. Let them remember that the eye of God is upon them: there are also several police-officers in attendance.' Not unlike the pious husbandman, who went

about his farm praying for fruitfulness in certain fields; but whenever he came to a particularly yellow, sterile patch of ground, he would say: 'Praying is of no use here; this piece must have manure.' 'Faith without works' would n't do.

'THERE is a silent river,  
The rolling river, Time;  
In summer's rosy blushes,  
In hoary winter's prime,  
It floweth, ever floweth,  
In whatever clime:

'And well-trimmed barks are sailing  
Upon its silent tide;  
With golden treasures laden,  
The little vessels glide;  
And Faith, and Love, and Action,  
And Hope, are side by side.'

We remarked a clever piece of verse in one of the newspapers lately, inculcating the propriety of '*Keeping at Work*,' and making the most of time. O! if we did but reflect that Time is the vehicle that is carrying every thing into nothing! We talk of *spending* our time, as if it were so much interest of a perpetual annuity; whereas we are all living upon our capital, and he who wastes a single day throws away that which can never be recalled or recovered. . . . THE following tribute to Mr. FORREST, the distinguished American tragedian, we take from a recent letter of a new contributor, a popular clergyman in the 'Queen City of the West.' If you would know who scratches the above, ask B—— or NED FORREST. You may smile at the reference of the cloth to an actor for character. But, my God! I wish every body had as *much* character, and as good a one, as FORREST. He is not as good a man in soul, I fear, as he should be; but then he is a *man*—a full-length human—with a soul running from his hair to his heels. Show me ten such in a million, and untio! . . . '*What constitutes the Externals of a true Gentility?*' is a dallish essay on a subject which would be prolific enough in capable hands. A Welsh triad says that 'The three unconcealable traits of a gentleman, by which he shall be known, are the glance of his eye, the pronunciation of his speech, and the mode of his self-motion;' in briefer English, his look, his voice and his gait. . . . Mr. WILLIAM H. GRAHAM, Tribune-Buildings, has in press a beautiful miniature volume, made up of admirable selections in verse, entitled '*The Lover's Gift, or Affection's Token*.' What a wide world of readers that little book will appeal to! For the lover, where is he not? 'He who has passed through life without ever being in love, has had no spring-time, no summer in his existence; his heart is as a flowering plant which hath never blown, never developed itself; never put forth its beauty and its perfume; never given or received pleasure.' By-the-by, 'speaking of love,' hear one who is very far gone in that 'sweet distress' discourse of his mistress:

'Was I court-plaster, I would be  
A patch upon her lip;  
To spend a life of ecstasy,  
And sip, and sip, and sip!

'Was I a pair of spectacles,  
How dearly I would prize  
A situation on her nose,  
To look her in the eyes!'

We hope the poet's fair innamorata had n't a 'single bowel' of compassion for her sighing swain. 'He doth protest too much.' . . . 'REASONING from analogy,' the Americans are worse than the Chinese. In Woodford county, Illinois, a preacher of the gospel recently traded a woman and child for a jackass; the child being sold the day before it was born! Now look at the testimony of Mr. WILLIAMS in favor of the Chinese: 'It is not usual to see an ass and a cow yoked together. It is *not true* that a Chinese yokes his wife and his ass together, as is sometimes represented.' *Voilà la difference!* . . . We give our Baltimore friend up; satisfied that

'A man convinced: against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still.'

'Drawing a mistake or a prejudice out of the head, is as painful as drawing a tooth.'

No man likes to admit that his favorite opinion, (perhaps the only child of his mind, and cherished accordingly,) is illegitimate. We have said our last say 'on *this* p'int.' . . . A LAUGHABLE incident occurred recently on the Sabbath, at a church in the interior of Pennsylvania. The reverend clergyman had just concluded an impressive discourse in favor of foreign missions, and the collection was about being taken, when a young gentleman arose and requested permission to say a few words. At first the privilege was denied him; but after a short address, in which he lauded the minister to the seventh heaven, he was allowed to proceed; when he stated, in substance, that he 'hoped none of the congregation would give a red cent toward the so-called 'cause of missions,' as all the monies thus collected went into the capacious pockets of the clergyman, and *no where else!*' Perhaps the reader can form some idea of the consternation created by this startling declaration, made in the hush which followed that 'powerful discourse!' . . . We were sitting at WINDUUR's 'Shakespeare' the other day, enjoying with a friend 'a pick' from the choice and ample larder of that American VERY, when we overheard a remark which we thought worth remembering. 'FANNY ELSSLER,' said a deaf old gentleman present, 'is coming to this country again, I see. Now instead of paying a dollar to see a woman stand on one leg, our folks would be better employed in giving it to many a poor devil among us who has but one leg to stand on!' Sensible, we thought. . . . A single word to 'MARIANNA:' 'The eye of Justice can never stomach such transgressions; nor can the hand of Providence wink at such expressions.' These catachreses are precisely on a par with several of 'MARIANNA's similes; like two in the fourth stanza, especially. . . . A FAVORITE poetical contributor, in justification of his short-comings, writes us that the cold spring-weather has 'frozen up his Muse.' The excuse is not a valid one; else why is that the poetical inspiration of the Scandinavian scalds is kindled in a region where alcohol freezes? 'Aye, marry; tell us that.' . . . SITTING upon the broad piazza which looks out upon the Hudson River race-course, watching the great fleet of steamers vying with each other in splendor and speed, and listening to comments upon each, we have been reminded of the satisfaction afforded to a group of kindred conversers by an old Quaker, once upon a time on Long-Island Sound. 'Do you think this boat has gained on the other, Mr BROADBRIM, within the last sixty miles?' 'Friend, I would not be certain, but I do think she has, somewhat.' 'How much, should you think, Mr. BROADBRIM?' eagerly asked the group. 'I may be mistaken; but I should say — about *an inch!*' . . . We can't answer 'P.'s 'Question in Natural History.' It seems to puzzle our correspondent as much as the goose-yoke did the cockney, who thought it ran *through* the neck of the goose, and accounted for it by the supposition that the stick must have been stuck through the egg before it was hatched. . . . We have neglected until now to allude to a very fine engraving by the Art-Union of EDMOND's capital picture of 'Facing the Enemy.' Ample justice has been done by the engraver to the preëminent merits of the painting, which has been already noticed in the KNICKERBOCKER. We are glad to learn that the prospects of the Art-Union were never so flattering as at this moment. Its purchases keep liberal pace with its widely-increasing subscriptions. . . . We can never 'have done' admiring the style of Chinese diplomacy. We have been reading over lately the account of a long interview held with a Canton *Chepoo*, during which all sorts of arguments were adopted to make SNOW, the American, and VON BASEL, the Netherlands counsel, promise a bond that none of their countrymen would thenceforth bring any opium to China, the audience was dissolved

with: 'To-morrow the great Chepoo will be at the Consol House, and wait a little to receive the bonds. *Now go home and go to bed!* Decidedly, these are the orders. Go away!' And they went; for it was a 'vermillion edict' . . . We find in '*The Christian Inquirer*,' (an excellent weekly journal, let us add, edited with industry, good feeling and fine taste, by two persons eminent for both, with the added qualification of talents of the highest order, Rev. HENRY W. BELLOWES and Mrs. KIRKLAND,) the following remarks in relation to communications, which we beg leave to commend to the attention of our correspondents: 'Really valuable thoughts are often rendered obscure and ineffective by the inartistic mode in which they are presented. No one who had not been in the habit of reading matter intended for the periodical press, could believe the amount of trifling faults; of construction, of grammar, even of spelling, which creep into the compositions of sensible and well-educated people; and in order to secure the requisite degree of correctness for a journal, the editor must needs remedy these defects.' . . . Our obliging Chatouque correspondent has been anticipated. The '*Time of the Singing of the Birds*' is a theme which has been most felicitously handled by a true-hearted, poetically-constituted friend of ours, in a '*Laconic Sermon*,' which was read before a metropolitan collegiate institution, at one of its former anniversaries. This will explain the return, as directed, of the manuscript. . . . Did we not predict that our friend DEMPSTER'S success abroad would be complete? His concerts in Scotland have been crowded; a public supper was given him by his friends in Aberdeen; his music is in great demand, and already *pirated*, in London; and wherever he has been, his success has exceeded his most sanguine anticipations. He will soon return to America, his 'adopted country,' where he will meet with a cordial reception. . . . The author of a paper entitled '*How they Manage Things in a Model Republic*,' in the last number of BLACKWOOD, complains, among other things, that our people are tediously alike, having no specific distinctions. In one respect, we are; and in that same respect we are doing our best to make the 'Britishers' a little more alike than they are: We've all *got enough to eat* in this country. . . . The following remarkable incident is taken from a letter written by a distinguished officer who commanded at Saltillo, to a friend in this city: 'While the battle was going on, there came over us a gentle shower, and the most beautiful rainbow appeared (on our side) that I ever saw. I then thought that the Lord was for us, and cared not who was against us. In about an hour afterward, there came up a thick black cloud, which extended itself across the valley, immediately over the two armies, entirely concealing them from my view, from which I could hear peal after peal of heavy thunder, and see the sharp lightning descend; at the same time I could hear the roar of the cannon of both armies, then engaged in deadly conflict; as though Heaven's artillery was contending against that of feeble man.' . . . Mr. ROSSITER'S large picture, '*The Parting between Ruth, Orpah and Naomi*,' painted in Rome, is now at the New-York Gallery of the Fine Arts; where may also now be seen another fine picture by FRANKENSTEIN, in color more *Rubenesque* than any thing we can just now recall to mind. . . . The recent *Concert of Miss Josephine Bramson* was attended by a large and fashionable audience, who were loud in their applause of her acquirements. She is a most wonderful and accomplished pianist, for so young a person; and we learn that her lessons on the piano-forte, given at the residence of her father, Number 79 Fourth-street, near Charles-street, are very numerously attended. . . . Mrs. J —, (clever and beautiful she is!) tells a pleasant anecdote of a servant to the





LITERARY RECORD.—The BROTHERS HARPER have brought to an end, and now present to the public in three exquisitely beautiful volumes their '*Pictorial Shakespeare*,' containing the Histories, Tragedies and Comedies of the Great Bard. A work like this, illustrated with many hundred woodcuts, executed in the first style of the art of relature, after designs by the most approved artists, edited by a ripe American scholar, whose researches, critical acumen, and fine taste are every where apparent in his selected and original notes and critical introductions; such a work, embodying in its externals the triumphs of pictorial and typographical art, must not be passed over with this mere glance at its great merits. It will form the subject of an elaborate notice hereafter in these pages. Judge STONY's '*Familiar Exposition of the Constitution of the United States*,' with an appendix containing important public documents illustrative thereof, which we have from the same house, is a very valuable, and to a well-informed American, almost an indispensable work. Another little volume, from the same untiring press, we can commend to our readers, upon the mere verdict of two little girls hereabout, who are *loud* at this moment in its praise: '*Scripture Illustrated by interesting Facts and Anecdotes*,' by Rev. CHESTER FIELD, of Massachusetts. The little book is warmly commended by the Rev. Dr. TODD, as one 'which may be read and studied by children with great interest and equal profit. . . . *A Summer in the Wilderness*,' embracing a Canoe Voyage up the Mississippi around Lake Superior, is the title of a small volume from the house of the Messrs. APPLETON. It is by Mr. CHARLES LANMAN, author of '*Essays for Summer Hours*,' a work greatly inferior to the volume before us, which has so little of the apostrophic, and so few examples of 'pumped-up feeling,' that one almost doubts whether it could be by the same writer, so marked is the improvement. There is a great variety of pleasant incident, several clear pictures of natural scenery, and one or two Indian stories, which are quite above the limit which we had assigned to Mr. LANMAN's artistic powers. The volume is one which, so far at least as our previous impressions are concerned, certainly does the writer not a little credit. . . . Two valuable and very handsome volumes have reached us from the old-established and popular press of Messrs. CARRY AND HART, Philadelphia. They contain '*Memoirs of the Queens of France*,' dedicated to the QUEEN of the French, and containing a Memoir of her French Majesty, reprinted from the second edition, which was speedily called for in England and France. The work is replete with historical interest, has good portraits, and great luxury of typography. . . . '*An Overland Journey round the World*,' during the years 1841 and 1842, by Sir GEORGE SIMPSON, Governor-in-Chief of the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories, is a very instructive and uncommonly interesting work. LEDYARD and COCHRANE are the only travellers who accomplished what our author achieved, and he accomplished more than either of them; for in addition to the Russian empire he has embraced within his range Upper California and the Sandwich Islands. The author gives great life and spirit to his narrative by confining himself to what he saw and heard, seldom introducing any extraneous matter, and sparing no pains to separate truth from error. The American edition is a finely printed from the author's own manuscript. . . . We are glad to be able to announce, from the press of Messrs. GATES AND STEDMAN, a second edition of '*The Poets of Connecticut*,' a large and very handsome volume, the interesting and varied contents of which have heretofore been noticed in these pages. The beauty of its matériel and externals leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. . . . It is conclusively proved, to our conception, in a little pamphlet before us, by Mr. HORACE WELLS, of Hartford, (Conn.) giving a '*History of the Discovery of the Application of the Nitrous Oxide Gas, Ether and other Vapors*,' that to Dr. E. E. MARCY, a physician of eminent science and skill in Hartford, and Mr. HORACE WELLS, a dentist of the same city, the public are indebted for the discovery of the '*Lætheon*,' which has excited so great an interest in the medical circles of England, France and America. The proofs of this fact advanced by Mr. WELLS strike us as irrefragable. . . . Mr. MARTIN, in John-street, continues the publication of his '*Pictorial Devotional Family Bible*.' There is not the slightest falling off in the excellence of the paper, the beauty of the typography, or the superior beauty of the engravings. The numbers of a series of such excellence should, and we doubt not do, secure a wide sale. . . . Are you fully aware, reader, how much Hon. JOHN S. SKINNER and Messrs. GREELEY AND M'ELRATH are doing in their '*Farmers' Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture*,' for the farming and other kindred interests in the country? We may well doubt whether there is a better publication of its class in the world. It is replete with every variety of useful information in its sphere, written with great clearness, and it is beside most liberally illustrated with good engravings. The work well deserves its great success. . . . Dr. TURNER, a faithful disciple of Dr. DICKSON, and an energetic promulgator of his *Chromo-Thermal* doctrines and practice, has issued a pamphlet which is very full upon the qualities and success of this new system of medical observance. Dr. TURNER likes opposition, he says, 'for out of it springs truth.'



He is the PAGANINI of that cumbersome instrument, and hugs it as closely and tenderly as the mighty Wizard fondled his favorite Cremona or Straduorious. The ravishing tones and wonderful execution which he draws out of this unwieldy instrument beggar all power of description; and his hearers, at the conclusion of his concerts, seemed actually beside themselves with delight and astonishment. To say that he was applauded would but half express the tumult of enthusiasm which greeted him. The entire company return to New-York this month; and if we may predict their success by their merit, they will have no reason to regret their visit to our northern regions.

There is great talk about new opera-houses in New-York. One, to be devoted entirely to music, has been commenced in Astor-Place. This is an up-town speculation, and will answer admirably in ten or fifteen years, provided the plan of shareholders' tickets be abandoned; but if that system is persisted in, the theatre will never answer. The theatre now rising so rapidly on Broadway and Leonard-street is, we hear, to be devoted to English and Italian opera during certain portions of the season. The situation points this out as a perfectly safe enterprise, and one which will be popular with the people. But there is another scheme, as yet only talked about, and that is, a magnificent hotel, theatre and concert-room on the site of NISLO's Garden. Whoever carries such a scheme out will surely realize a colossal fortune. At present, however, Rumor is the only one actively engaged in this undertaking. A splendid concert-room, one hundred and twenty feet long by eighty feet wide, is now in the progress of erection adjoining Bond-street-House, by Mr. LAFARGE. The situation is very high up, but the building is so greatly needed that it must needs command success.

We are promised, early in September, a magnificent *Musical Festival*, which is to continue for three days and three nights, after the plan of the English and German festivals. There are to be nearly six hundred vocal and instrumental performers; and to insure a performance as great in quality as in numbers, the rehearsals are to commence immediately. This festival will be worthy of New-York, and will undoubtedly attract hundreds of visitors from the neighboring cities and state; for certainly such a musical gathering has never been known in this country. And lastly, touching musical matters, a musical weekly paper, to be called '*The Musical Times*,' to be edited by Mr. HENRY C. WATSON, assisted by several musical and literary gentlemen, is about being published by Mr. JOHN P. RIDNER, 289 Broadway, who is already the agent for the most useful and valuable artistic journal in the world, namely the '*London Art-Union*.' By the prospectus we learn that the '*Musical Times*' will be a journal of news, correspondence and criticism; a sort of expositor between the profession and the public; a means of communication for manufacturers and publishers with the people and the profession. Such a journal has been wanted here for years; but at this time it seems indispensable, when we reflect how many interests there are to advocate and abuses to correct. The editor, Mr. WATSON, is a gentleman whose ability we have never heard questioned, even by those who dissent from his opinions upon certain points. The public may therefore rely, that whatever he does will be well done. Beside occasional pieces of original engraved music, four fine portraits, separate from the paper, will be given during the year. The first one is promised to be ready with the first number. These portraits alone will be worth the price of subscription. The musical public should cordially support a journal which may effect so much good in the cause of the art.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—We sit down to our 'gossipry' for June at our summer quarters on the Hudson. At Mr. DOSS, his Ferry, we indite this matter; and reader, wherever you are, and 'whoever you may be, or not,' if you have human perceptions, and a heart, would that your 'daily walk and conversation' might be amidst such glorious scenery as that by which we are surrounded! Before us spreads wide the Tappaan Zee, so perilous of yore to the old Dutch navigators. Not a wave dimples its broad breast, save the undulations which the frequent passage of some floating palace of the Hudson sends on its musical errand up the smooth beach; southward, the Palisades, for fifteen miles, frown in purple shadows upon the blue waters of the river; far northward the West Point Highlands tower faintly into the sky; while between them and us the broad bays which indent the beautiful shores of the Hudson are thickly sprinkled with white sails, some flitting into dimness in the distance, and others gliding lazily hitherward on the receding tide. The whole region, moreover, is classic ground. We are but little removed from the wizard precincts of Sleepy Hollow, the creator of whose celebrity sojourns (and long may he sojourn there, in health and happiness!) within sound of cock-crowing from the spot where we write; and over on the opposite height, beyond where you hear the shriek and trample of the iron steed rushing townward from the 'land of Goshen,' bearing the 'milk-and-honey' of that fertile region, poor ANDAS expiated his fool-hardy offence against military law. Pleasant it is to be now in the easily-accessible town, and anon in the equally-accessible country, while both seem but the fresher for the sudden contrast. We have been out to look at our recent experiment in hydraulics, and living over again our first impression of a brook water-wheel. What a power that trifling thing had in evoking past memories! Possibly the thoughts of our own boyhood reverberating in 'Young KNICK's' mind, at sight of our unique machine and crude 'water-privilege' had something to do with it. We'll think of that, while we go out upon the verandah, in the beginning of this meek yellow gloaming, to see the evening star go up upon its watch, and mark the young moon tracking its descending course in light across the silvery waters of the Tappaan Zee. . . . THE reader will find in the story of '*Thirty Years Lost*,' from our esteemed Constantinople correspondent, some graphic indications of life in the French capital. Apropos of that, and especially of a Parisian '*Bal Masqué*,' here is an extract of a letter from a highly respectable citizen of New-York, written in February last, the revelations of which will not be lost upon American readers:

'Did you ever see a '*Bal Masqué*?' Of course not. Well, I have been to one. J—A would n't go; so Mr. T—s, Mr. J—s and I 'put out' at twelve o'clock one night, which is the hour at which they commence. The '*Bal*' was at the '*Academie Royale*,' the great French opera-house; a very large and splendid building. On these occasions the stage and pit are converted into one vast floor for the dancers; the orchestra, composed of over two hundred performers, led by the celebrated MUSARD, being elevated at the farther end of the stage. On our entrance we promenaded the saloon, already quite filled by ladies in masks and dominoes. Ladies are all required to be masked, which is generally accomplished by a little black mask covering the nose, with openings for the eyes, and leaving the forehead, mouth, and lower part of the face uncovered. The gentlemen do not mask, so that the ladies have greatly the advantage, inasmuch as the little mask I have mentioned completely disguises and conceals them, so that it is entirely impossible to recognize them. In this saloon every thing was decent, and going on regularly and in order. We passed from here to the floor, where the music and dancing had already commenced; and I wish it were possible for me to convey to you an idea of the scene. Men and women, in all sorts of dresses, of all colors and shapes, in chapeaus and caps of all conceivable forms, filled the vast area, and were occupied in





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